



Crashes

Do you know what it feels like
When everything you look at makes a sign

When you are doubly in time
So that you are lost
Like two cars going at different speeds
One going forward
One in reverse ?

Jesse Ferguson 1974 - 1997

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Going Custardy

Let me say how
everything goes
custardy when I get low,
thickens and clogs
and dogs my way.

A trip to the shops
becomes hike to the Pole
and whole world
becomes steep hill
and beckoning edge.

Just to rise from my bed
I must lift weights
from my chest and force
grey draperies
from my eyes
my stone face.

Rogan Wolf

*This poem was written following a conversation with someone with bipolar disorder, who had just entered the dark side of the bipolar cycle.
Not "I begin to feel depressed" but "Everything around me goes custardy."*



Something happens...

Something happens
something wrong happens
though you may not know
it's wrong at the time.
The wrong that has happened
comes again
and never leaves.
It comes again and again.

Karsan

*The author of this poem was a patient of the Park Royal mental health in-patient unit, Brent, London.
He wrote it during a creative writing group held there. It has been reproduced by permission.*

Poems for...Self at Sea

www.poemsfor.org

UCL has recently published Guidance on Mental Health for Managers. Please download it at:

www.ucl.ac.uk/hr/equalities/disability/support_for_managers.php



Speak to me

I'm going to stop.
I'm going to start again.
I'm going to make strategic little piles
of things like cigarettes and sugar-cubes,
and bantams' eggs, and cubes of cattle-cake,
and range them, along your route,

until you notice them;
and then I'm going to balance
slightly larger things,
like fish, or fruit, or tulips, on my head,
whispering as I walk: *Speak to me*,
whispering *Speak to me please*.

Selima Hill

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