

SILVER

Silver Hill Hospital's Art and Literature Magazine

LINING



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WINTER 2016

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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"RETROACTIVE COLD FEET"

The wheel of life is cruel, it's true.
Time, itself, seems ready to break you.
The turn begins and we struggle to hold
Onto the spokes which become frail and old.

We spend our lives searching, all day and all night,
Desolate, lonely, and alone in our fright.
Many people pair off to feel less alone,
But it seems, as a species, we are anger prone.

We adorn our girls in white one day
And hope their chosen men will stay.
Mountains of flowers and toppers for cakes
Mean beauty to us, but just raise the stakes.

Will he stay by your side in sickness and health?
Will you both be changed by fluctuations of wealth?
When you have your children, will he raise them with you?
... Call me crazy for these post-nuptial blues,

How can love last forever when everything dies?
When people leave now, I'm not even surprised.
I see this bouquet has become withered, and dark
But I hope one day I'll find that unmistakable spark.

I lost my chance, but I hope I taught you right.
"stay gold"* and keep each other warm through the night.

* *"nothing gold can stay"* — Robert Frost

—TORI





DAX



FAITH



ISABEL



ANONYMOUS



ELYSIA

NO SEA SCEPTERS/ (NO SUSCEPTERS)

Pain.... The insatiable monster within,
Slowly consuming, lurking under the skin.
There are no answers. There are no cures.
You don't believe mine and I don't understand yours.
It's always hiding, always waiting,
Rears its head after abating.
Will it ever end? Can this entity die?
It saps me of all that I have left inside.
Braver and stronger people than I
Assure me that one day I'll kiss it goodbye.
I can't help wondering if this is a lie,
But at least someone gets it enough to try.

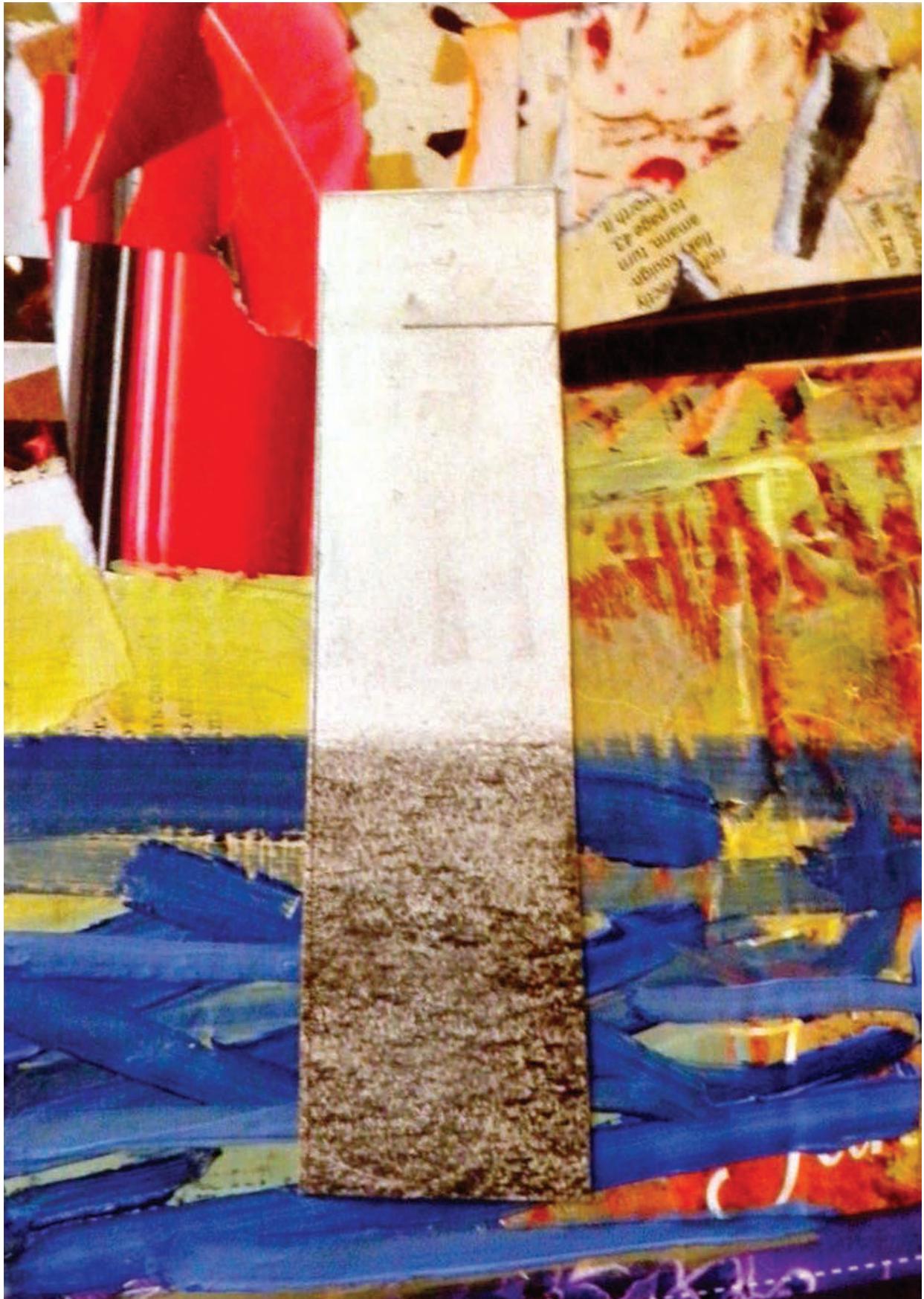
—TORI



SHELLY



GREG



GREG



ANONYMOUS

FROM MY PAIN

Now, bow down before me
Or break both your knees
Now you best believe
That this is a disease
In which no relief, will be within reach
And
All that they preach to you
All that they teach to you
Take a bite n' feed into
Whatever you need to do
To pleasure your need to
See through what eats you
Controls you n' beats you
N' grows in your sleep too!
N' knows what you're weak to!

