

SILVER

Silver Hill Hospital's Art and Literature Magazine

LINING



WINTER 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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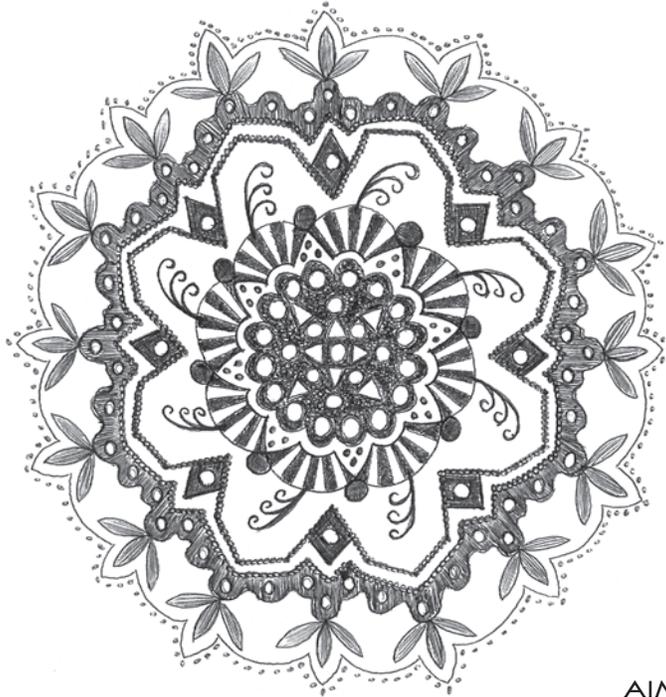
