

# SILVER

Silver Hill Hospital's Art and Literature Magazine

# LINING



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Silver Hill Hospital's Art and Literature Magazine

SUMMER 2015

*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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SILVER HILL HOSPITAL  
RESTORING MENTAL HEALTH SINCE 1931

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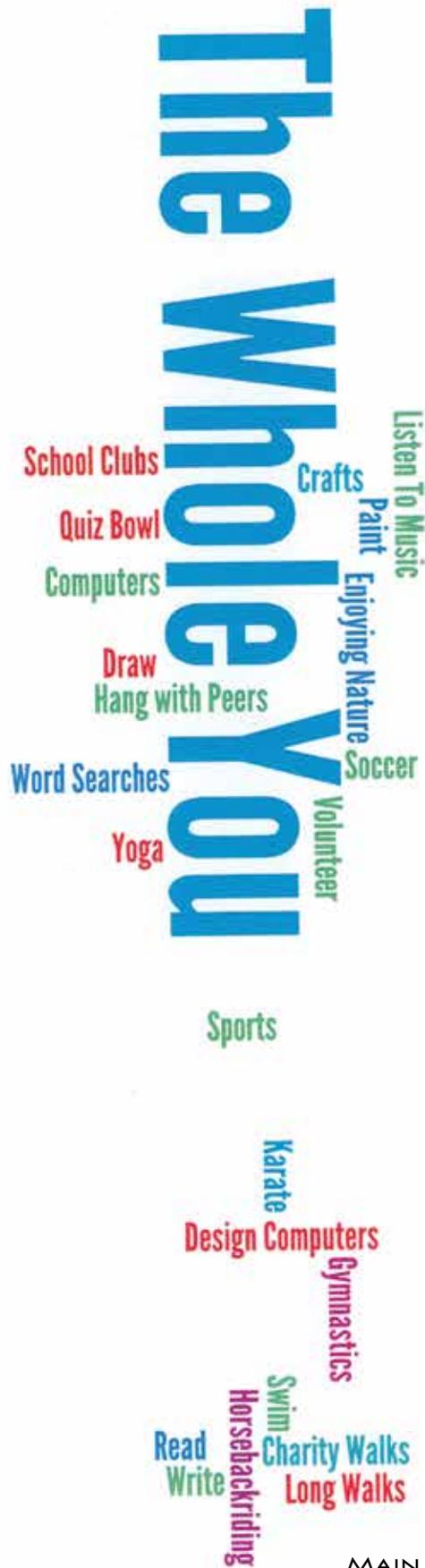


