

SILVER

Silver Hill Hospital's Art and Literature Magazine

LINING



SPRING 2015

GREAT ART IS
PRICELESS

SILVER LINING

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The Silver Lining is a collection of art and literature by the Silver Hill Hospital Community.
All of the work published in *The Silver Lining* is created by patients, alumni, volunteers and staff.
The Silver Lining is a forum for healing and creative expression.

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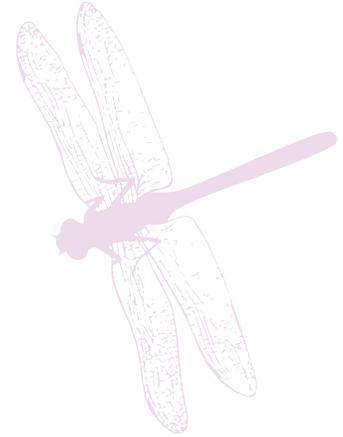
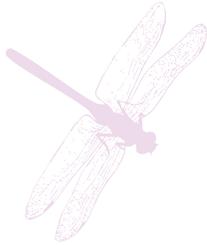
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SILVER HILL HOSPITAL
RESTORING MENTAL HEALTH SINCE 1931

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DRAGON FLY DAYS

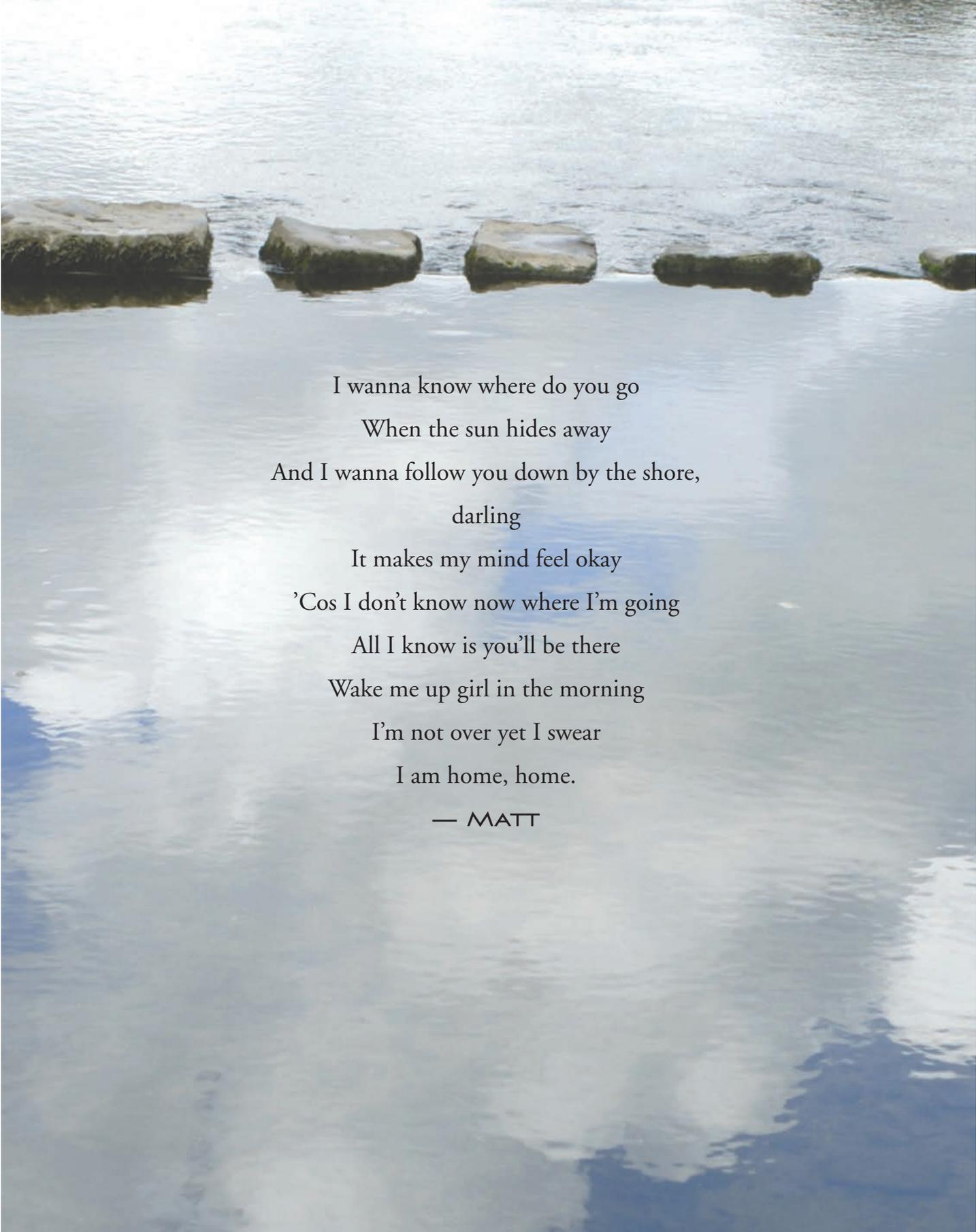
Sun stream, lying mellow
Out on the porch I smell the yellow rose
My eyes close around the hot summer heat
Here it's easy to step aside- far from noise-some city wide
Rooted by no roots- I bide a wee
Down river run, out a-tipsy me
Dreaming of dragonflies – then they come
And small fairies, wingless seers we
Go fledgling flight to dragon height
And from the eyes of teacher creatures see
Up up up we go - perhaps it was only a moment or so
Suspended a-drifty thee and me
We dream our silent conversation then he
Shakes his spiny legs – the dew and free before he leaves
Turns large triangular head-soft eyes to me

