

The Lyrics Of The Mind

Indian Psychiatric Society Western Zonal Branch



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॥ गंधार ॥ ✱ ॥
मुद्रण सुविधा केंद्र

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Indian Psychiatric Society Western Zonal Branch

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*This book is dedicated to
all those involved in mental health
and its awareness.*



Foreword

Dear IPS Art and Cultural Committee Members,

I am happy to know that IPSWZB “Art and Cultural Committee” is publishing an E book. This is a very innovative idea and the West Zone has always remained in forefront in innovating many ideas. Any publication preserves the memories and hence this work will be remembered for a long time. My compliments and best wishes to you and the whole team. I am also happy to share a couple of my poems for this publication.

Dr Laxmikant Rathi
(President IPS, 2024)

Just wanted to say....

One of the dreams I had, when I took over as the President of the West Zone was to publish a book of poems dedicated to mental health and wellbeing. The talent in IPSWZB is immense and it was essential to bring it in the forefront. The Art & Cultural Committee members have been the torchbearers for the same. The verses are poignant reflections and stirring imagery of the spectrum of human experience—from the depths of despair to the heights of hope. They invite us to confront the stigma surrounding mental health, to challenge misconceptions, and to foster a culture of compassion and acceptance.

As psychiatrists, we encounter in the intricate tapestry of human existence the threads of both light and shadow. Mental health, often residing in the realm of the unseen, weaves through every facet of our lives, influencing our thoughts, emotions, and actions. Yet, it

remains a topic veiled in silence and stigma, leaving many to navigate its complexities in solitude.

In this collection of poems, we embark on a journey through the labyrinth of the mind, guided by the words of poets in languages which are also in native to illuminate the darkness and celebrate the light within. These verses could serve as beacons of empathy and understanding, offering solace to those grappling with their inner demons and affirming the resilience of the human spirit.

The thoughts penned give solace in shared stories, strength in vulnerability, and inspiration to embrace our own journeys toward healing and wholeness. Let us build a community where every voice is heard and every heart is valued.

Dr Neena Sawant
(President, IPSWZB 2023-2024)

Preface

Words have power...

Who would know better than a psychiatrist who listens and heals through words and if he/she/they are also a poet then, it is still more powerful.

Words express and help us understand the world.

Poetry expresses the inner world.

Mental health is extremely important in today's demanding world.

Therefore, to bring forth the issues associated with it and to create awareness, IPSWZB Art and Cultural Committee under the able leadership of our Honourable President Dr Neena Sawant came up with the idea of bringing up a poetry book.

The enthusiastic contribution from psychiatrists from west zone was highly encouraging and during the process, not only did we witness talent but also the reflective and genuine creative side of the psychiatrist.

The play of colourful emotions, the journey of thoughts, the arriving of tales, all together have made this compilation unique.

We as a team enjoyed the editing and look forward for more such endeavours.

Afterall....

Poetry is emotion.

Poetry is passion

Poetry is being human

The Art & Cultural Committee

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Tears are a part of our life on various occasions of pleasure or sorrow. They are also a very good medium for removing inner tension and turmoil. Tears are an invaluable thing which nature has given to everyone, including animals. Lastly, in my opinion, "Tears either floating in eyes or flowing from eyes should not be taken as weakness of anyone but it is just emotionality of that person."



आंसू

आंसू हैं इक ऐसा समुंदर,
जो नयनों में रहता है,
पर जब लगती चोट है दिल पर,
वह झर-झर बहने लगता है ।

डब-डब करती आंखों में देखो,
आंसू हैं बेचैन,
लुढ़क जाएं यदि गालों पर,
तो दिल को आए चैन ।

आंसू हैं इक ऐसी अमानत,
जिसे खोना कभी नहीं,
वक्त बेवक्त बड़े काम आते हैं,
और कीमत कुछ भी नहीं ।

जानें क्यों खारा होता है,
इन आंसुओं का स्वाद,
क्योंकि ये करवाते हैं,
किसी के दर्द का एहसास ।

- Dr Laxmikant Rathi, Amravati

Feelings and emotions are an integral part of life. This poem tries to give the message that the feelings and emotions of other people around us are also important and one should try to understand them. Nature around us can also give us such feelings as the beautiful smell of flowers as well as in nature and Mother Earth.



एहसास

क्या तुमने कभी किया है,
किसी खुशबू का एहसास,
जो बुझा दे तुम्हारे,
मन की प्यास ।

फूलों में गंध, माटी में गंध,
गंध कहाँ नहीं है,
एहसास-ए-गंध यदि जाग उठे,
जो चहुँओर, सुगंध है,
क्या तुमने कभी किया है,
किसी के दर्द का एहसास ।

जो जगा दे तुम्हारी आत्मा की आवाज़,
चोट किसी और को हैं, तन में लग गई,
पर मन तुम्हारा हो रहा,
और पलकें हैं उदास ।

क्या तुमने कभी किया है,
किसी के प्यार का एहसास,
या, बिखर गया है वो,
आ के तुम्हारे पास ।

बांध लो उसे,
यदि वह है बिखर रहा,
बेशकीमती मोती है,
वर्षों तक सीप में बंद रहा ।

क्या तुमने कभी किया है,
अपनी मौत का एहसास,
जो आएगी जरूर, इक दिन तुम्हारे पास ।

मत रोकना उसे, वह आखिरी मुकाम है,
उसके बाद लगता नहीं,
कोई अल्प विराम हैं ॥

- Dr Laxmikant Rathi, Amravati

A mother had got her young daughter in twenties for a lot of relationship issues. The communication patterns between the two were strained as each one tried to put the blame on the other.

Both had traits of being perfect, orderly, and stubborn. The daughter had mood swings as she felt her mother who was her role model had lots of time for others than her. The mother felt that she had given her daughter the freedom, space and was available to her. The daughter felt that the mother would justify every action without understanding what she wanted.

These emotions run in every family today as we see changes in communication, attachment, and nuclear families. These lines were written as I could understand the angst of the mother in her narration of incidents where probably there was no right or wrong but a gap in communication and understanding.



A Mother's Angst

How much will u be angry?

How much will you cry?

How much will you sigh?

