

SILVER

Silver Hill Hospital's Art and Literature Magazine

LINING



SPRING 2016

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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ONE PROBLEM TO THE NEXT

One. One moment is all it takes. One idea, one spark of emotion is enough to get you going. Self-harm becomes your safety net. Day after day you gain more scars until suddenly the one thing you used to fall back on is ripped from your sweaty hands. Your mind walks through a forest of confusion not sure how to help itself. Suddenly there is an intertwining path. One says danger, the other says welcome, but because your mind was so confused it walked into the danger zone and picked up that one thing that became its new and improved safety net. Something that no one could take away. One moment after the next. One more day of pain after the next. One more problem that you cannot escape.

— ALLY



CAMERON

When the Power of
Love over comes the
Love of Power then
the World will know
Peace



ANONYMOUS



ANONYMOUS

DEPRESSION

There is no grey area, only darkness.
I can't seem to get out of my head...
Negativity overpowers any positive vibe or feeling.
It's all or nothing, there is no in-between.
Reality is worse than dreams.
I don't know who the man in the mirror is
And I'm right there.
All I see is darkness, life's a living nightmare.

— HARRY



ANONYMOUS

SILVER GLIMMER OF HOPE

Deep into the woods, I run
Away from the glaring sun
My legs quiver until I collapse
I am broken at last
But somewhere deep inside
A light refuses to hide
As I look at the hill above
I spy a glistening silver dove
— HANNAH



BLUE

When people say they feel blue
They mean they feel sad
But when I say I feel blue
I mean I feel like water
Loose
Slipping through fingers
Tears and sweat
Water is truly incredible
And it's incredible how I can be a drop of water in a bucket
with billions of other little drops
all pressed against me
and still feel totally alone
I mean you'd think with all that surface
Tension I'd have a bond to someone
But whenever it comes to talking
I freeze like an icicle
Or else I flow like a waterfall
Each sentence like a rapid revealing of things
I probably shouldn't be saying to complete strangers
And I feel so, so alone
And isolated
That I wish I would just evaporate
And join all the other little droplets in
The clouds
The ones who didn't make a loud enough
Splash to be heard
So yeah
I feel a little blue

— JAMIE



ANONYMOUS

MYSELF

I have expectations
Of every little thing
Of my breakfast
My teachers
My parents
My self

I have expectations
Of searching online
Alone
Dawn rising
Researching hospitals
For myself

I have expectations
Brought on by others
Whether good or bad
I will turn them
Into monsters
Of myself

I have expectations
To improve
To get better
As said by others
Wishing only the best
For myself

I have expectations
But I need
To break them
To be free
To now learn about
Myself

— LAUREN

ACCEPTING THE NEED FOR HELP

I have always done everything on my own, ever since I was a young child. It did not matter what it was, I cringe at the thought of asking for help. People looking down on me, setting me aside as 'different', or labeling me as weak; having these set ideas carved into my head pushed me to always be independent. Living and having been raised by my grandma made me hate needing help even more. I hate dealing with having to worry about fighting her, about bills, food, and the possibility of eviction. I knew we needed help and she would always beg people to help her which made me feel less than and worthless. Not being able to get a job and help her makes me feel worse. She showed me that you have to help yourself. I do not ever want to be seen as needy. Ever. And we never received help from my parents so I thought why keep asking if you aren't going to get anything. It just makes you look more needy. My grandma is already severely mentally ill and considered disabled for having arthritis; this made me feel horrible for having depression and actually receiving better help than her. I don't like to feel embarrassed for needing or wanting help. Most importantly, I don't want to be seen as weak.

— KY'NAISHA



DANA



ANONYMOUS



SOCIAL ANXIETY

It stares you in the face
Watching your every move
Hoping you won't mess up
Hoping you won't do the inevitable
The task: simple
Ask for an answer key to last night's assignment
One you knew you aced
One you were proud to display
But it wouldn't let you be
The moment arrived
It seemed like everyone had held their breath
The clock ticking
You uttered those 6 words
"Can I have an answer key?"
She nodded, gave it to you
Then dismissed you as if you were a tissue
Confused you sat down
Wondering how you had succeeded
After it told you, you couldn't
You could see it smiling in the background
It claiming its victory
Knowing it would be back tomorrow to claim another.