—STEPHANIE





ANONYMOUS



I wanna know where do you go
When the sun hides away
And I wanna follow you down by the shore,
darling
It makes my mind feel okay
'Cos I don't know now where I'm going
All I know is you'll be there
Wake me up girl in the morning
I'm not over yet I swear
I am home, home.

— MATT



ANONYMOUS

RIVER HAVE MEMORIES

Darkness shrouds the river as night descends
 The moon, full round and golden I
 Stumble down from sleep,
 Take a deep breath and dive
 Down beneath the brown green water surface
 The waters part like moist lips become
 A cavernous mouth there is
 A cave below, I tumble – a pebble in a trail of light
 The darkness takes me swallowed whole
 To rest on the bottom in my river bed.

Brown, shadowed shapes flit by my face
 A tail, an eye swim close to mine and wiggle a caress my
 Eyes become accustomed to this lack of light
 I gasp for breath
 No- do I die here? My
 Legs touch sandy bottom, my head feels light, my
 Lungs fill up with water I begin to breathe again and then
 I float, I fly, I lie on my back
 Beneath the river
 I can see the sky, the shape of the
 Moon, full round and golden.

Tree green reflections on these cobalt waters
 Leaves gone jet black their outlines shadowed
 Blue sky behind and
 Silver strands of grey poplar -
 Birch trees shimmering light
 Green their dark branches against
 The stark and darkening sky.
 These and moon and stars I can see
 The underside of life looks back at me
 A more forgiving color
 Untouched by sunlight.

It's cold in the shallows where waters lap
 The rounded stones at shoreline and no heat from

The dwindling sun- the last rays from the northwest
 Warm, white sand, brown earth
 There my faithful doggies wait-
 Digging at ghostly traces of one-celled creatures
 along the murky bottom.
 Pacing the bank they bark at the moon
 Wondering where I've gone tonight
 Where have I gone, in dream time
 Dying – out to look for mer-men, out
 To go a flying.