ANASTASIA

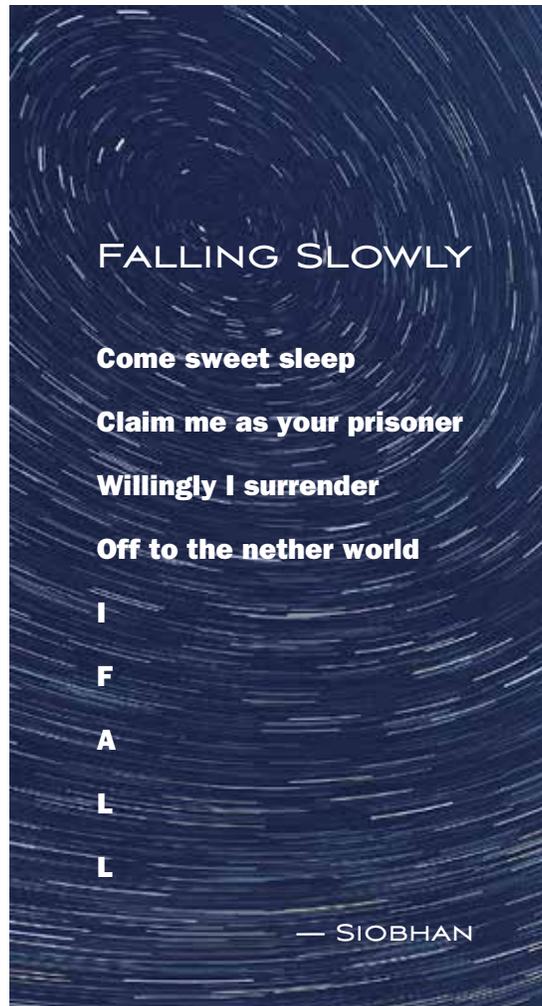
## ADDICTION

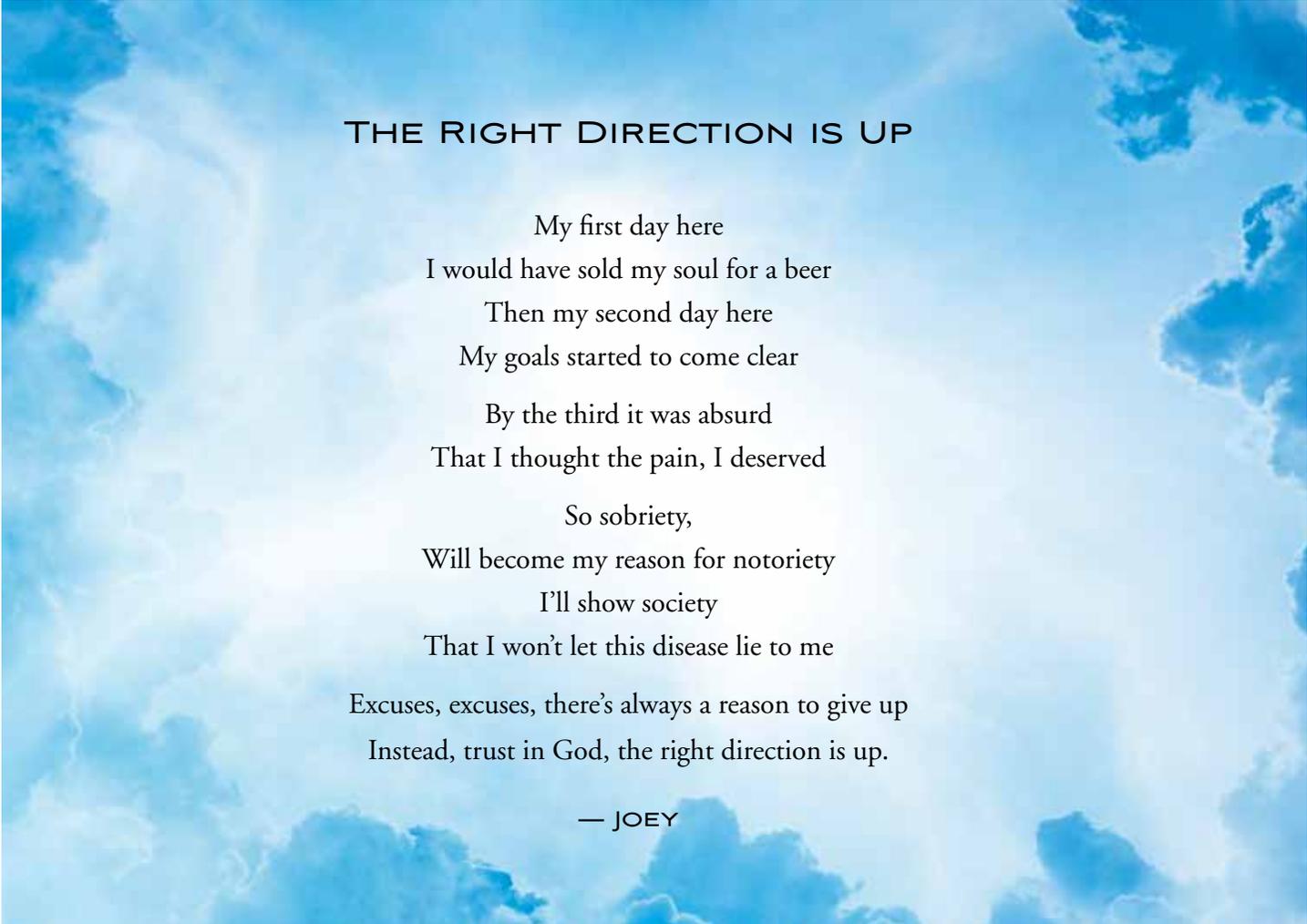
I wake up in the morning  
My hearts beating fast  
Me and my addiction & who I am is so hard to contrast  
I love and cherish my friends and family  
But now I feel like I'm dying like a leaf and tree  
I ponder with thoughts of hopefully my future and who I might be  
But with all this pain I just keep going constantly insane.  
I kept slipping down that lane.  
And when out with the cold crowded people how can you possibly really cope?  
So I will try to get away,  
The ice on the ground makes me hope  
That I don't slip right back into it.  
For I am an original and will not die a copy.  
Because I would just become more unmannered and sloppy  
Love never dies and I've heard enough of my friends and families cries.  
And having them fear that my life dies.  
So I'll wake up hopefully today or tomorrow  
And living my life won't have to be so sorrow  
I'll look in the mirror and be proud of who I am for once in my life  
And decide all these problems and make the wrong finally right,  
I hope I get there, I don't know, but I might.

