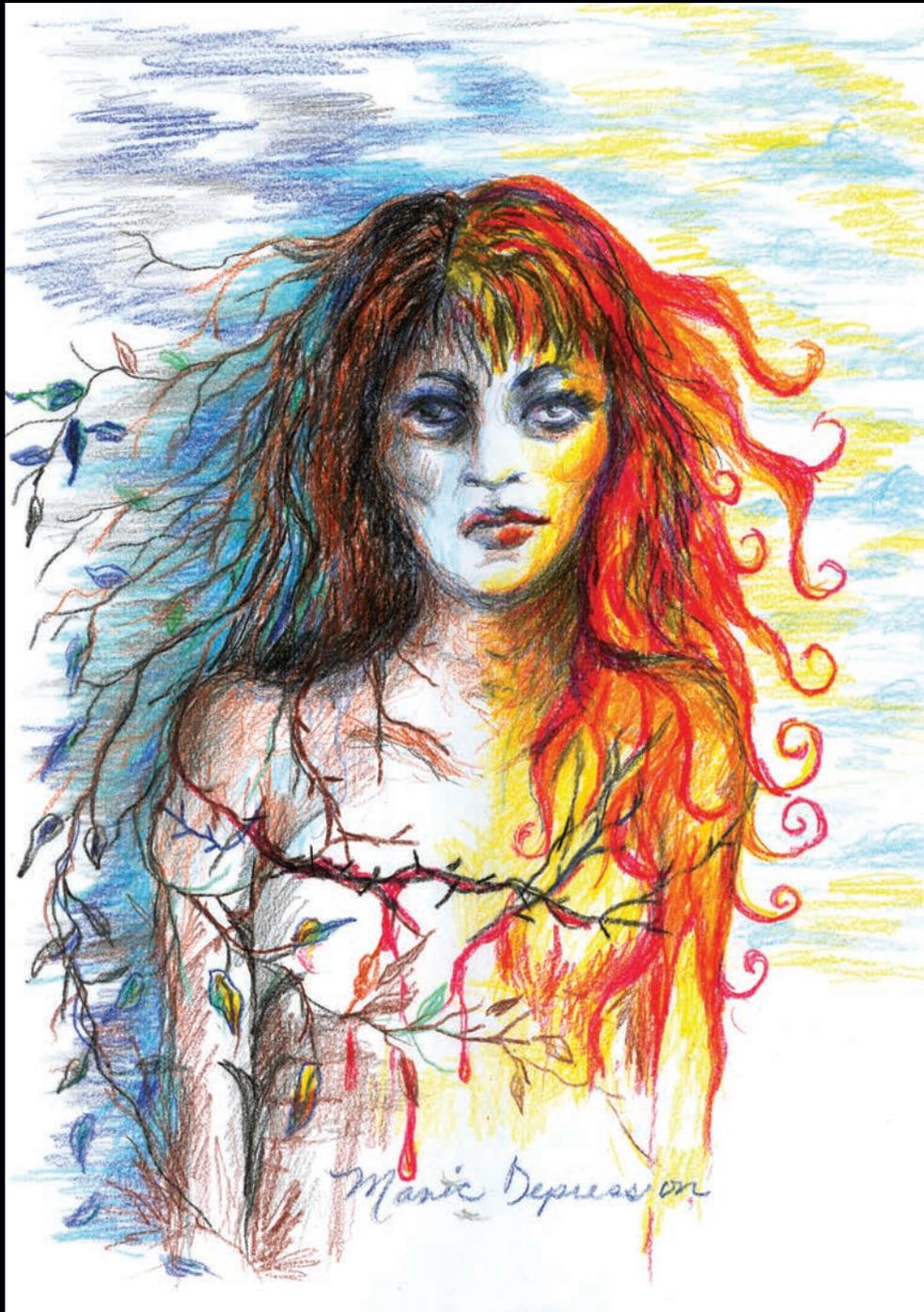


SILVER

Silver Hill Hospital's Art and Literature Magazine

LINING



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FALL 2015

The Silver Lining is a collection of art and literature by the Silver Hill Hospital Community.
All of the work published in *The Silver Lining* is created by patients, alumni, volunteers and staff.
The Silver Lining is a forum for healing and creative expression.