The river grey in morning mist,
 Silver the sky ash brown the browning leaves
 A coverlet for the dark earth and for me.
 "Caw" two ravens break the spell of deep,
 "Caw" they cry again - I think they're calling me.
 To silver promises I woke
 Remembering the sound of gossamer wings, this
 Filigree of silver and brown still
 Waters, cold and quiet in Fall's rusty, auburn reflected glory.

Quietly I slipped, from dream, changed
 By underwater worlds and memory of another home
 Saved from surrender to the ebb and flow
 But my body they say was found below.
 Yet glistening I rise to
 Greet the day, my little dogs
 Wag and bark at me as if to say
 "You're back!" Dark eyes,
 Slick coats of white and black and brown
 No remonstrations for the time I was away-
 With paws and sweet black noses wet
 They tumble me down to dry
 On crackling leaves,
 They carefully lick the silver beads
 Of water from my silver, mermaid skin.

—STEPHANIE





FRANK

LUCKY PEBBLE

Do you know why my lucky pebble is so lucky?

I found it while on my first date with him at the park.

It wasn't anything special but I always kept it.

As the day went on I forgot about the little pebble in my hand.

Even at the end of the day when he said he couldn't come home
with me because of a "family emergency"

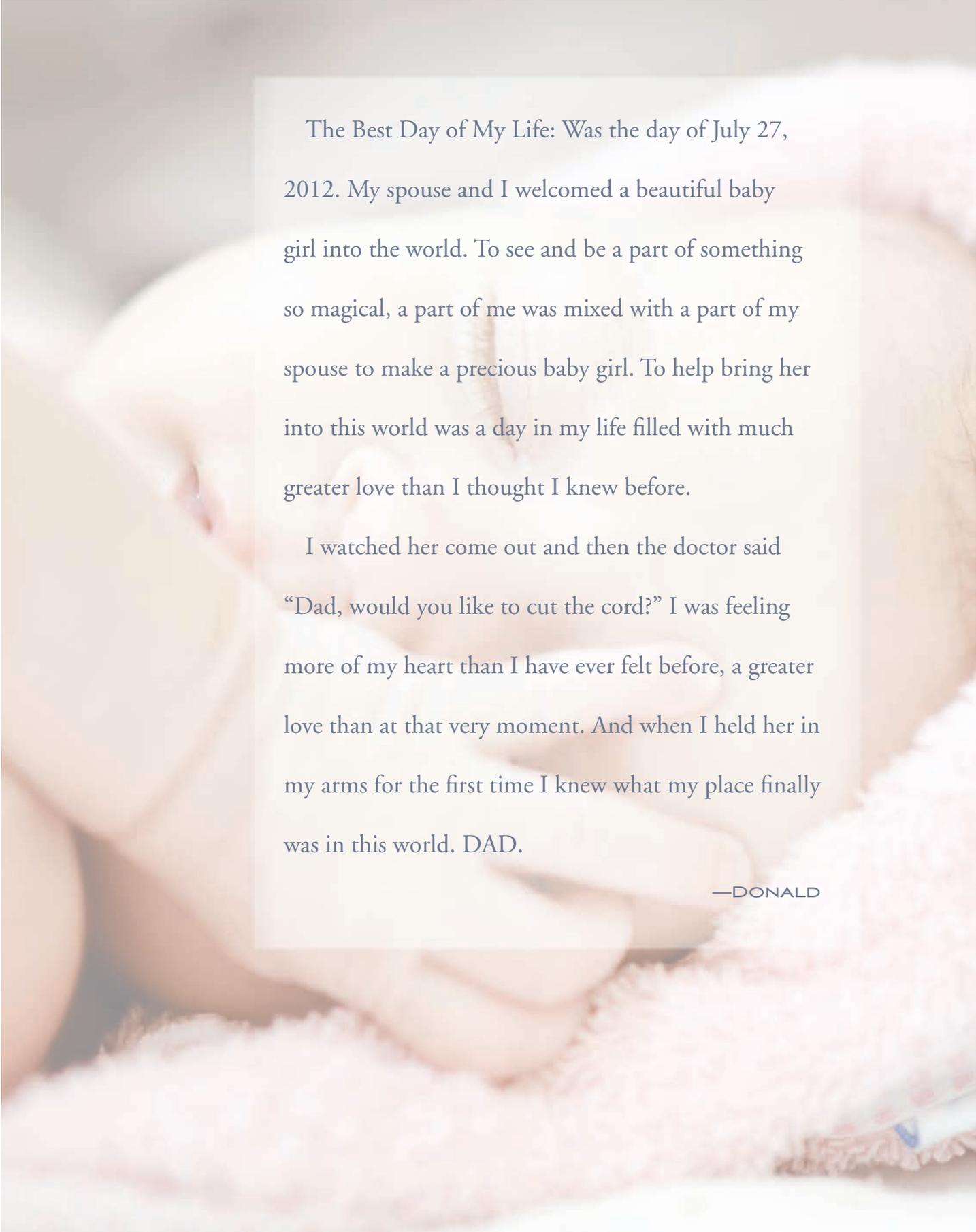
Even when, after that, his parents called me asking when I was bringing
him home that night after they had supposedly "picked him up."

