

A Letter to My Mental Health

Dear Mental Health,
Society will constantly say that “it’s okay to not be okay.”
But when I try to speak up I am only pushed away.
Each night as I sit and try to get showered,
I just pray that I will not be devoured.
I feel as though I am being eaten alive by the hurt and the pain.
From my sadness, what do you gain?
On the days that I am supposed to feel joy and glee,
All I really want to do is flee.
Disappear from the world to never return
Happiness is something I crave and yearn.
I say that I am fine and fake a smile until I am believed
But you have people very much deceived.
I try and try to push the thoughts that you put in my mind back
But now you have my brain all out of whack.
What can I do to make you leave?
I have so many things that I want to achieve.
I can’t concentrate and I can’t sleep but yet I am always tired
I don’t know how you have me so wired
I ruin everything and everyone that I touch
Because you will not release me from your clutch
All I ask is that you let me go
So that I am able to grow.
“Everyone would be better off without you” you say
Over and over like your voice is on replay.
“Just get over it.” some remark
It’s just not that easy; the state I’m in is extremely dark.
Black and white, emotionless and numb
You make it seem as though I am nothing but a crumb.
“What’s wrong?” many will ask
Coming up with an answer is such a task
“Everybody would be happier if I was gone,” is what pops in my head
I just reply simply with “I’m tired.” instead
Not exactly a lie, just not entirely true.

But they don't even have a clue
I am tired, in fact I'm exhausted and ready to quit,
But I refuse. To you I will not submit.
You beat me black and blue
And want me to bow down to you.
You knock me off my feet
And think you have me beat.
You believe that you have made me look like a clown.
Jokes on you though, I always get up and fix my crown.
I am not perfect; I have made mistakes.
But I will get back on my feet no matter how long it takes.
Hearts being toyed
People I love, destroyed.
All because of my doubt
And my inability to find a way out.
Wish you would release the grasp you have on me,
And let me fly away and just be free.
Don't know who gave you the authority
But, you have exiled me into inferiority.
Finding my purpose has proven to be an uphill battle,
Especially with your words being a continuous rattle.
Everyone assumes that I always have an attitude,
When I'm really not trying to be rude.
It's as though I am in a punctured boat,
And I am struggling to stay afloat.
Sinking further and further into the water,
But can't tell anyone because of my fear of being a bother.
So I stand alone
Patiently waiting for these thoughts to be gone.
Tiny scars so hard to see,
But I know they are there and will always be.
As I look in the mirror,
Reflected back is nothing but horror.
I hate the girl that it displays.
So I cry again, same as all days.

I will not surrender though,
Until the love in my heart for her is in overflow.
Until then I guess I am just going to have to continue to fight.
Sincerely, the girl that cries herself to sleep at night.

Kimberlyn Carter