—EMMA



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## THE RIGHT DIRECTION IS UP

My first day here  
I would have sold my soul for a beer  
Then my second day here  
My goals started to come clear  
By the third it was absurd  
That I thought the pain, I deserved  
So sobriety,  
Will become my reason for notoriety  
I'll show society  
That I won't let this disease lie to me  
Excuses, excuses, there's always a reason to give up  
Instead, trust in God, the right direction is up.

— JOEY





ELIANE



ANONYMOUS

## CHECKMATE

Falling, rising, slowly and all at once.  
Fumbling, meandering  
I struggle to walk.  
Hip hop, jump jump, hip hop  
My two legs fail me mercilessly  
Hip hop, jump jump, hip hop  
Gregarious gaming is unrequited  
Tippling, toppling, stumbling, fumbling  
Hip hop down each dauntingly sauntering stair  
Tip, top, stumble, fumble  
Spring!  
Eek, squeak, jerk, lurching upwards  
I gain glorious momentum  
Still I'm tippling, toppling, hippity-hopping  
Teetering on the edge  
The brink  
The end  
The last stair confronts me  
Beyond this stair, salvation is mine.  
Piece by piece my pawns gallantly gather  
Morphing into appendages; soldiers willing to give  
Their life for mine  
These inner mates urge me onward  
A vision of the queen encroaches upon me now  
Her sweet embrace tantalizingly close  
There is no tippling, toppling, fumbling, stumbling  
Still strength glides me forward  
My battle won, the queen has rescued me  
From tippling, toppling, stumbling, jumping, hippity-hopping  
Into checkered oblivion  
Virility, serenity, vitality, sentimentality empower me now  
All at once I am alive. Saved. Won.