When she says do not come near me

When she says do not talk to me

I feel lost as my child is hurting
And feels I am the cause for it.
What did I do wrong?
Were my words too harsh?
Now I am unable to cope
And I don't want to give false hopes
That I can be the same parent I was
2 decades ago.

I feel sad, tired, and hurt
My heart weeps inside
I thought I was doing fine
But my child believed otherwise
And the tussle continues...

The words go back and forth
Who is right or wrong?
Do not judge as you do always
Be empathetic I am told...

To understand my loved one's perception
And not bombard with my objection
Leaves me pondering as I ask myself
Am I a good parent or not?

- **Dr Neena Sawant**, Mumbai

The story of Parvati (name changed) is like those hundreds of women who carry the burden of looking after all the things at home, battling substance use in their spouse and then trying to cope with the situation.

This patient was creative and could express herself in words with poetic candour.

I penned down these lines as she struggled through her symptoms and recovered in the process. She also learnt about deaddiction services and was hopeful to improve the situation at home.

The last line was her victory line as she recounted this self-affirmation to give her the courage and was successful in getting her husband for treatment.



आशा

जिंदगी हर बार कुछ सामने लाती
थक गई मैं सबका सामना करती!
यह कर, वो कर, कितना मैं कर
शोहर का नहीं साथ, पिता बस दारु
हर दिन होता कुछ ना कुछ शुरू

बच्चों को पढ़ाना, घर को संभालना
अब नहीं होता इस जिंदगी को निभाना
सब छोड़के निकल जाऊँ ऐसा मन कहे
पर हिम्मत नहीं होती, अगर आँसू भी बहे
मायूसी की यह दुनिया एक बात दोहराती
अँधेरा छाया है पर क्या सुबह होगी?

चलो एक बार फिर उम्मीद मुस्कुराये
मन में रोशनी की किरण जाग जाये
हौसला बढ़े तो सब कुछ हासिल
नहीं तो जीना यहां सच है मुश्किल
फिर भी मन मेरा ये कहता रहे
डर मत हर मुश्किल तुम्हें जीता दे
डर मत हर मुश्किल तुम्हें जीता दे!

- Dr Neena Sawant, Mumbai

Psychiatry has had, in my opinion, three major revolutions. The first one was way back in the 18th century with the unchaining and moral treatment of those in asylums; something that showed the world that even those with severe psychiatric illnesses were deserving of care and respect and were not innately dangerous or violent as it was erroneously believed. The second one was in the mid-20th century with the discovery of effective treatments for previously untreatable illnesses like schizophrenia, bipolar disorder and severe depression; a discovery that allowed lakhs of patients housed in institutions and asylums to return to the community, with many able to resume normal and independent lives.

The third has been even more recent- the demonstration that psychiatric symptoms are related to chemical and functional changes in specific parts and specific pathways in the brain. This evidence has helped dispel the previous explanations for mental illnesses- curses from Gods, possession by demons, witchcraft, magic- to the shadows among the scientific community."

Making mental health a part of our everyday conversation, enhancing awareness, decreasing stigma and societal prejudices, integrating mental health with general health care are the important challenges of today. The centuries of progress and "3 revolutions" have brought us to this point; and our newest "revolution" requires us to unite to indubitably bring mental health issues out of whatever

shadows remain and into the bright light of hope and knowledge.



Evolution through Revolution- The Mental Health Journey

It started with a turn of a key,
Unchaining and moral treatment by Pinel, Joly, Chiarugi,
Enhancing care, freedom, and dignity,
A little act, but how revolutionary it turned out to be!

The second revolution involved a lot of science,
a bit of serendipity,
The discovery of effective treatments for many a brain malady,
Schizophrenia's grasp, depression's gloom, anxiety's dread,
All disappear- and are replaced by hope instead!

The third revolution witnesses neural pathways unfold,
Chemical dances allowed narratives to be retold,
No more curses, black magic, supernatural games,
Science triumphs over archaic claims!

The newest revolution- voices emerge, stigma wanes,
By sharing stories; awareness improves, empathy reigns,
Away from the shadows, into the light,
To fight together for mental health- let us unite!

- Dr Colin Braganza, Goa

It happened so, that during the therapy session of one patient, she described her psyche as a kind of fabric made of colourful threads, and she said that it had these thorns stuck in it. And each time we resolved some conflictual issue, she would say that feels like someone had just removed a thorn and put a stitch on the bleeding wound which was soothing...

And that prompted me to write this.



Stitching The Mind

Psychiatry is like a surgery of mind...
you sit with a patient...for hours...
patient repeatedly tries to prove to you...
how good a human he or she is...
wears as many masks as possible...
we call them defences...
patient smiles when faced with an uncomfortable
situation...
or avoids gaze...
patient tells you 10 reasons about why he behaved the
way he did...
and you know that...

because you are able to see something that's hidden
behind that mask...
you can see that darkness behind the superficial face...
but then...
you are just looking for the right moment...
the right place...where you will make the first cut...
and then you go on...
patient is taken aback...for a moment...
but he is under a haze...
it is like a tumour...
a good surgeon always knows...
what looks hypernormal...
what resembles the normal tissue so much...
actually, can be a very malignant tumour...
so...the more patient tries to prove to you...
that he is normal...
you know something is fishy...
but you are not in hurry...
you smile...you play along with the patient...
at the back of your mind...
you are continuously analysing the psyche of that
patient...
you let him blabber...
and from that useless blabber...
you get to know his strengths...
his weaknesses...
and then...you go in...
cautiously...
now the surgeon has broken the protective shield of
skin...

he is now actually touching the tumour..
its real...raw...dirty...messy..
and then the patient starts talking..
revealing the real deeper self..
but it is overwhelming..
for the patient..
the tumour is bleeding now..
the surgeon lets it bleed sometime..
just for few minutes..
before he locates the bleeding vessel..
now...you know..
where should a stitch be made..
it is like locating a thorn..
deeply settled in the psyche..
troubling patient..lifelong..
when you remove it...it will bleed..
for some time..
but when you give your soothing touch..
it will heal...slowly..
you close the wound..
slowly..
taking care, you have not changed the normal
structure..
you have seen the worst side of the patient..
the darkest areas of his mind..
but...you know..
he is really a good human being..
capable of leading a humane life..
so, you do not judge him..
you cover patient up..

prepare him to face the world...
with a better healed mind...
for a better future....
ultimately...while looking at those defences...
those raw minds...
you just need to know...
when to make a niche...
and where to take a stitch...!!!!