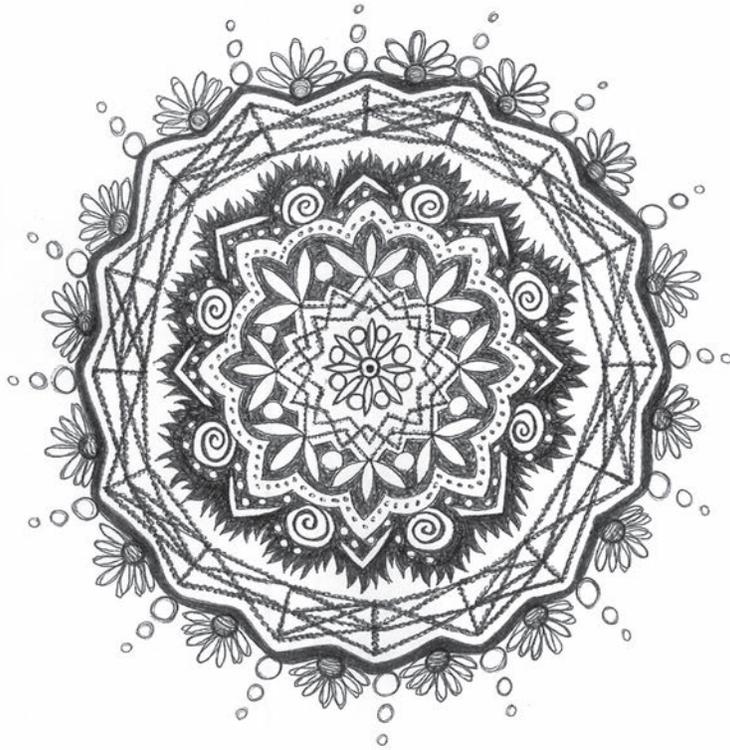
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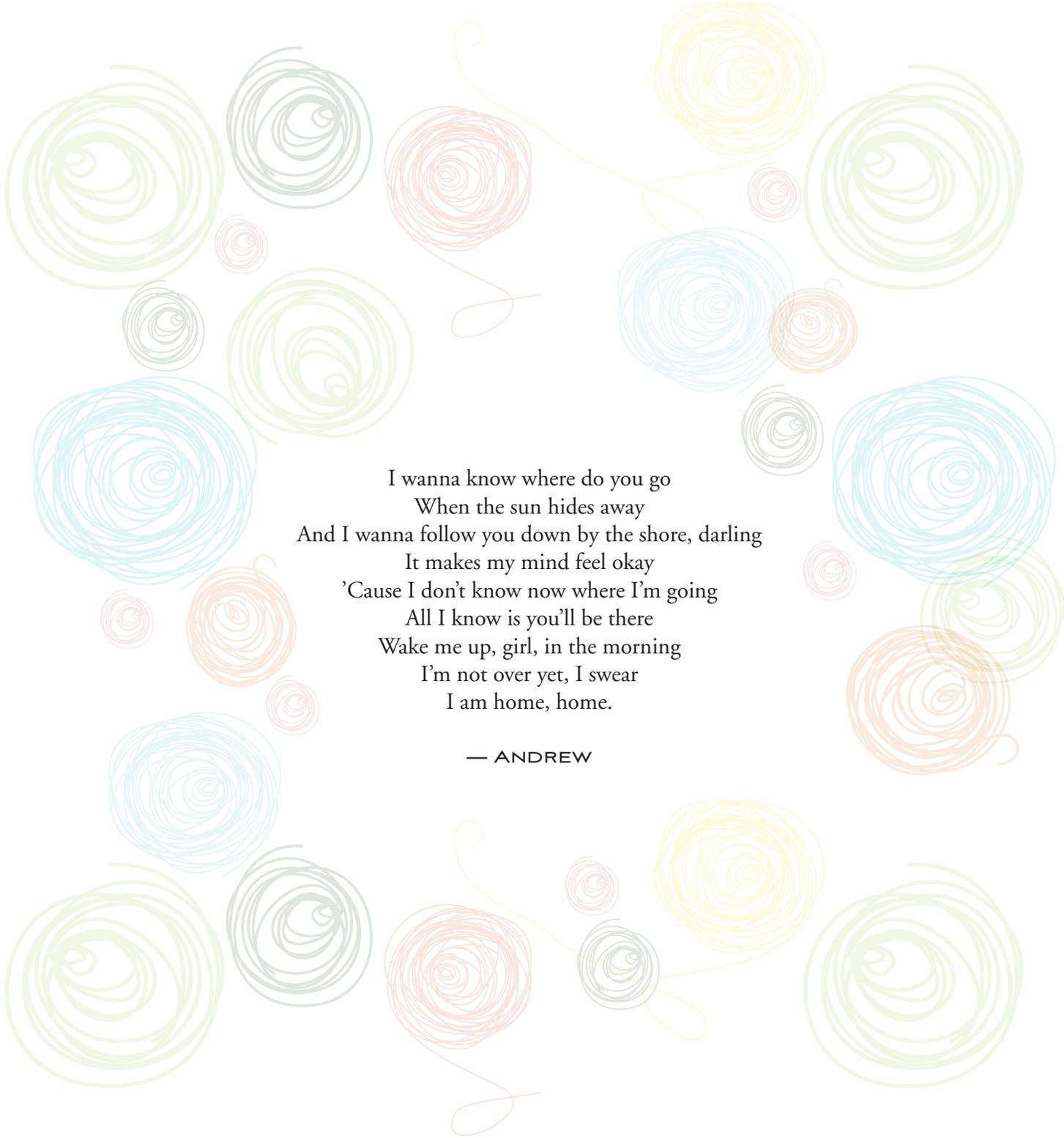
SILVER HILL HOSPITAL
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AIMEE