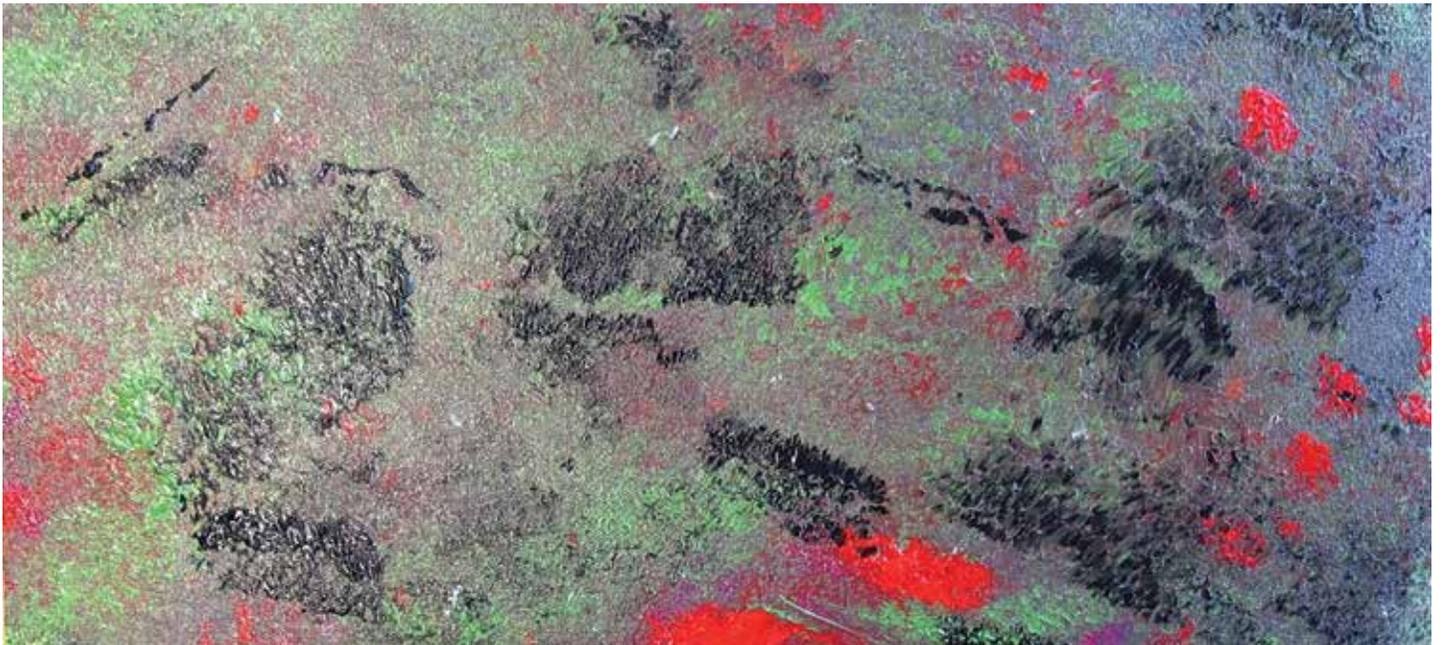