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SILVER HILL HOSPITAL
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LYDIA



GREG

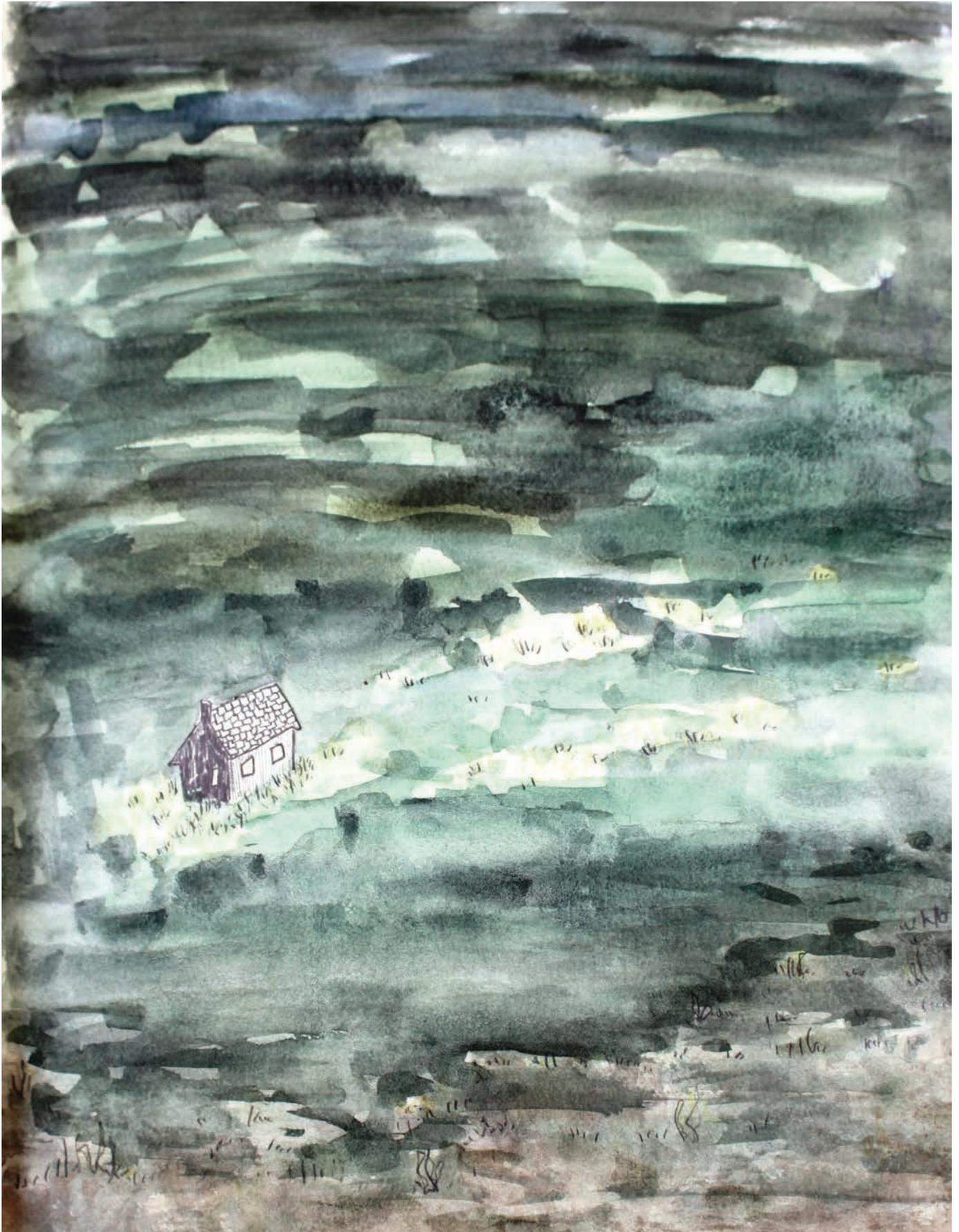
DEPRESSION

Once upon a time,
a kid lay flat on the floor
after slamming shut his bedroom door.
All he wanted was an excavation crew to come and
take his pain away.
He couldn't see anything in himself except ugly so he
hurled stones at beauty, jealous of the happiness it
would bring if he could get past you.
The only way he survives is by making the world
around him ugly so they won't see him.
Concepts like love mean nothing to his abyss of a
heart that no one will ever find the bottom of.
He surrounds himself with barbed wire to keep
everything out, and he unfortunately found you