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
'Cause 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.

— ANDREW

LETTER

So I got told to write a letter to myself just now. But write a letter to which me? Write a letter to my old self who would hide away and play victim all the time? Or maybe the me that struggled and struggles with cutting and eating?

As I'm sitting here in the basement of Silver Hill, I'm faced with the realization that I am not the same person I was. Reflecting on my decisions makes me wonder why I even started this destructive behavior. But I guess if I didn't, I wouldn't be where and who I am right now.

So I write a letter to who? Because there are many me's that have come and gone. Some even return. But either way, writing the letter to one or all of my me's doesn't matter.

All that matters is the girl I am choosing to be in this moment; the girl who holds this pen and sits with a smile in her heart and a laugh upon her mouth.

The girl who holds the "progress not perfection" discharge coin and is grateful for the little things that she has learned on her third inpatient stay.

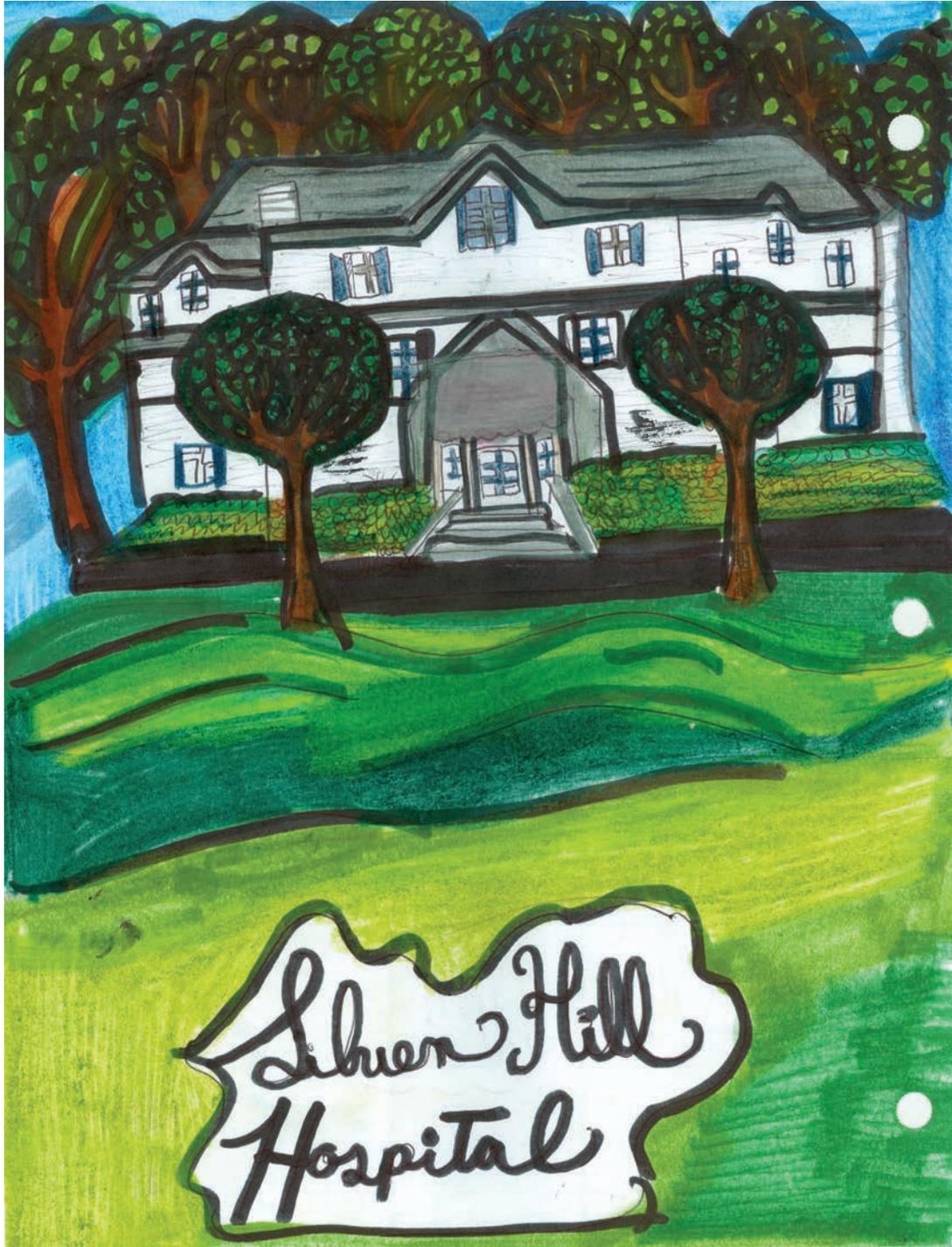
So, to write a letter to myself?

How about writing a praise to the person I know I will grow up to be?

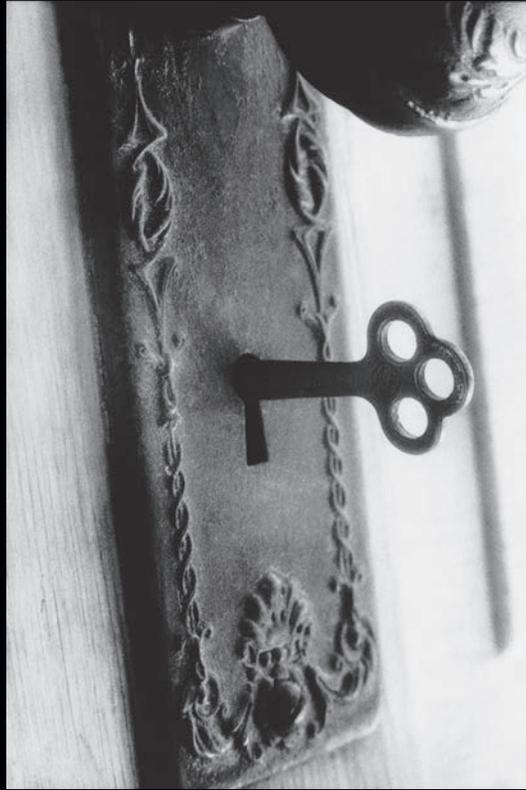
Because if it's one thing I've learned in my life, it's to take life by the horns and not to fall down, but to say "BRING IT ON".

— ELIZABETH





SOPHIA



SERENITY'S DOOR

Alas, my mania may have come to an end
Instead of insanity, I start my descent
No more pacing
Time wasting
My white flag waves in the wind
No more waiting for good behavior to kick in
Sit still, be quiet, follow your peers
This storm in my brain is starting to clear
I finally got a paddle, I can be anything I wanna be
So I'll row and I'll row my paddle to the shore
Where I'll find my sweet serenity if I knock on the right door
If no one does open serenity's door
I'll charge it full speed and knock that door to the floor

— JOEY



VANESSA



KEVIN

WHEN IT'S ALL SAID AND DONE

When it's all said and done and I'm allegedly fixed
I think I'll be happy, but my feelings are mixed.