— SAMMIE





JOSEPH



ANONYMOUS

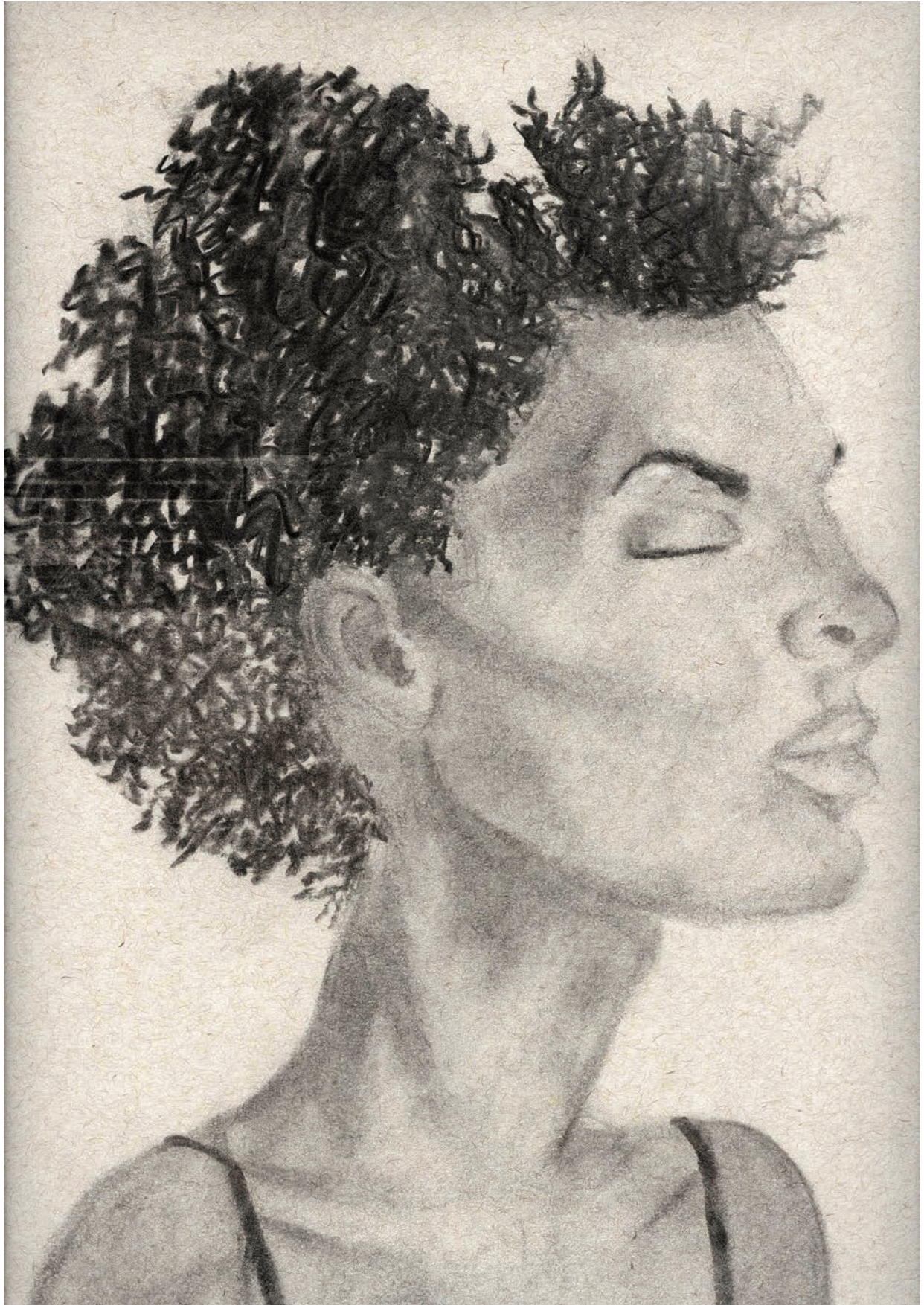
DARE TO DREAM

If I could travel through time
With all of history mine
Which era to choose
Not a moment to lose
Cause day light will shortly arrive

