

The drab Beauty
By Sharon Ivanasuskas

The leaves rustle on the trees
Shades of yellow, orange, red and brown.
Torn, pitted, dimpled and dotted.

The wind, cold, harsh, pushing and pulling as it rushes through.
Crinkling, shaking, rattling and hushed whispers.

Rain so soft, gentle, joining and swirling.
Pressure, strength, bombarding the crispness.

The leaves amber, scarlet, nutmeg and maize.
Warm, bold, shy, glistening and subtle.

Falling, gliding, up and down, side to side.
Laying down, trodden, pushed, scrunched.

Looking on at the dirty cold leaves,
Within they hold grace, beauty and uniqueness.

Free

By Lisa Marie Bettencourt

You may not want to ask me whats up
Youre not sure you really want to know
I may say I want to give up
I might say things you don't want to hear
It might make you nervous
It might bring you fear
You may not know what to say
I may catch you off guard
You may not want to stay
I hope you will understand
And want to help
To maybe hold my hand
I hope you will try to see what I need
And want to stand by me
And help me succeed
It's never easy to help someone out
Especially if you don't know
What the pain is really about
You will never know unless you ask
Just try to reach out
And see behind the mask
Its not that I want to hide
Its just very difficult
To let someone inside
I am afraid if you were to see
You will not want to know
What's going on with me
It's not that it's easy to share
Just difficult to believe
There are people who care
So I will try to do my best
To share my feelings
Even when I'm depressed
Sometimes just being there
Is the one thing I need
Just knowing someone does care
Being there beside me
Is all I need...
...to be free

The Mirror
By James Holmes

Mirror Mirror
On the wall
Tell me stories untold
Tell me mirror oh so tall
How will my life unfold?
Who is the man
In the looking glass?
A man of faith or hope
Leaving the present
With the past
In a bottle of truth
So bold.
Take me back
Oh mirror of might
I'll see you some other time,
It's time to face
This man indeed
The man in the mirror
I hope to find.

SEE Me, HEAR ME, and Don't judge me.....
By Nicole Jordan

When we are looked down upon, while we are frowned upon, while we are sometimes shunned.

- While days walkng alone to days of simple tasks oto getting up simple hygiene, to shower or brush teeth, fix hair, or simply picking out clothing, can be a challenge for us, to attending support groups, or attending classes. May be hard enough, we are forced, to take a stand, live daily with each other, yet we somehow share his gifts through this God given life...see hear me don't judge me, we walk, we crawl, we whisper we scream, WE SHARE FROWNS TO SMILES. CHANGES TO COME ALONT WITH THE SEASONS FROM DARK TO DULL WINTER CLOUDS, TO NICE FRIENDLY SUNSHINE.RAINED TO IN TO A DAY FOR A NEW DAY OF RAINBOWS AND LIGHT. TO GAIN!!! So see me hear me, and don't judge me. And the world will be a better place for you and me...

Stigma of Mental Illness: The Lack of Understanding of the Concepts of its Conditions **By Daniel William Dolson**

The reality of mental illness, oh how it resonates with our feelings and confuses those we deal with, while as families we search long and hard for answers and continuously pray for healing.

Me, myself, not looking for a prize or consolation, but I've actually had more psychiatric hospitalizations than most celebrities have ever even had vacations.

I've seen schizophrenia combined with bipolar affect a person to the point where their sleep deprivation becomes completely uncontrollable.

Could you imagine sleep walking during a time in which you're continuously talking with medical technicians surrounding you, just simply trying to help you get off your feet and rest a bit.

One minute you could be at home becoming senseless at same time you're restless, and the next you could be strapped in a position they call four-point restraints, being considered dangerous, self-harmful and reckless.

Listen up, people, these are the same harmless creatures which God created to be beautiful, unique and also unbelievable. So let's use awareness, opposed to judgement, and not look at those who suffer with this illness as if they've been given a death sentence along with some kind of life-long punishment.

You may not realize this, but we who are scorned and scarred happen to have warm gigantic hearts.

I've struggled my entire life to get myself together and make everything right. A simple concept yet shadowed by a complicated condition.

I'll always acknowledge and remember we are "victors" not "victims," like the labels society has at times been so convinced with. So be sure never to wallow in sorrow, sadness and defeat, believing you have an unhealable condition. The possibilities in front of you, if you truly believe, will always be limitless.

So instead of shuns, shoves and dismisses, let's accept those who suffer with mental illness with open arms, love, hugs and kisses!