My habit, my crutch, my girl, the horse
My best friend is gone, can I handle this divorce?

This pain I have, it won't go away
How will I keep these demons at bay?

I'll fight and succeed
'Cause that's what I need.

When it's all said and done
I'll be as clear as the water and as bright as the sun.

— JOEY

A WORLD WITHOUT HOPE

When the world fell apart, people had trouble reconciling the pieces. James Kappen, a sixteen year-old survivor of the destruction, was walking down a single flight of stairs early in the morning. He stopped momentarily to look out a window, and he saw the same man who slept on the sidewalk each night resting across the street.

After walking out of the decrepit two-story building he lived in, James meandered over to where the older man was lying on the sidewalk.

“You know, Kevin,” James spoke to the man once he got closer to him, “you’re still welcome to stay where I sleep.”

Kevin, a man of nearly fifty years of age, sat up to get a better look. He pointed to the building behind James with his scrawny index finger and replied, “You mean that thing? I don’t even know why you live there to begin with. It’s so broken down that it’s probably going to collapse any second now.”

“Maybe, maybe not,” James said, “but at least it’s better than sleeping out here.”

“What difference does it make?” Kevin asked. “We’re the only ones here right now. Everyone else is either dead or long gone somewhere else.”

“Well, anyway, I just wanted to let you know that you’re still welcome if you reconsider.”

“Thanks, kiddo. I’ll keep that in mind,” Kevin said.

James moved over to the sidewalk. After sitting down, he looked up at the building with the early rising sun’s rays beaming across a portion of the building. He and Kevin were the only two who had remained in their small town, and they relied on each other to survive.

“So what’s the plan for today?” James asked.

“The same as always. Find food, drink some water, and don’t die.”

James paused to look down the street to his left. He saw a deer run across the road and disappear behind a building on the other side. The number of deer had been decreasing for the past few weeks, and it was becoming a concern for both of them.

“How is it,” James began after turning his head back around to face Kevin, “that despite everything

else, you still haven’t given up hope?”

Kevin spit onto the street and wiped his mouth with his hand. “It’s because that’s what got us into this whole mess. Everything was broken because people lost hope in each other. More importantly, they lost hope in themselves.”

James looked forward at the building once more, taking in its structure. He heard Kevin spit into the street again, and that was the only sound that was made by either of them for some time. Their silence was filled only by the life in the surrounding environment.

A little while later, James asked, “Who are we to say that we can even fix this mess of a world we have now?”

“We’re not supposed to,” Kevin explained. “It’s not our job to try and change the world and fix it. Not by ourselves, at least.”

“I think our world’s too broken to be repaired, anyway” James said. “It won’t ever be as it was, at least.”

“That’s for sure,” Kevin agreed. “But that doesn’t mean we can’t construct a better one than from before.”

“It’ll be terrifying if it’s worse,” James said, fearful of the very thought of a more dysfunctional societal structure.

“It doesn’t have to be,” Kevin replied. “At least if we make better choices. Look, if the people left on this planet give up right here and now, then we’ll be over and done with. But if the survivors keep their willingness alive, then the world might just see another day.”

Suddenly, a deer jumped out of the bushes to the left of the building across the street. James looked over at Kevin, and he falsely assumed they shared the same idea.

“Let it go,” Kevin stated, seeing the look on his friend’s face. “We have enough to eat for today, anyway. We should save our energy.”

“Sometimes,” James replied as the deer skittered back into the bushes, “I can’t imagine how we’ve ended up tolerating each other for all this time.”

Kevin smiled, almost amused by the very thought. “I usually wonder the same thing.” He said. “But you know what makes us different?”

“What’s that?”

“We haven’t given up hope,” Kevin said.

James nodded, realizing the truth in those words. “I have to say,” James said, “you have been a great roommate.”

“I sleep on the sidewalk, James. I’m nowhere near you at night.”

“You’ve never really told me why that is, you know,” James pointed out.

Kevin looked over at the tall building. “It’s so that you have enough room. I want you to feel comfortable.”

“There’s plenty of room,” James explained. “Trust me.”

Kevin stared off into space in front of him abstractly. “There’s not for me. I don’t belong in that building.”

James looked over at Kevin momentarily. The emotional pain he saw in his friend’s face haunted him, and he realized why Kevin must have wanted to stay on the sidewalk for all those nights. He felt a responsibility for protecting James after losing his family during the collapse. If Kevin was outside during a stealth attack, then at least James could get away before he was taken next.

“Kevin,” James said, but there was no response. He was about to try and elicit a reaction again but thought better of it. Instead, he decided he should give Kevin some space. James stood up to walk back to the building, but Kevin became animated and immediately grabbed hold of his arm.

James turned back around to face him, and Kevin did the same with his head.

