### What would it be like, a world without seasons?

I light the flame to my cigarette,

Wishing the same spark would ignite within me,

I stumble further into the darkness,

The light now hidden in a sea of trees,

So beautiful and alive,

Flourishing despite the hammering of the rain,

Crashing down on their wings,

But still they are so free,

And my eyes are green with envy

I shiver in the evening breeze,

Desperate just to feel,

Something, anything

Except the thudding of my heart

The hurricane of the darkest thoughts,

Circling my damaged brain,

They eat away at the remnants of joy,

That I try to cling on to

My grip is loosening, and I fall,

Deeper, further into the depths of my despair

I see flowers bloom,

I see a world full of life,

So full of wonder and promise,

Forever beyond my reach

I see only a world of monochrome,

Monotonous to deny the seasons,

Of their growth and beauty,

I see nothing but emptiness and a fog of black.

No matter how I struggle to escape it.

A world forever changing around me,

But my life remains the same.

Each day a nightmare from which I never wake,

And the nights are restless and alone,

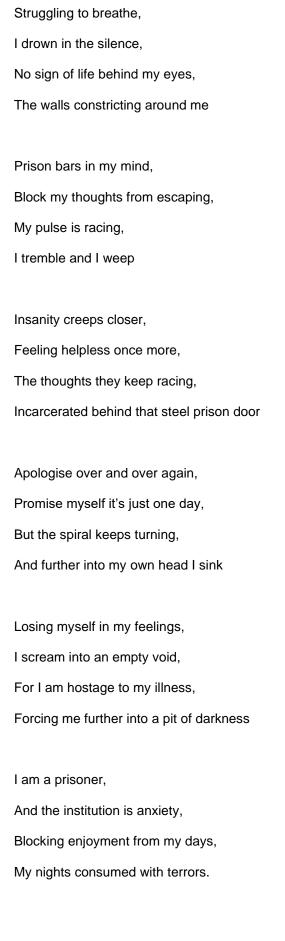
Accompanied by only the voices in my head,

Piercing my skull with their sharp claws,

Tearing me apart,

Oh how I ache to feel alive, once more.

## Real prisoners - criminals - are treated better than this.

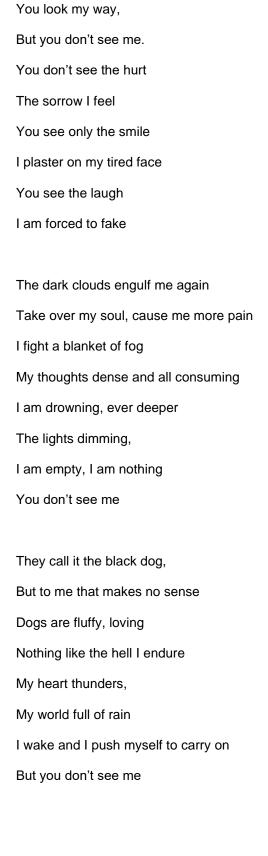


# Cruising down a river of tears, in a boat full of holes.

The sun shines bright,

But inside I am cold,
Destroyed by my plight,
My sadness is my muse.
More and more tears fall,
An overwhelming release,
But through the thick fog I crawl,
The thoughts they never cease.
A prisoner to my own mind,
A shadow of my former self,
To my fate I am resigned,
My regrets, they suffocate me
But each day I wake, and I push,
Push myself to make a better life,
Force my demons to hush,
Discover the light hidden behind clouds.

### Mental illness - the free invisibility cloak.



I pop the pills from their blister

Milligrams of sanity

To hide the truth

And allow me to act

To paint the picture of the perfect life

I am just a number,

Another statistic, a sufferer

But you don't see me.

I fade into the background

But I want to fight

I am worthy

I deserve to live,

Not just survive

I will take these pills and fight my pain

I will talk, I will work, I will power on through

Until I find me again.

# I don't want to fight, but I will if I have to - and I always have to.

I am not a sufferer,

I am not ashamed,

I am a fighter

And I will not be silenced
You flood my brain,
With jet black thoughts
But you can not destroy,
The roaring fire of my heart
Each day I exist,
I regain more of me
More of the person I was,
Before you made yourself known
And each day I exist,
I learn to live once again
I force you to the hidden depths of my mind,
No longer will I merely survive.