- **Dr Rachana Pole**, Aurangabad

This verse is written on the theme of Nazm: Lyrics of the Mind. It is aimed to be reflective and contemplative. It is a process. It is a path. It is a journey. Towards connecting with the Inner Self through the Lyrics of the Mind.



What Would Be The Lyrics Of The Mind?

What would be the lyrics of the mind?
One has to search within and find
The words of meaning so deep
What is it that we wish to seek?
Beyond the boundaries of space and time
The mirror poetry of mystical rhyme
Reflecting upon the inner self
Deeper within we begin to delve
Exploring the path meant to be
Slowly slowly we begin to see
Insight, awareness and a unique role
We start walking towards the goal
Will, knowledge and action
It is a moment of fraction
Connecting to the universal force
It is a beautiful life course
Flowing harmoniously with radiant words
The sweet chirping voices of birds

The sunlight illuminating the day
Making you think of the way
The moonlight dazzling amidst the night
It is the eternal light
Which illuminates the mind
The way one has to find
Connecting to the primal source
The cosmic universal force
Deeper and deeper we delve
Returning to the original self
Which is fundamentally sweet and nice
Kind, gentle, peaceful and wise
The mind reveals the meant way
It is a beautiful day
Each day towards growth of the self
Deeper we learn to reflect and delve
A star emerges radiant and bright
Joy, happiness, mirth and delight
One has to search within and find
What would be the lyrics of the mind?

- The Mirror Poet
- **Dr Darpan Kaur**, Mumbai

The poetry is written from the point of view of a patient suffering from mental health condition depicting the throes of emotions he goes through as he tries to understand what is happening to him and the importance of awareness about mental health which gives him hope.



My Invisible World

Don't know when it started
Don't know how it started
Don't know when it's gonna end
Don't know if it's gonna end
Where the world sees lights
There all I see is darkness of great heights
But that is not the worst part
There is something more that is adding to heaviness
in my heart
The world does not know how dark my world is
Actually, the world denies accepting that this darkness
can even exist
And hence I stay silent
When I realize no one cared about what it meant
But I heard there is a possibility for me to see the light
too

And that I can survive and reach on the other side too
World would be a better place if I felt accepted
And was allowed to deal with it
Rather than just repressing it
I heard that there has been a matchstick lit
In the fire of this unawareness all around
And that seems like a hope to me a bit
And it seems like a beginning of an essential revolution
around!

- **Dr Bhavya Jogani**, Ahmedabad

रोजच्या धावपळीच्या जीवनात स्वतःसोबत घालवण्याचे काही
क्षण शोधवे लागतात...
चिंतन किंवा मनन करण्यासाठी...
अशा वेळी आपल्याच मनात निर्माण होणारे भवतरांग रोज नवीन
अनुभव देतात...
स्वीकाराची पातळी वाढवत मनाचे स्थैर्य प्राप्त झाले तर स्वतःची
खरी ओळख होते...



मनाच्या खोल तळ्यात...

आपल्याच मनाचं तळं,
म्हटलं तर ओळखीचं,
भेट रोजचीच...
कधी नुसतीच काठावर बसून,
कधी हातानं हलका स्पर्श,
कधी पाण्यात पाय सोडून,
कधी थोडंसं आत उतरून,

कधी जाणवतो गारवा,
कधी ऐकू येतो पारवा,
कधी बोचरी थंडी,
कधी उन्हाळी हवा...

भेट रोजचीच,
पण तरीही एक नावीन्य,
थोडं हरवणं,

थोडं शोधणं,
स्वतःच स्वतःला भेटणं,
रोज नवा अनुभव,
कधी कोवळे कुतूहल,
कधी शीतल शांतता,
कधी कुंद कोलाहल,
सोडून देतो स्वतःला,
मनाच्या स्वाधीन,
तोच तारणहार,
मी शून्य पराधीन...

का? कसे? प्रश्नांचे,
उमटत राहतात वर्तुळ,
रुंदावत जातात,
अगदी काठापर्यंत,
मी मात्र तसाच,
केंद्रबिंदूपाशी...
सारं काही स्वीकारत,
तळं स्थिर होण्याची वाट बघत,
पुन्हा स्वतःचं प्रतिबिंब पाहण्यासाठी,
मनाच्या खोल तळ्यात...

- Dr Nilesh Jejurkar, Nashik

It has been more than a year as I continue to pursue my dream branch - Psychiatry. Feeling better by making people feel better became a new found interest. Appreciating patients as they beat their family's taboos and decide to seek professional help for mental health, giving them advices about sleep hygiene and a stress-free life... I look into the mirror and smile. A smile which compensates all the tears my pillow soaked up last night. I see my dark circles and feel the need of a doctor for them, however, a psychiatrist more than a dermatologist! I not only look at myself, but also into myself and realize that I was not able to practice what I preach... and to think of it, for a very long time.

Not due to a taboo but by prioritizing my work over me at every phase of life, here I am, unable to live life the way I ask my patients to.

But hey, every day starts with a new ray of hope and I promise to take care of my health by my physical, mental as well as emotional well-being.



Dear Mental Health, I Am Sorry

I rush to the doctor when I develop a flu
But when I am sad, I just wish time flew

I educate my family to follow sleep hygiene
While myself watching one more lecture on the screen
When one panics, I help them calm down
But for my own mental health, I am the clown

I would treat you if you are laughing to self
While my health laughs at my own self
With my heart on my sleeve & a mind wanting to serve
I keep a smile, even when you get on my nerve

To the sleepless nights, from studying to worrying
With my own-self, I am often quarrelling
Educating others, I now take steps
I exercise my mind, not just my biceps

Not guilty, will take my time off
Will consult the expert, not just for cold & cough
I shall fly high, no one can cut my wings
After-all, it is the little things

With a smiling face, happy heart and content mind
My inner peace, I shall find
Dear mental health, I am sorry
You are no longer a query!

- **Dr Anushka Makhija**, Pune
A Budding Manochikitsak

My poem talks about bipolar disorder and the issues people with bipolar disorder face.