“Listen to me. I don’t want you to ever think that I don’t care,” Kevin said. “I don’t want you to ever think that I’ve given up. And I don’t want you to think that I ever will. We’re in this together, and even if all my

efforts to keep you safe fail, I’ll keep moving forward not just for my sake, but for yours.”

James, knowing full well the validity in Kevin’s words, understood why his friend had spoken about hope. He wanted James to not just survive but to thrive, and James couldn’t help but feel indebted to him.

“You’re right,” James replied as Kevin pulled away his arm.

“About which part?”

“That we’re in this together,” James said. “If I lose you, your memory will still remain for me. Just knowing that a stranger could care so much for another is what gives me the hope that maybe; just maybe, this world will be rebuilt in all of its newly created wonder.”

Kevin grinned and then spit in the street again. “You’re one hell of a kid, James.”

James rolled his eyes and grinned back. He looked over at the building across the street and noticed that the sun’s rays had covered the entire span of the front. In some ways the produced light seemed clearer than before.

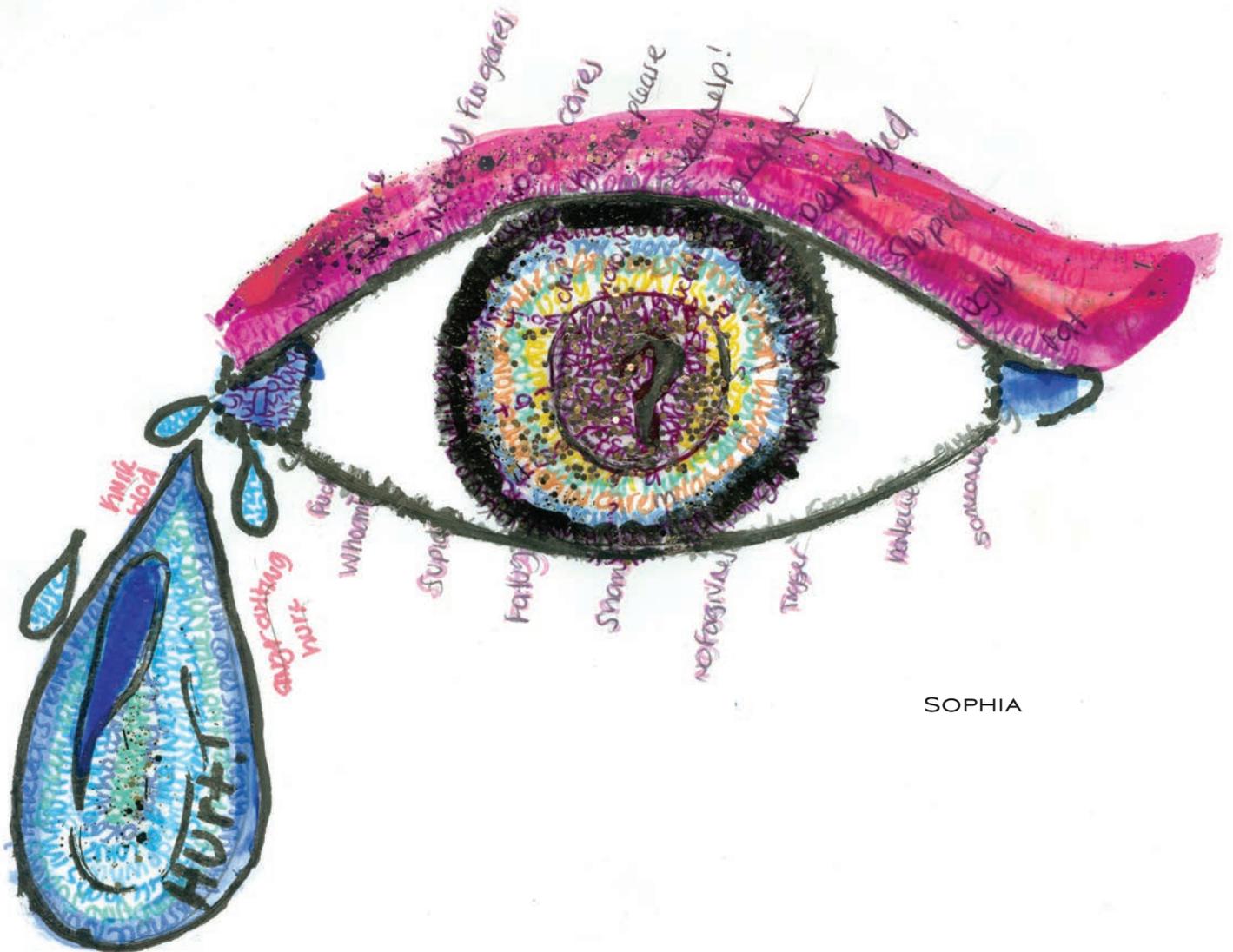
He realized that everything he had envisioned about what the world could be like again was intertwined within Kevin’s very essence. Within him, he saw determination and tenacity, but more importantly, he saw that he was a realistic dreamer.

