

From the other side

happy pills surround sad souls
mind as empty as the bottles that were once full
i watched him turn it into a lifestyle
using the excuse of a coping tool

and as i got older
the feelings pumped through my veins
as i began to understand
why everyone struggled to stay

i built my home in the cracks of broken minds
trying to rebuild them anew
but my home was soon gone
when the cracks eventually fell through

so I began to understand
why he drunk his nights away
and though my heart broke
i knew
why he jumped that day

- written in the perspective of a healthcare professional working in mental health services, about the emotional toll they inevitably experience