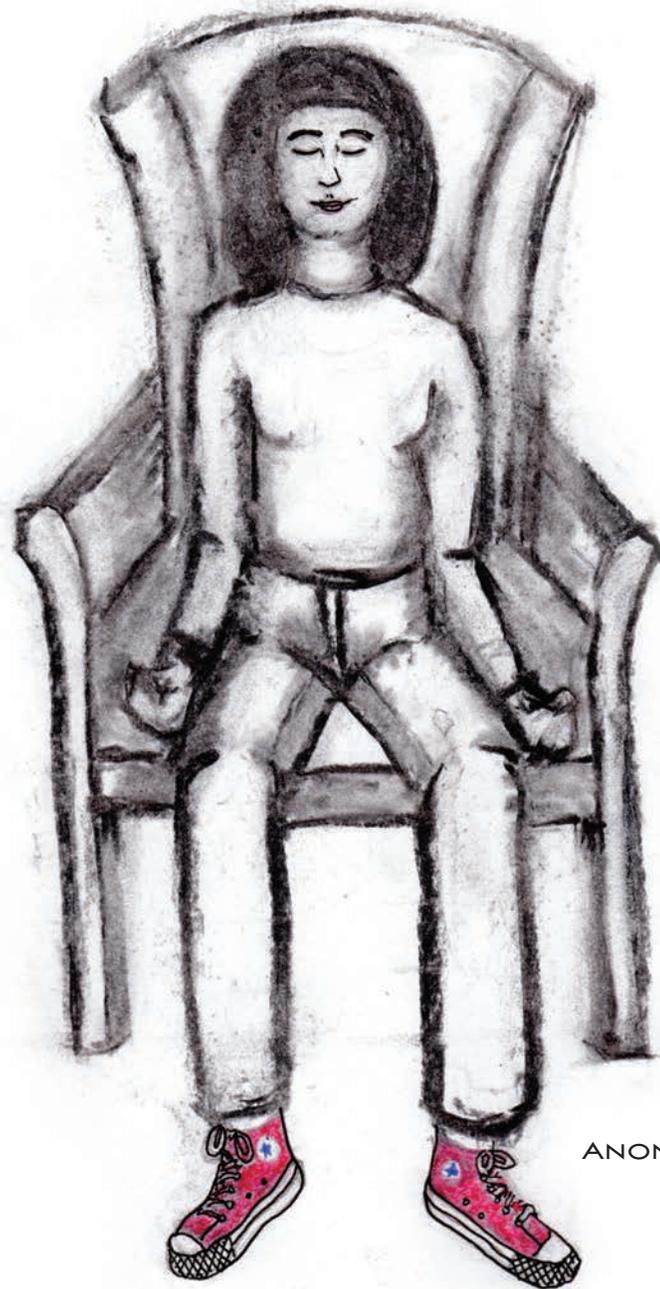
Then waits to defeat you
When you wake you retreat to
Any way not to be you
Hear you say "can this be true?"
Don't defy things that we do
Or deny what we've been through
I'm behind all the sins you
Keep inside n' begin to
Realize that to win you
Can't subside what's within you
N' realizes a new venue
Will not re-invent you
When your behind n' the rents due
You'll just get high like you used to!

—ALEC





GREG



ANONYMOUS



ANONYMOUS



GREG



PSYCHED OUT

My television told me that these pills would fix my brain,
But I've taken them for months and I'm still in lots of pain.
It's like an axe wound in my chest that nobody can see.
I don my mask so no one can find what's inside me.

Each day the façade becomes more of a joke
When I try to laugh, I feel that I might choke.
The paranoia sets in.... everyone must know!
I try to smile, if only once, to put on a show.
It's the emotional Olympics; I surely won gold,
Yet all I want is someone I can talk to and hold.

No matter how many commercials and movies come close
It's impossible to convey this reality on one dose.
At night, I race the clock and do all I can to stay,
Yet between flashbacks and dissociation, I feel so far away.
Those are just fancy terms for my body and mind rebelling.
If you're struggling too, I hope you find my words compelling.

I could have had a real life if I'd known just where to look.
I count myself lucky for seeing the signs in a psychology book.
The real story of my spiral is far more tragic,
But I live in the present now, and that alone is magic.

Doctors, meds and even hospitals are all ready to help.
If there is pain growing inside you, ROAR, don't yelp.
Make yourself heard and fight for your health:
Mental, physical, emotional-comfort always will trump wealth!

—TORI



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In this robe and slippers feet
I am so far from my home,
memory
I am not gone,
somewhere
And I am not afraid
of the rain, but it's fall
and I wish it was winter
'cause the icicles in my back
want to
want words that attack
to write my shiny spine
with glittering eyes
I am not afraid
for you the words are
they for me too
I'm looking at you, looking down
you wouldn't be if I had you around
talking is easy and good
and loving like God could
And I got my water, coffee
and my cigarette
on the inside
I don't look good
'cause I'm coughing
But for God, I'll say thank you
before I die
but I'm so grateful, yes I am
and I was, but a lamb
and like a lamp post I turned
on all the lights for you

—COREY



ANONYMOUS

Life is



Beautiful

KRISTEN

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