

Bipolar Me

Bipolar to me feels like a puppeteer pulling strings.
What is this movement? My thinking? Who thought this—me? Or who's tugging?
It's so hard to differentiate my reality when puppeteers turn into ventriloquists,
Whispering language into my head—
Speech that I don't know if it's correct.
What is this feeling? Why am I sad? Why has this world taken from me everything that I have?
Who am I? Will you tell me? Why is bipolar so angry?
And I feel like I'm stuck in a puppet show where I can hear the narrator,
And my body becomes the movements of a story I didn't ask for but one I can't seem to control.
I'm just an actor cast in this role.
And my heart pours. My heart hurts.
Tears unfold like hands hugging me, telling me, "Don't think of those bad memories."
But constantly, I see the plot continuing,
Like the antagonist has come knocking on my front door.
My strings pulled, my absence known—
It's so much safer for me to erase each new memory so I can emerge as the victor,
Even when I don't know how I got here.
Who are you? Friend or foe? Who dares knock on my chamber door?
What journey will take place? Where will I go? I never know until the end of the show.
Curtains closed. I bow.
Bipolar says, "Awaken now."
And like too many drinks, I blacked out,
Now opening my eyes to a new scene,
In this story of bipolar that is me.

Nothing But Manic, Life's Too Tragic

I get manic,
Manic like I gotta save the world,
Manic like you have to know the world,
Mad like this is how I need to navigate this world.
Resentment, the emotion that I knew,
SAMO, SAMO,
Guess who rules the world?
Burst my bubble
When blowing bubbles,
Soaked it like a sponge, ideals, the idols.
Eminem? Why do people like him?
He's just the same dude, same skin.
But then, learned what his story said,
Poverty eats us dead.
Guess who cuts off your head?
How you fight that? Guns out. Go ahead.
That's how I built these muscles, bre.
Claws protect the broken men,
Like thorns on roses,
Gentle blood.
How a man thinks men behave,
Different than what's in my head.
Technique said right foot, don't forget,
I got around town,
Got taken around town,
Consensual guilt now,
I never said here now,
But men taught me when's now,
Like bullies in this town,
Like pushing, I fall down,
Like screaming, I fight now,
Kick, punch, had to learn how,
Boxing my groove now,
Jail-bubble pop! Mike's out.
Society mirror,
Here's power,
Here's treason,
Whom do we choose now?
Plug in. Don't just plug out,
Unplugs got the world, love.
Here's money, just cash out,
I'm sick, didn't I tell ya?

Too real for these accounts,
Cashier with their palms out,
No meds, broke twice now,
Bill pills and pill bills, sire,
Zip shut, get to work, hun,
I don't pay for your mouth to run,
I don't like when you talk much,
Hush now, serve the bread, love,
In "man," we bless Earths, love,
In "man," we bless male sons,
No warm sun,
Life's cold, tough,
Closed eyes onto sidewalks,
Campsites by the bridge? Huh?
Guardsmen protecting?
Or guardsman silencing?
Guess who's royalty.
I'm sick, it's not me, love.
"Love," ha, what'd I tell ya?
"White dove,"
Haven't I shown ya?

Mixed episodes

Mixed episodes
Are like merry-go-rounds
Where my emotions are a horse on a pole going in circles
While my mind is the rider
And sometimes my horse sparks up
Shoots up
Like pinball
And my head goes bumping
Hitting things means I'm winning
Just hear the chiming
Points climbing
Like Mania meets boxing
Then suddenly
POW
You're not smart enough
You're not good enough
You won't be enough
And that's when my horse psyches out
Starts malfunctioning
Now my horse is a drop tower
My rider, Bipolar
stuck in a carnival
And here comes the click
My stomach anxious
Then swoosh
The plummet
Like a hook to the stomach
Catching my liver
Breathing shallow
Anxiety getting stronger
Now laughter
Depression's come to hit harder
Who knew I had so many sparring partners
And this merry-go-round is still spinning
Depression heavy hitting
And suicide the strategy
To make it stop
My therapy the referee to this bout
My medicine the operator who can slow me down or spin me out
But I'm tired of pinball
I'm tired of fighting
I'm tired of always riding emotions in this body

Surviving

No wonder they call me crazy

Because hospital beds are the meds to help this visitor control their carnival

And make this horse still

Come join the stable

But mixed episodes only slow down

Because bipolar will always spin me around

Save Me

Save me.
Mental illness is heavy,
Depression is heavy,
Anxiety is tormenting,
But depression is an anchor
That holds me to the ground
With a chain that will not break,
No matter how many times I try.
With "just smile," "lighten up"—
Words that cut through nothing
Because they don't get to the core
Of what's wrong with me.
They're just Band-Aids that agitate,
Don't stick when the skin's wet,
And I'm drowning.
Throw me a buoy,
Send me a lifeline,
Because although I look fine,
My insides are burning
Like the fires of hell,
And I finally understand why they call them demons,
Because darkness comes from within,
Unwarranted,
Like pests under the skin,
Mice and insects,
Crawling beneath the surface,
Like poison,
Pumping into my veins,
Waiting to take effect,
And find me dead.
Depression says suicide
Is a best friend
That'll cut off my chains,
Holds the key to happiness,
And white flags from my body
Wave high to the feeling.
But mental illness
Looks like nothing,
And you will never notice
The warnings
That I'm giving,
Or how I need saving.

And I still feel depressed.
The things I used to like
Don't bring fulfillment.
Energy low,
Why would I work out?
Exercise is the medicine
To prevent hell.
Who knew Satan could be pushed off by a treadmill?
Who knew offering help
Could prevent it for a moment?
But depression for me isn't a moment.
It doesn't come to me
Because I lost someone or something;
It comes to me like a text message
To a long conversation
That doesn't respond right away,
And chooses to visit for a couple of days,
Uninvited,
Crashing on the couch of my home,
Leaning back asking,
"Why bother?"
And my willingness influenced
By the familiarity of whom I'm speaking with.
Depression is my plug asking,
"Want something harder?"
Wrong ways to handle how I feel are always what it offers.
And these writings are the words inside me screaming for someone to notice
That I've been having toxic dealings
With my depression.
But wow, the couch feels nice,
And I need the rest, right?
What did you say about lean?
Is that what I need?
Maybe.
Depression says, "Call me,
I'm always here,"
On a text thread that's been going on for years.
Lord, let me fade for the moment,
Let me pretend to relax,
Because we know that once I go numb,
There's no going back.