



Poem for the Psychiatrist

I've come to your door,
I have schizophrenia?
I want to be cured.
Please make it all right –
now... now.
You are the great consultant, miracle-worker,
pharmacist's friend, demi-God, doctor.
But in truth a human with knowledge
of affect and cause and effect.
You can go home and forget,
but I live with this
mist, mire, madness, mockery of life.
I've danced on the rails in the path of a train,
I've wandered the streets at night in the rain,
I've jumped in the Thames when I've been insane.
I get confused.
But remember when reality returns
the direction of my actions.
The nightmare continues into the light of day
as I desperately try to reverse
arrest or robbery.
Get me right.
I don't want to be in the grey existence
between waking and sleeping
with only the thought of others fed into me –
a medicated mannequin.
I want to be well
and I want to be alive.
Can we do this
you and me?
Or is this forever?

Janey Antoniou (1957-2010)

Janey Antoniou lived with Schizophrenia. She passed me this poem before her death. It is reproduced here with the permission of her widower.

Poems for... Self at Sea

<https://poemsforthewall.org>


Central London
Clinical Commissioning Group


United
Response
support that changes with you