My inspiration to write the poem are all my clients who are not able to understand why such drastic changes occur in them, especially when they enter the depressive phase of the disorder. The lack of motivation makes them question their own worth and the confusion overwhelms them to participate in activities that will benefit them.

My poem depicts the transition that people with bipolar disorder undergo, when the energy comes down and depression comes in.

I believe my poem can help other people understand and empathize with the fluctuation caused by the disorder and understand what makes the person behave in a particular manner.



What do I do?

What do I do? What do I do?

Please someone just give me a clue,

They say 'you need to go out more',

Well, I have already been to the shore.

Nowhere, no one, anything makes me happy,

And my sleep has gone extremely crappy,

They still say you just need to be busy,

And I just keep wondering, 'seriously'?

I try and try and try and try,
But at the end all I want to do is cry,
'You are strong, you can do it' they say,
And a guided roadmap in front of me they lay.

"I am done!" And scream and shout,
Unfortunately, it is not enough loud,
'Hey! Let us get help' she said,
To a professional is where it led.

Signs of depression are what you show,
No wonder you are feeling so low,
It is common for people to be where you are,
Have these medicines and you will light up like a car.

Oh! And medicines are not all you need,
Reassurances and affirmation you will have to feed,
Continue and you will be as good as new,
I understand the comments you must have got from
your crew."

I talked about it and felt I was heard,
Started researching as if I was a nerd,
It is common among people and it can be treated,
A safe space for me it has now created.

I continue to do as much as I can,
And spread awareness to each man,
The world continues to spread this mental pollution,
But be assured, there is always a solution.

- Dr Tavleen Kaur Kalsi, Vapi

This poem depicts the plea of caregiver, listener and mental health professional to all people suffering from mental health issues.

This verse is to request people to not shy away, making them aware that help is available and they should share if they are suffering and take help of friends, family, psychiatrists, and psychologists.



Tell Me Your Fear, My Dear

Tell me your fear, my dear
I have come here to hear
Is it fear of height?
Or fear of bright light?
Is it fear of sneeze?
Or your brain getting a freeze?
Please come near, my dear
So, I can wipe your tear
At 3 am, I heard a scream
I woke up, it was a dream
How is your mood?
It seems not SO good!
Tell me what causes you pain
Do not let today go in vain
Did you sleep well last night

Or got caught in fear & fight
Always remember our deal
In order to heal
you need to open up & share
so that I can take proper care
Tell me your fear, my dear
I have come here to hear.

- **Dr Aashal Parikh**, Nadiad

The character in the poem, despite understanding reality, is caught in the turmoil of navigating through a bewildering world. Even though the prospect of encountering disappointment looms over her with each endeavour, the compulsion to persevere despite knowing that she might be met with disillusionment is evident in her actions.



भीती उरी दाटलेली

बोलायचं खूप काही, पण भीती उरी दाटलेली
पुन्हा तू रागवणार तर नाही!
करायची आहे जिद्द पुन्हा तशीच, पण भीती उरी दाटलेली
पुन्हा तू मूल्यहीन समजणार तर नाही!
द्यायचा त्रास खूप तुला, पण भीती उरी दाटलेली
पुन्हा तू माझी अवहेलना करणार तर नाही!
बघायचं नेत्र दिपवून तुला, पण भीती उरी दाटलेली
पुन्हा तू माझी उपेक्षा करणार तर नाही!
विचारायचे अर्थहीन प्रश्न तुला, पण भीती उरी दाटलेली
पुन्हा तू ते टाळणार तर नाही!
बघायची वाट तुझ्या येण्याची, पण भीती उरी दाटलेली
पुन्हा तू पळवाट काढणार तर नाही!
करायचा डोळे बंद करून विश्वास तुझ्यावर, पण भीती उरी दाटलेली
पुन्हा तू विश्वासघात करणार तर नाही!

- Dr Kunjan Parchake, Yavatmal

An attempt to describe subject object relations through a verse. Labels are subjects, things perceivable are objects.



The Label

From the abysmal depths of the unknowable
He was born with no label
Perceiving the world for the first time with no ability to label
His pain and suffering became unbearable
As his physical body became slowly perceivable
His name and gender became his first label
As the difference between his and others physical bodies
became discernible
His roles became his new label
Differentiating from the body as his mind became explorable
His private thoughts became his new label
Realizing his thoughts are malleable
His goals and ideas became his new label
When the dissatisfaction after achieving his personal goals
became intolerable
The socio-cultural contexts shaping his reality slowly became
observable
Realizing the social construction of all his labels
His pain and suffering became unfathomable
all his identities as he rested with no attached label
He experienced joy and peace which was unmeasurable
Discovering that having no label is also a label
He realised the futility of words and once again immersed in
the unknowable!

- Dr Neil Shah, Dhule

My history of childhood trauma and anxiety were the reasons I became interested in psychology and eventually decided to become a psychiatrist. This poem is my feelings expressed about my decision and, I firmly believe that every obstacle is an opportunity for growth. And this thoughts process has served me very well and I hope people can find some hope with this.



Souls' Destiny

In the shadows of my mind,
a storm did brew,
Anxiety, my demon,
a darkness I once knew.

In the labyrinth of despair,
I lost control,
From the depths of that abyss,
I rose.

The scars upon my heart,
a memory of my fight,
Yet in each wound,
I found the seeds of life.

For through the pain,
empathy did bloom,
I found my purpose,
dispelling mental gloom.

To be a lantern in the dark,
a guide for those astray,
A journey of purpose,
born from night to day.

A psychiatrist, a therapist,
a guardian of the mind,
A purpose forged in suffering,
a legacy designed.

Let these lines show,
how pain can be turned into a purpose,
and a lesson learned,
It is resilience that stands as your guide,
May you too find the light in the darkest of time.

- **Dr Ruhi Satija**, Mumbai

This poem is written on the theme of depression for awareness inspired by a patient. - During talking to a patient in OPD and listening to his symptoms, I thought to pen down his feelings. I wrote this poem in just 10-15 mins after OPD and while describing the symptoms I realised that so many people in our country specially females from rural India face these problems but do not have awareness regarding same. Hence, I have given this title.