James sat down on the sidewalk next to Kevin, and together they sat in silence once more. They watched as the sun continued to rise, James felt a sense of serenity. Even though he and Kevin lived in a world without hope, they would always refuse to give in, no matter what difficulty was thrown their way.

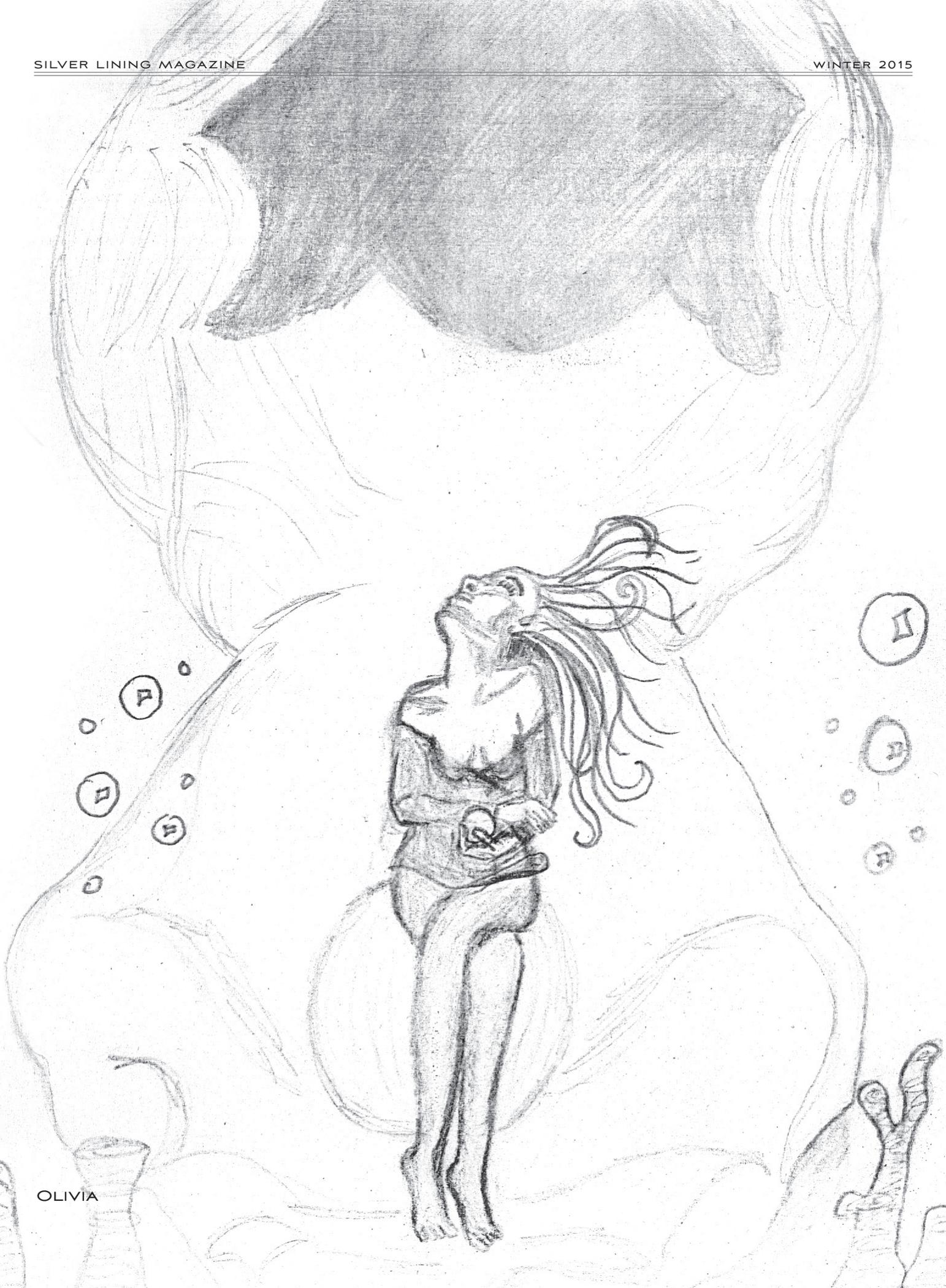
As Kevin had said for him, James also never truly wanted to give up. He wanted to keep moving forward not just for his own sake, but for the sake of the stranger sitting next to him who had overtime grown to become like a father who knew what it meant to care for his son.

