

The Sidewalk Ends Here: Poems for the Mentally Handicapped

Dispelling the Rumor of Bipolar I Disorder Humor

Bipolar I consists of episode twists.
Of rollercoasters and raves
And tearful waves,
Of lost puppy-dog eyes and low surprise.

Mania is the number one neurosis for bipolar I diagnosis.
Depression is the pest that which brings mania to rest.
Mania is short lived, but depression is in succession with long progression.
Hypomania is the lesser, a devil advocate under pressure,
But will never drain your bank account successor or interrupt your professor for sexual pleasure.

Prognosis is good when bipolar I is understood.
Intramuscular injection of psychoactive intervention is the recommended relapse prevention.
Medication compliance is the number one defiance of bipolar I patient reliance.
I should also mention, therapeutic intervention, for psycho, social and behavioral intention.

But that's not all, there's one last detail I recall,
Bipolar I is no nickname for your crazy friend Paul.
It is a mental disparity, a struggle, a crawl.
So, remember,
To use the term loosely,
Is not good at all!

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The 6 Stages of Depression

Depression is the expression of dopamine and serotonin cessation.
Major depression is characterized by the following progression,
Of no less than two weeks in succession
With symptomology of the following psychology;

First comes the sadness that triggers depressive madness
And you find in time you are doomed to gloom,
A rabbit hole from which you will not resume
Or rise from such deep demise.

Symptom two is often tears, but can also be fears
Or both tears and fears
That collectively perseveres.
Tissues mark your days
In tragic ways you cannot fathom,
But you simply go on living in this dark chasm.

The third distinction is distance in all things you once took interest.
You used to play and laugh all day
But now you just lay in a heap counting sheep
Until the melancholy weep
Behind blood shot eyes, that no longer hold surprise.
Only neutral affect define your facet.

The fourth is a haze of fatigue that acts as a glaze,
That which glue your eyes shut
And puts your body in a rut.
You can almost feel the goeey gobs of paste
Between your toes, your knuckles, and your waste,
Slowing your race to a rather slow pace.

The fifth is a tool that makes you a fool.
Beware of this symptom
For you might fall victim
To concentration desecration,
In the form of chemical inebriation.

Symptom number six is a slippery sly bitch,
It is the wavering of wills.
You used see life as a thrill,
But now it's just a chill
Killing you daily,
The pain makes you feel so frailly.

So you reach for the bottle marked
Caution: do not swallow!
Or you hammer out a mission of double noosed knot condition.
Depression sold death as a little too convincing,
Her only commission would be your soul in whole
And you thought, why not?

Life is simply an unhappy wife that is causing me strife.
So, that very day you lifted the knife
You released your soul into that dark hole,

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Six feet down into the ground
Where you will be bound, until earth's soil does boil,
Only then will you be released from that fearsome beast.

She told you to swallow and forever un-follow,
The birds and the bees, buzzing by sweet smelling trees.
She told you the answer, *Death to alleviate your cancer.*
Promised your gloom soon to disappear with the moon.
And when you agreed, she let out a swoon
And stole your soul whole from within your own room.

You felt that need which Depression conditioned in your breed.
Now the sixth symptom has you lying in dirt as worm feed.
Perhaps, if things were different
She wouldn't have convinced your need
To end your own life, cut short by her greed.

The moral of the story is not of her glory,
The lesson is of her possession.
A warning, a sign, a cautionary tale,
That I hope will cause those of you still reading to prevail.
Because she is a wench that will cut short your quench
And make you lose control of your life, with one cut of the knife.
She, who promises relief, that which only comes in the form of grief.

Dearly Departed,
In another life you will see,
What it's like to be free.
You'll tell that old wench to go die in a trench,
You'll be so convincing she'll end up wincing,
She'll flee from your host like a ghost.

Because you are the Queen of your six symptom scene,
No need to be blue, she's got nothing on you!
She a mere pawn in your game of psychological chess,
Beat her at her best!
Depression is nothing short of your own will to vest.

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Sally-June and the Schizophrenic Riddle about a Talking Fiddle

It's time for a story
That might make you worry
But, I beg of you, try not to scurry,
Because if you're over 30
Schizophrenia is in no hurry
To claim your mind's jury.

It's the story of a riddle told by a fiddle
And I'm willing to bet at the end of this set
You might regret
Ever calling schizophrenics a wreck.

It first began one afternoon
While Sweet young Sally-June
Lay by a shady lagoon.
She imaged herself, front stage and center,
Wearing her best, for the townsmen and rest
Playing her fiddle, loud in the middle.

She imagined they'd clap,
Roses thrown at her act
As they praised her off stage
In a hurried and loud rap.

It was then her fiddle played a sudden riddle.
*Oh, my dear Sally-June,
Why only fantasize about reaching the moon?
My intent is not to be mean
But, let me be keen,
Your shy ways are highways
To destinations without proper locations
Or realistic transportations.*

Shocked, she jumped from the spot,
"Who are you?" she thought.
The young musician looked round
But nothing was to be found.
Only her and that fiddle
By the lagoon on that summer afternoon.

So, she talked herself down
And sat with a frown.
Her eyes wary of that fiddle
That now sat with such kittle.

Again, her mind drifted
As the summer wind shifted,
Back to the grace of that place
All those people in praise
For her fiddle playing captivated the stage.

Then in a haze, she heard the voice again,
Oh, my dear Sally-June,

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*Why only fantasize about reaching the moon?
Must I say this again?
Place me under your chin,
This moment, this hour!
And I will play a song
That will be sure to empower.*

“Fiddle?” She asked,
“Is it you who I hear?”
She waited a moment, but no answer came near,
And so Sally-June refuted too soon
And spoke with a croak in her throat,
“Just a dream, you silly Sally-June,
No worries, you’re no loon.”