Awareness on Depression

Late in the night,
With my thoughts I fight,
Failing to sleep again,
Feeling the same pain,
The never-ending dark.
Hides the spark,
Everything that I have lost,
Regretting my past,
Deleted social media account,
No one around whom I can count,
Hopeless future,
Away from nature,
Over a wet pillow,
Crying to let everything go,

I feel so helpless,
Problems I could not face,
Every challenge breaks me apart,
Too much to tolerate for this little heart,
Begging for strength,
Avoiding my zenith,
Trying to know my own worth,
Why do I get hurt?
Many such questions,
Changing equations
Leads to worry,
That I must bury,
Also, to unnecessary stress,
And life's slow pace,
I tried to talk it out,
But nothing worked out,
I think it is time to consider medication,
For my condition called DEPRESSION.

- **Dr Anshu Verma**, Navi Mumbai

कॉलेजमध्ये असताना मला स्किझोफ्रेनिया या विषयावर पथनाट्य करण्याची संधी मिळाली, तेव्हा, माझी कविता सुद्धा सादर करावी असे वाटले. मग वॉर्ड मधील रुग्णांशी जास्त संवाद आणि, त्याची मनोवस्था जाणून घेण्याचा प्रयत्न सुरू झाला. खूप रुग्ण मनमोकळे बोलले. घरातून त्यांना कशी वागणूक दिली जाते, ते फॉलोअपला आलेले रुग्ण सांगू लागले. आणि यातूनच ही कविता साकार झाली.

स्किझोफ्रेनिया किंवा छिन्न-मनस्कता या आजारात रुग्णाला मनात किती वादळासारखे विचार सुरू असतात, त्यांना घरच्यांकडून कशी वागणूक मिळते, त्याबद्दल रुग्णाला मानसिक आधार न मिळाल्याने त्यांना आत्महत्या करणे हाच मार्ग उरला आहे असं वाटतं, हा त्यांच्या मनातला सगळा गोंधळ या कवितेत मी मांडण्याचा प्रयत्न केला आहे.



अवदसा

उडूनी गेली पाखरे
सोडून गेली फुले...
वान्यासारखा वण वण फिरतो
कुणी ना मज आपुले...

काय झाले मज कुणास सांगू
जो तो दिसतो वैरी...
मनात माझ्या वादळ उठते
अन् आग उरात विषारी...

कुठे पळावे जगण्यापासून
मग माझे काहीच नाही...
कोणीही येता सोबत संगे
थरकाप जिवाचा होई...

क्षणात हसे घरचेच मजवरी
क्षणात थुंकून जाती...
कधी अचानक मारून मजला
डांबून कोंडून घेती...

मग भास ते खरे, माझेच मजला
आपुले आपुले वाटे...
तेच ते करी माझ्या सोबत
गुजगोष्टी रोज पहाटे...

मनात वादळ विचित्र गोंधळ
अन् बाहेर कुणी ना विचारी...
मरणे वाटे जगण्याहून सोपे
कशी ही अवस्था बिचारी...

तुला ही कळेना, कसे रे देवा
ही कशी जाहली दशा...
मुक्ती दे मज पीडित जिवा
सोडव माझी अवदसा...

सोडव माझी अवदसा...!

- Dr Anita Nagargoje, Daund, Nashik

The inspiration behind this was a few childhood hurts which I had overcome through many years of work on myself... Though I rarely think about them nowadays, all those Events played a huge role in shaping who I am as an individual and I have reached a stage where I have forgiven those hurts...



Healing

In the dark, trust was broken,
Words failed, bonds unspoken.
A heart once safe, now feels alone,
Lost in sadness, on its own.

Tears fall like rain, feelings overflow,
Lies hurt, deeper than we know.
But from pain, strength will rise,
After betrayal, hope still lies.

Scars may stay, but hope is near,
In brokenness, new paths appear.
From the hurt, we learn to heal,
Finding peace in what we feel.

- Dr Malavika Thampuratti, Rajkot

I published my first poetry collection in 2005 named "He A Psychiatrist" which was addressed to Gautam Buddha. This is one of the poems from that collection.

When I started my practice the idea of writing poems regarding mental health came into my mind, and I started doing so. I have written one more poetry book named "In search of Title."



चालत राहा...

नैराश्याच्या काळोखात
जेव्हा हरवेल तुझी वाट....
तेव्हा मित्रा -
थोडं थांब...
कारण तुझ्याचसाठी,
सूर्य -
घेऊन येईल
एक सोनेरी पहाट...!

आणि नाहीच आला सूर्य समज
तरी थोडं थांब...

नि स्वतःला सावर -
त्याच काळोखात नीट निरखून बघ -
दिसायला लागतील अंधुकशा वाटा -
हळूहळू चालत राहा -
चालत राहा...
चालत राहा...!

- Dr Krishna Mastud, Barshi

In any relation bitterness is inevitable at times. It is a testing time for us while navigating in social sphere. What I want to suggest through this poetry that is instead of holding grudges and negative feelings, one should give a second chance to that relation. Who knows it might flourish again!



Bees of Grudges

Tiny fella created havoc without limit,
But our hopes are higher, so is our spirit.

Stay active, don't feel listless,
Because our hope is limitless.

Let's inspire & encourage each other,
Care & tend to needs of fellow brother.

It's fun trying new culinary skills,
Window photography gave absolute thrill.

Pick-up brush & paint your imagination,
Singing & online classes new fascination.

Cardio & cycling at home is tailor-made,
Boost your immunity by sipping lemonade.

Do yoga, eat salads, fruits & berries,
To recharge your spiritual batteries.

Sit-back, relax & give time to yourself,
Reflect, introspect & rediscover yourself.

Invest in family, spend quality time together,
Else, money & fame is worthless altogether.

Nurse is caring the ill, burning midnight oil,
Vaccine is born in the brain with fertile soil.

Doctor on forefront is most enduring hero,
Racing against clock, cases will be zero.

- Dr Sandeep Mahamuni, Pune

This poem is inspired from a patient verbatim. A middle-aged lady going through endogenous depression. Not understanding why, it is happening, when everything is fine / perfect in her life. It is also about laymen advises that she gets from her close ones & at the end her answer to them.



आजारी मन

सर्व सुख माझ्या पदरी
तरी मी दुःखी..
सांगायचं बरंच काही
तरी मी मुकी..!