— MICHAEL

A long white cloak she wore,
Draped in dew
Her arms are stretched
Having arrived as if to say
“I have come to take in the tired, the sick”
Astray from the hillside
It has come to pass
Oh, this melancholia
I shall stay
I shall stay
— MATT



SOPHIA



OLIVIA

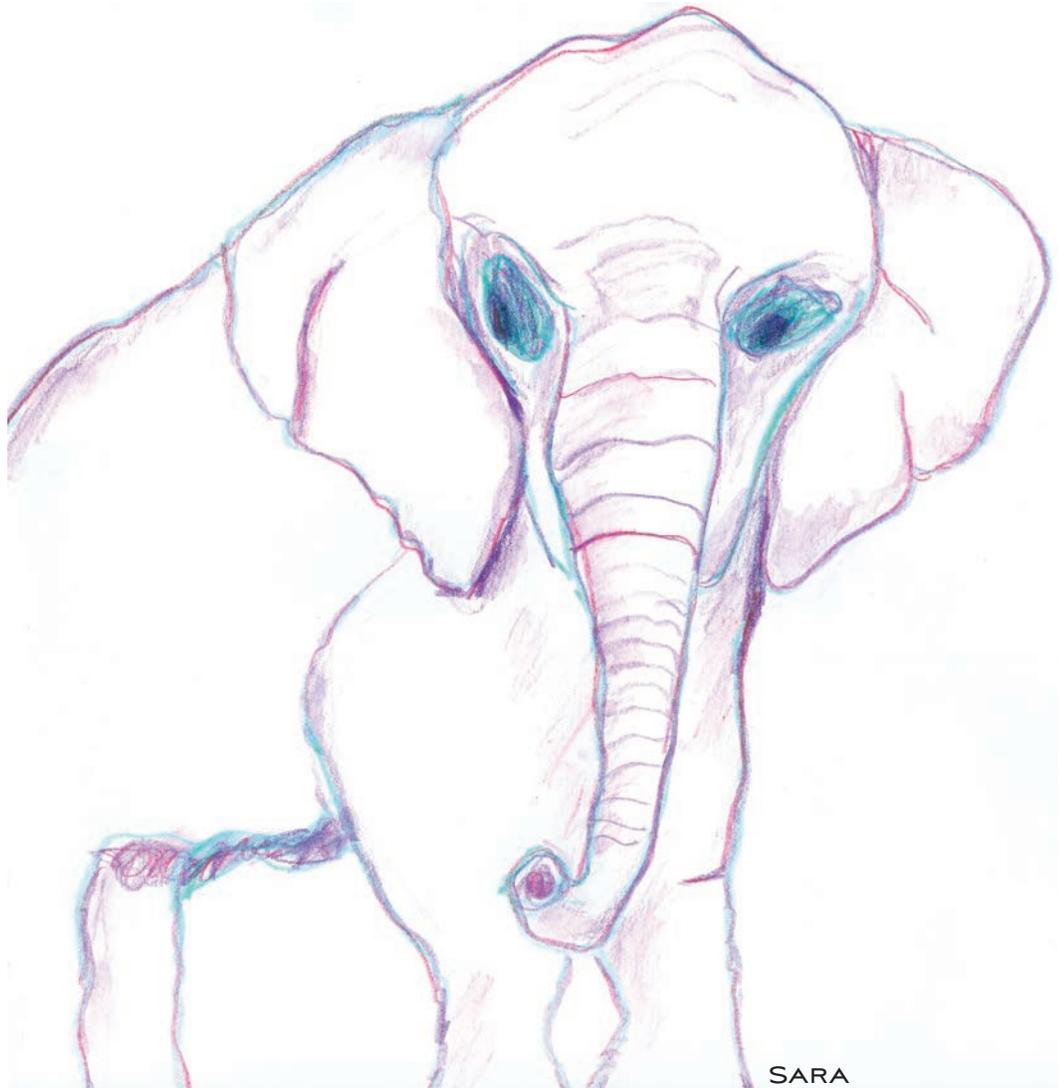
THEN WHAT

I try to be,
Who I'm not.
I wear a dress.
I laugh.
I try to fit into a mold.
But what if I want to shave my head?
Wear a suit?
Not walk down the aisle, but stand at the end?
Then what?

— RACHEL



VANESSA



SARA

ON MY MIND

A lot of time, I think about God.

Does God love?

Is God female? If so, does God have a girlfriend or boyfriend?

Is God male and does he have a boyfriend or girlfriend?

Does God lie?

Does God target people?

Does God cry or pray or ever need help?

Is God real?

I don't think so, but do me a favor and don't tell him.