*Get out of your head! Said the fiddle with dread.
You’re wasting time questioning your mind!
Place your hand on my neck
And your fingers on my fret
Then pick up that bow
And give it a go!*

Sally-June stifled a shutter,
For her words were soft as butter.
“It is better,” she thought,
“To simply listen with submission,
For my fiddle is on a mission.”

*Now listen carefully, he instructed merrily.
I have just the song for you!
First, place your bow diagonal the f-hole,
Then in a hurry, whip that bow into fury,
Slide up and over those strings without a worry
And I will sing a tune along with you, my dear sweet June.*

Sally-June needn’t worry,
She whipped that bow to and fro
And the melody she made
Was happy and gay
And sweet Sally-June, with gusto, not gloom,
Listened along to the fiddle’s song.

*Oh, my name is Sally-June
And I can sing a sweet tune,
Or so my delusions presume!
Fiddle says don’t worry,
For my hallucinations aren’t so scary!*

*My schizophrenia is not neurasthenia,
Rather my schizophrenia is a colorful lens
For which my mind can depend
To brighten my day, when I am often grey,
And kindle my heart, when my shy does start.*

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*Oh, my name is Sally-June
And I can sing a sweet tune,
Or so my delusions presume!
Fiddle tells me to be brave
Says, it's only the song that we crave.*

*For my schizophrenia is not neurasthenia,
Rather my schizophrenia is characteristic of unique statistic!
I may not be like you, but I am special too.
Unusual is the new smart, that which sets me apart,
And without it my art would not be here to start.*

Sally-June was astonished
And so she promised her fiddle that day
That she would certainly change her way
And embrace her grace,
And chase that shy away!

Legend has it,
On that very next day
Sally-June went to play
At an open mic-night near the bay.
She soon became famous,
For her tune was sung so shameless.
She became a sensation,
A social inspiration,
A voice for the generation of mental desperation!

If Sally-June were here today
She and her talking fiddle would say,
*Oh, Schizophrenic,
Do not drive yourself catatonic,
For your mind has a message to play.
So, listen to that voice
And hear what it has to say.*

*And someday,
When you're young and sweet
Or old and grey
That silence will stay.
Because you listened to that voice
And now it went away.*

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Silent Son

Dear, Mr. and Mrs. Potter,
Your son suffers from silence, shyness, and the latter,
He won't even utter a mutter.

And when Mrs. McPhatter asks, *what's the matter?*
He needn't even shutter,
Not even a flutter.

Dear, Mr. and Mrs. Potter,
What is the bother?
Must we call in a scholar?

He is a silent boy,
A quiet boy,
I cannot recall a time I've even heard him stutter.

He won't even seek other children at play,
He seems afraid to be merry, or at the very least express his wary.
He won't even mention a word, even when the term *detention* is heard!

Dear, Mr. and Mrs. Potter
What is the bother?
Must we call in a scholar?

I regret to tell you,
Your son's consistent failure to speak
Will make his social life quite bleak.

I suggest you seek help
Before these charades interfere with his grades
Or worse, the future of his occupational and recreational aids.

Dear, Mr. and Mrs. Potter
What is the bother?
Must we call in a scholar?

I suggest you assess this strange mess
Before he develops some foreign stress
Like social anxiety, or something of the separation variety!

Please take my words well
For I do not wish to raise hell
I only wish to raise an alarm bell.

Dear, Mr. and Mrs. Potter
What is the bother?
Must we call in a scholar?

Sincerely,
Your Daughter.

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The Correlation of my Phobic Causation

When it first began
I was out for a night
To see a frightful thriller
About a man called the Jigsaw Killer.

It was that very same night
That I too caught a fright
Not at the sight,
But at the sound and the plight.

You see, Jigsaw was clever,
His plot was a twisted endeavor.
He bound his victims in traps,
Psychological puzzles timed by minutes to lapse

And those that failed to solve them
Met death before the rest.
For Jigsaw's real mission
Was to weed out the best.

Now, I understood the psychology,
For I had taken biology and neurology.
His meaning was not defeating,
For it was the sound that kept repeating.

It started with a gasp
And a man trapped in a clasp
Who at last, freed himself from captivity
By way of blunt force trauma activity.

The oddest part,
Was that the screen was all dark,
There was only the noise,
And that's all it took for the phobia to start.

He used a toilet seat cover
And he hovered,
Then smashed that hard glass
Right into his lower limb fast.

I'll do my best to describe the rest,
But my PTSD may beat me before I can address,
It was a crash that ripped through his leg by way of dull gash
And the bone underneath broke like shattered glass

And then the sound of myself gasping so fast,
I practically gave myself whiplash.
I willed to run from that theater,
But I found instead, I was frozen in fear.

The next scene was awful,
A man twisted and tousled
By way of gyration in the opposing migration

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Of his limbs natural rotation.

Click, Click, Snap,
Were the sounds of that trap!
And my mind wanders back
To that gruesome recap.

The rest is a blank,
For my mind, and perhaps time, erased most memories of that kind.
We call that repression,
A mechanism of the mind's psychological discretion.

Despite the time that has passed,
Nine years, four days, and two minutes last,
I still dread the theater, but it is not the dark, or the Jigsaw series repeater
But, rather the noise that has triggered the trauma of my psychological drama.

To my dismay
Forever I will stray
From the noise of breaking bone,
Calcified clay, or snapping celery stick cliché.

Beware of your limits,
For not all exhibits
Are meant to prevent negative lament
And instead, can be bred into a phobic type dread.