का बरे वाटावे
उगाच उदास..?
कुठे हरवला तो
हुकमी उल्हास..?

असा कसा झाला
दिवस माझा वेगळा..?
प्रत्येक कामाचा
येऊ लागला कंटाळा..!

मनी उदासी छटा
तरी हसण्याची कसरत..!
नको नको वाटणारी
ह्या नैराश्याची संगत..!

आणि ह्या जीवघेण्या
विचारांची झळ..!
कसा रे देवा तू
मांडलास हा छळ..!

कंठ का दाटून यावा
भरल्या घरी कधी..?
उत्तर शोधता शोधता
मलाच वाटे अपराधी..!

मी आसस्कीयांत
मांडले माझे गाऱ्हाणे..
ती हसली म्हणत
तुझ्या संसारात काय उणे..?

‘हे’ म्हणाले,
थोडा धीर धर..!
आई म्हणाली,
देवाचं काही कर..!

मैत्रीण म्हणाली,
अग, हा तर वयाचा खेळ..!
मुलं म्हणाली,
स्वतःसाठी दे जरा वेळ..!

सासूबाई म्हणाल्या,
नको करू अभद्र विचार..!
भावडांनी पाठवला
रोज नवा सुविचार..!

कोणी म्हणाले,
नेहमी पॉझिटिव्ह राहा..!
कोणी म्हणाले,
कशात तरी गुंतून पाहा..!

व्यक्ती तशा वल्ली
त्यांचे ते नाना सल्ले..!
कसं सांगू त्यांना
मी हे सारे करून पाहिले..!

माझे वैफल्यग्रस्त मन
ह्या साऱ्यांना
एवढाचा प्रश्न विचारी..!

जसं शरीर तुमचं-माझं
तसं मनसुद्धा
पडू शकतं ना आजारी..?

- Dr Dhananjay Ashturkar, Pune

How often is it that we mull over a stressful moment, prolonging the agony beyond measure even after that moment has passed away? Through this poem, the poet tries to bring into focus the simple choice of how one reacts or responds to such situations in daily life. Rather than focusing on the negative emotions, to give attention to things that bring joy and hope for the best.



Gift

You have a gift
You see..
To turn your bad days into better
In one moment
Is the entirety of the matter
So why would you obsess over it for ages?
Dissect it in all its stages
Spare yourself the worry
Let go of it and you'll see
Time is for revelation
And to heal you too
This was meant to be
For you to be you
Have a cup of joe and ease into a hug
Into the arms of the ones you love
Learn from this what you will
They say thoughts become things
So why not instead think of
How you wish to feel....

- Dr Shweta Parmale, Aurangabad

This verse is about a person who is undergoing a depressive phase of his life but has insight of his condition and wants to make changes around and in him but is unfortunately is burdened down by the pervasiveness of his melancholy. Even after all that he is going through he is hopeful for something good that will help him get through this phase.



Hope

the more I look
the more I see
the stars not so bright
but they still shine for me
I hope to be
what I thought I'll be
not reckless like a storm
but calm like the sea
not like the fire ...so strong
or impolite like the bees
but like the breeze of October
with the fragrance of fresh leaves
I hope that one day
I shall get up
and feel free
from the monotony

that was never mine to be
but does it matter what I want?
when the universe wants this for me
give me a sign, a placard
or thunder
if it has to be
just lift me up a little ...and let me.... see.

- **Dr Bharat Taneja**, Goa

This poem narrates the fear and anxiety associated with obsessive thoughts, how obsession of a person can change his behaviour and the impact of that to his life, causing him to think that he is doing great sin and leading him to more and more anxiety and fear of impending doom.

Similarly, the compulsive behaviours, the rituals made him to do things which he is not willing to do with his own will (ego dystonic) and is unable to control them, feeling stressed for the same for days long.

It narrates the entangled life of a person who is suffering from obsessive compulsive disorder.



Oh C Dear

The boys came home after the fun,
And the showers started to run.
Their shoes were covered with not enough sand,
'It's too dirty' in my mind it stands.

How can I now let them in?
It'll spread everywhere and that'll be my sin.
I'll have to wash everything again,
And that is enough to start the chain.

One time, two times, three times, four,
I still think there is a need for more.
If I do not it'll spread everywhere,
Every surface, every corner, every inch, everywhere.

"Mom I'm hungry, I want food" I heard,
I was supposed to serve him rice with curd.
How am I to leave it in the middle?
'It's almost done, just wait a little'.

Half an hour ends up to one,
And I am yet to feed my son.
I heard him say "mom please hurry up",
'It's done, just this one cup'.

Finally, Ages slept and played,
While I kept cleaning like a maid.
'I think I need help' I wonder,
It's time to accept it's OCD I'm under.

"What makes you think it'll spread?
Will it affect your kitchen, hall or bed?"
The doctor asked as if it was common,
Or was he thinking I did it for fun?

"I know how you feel, I understand,
Makes you think it's out of your hand,
I assure you it'll get better and better,
You will even get time to knit your son a sweater".

He was right as I do feel good now,
Not cleaning again and again I've taken that vow.
It still lingers in my mind sometimes,
But it's the ladder of progress that now I climb.

- **Dr Jeet Nadpara**, Vapi

This is a poetry on substance abuse, a journey of a substance abuse victim through stages of motivation and finally overcoming their problem. It is meant to provide encouragement and positivity to any victim who reads it. It starts and ends with a positive note to induce primacy and recency bias, thus the positive point lingers even if the poetry is forgotten. It is gender and substance neutral, so as to not single out any one substance and to signify that it does not care about gender before afflicting.