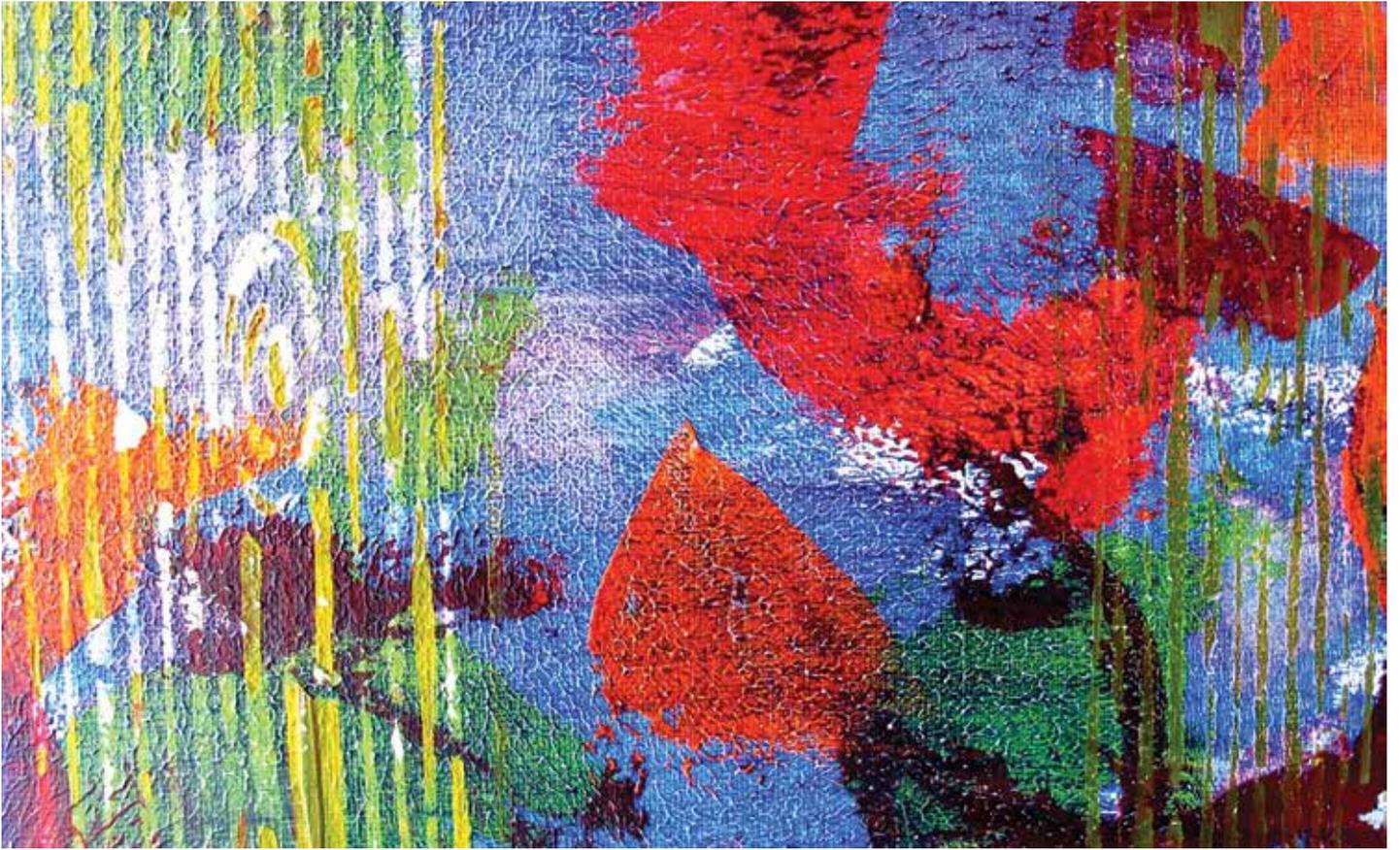
—SIOHBAN