But the best part of my lucky pebble was when I was too busy sobbing over him
to remember I left it on the bumper of my car and drove two hours through
a thunderstorm, it was still there when I got home.

So whenever I hold my pebble I smile for it makes me remember when it rode
all the way home on my car, and you didn't.

—SKYLAR





The Best Day of My Life: Was the day of July 27, 2012. My spouse and I welcomed a beautiful baby girl into the world. To see and be a part of something so magical, a part of me was mixed with a part of my spouse to make a precious baby girl. To help bring her into this world was a day in my life filled with much greater love than I thought I knew before.

I watched her come out and then the doctor said “Dad, would you like to cut the cord?” I was feeling more of my heart than I have ever felt before, a greater love than at that very moment. And when I held her in my arms for the first time I knew what my place finally was in this world. DAD.

—DONALD



EMILY



DEAR EATING DISORDER,

When we met you told me you would make my life perfect, that you would make me perfect. But for so long you have made my life very difficult! At times, things seemed better. When pounds dropped, I felt more in control, but I was being lied to. Having to avoid food and plan my meals so I could have immediate access to a bathroom just stressed me out. But no one else has promised me I'll be thin. Even without purging, restricting and bingeing, I worry I'll constantly be thinking about eating. In the past, cutting has helped me cope with these thoughts. Restricting has always been my quick fix to regret or loss of control in my life and self-image. I wouldn't eat for a day, followed by limited eating in the next few days. When I was sad I could comfort myself with food and if a binge went too far, purging was like a reset button. Now I know that these behaviors are destroying my body and mind and my eating disorder has taken up too much of my life. It's hard to say what will remain when you are gone because you have been with me since I was seven, but it's time I stop worrying about my body and how I can change it and instead start accepting it for what it is. There are more important things in my life than obsessing over a number on a scale. Though it hurts and embarrasses me to say it: I'll miss you.