नाश

हासिल किए फिर एक बार,
मेरे खोए हुए पंख,
भर ली ये ऊंची उड़ान,
जब जीती थी एक जंग ।

जंग थी उससे, जिससे थी पहले दोस्ती-यारी,
मिलकर हर रोज जिसने,
हटाए सारे दुख, दर्द और परेशानी,
बैठे बैठे की हमने जन्नत की सवारी,
पर इस भ्रम के पीछे छिपी थी,
छल-कपट की निशानी ।

कर दिया मुझे ऐसे अंधा और नम,
के जो दिखते थे खत्म हो रहे तकलीफें और गम,
वह तो थे मेरे अपने, मेरा धन,
मेरा नाम, अभिमान और अहम ।

देखते ही देखते,
चढ़ गए आज़ार; भर गई नफरत,
खा गया अकेलापन; घोंटने लगी तन्हाई,
और जब आईने में दिखने लगी खोखली परछाई,
तब जाकर एक बात समाज में आई,
उस दोस्त ने मौत से पहले थी,
जहन्नुम की सैर करवाई ।

बना लिया मन, अब टूटेगी यारी,
कभी नहीं मिलेंगे, बहुत हुई बरबादी,
पर ये थी मेरी नादानी,
कर लिया था उसने वश में ऐसे,
बढ़ती हुई दूरी पर,
पढ़ी उसकी यादें भारी ।

उसके मंत्र में था ऐसा ज़ोर,
के चलते थे कदम खुद ही उसकी ओर,
बार बार हार कर, फिर एक बात समाज में आई,
के उस से बढ़कर, खुद से थी ये लड़ाई ।

पर मैंने भी कर दी थी जंग की आगाही,
कई बार गिर कर, कई बार टूट कर भी,
मैंने हिम्मत नहीं हारी,
निकाल फेक कर किया उसके वश का विनाश,
बार बार हार कर भी,
आखिर में जीत मैंने ही पाई ।

- Dr Shikhar Mehta, Surat

This poem is an inner dialogue of someone who has had suicidal thoughts since a long time to the point where it becomes their everyday life and how he uses self-harm to cope with these thoughts.



Tally Marks

My history is written on my wrist
Etched into my skin with pain as my ink

People see them as scars
I see them as tally marks
A count of every time I defeated death

Death is an old friend
He comes to my every event
If it's a dinner with friends or me alone in my room
at 2AM
Escaping sleep because my dreams are worse than
reality
I find him sitting next to me

He has never left my side
Flirts with my mind
Touches its lips to mine,
sucking the life out of me

That's when I remember
My scars are trophies
And I give myself another one
That's the only time he leaves me
And the pain feels like medicine
Bringing me back to life

- **Dr Soumya Jha**, Goa

I was inspired to write this poem as it describes the various types of patients encountered in our day-to-day practice and tries to show the outcomes of our own faulty valuation systems and distorted family dynamics.



સુરત ની વ્યથા

મનોચિકિત્સક છું હું, આ છે મારા કામ ની કથા
ધમધમતા સુરત વાસીઓ ના મન ની આ છે વ્યથા !!

કે આવે છે મારી પાસે વિખૂટો પડી ગયેલો પ્રેમી લઈ ને એની પ્રેમકથા,
માની લીધી હતી એને સાચી પ્રેમીકા જેને એ મળ્યો હતો ફક્ત બે ઘડી અમથા !!

કે આવે છે મારી પાસે વિદ્યાર્થી મૂંઝવણ થી ખંજવાળતા માથા,
વાર્ષિક પરીક્ષા આવી છે નજીક ને પડે છે એમને વાંચેલુ યાદ રાખવા માં ફાંફા !!

કે આવે છે મારી પાસે વૃદ્ધો, જેને મળ્યાં નથી પોતાના સંતાન પાસે વિદેશ જવા ના મોકા
માંગે છે મારી પાસે એવી ગોળી જેના થી રાત્રે આવી જાય સરસ નીંદર ના એક બે ઝોકાં !!

કે આવે છે મારી પાસે ત્રસ્ત ગૃહિણી લઈ ને એના પત્ની ની દુઃખભરી ગાથા
પીવે છે એ બહુ મદીરા ને ઘર માં રોજ રાત્રે ફુટાય છે માથા !!

મનોચિકિત્સક છું હું, આ છે મારા કામ ની કથા
ધમધમતા સુરત વાસીઓ ના મન ની આ છે વ્યથા !!

- Dr Nisarg Shah, Surat

*This poem is about Growing ... beyond everything
that is taught, borrowed, lived...
It is about moving ahead
It is about being
Being in all times...*



Growing Up

Growing up is going away
From Expectations
From beliefs
From Past...
It's acceptance
Of loss
Of failure
Of what's not yours
Growing up is realising
The impermanence
The inevitable
The absolute
It's living
Within
Without
In Nothing
Growing up is the moving
Towards the final
Yet staying in
Doing the being...

- Dr Monali Deshpande, Chatrapati Sambhaji Nagar

I wrote this verse on Mother's Day. A Tribute to Mother.... with an analogy to Mother Earth. Earth, is seen as mother Supreme ...giving, loving, caring, life enhancing... just like our own Mothers. Mother Earth, the blue and green planet, shows infinite hues and colors... our Mothers' also are so different, unique, of different personalities... Mother Earth is tortured by natural events like volcanoes, cyclones, hurricanes etc as well as by humans by blasting mountains, digging bore wells and mines, breaking it's crust...but it gives us food and trees... likewise our Mothers also continue to give us love and care despite any tortures. Mother Earth gets rain, floods, inundated with water around, which also ultimately is useful in producing life. Likewise every Mother, of any nature, is good for giving birth and nurturing different kinds of people. Any climate and condition, dry, dusty, sandy desert or wetlands...again is capable of nurturing life, giving variety and diversity.



Mother

Mother of all Mothers'... the Earth...
She is Green, She is Blue,
She is Red, She is Brown,
Of all the Colours, she drips all hues...

She is cracked, She is scratched,
She is dug, She is ground,
Of all the tortures, she gives more Life...

She is Wet, She is Swamped,
She is Flooded, She is Rained,
Of all the Water, she gives more Life...

She is Stream, She is River,
She is Sea, She is Ocean,
Of water Sweet and Salt, she gives more Life...

She is Dry, She is Dirt,
She is Dust, She is Sand,
Of all the Desert, she gives more Life...

She is Mother, She is Mother,
She is Mother, of all the Mothers...

- **Dr Ritambhara Mehta**, Surat

The mind chatters, and creates chaos with its thoughts... it moves fast from one place to another reaching nowhere... How beautiful it would be in the silence of the mind... This poem is about mind dying yet living in the moment...