If I could travel through space
I would sit on a star just in case
That the someone I knew
Would say how are you
You bring a smile to my face

One morning I open my eyes, and realize
It was only a dream
But the dreams that are there
Should make you aware
That (some) dreams do come true
It's all up to you, so dream

—MICHAEL



LEXIE



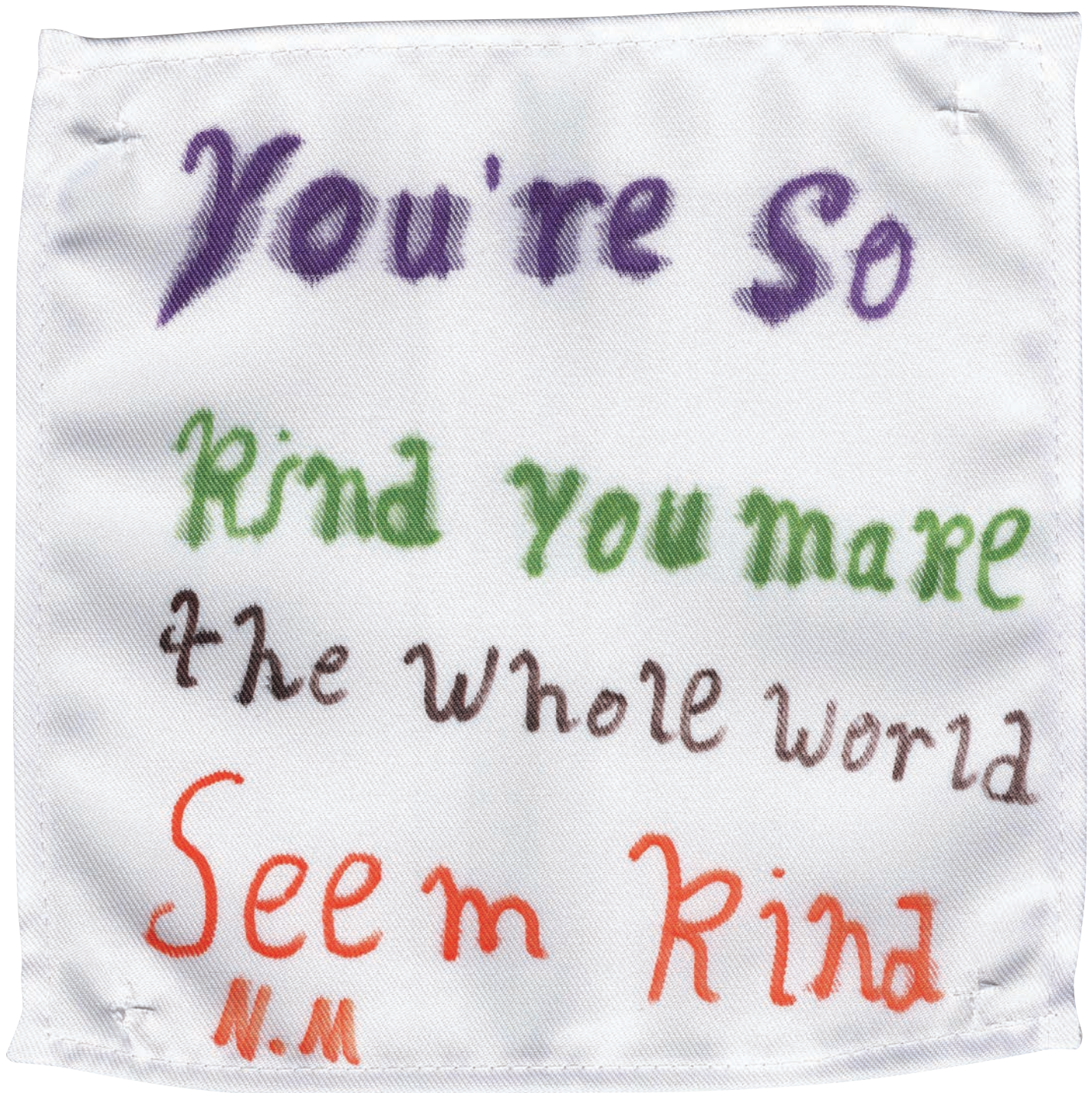
JENNY



LUCY



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