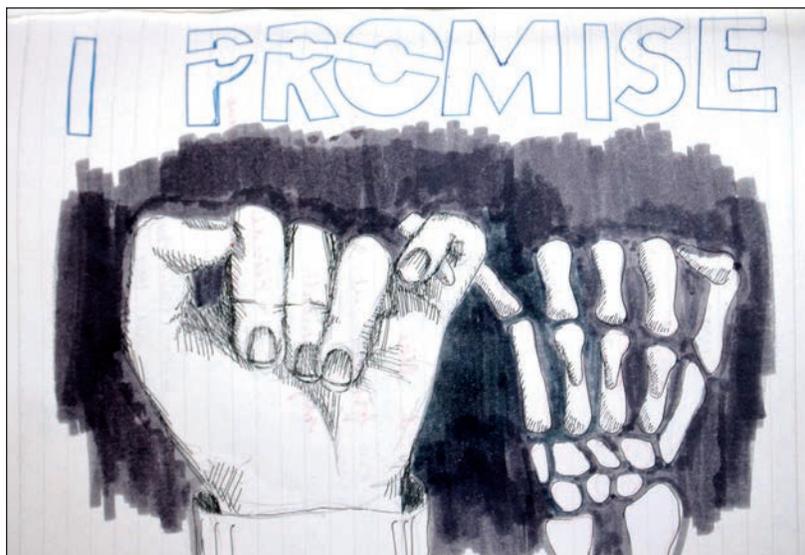
Goodbye, Jamie



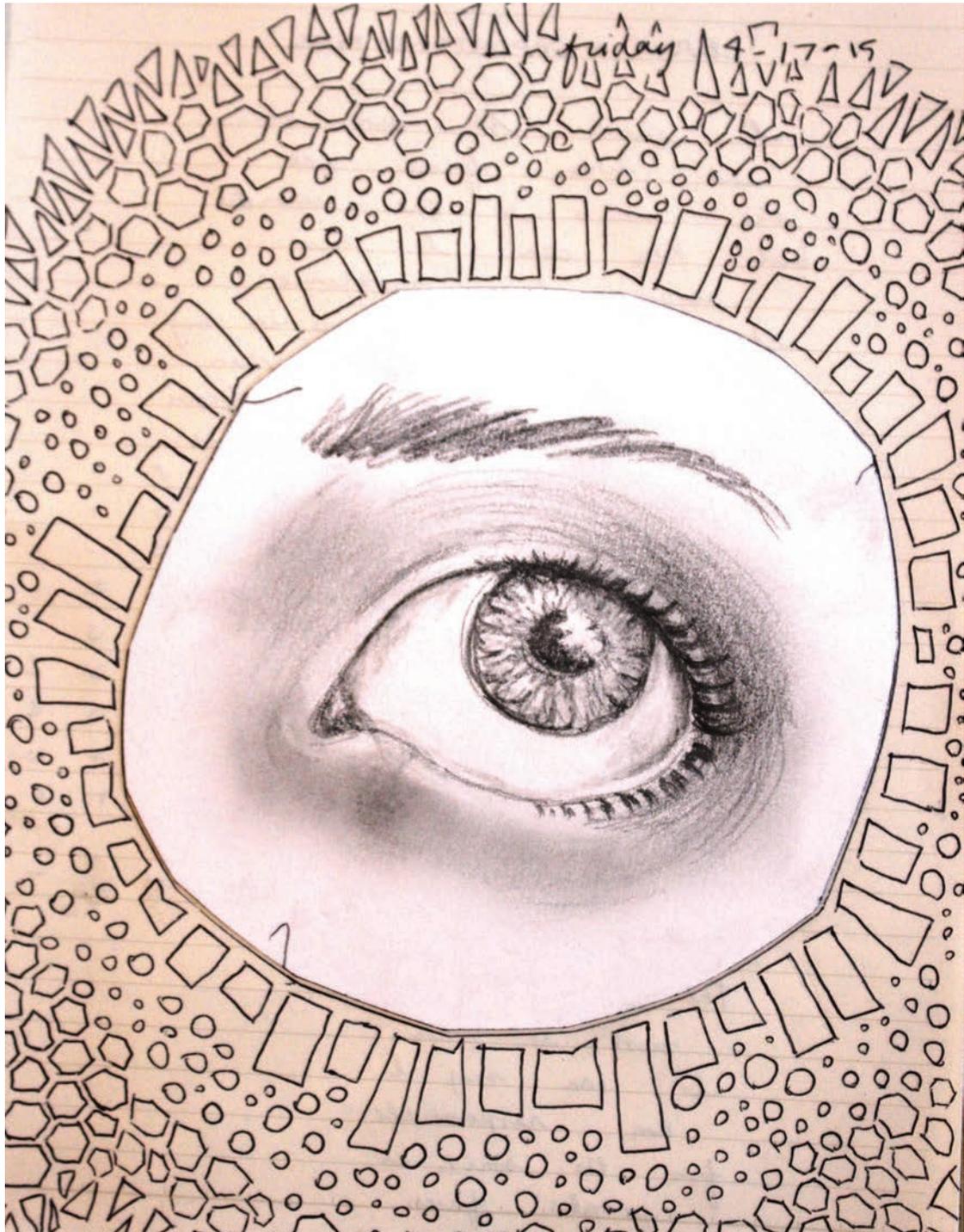
UNTITLED:

This too shall pass, so just take it easy.
Cut me off when I pass in motion, just to spite me.
Take all my pain, maybe then I'll live happy.
Feel the love of a woman; now that's the realest kind of therapy.
Out of all those times when I had the chance to love deeply,
feeling in my heart that something was truly wrong with me.
Facing the music of my sins; oh, what a sad melody.
Make a movie of my life, yet no one would truly see me.
What if as an old man all I have is a memory?
Times of tears over the years, looking back on a tragedy.
"Make sure I'm not alone", to the god that flows around me.
I hope I feel the presence inside, the mark of a true deity.
Maybe in times of trouble I should focus on my sobriety.
Take in all the warmth of those that always supported me.
Try to make the mindful turn my sadness into true serenity,
but the hardest change to make is breaking the consistency.
With my eyes on the prize and yet still a sense of fallacy.
Looking forward to the days of living life without the use of Gin and Weed.
My emotion is in my eyes, it just can take a little time to see.
Imperfection is perfection, even though it's hard to believe.
In my life, there's the lies I told myself that my eyes were too red to see.

—EVAN G.



ELISE



ELISE



Along the road, there's a heavy load, I know you're feeling low,
and I want you to know ...

I.. was meant .. to meet you.

Just take your time and look out for the signs,
don't just say you're fine because ...

I.. always .. will see you.

There's a life lesson earned, it's a gift that you earn,
so right now you can learn that ...

Time .. was meant.. to serve you.

On that sober road, and the feelings you know,
like there's nowhere to go, but. ..

You .. should know .. you can pull through.

And if there's ever a way we can think of today,
you should know, I'll never desert you.

It may be just a matter of time to find the reason in rhyme,
but I know there's a song to sing that's for you.

Now it's a crowded road, you can move forward, but slow, in see you again,
then I'll know that ...

I. .. was meant. .. to meet you ...

—EVAN G.

MOVING ON

Tears rushing down my eyes.

Wondering who I am?

Who cares, wondering if it's fair, what do I deserve?

Love I have given, I haven't been forgiven, Hate in me is living

Help!

I want to be given. Hurt, scars, fears, tears and a broken heart trying to pick

Up the pieces that fell apart.

Who am I? Who can I be? Who does everyone want me to be?

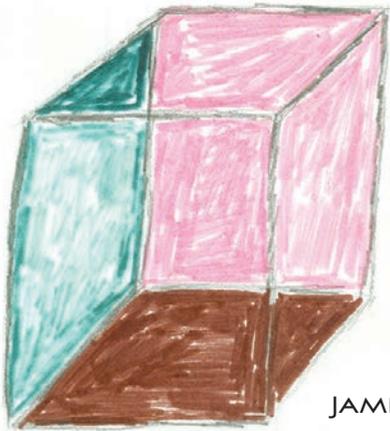
I am not worth enough for living. Scream, cry, hurt get my way out.
I just want to wake up from this nightmare, I just want to let go of all my fears.

Can't stop crying. I am drowning. I can't breathe.
So much hurt, so much hate, so many tears, so many fears- Help me!

