All my battles, I now may ponder, if twas’ my mental struggles which pushed me yonder.

Yonder into life unknown, full of question, a life I loan.

For however I was formed and thus came whole, the womb I was held in seems to have questioned my soul.

Questioned my perseverance, the price I’d pay.

The sorrow I’d endure, to complete ‘nother day.

My mind, it bends and buckles so, at six my mind falls down below.

Into the world of serums and pills, daily orange bottles, controlling my will.

I’ve side effects, as my heart breaks down,

but with no other treatment, force my body to remain sound.

As I race, a damaged soul, my body aches, tics take control.

I shout and I curse and punch myself too, hit my head on walls, for what else can I do.

How dare I defy what nature’s bestowed?

She screams that 11 numbered will kill family owed.

To wash hands till bled so I don’t sicken myself,

that the devil is near and soon’ll send me to hell.

That bathrooms are vile, so I’ll not go for hours,

maybe 8, or 16, and cry ‘nough to water flowers.

And after all this, I start to give up.

For I realize this’ll not lighten up.

As medication starts numbing emotion, alarm.

I find myself staring at stripes on my arms.

But my sadness’s invalid, just a weak mind at most.

Just need to be tough.

Deal with its ghost.

*The depression will heal if you work hard enough.*

“Your mind is okay, I’ve OCD every day.

I have to organize my desk, the thought won’t go away!

Kids these days only know how to complain!”

So I learn to hide it, that their words stay quiet.

And now all I have is to deal with and mind it.

*It isn’t that bad, some have worse than me.*

As I cry in my bed, red tears drip down my sleeve.

But wait, there is hope, I find who I’m meant to be with new medication,

and studying psychology.

While my mind is at peace, I learn all I can grow.

Develop a new mindset and my own principles.

After 11 years drugs, and 11 years pain, I finally am able to flush meds down the drain.

Don’t kid me wrong, my mind still flies high.

But I harness my thoughts, and they don’t convince me to die.

My mind’s healing, thanks to the meds, but also from persevering inside my head.

Not that perseverance alone changes the course, for some issues are far greater than any strength or remorse.

But now as the chaos’s receding, it starts hurting to live,

and I discover I have endometriosis.

My eyes see nill, but my nerves feel sores.

As I bloat and I cry and bleed even more.

Now I am not sad, perhaps some distraught,

but the depression shant return, for I’ve still a shot.

Now my illnesses fuel me, as kindling to fire,

as aching grows, so too does desire.

My desire to learn, desire to succeed, desire to help others in pain and in need.

For perhaps I’ll be healed, far off in the future,

or maybe I’ll carry this luggage to departure.

And I do not know, maybe not even fate.

But she’s always questioned my soul, and I’ll not be late.

I will answer her call, prove my despair wrong.

I will study psychology that lives may prolong.

As my family fought to choose my medication o’re bills,

my treatment or food,

I’ll not let others be hit with those wounds.

I’ll aid affordable care, to everyone true, as I was once them, and may again be there soon.

My fight’s far from over, and may never be,

but so long I fight strong, it does not matter to me.

As long as I’m able to be proud of my work, both work on my mind, and work on this earth.

As long as I know I helped ‘nother soul, to learn to endure and to grow.

I will be content with my worth,

for my value isn’t what I’m given, but in what I do so forth.