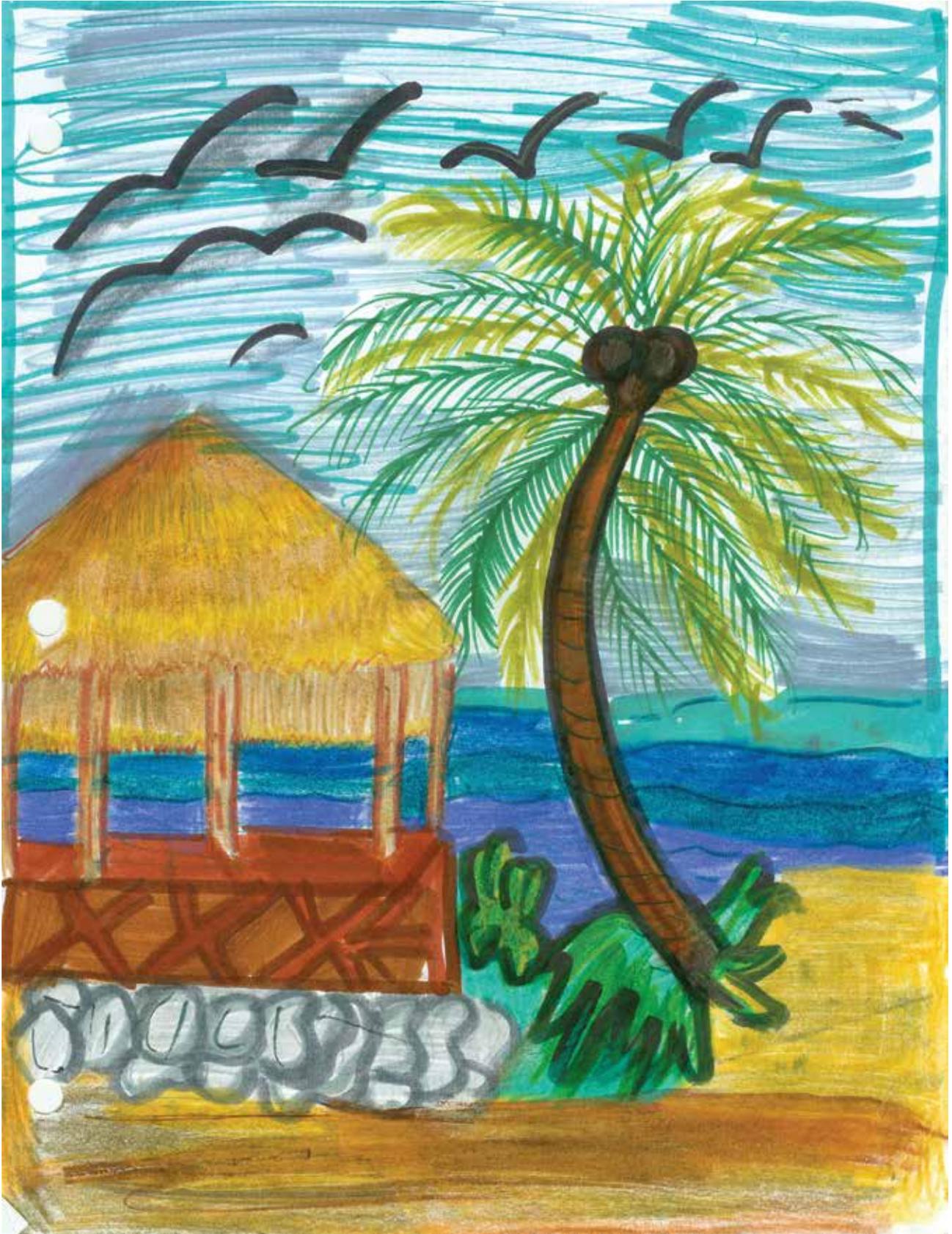
ANASTASIA



MARGARET



KHOUSE



SOPHIA

## NO ROOM

JUST FOR TODAY,

I'm trying too hard;  
To defeat an addiction  
To weaken what makes me weak,  
To win when no one will look and lose when everyone can see.

Today there was no room to keep friends.

JUST FOR TODAY,

I have to evaluate;  
What an ego I have,  
What I make people feel,  
What happens when I lose just after I'd sworn I'd just won.

Today, no room to fight back.

JUST FOR TODAY,

I have to let go;  
Of fear of success,  
Of reasoning that fails,  
Of a mentality I've bred deep into my mind.

No room to breathe.

JUST FOR TODAY,

I will fit in;  
With all the best,  
With all the rejected,  
With all the hard working who found their peace and comfort.

No room to find the end.

JUST FOR TODAY,

I have a heart;  
So I can find my friends,  
So I will never stop 100%  
So I can go longer than the durable and stay steadier than the stable.

No room to fail.

JUST FOR TODAY,

And all other days,  
I will make room.

—BEN



SOPHIE



ELIANE



SOPHIA

I FIND MYSELF A BLANK RIGHT NOW ALTHOUGH THERE IS SO MUCH INSIDE ME. I'm told that I am a good person – that I care too much sometimes- but why can't I see what they see? Then I question if they – my friends etc. – are fabricating, okay lying. How could I be such a good person when I feel so messed up inside? I've come from a somewhat difficult home life aka 'dysfunctional family' yet always felt I could do better. And I have – I am one of the few in my father's side of the family- he being one of 13 with dozens of cousins – I'm one in 3 who actually graduated college. Proud, yes, but still disappointed – why don't I have/do more? I feel sometimes like my "disease" disability has prevented me or have I prevented myself? Where to go from here? I ask. How do I get back on track? I pray and keep waiting for His answer but maybe I don't deserve it. I just keep trying to remember, I am strong and have gone through a lot and have always come through. Why can't I get through this? Will I get through this?