Death of Mind

I wish to experience death
Death of my mind
Which sees things as it wants
Which hears the meaning
And listens to what is not said
Which smells the motive in actions around
Which touches the areas which are far beyond...
I wish to experience death
Death of the mind
Which thinks it knows it all
Which wants to grasp the unknown
Which tightly holds and commands the known
Which cannot go beyond the past
And moves in the future
That even doesn't last...
I wish to experience death
Death of the mind
I wish to breathe the time
And long to let go of my mind...

- Dr Monali Deshpande, Chatrapati Sambhaji Nagar

This poem narrates the excessive urge of a person consuming substance like alcohol, tobacco, cannabis and the emotions and feelings associated with withdrawal of the substance, craving associated with substance is mostly intolerable for majority of the users.



तलब

तलब उठती हैं जब तेरी,
छलक जाते हैं नैनों के प्याले ।
लगता हैं ऐसे जैसे,
अपनी हर सांस में समा लूं तुझे,
महसूसहत होने लगती है कि ।
दिल की हर धड़कन के सिंहासन पर विराजमान करा दूं तुम्हें ।

तलब उठती हैं जब तेरी,
दिल बैचेन हो उठता है,
तुझको मिलने की बेताबी से,
अरमान बगावत को मचलने लगता है ।

तलब उठती हैं जब तेरी,
दिन के उजालों में,
ख्वाबों के बवंडर छाने लगते हैं,
बढ़ते हुए दिल की धड़कनें सुनाई देती है ।
गर्म सांसों की गर्माहट से,
बदन में सिहरन दौड़ जाती है ।

तलब उठती हैं जब तेरी,
दिन को दिन नहीं रहता,
और...
रात को रात नहीं रहती!

- Dr Jeet Nadpara, Vapi

Schizophrenia is one of the most complex mental disorders to understand for so many people. A lot of times, behavioural abnormalities are so unique that people around the patient start to doubt whether the person is actually sick or if he is just pretending it or they start to question why is he behaving like that?

I was inspired to write this poem after one such family therapy session where some members of the family were finding it very difficult to empathize with the patient.

After explaining to them the different symptoms and the possible causes behind the disorder, they were able to understand it much better and be of help to their patient.



Chaos In His Mind

Chaos in his mind,
Solace, he cannot find.

Fear rules his life,
The voices talk to him about a strife!

Unknown voices that disturb his peace,
To the world, he only remains at unease.

His body feels paralyzed,
His presence is stigmatized.

A random tear,
A paralyzing fear.

And sometimes a frenzied shout,
Is he really ill? People doubt.

Threatened by the world inside him,
Misunderstood by the world outside him.

Chaos in his mind,
Solace, he cannot find!

- **Dr Devashish Palkar**, Vadodara

A classmate who dropped out of school because she wasn't "good enough", a neighbour who completed a suicide by hanging, and a college professor who choked himself to death; these incidents motivated me to write a few lines on the stigma about depression that hinders its treatment.



Behind The Mask, Depression Kills

She wasn't feeling good about life,
But she couldn't pinpoint why.
She didn't think she needed help,
It'll get better she thought if I try.

So, she studied and worked and cooked,
And you would never have thought,
That deep below the pretty smile,
Was a gloomy battle she fought.

Years passed and one fine day,
They had to break open her bedroom door,
To see her hanging from the ceiling,
Short poem, short life, she was no more.

- Dr Shefali Batra, Mumbai

Parents of patients with psychiatric illness are burdened with social and financial difficulties of taking care of their sons and daughters, who they had hoped to give a good upbringing and future and from whom they in turn hoped to get support for their own old age. However, their roles never reverse and yet so many of them so resiliently and tirelessly take care of their offspring's medications and treatment and come for psychiatric follow-ups regularly. Despite multiple relapses and exacerbations of illness, they continue to fight for and support their child. It is beautiful that parental love is so unconditional and constant and their efforts are commendable.



His Mother is a Warrior

She births him with all her strength
Full of love and light
Hopes and dreams
She tries to protect him and provide for him
Things she could never fathom for herself
For, one day he will be a man
He will be strong and he will make right
Of everything that's wrong and redundant in the world
It will all be worth it and it will all be alright
He is her entire world and nothing could change that

Not even the bouts of insanity that haunt him
As he enters adulthood
He stays up all night
Muttering to the air
Shouting at the shadows
Smiling and crying and smiling
Distrusting the ones who love him the most
Raising a hand on the ones whose hands he held while
learning to walk
Speaking unspeakable words
Thinking unreal thoughts
Fighting figmental monsters
He hides from the world and wastes away
She is helpless
She feels powerless
Societal stigma is nothing
Compared to the bouts of normality
With psychiatric medication
She gets to see
Although fleeting
a glimpse of the person he used to be
She knows right then
Psychiatry is her saviour
Sometimes he takes medications
Sometimes he doesn't
Sometimes they work
Sometimes they don't
He is well but not well enough
He exists and for her just that is enough
She didn't get the sanctity she deserved

Guardian she was and she remains still
Nothing else matters
People's words don't even touch her ears
She is fierce, she is a warrior
She is resilience, she is fire
Hoping against hope
For him she will endure
Giving him her all
But who will love him the same
After she falls?
That thought doesn't let her sleep all night
But he is her entire world
And if she had to
She would do it all over again
Just the same

- **Dr Anjali Mehta**, Mumbai

A perception of a Bipolar person, using Room as describing Life. And probably might be feeling room-bound for life due to the disabling illness. One uses the words Room and Life interchangeably, and equates life with the Room. How the room appears drab, monochrome in depression, and colourful in manic phase. The room is pulling one down, not able to move out in depression and being active in high phase. In life, and in the room, how one feels being watched by concerned parents and by others which appears threatful. And one feels there are so many experiences to tell, that the whole life may not be enough. You are invited to peep, some sad and some happy stories.



Room of My Life

A Room like my Life,
This room is my life.

At times black and white,
And at times full of colours.

Sometimes a great pull of gravity,
And at times floating without gravity.

Sometimes full of activities,
At times nothing moves here.

Sometimes under the watchful eye of parents,
At times threatened by the stare of strangers.

My room is full of stories,
A life time is not enough.

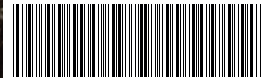
Come inside and have a peep,
You want to laugh or weep?

- Dr Ritambhara Mehta, Surat

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