— RACHEL



SARA

Winter

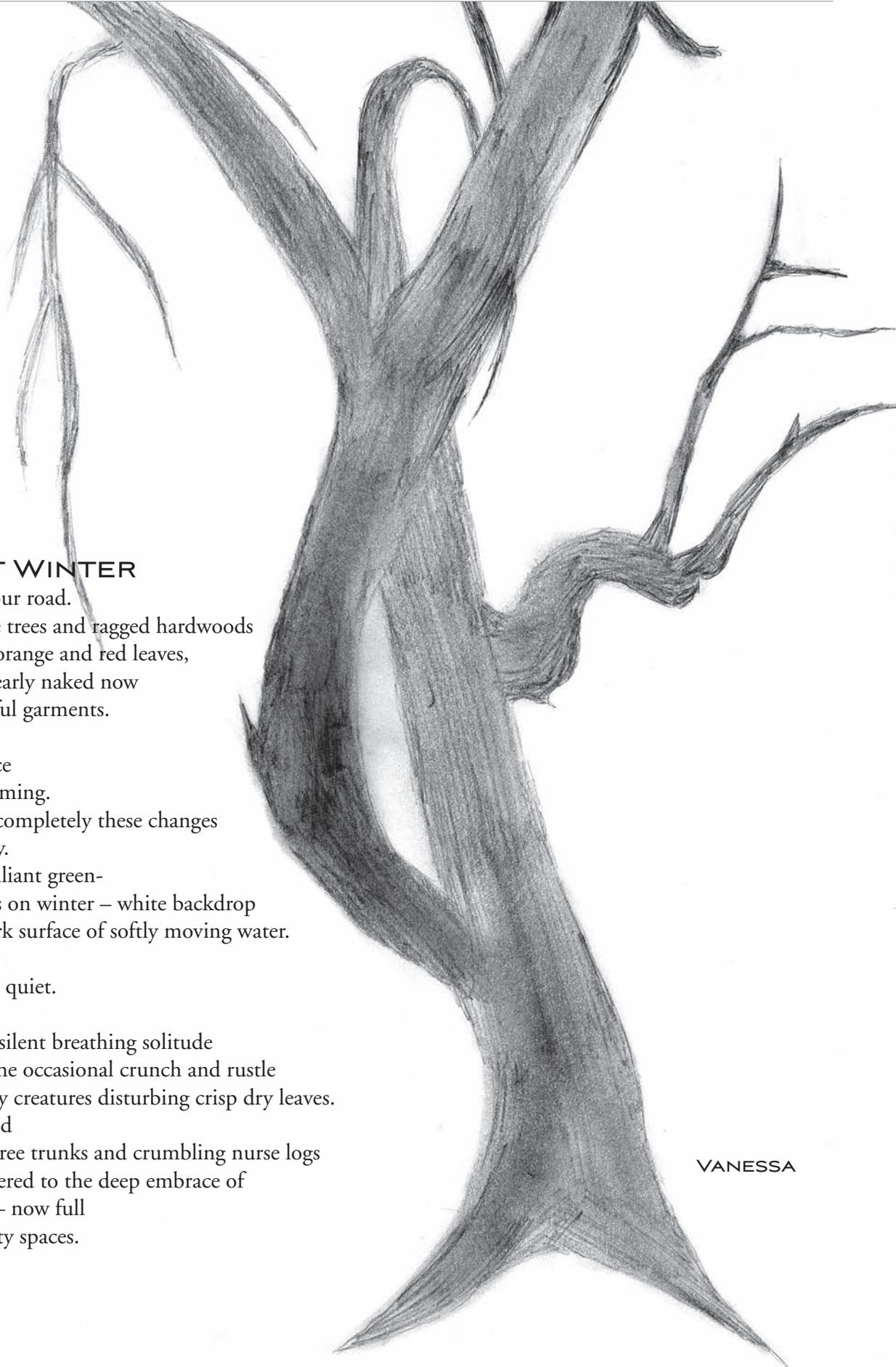
Trudging through the snow,
A huge smile on my face.
Not because I'm knee deep in light white flakes,
But because I'm with my protectors.
The two boys who will never break my heart.
The ones who will pick me up if I get tired,
Or make snow angels with me,
And ruin theirs to help me get up
And preserve the angelic shape.
The ones who will start the fire,
And make hot cocoa
And help warm my nose.

— RACHEL





MARENA



EMERGENT WINTER

Silver birches line our road.
Dark slivers of pine trees and ragged hardwoods
Dressed in yellow, orange and red leaves,
Spot a landscape nearly naked now
Of summer's graceful garments.

Out on the river- ice
In thin sheets is forming.
Soon, it will cover completely these changes
In the forest canopy.
From summer's brilliant green-
To black sky – trees on winter – white backdrop
Reflected in the dark surface of softly moving water.

Even the woods are quiet.

Bereft of birds this silent breathing solitude
Is broken only by the occasional crunch and rustle
Of four legged furry creatures disturbing crisp dry leaves.
They forage for food
To hide in hollow tree trunks and crumbling nurse logs
Long since surrendered to the deep embrace of
These pine woods – now full
Of bright and empty spaces.

—STEPHANIE

VANESSA

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