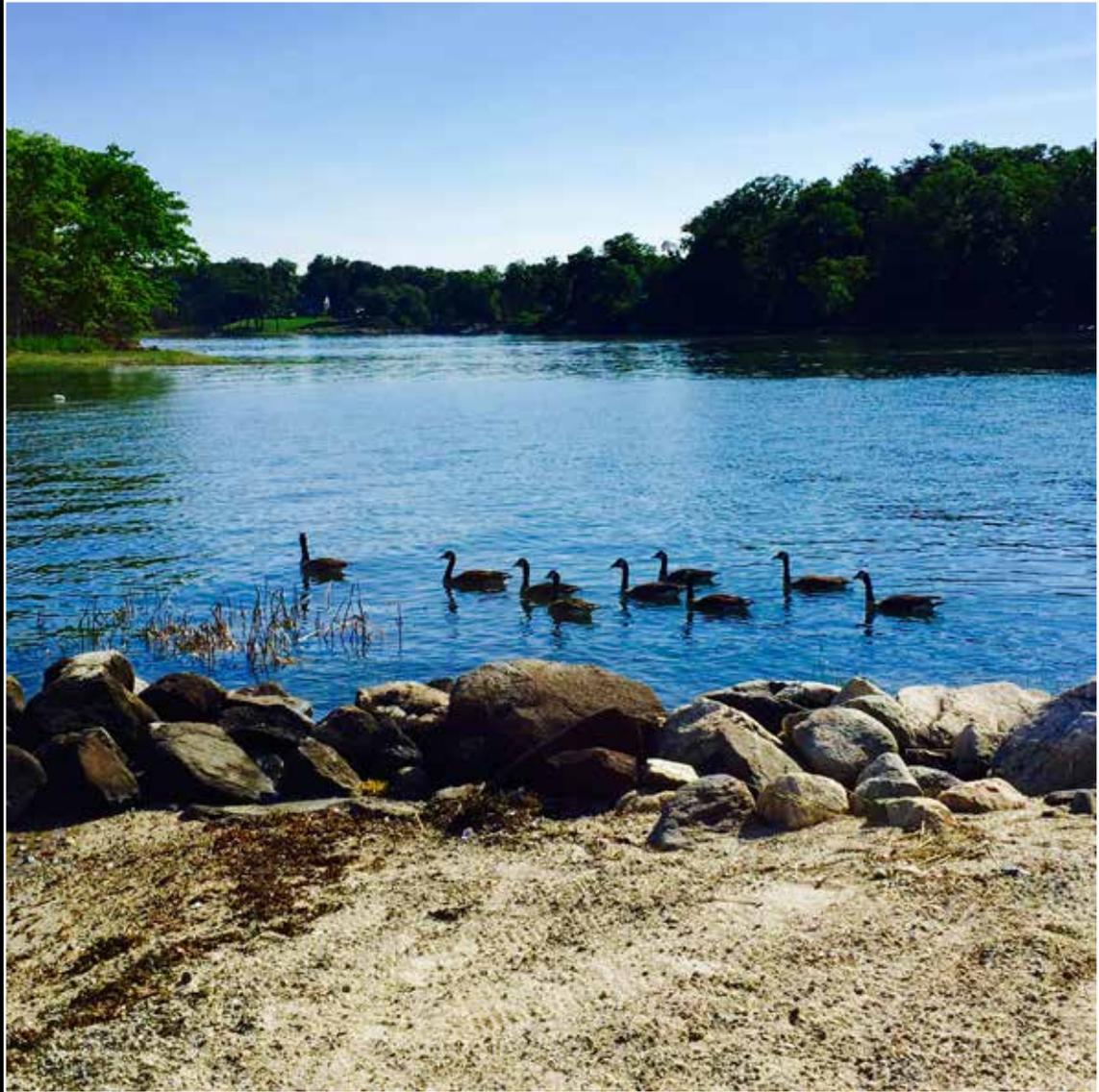
— KIM



JENNIFER



KHOUSE



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