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poem

Reflections

Margaret Theresa Carney

I think that at the beginning,
 Of madness I was very small.
 Small and lost in a paranoid world.
 The voices taunted me and people mocked.
 Oh I saw them all, all the people in the white suits.
 I ranged the highway lost inside myself.
 Reality did not seem real, it was too hard.
 I spent Christmas in an institution.
 We drank tea and we were casualties
 Accidents of life, a death, an illness
 Loneliness – the Lavender lace of solitude.
 I tried to reach out but there was a screen,
 A screen of broken images
 Silhouettes and Flashes, illusion, illusion,
 Memories and fantasies all overgrown.
 Dad says I get by,
 They have stopped putting me away,
 I moved and I got a little house.
 And I fought like a tigress
 To keep it together.
 The mind can be a terrible thing,
 Untethered, let free.
 But at last I did love myself,
 I did finally love myself,
 And I stood alone, on a great dark cliff
 And I called the wild dark seas
 I called them to my breast.
 I am a poet
 And the words fell like blood drops
 From a large soul.
 God loves me now.

This poem is from Margaret Theresa Carney's book *Tales from the Womb*, published in 2006 by Survivors' Poetry. Carney was mentored by Paula Brown.

Chosen by Femi Oyeboode.

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