Somewhere deep inside I hear a voice telling me I know you can!

I know it's hard, just let your tears dry, let your fears out – let your heart heal –
let the light that you carry inside brighten and let yourself enjoy life.

—SOPHIA



JAMES

GHOST

You're an invisible face but so hard to forget.

I'd leave my heart open wide but I'm afraid I would regret.

You would walk right up to it, your destination set.

But pass right through it like our souls never met.

But see that's what I don't really get. With such loud eyes and a soft-hearted smile, how could someone so beguile ever do something so vile?

For if someone with such an impenetrable soul would approach another I bet the very winds blowing through the trees and the waves crashing against the shores would silence.

And time himself would grip the hands on his many clocks in order for the moment to be truly experienced and for balance in the world to, even temporarily, be restored

—SKYLAR

SICKNESS THICK
AND SADNESS DARK

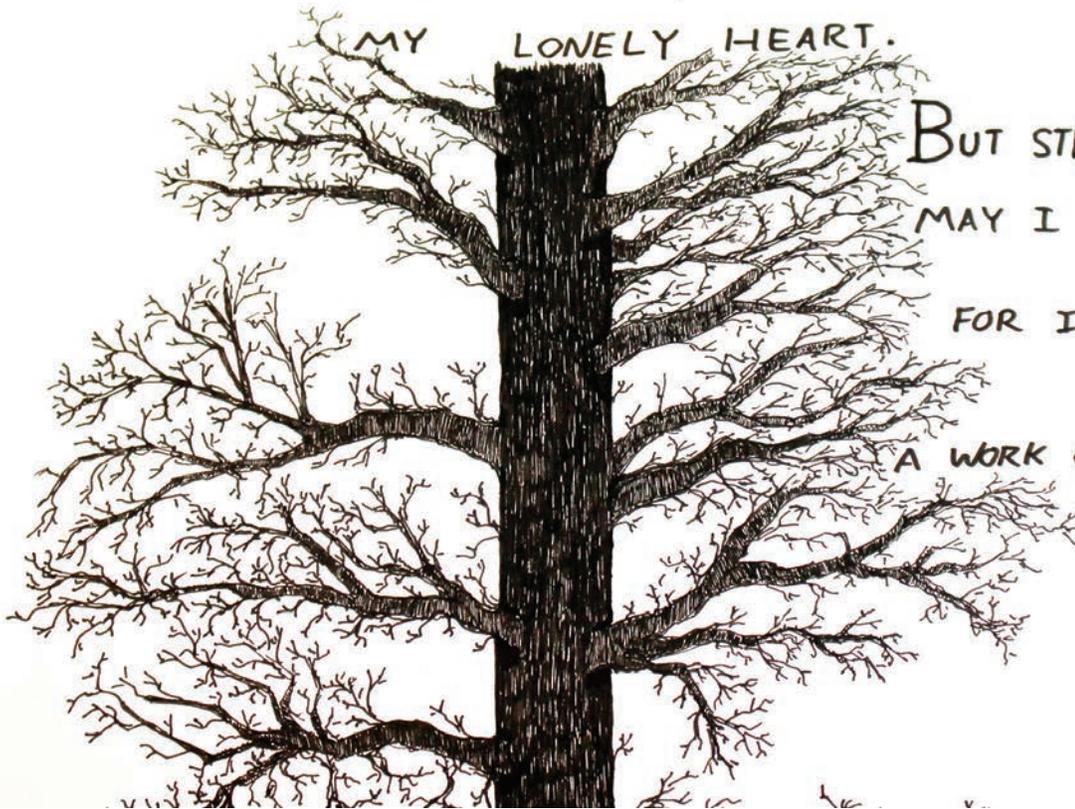


BOTH SEEK TO FILL
MY LONELY HEART.

BUT STEADFAST STILL
MAY I BE

FOR I AM

A WORK OF ART.



MATTEO



FRANK



FRANK

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