

## Poetry from Patti Milson

### Nature at It Finest

Quiet, peaceful and serene.  
That's where we all have been.  
Trees, water, birds and sunshine.  
It's there we find answers or at least a small sign.

Trees, tall, green and complex.  
The wind blows, and they bend and flex,  
While the roots stay planted, firmly in the ground,  
The rest of the tree sways without a sound.

Water from ponds to river, lakes and seas.  
It trickles, flows, falls, and in and out with the tide it shall be.  
It can stay calm and quiet like a picture on a wall,  
Or roll, crash and destroy, causing the levy to fall.

Birds, singing, soaring and fluttering from branch to branch,  
Just like a performance of some "bird dance."  
Yellow, white, blue and sometimes a mixture of many too.  
Watching them fly, land and sing can bring peace to you!

### Life Keeps Going

When we were young and learning to fly,  
Our parents were there to pick us up when we fell.  
They helped us learn when we asked why,  
And they kept us safe and warm, as if in a shell.

Life keeps going and soon we struggle by ourselves.  
Leaving our parents and going off on our own.  
Our lives as we know them get put up on shelves.  
We begin new adventures and set our own tone.

Our lives will have ups and of course many downs  
And we won't feel as safe and maybe not as warm.  
Our lives will have joys and moments of frowns,  
As our parents are no longer there to keep us from harm.

We'll continue to grow and raise our own young.  
Just as our parents did and theirs before them.  
We'll help them to learn just where they came from,  
Keeping them safe and warm like a bear cub in a den.

But life keeps going and our young will move on.  
Leaving us alone to reflect on our lives.  
We hope and pray that when they are gone,  
They go with life's tools and remember their ties.

## **Days of Depression**

I'm not crazy, nor have I gone mad,  
But in this place. I've been hospitalized.

There are doctors, nurses and patients gone bad.  
Lots of people with illnesses, I never realized.

At first there was fear, anxiety and depression  
To distract me from my suicidal thoughts.  
It began to overwhelm me with disturbing emotions,  
Intensifying the paranoia cause from "life's shots."

The days turned into weeks, seeming longer without sleep.  
While doctors and nurses diagnose my mental issues,  
They help me to cope and my sanity to keep.  
I tell them my story and utilize many tissues.

The groups and sessions, I try to attend,  
So I can gain hope to get over my fears.  
They help me get closer to being "on the mend",  
And free me from this depression and constant tears.

The day will come, I know someday soon,  
I will recovery from this mental illness.  
Gone will be the clouds and the feelings of "doom."  
Replaced by faith, hope and an overall wellness.

## **Going Through the Motions**

Useless, lonely and beaten up.  
Just like garbage blowing in the wind.  
Dirty, crumpled and over used cup.  
Thrown away and stepped on as if it had sinned.

Torn, faded, defeated and broken  
We're all just garbage blowing around the street.  
Quietly rolling without a work spoken.  
Trapped in alleyways where we'll all meet.

We just keep moving and going through the motions,  
Driven into places only our nightmares takes us.  
Hoping to land in the trees, or maybe oceans,  
Only to get stuck where we don't have a purpose.

Working to change, and move from where we are,  
We try desperately to fight the winds and chaos.  
Soon, hopefully, we will settle, not too far,  
From the place in our hearts that tend to calm us.