before he found himself.
And he can no longer say you aren't real because in
reality you take up his whole life.
You make us lose hope when all we can do is pray
we don't mess up.
You make us believe we need makeup to hide our happiness.
We believe in ugly and beauty nothing in-between
because of you.
You make it seem like free speech is free cruelty.
If you saw what you do you would be ashamed of yourself.
You strip us of our pride,
We feel like all we can do is hide,
Stay in the dark and hope to god no one finds us.
But when we defeat you,
We fly higher than the sky,
leaving you down on the ground deeper than the
abyss that used to be in our hearts.

— ASHTON



CLAUDIA

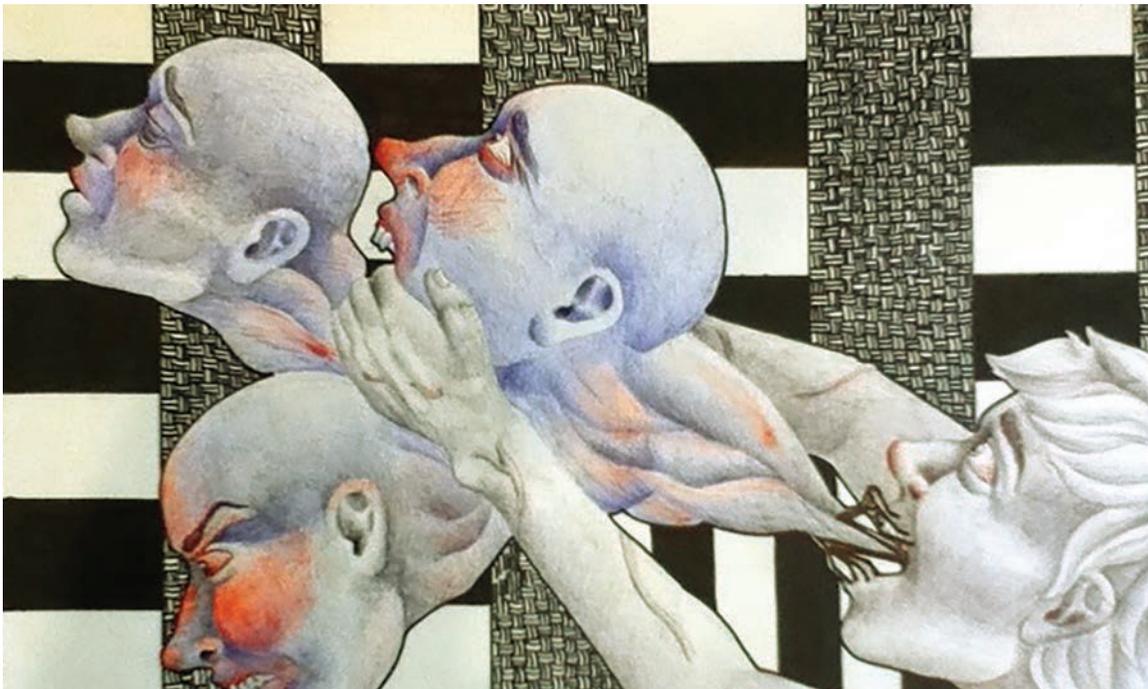


BIANCA

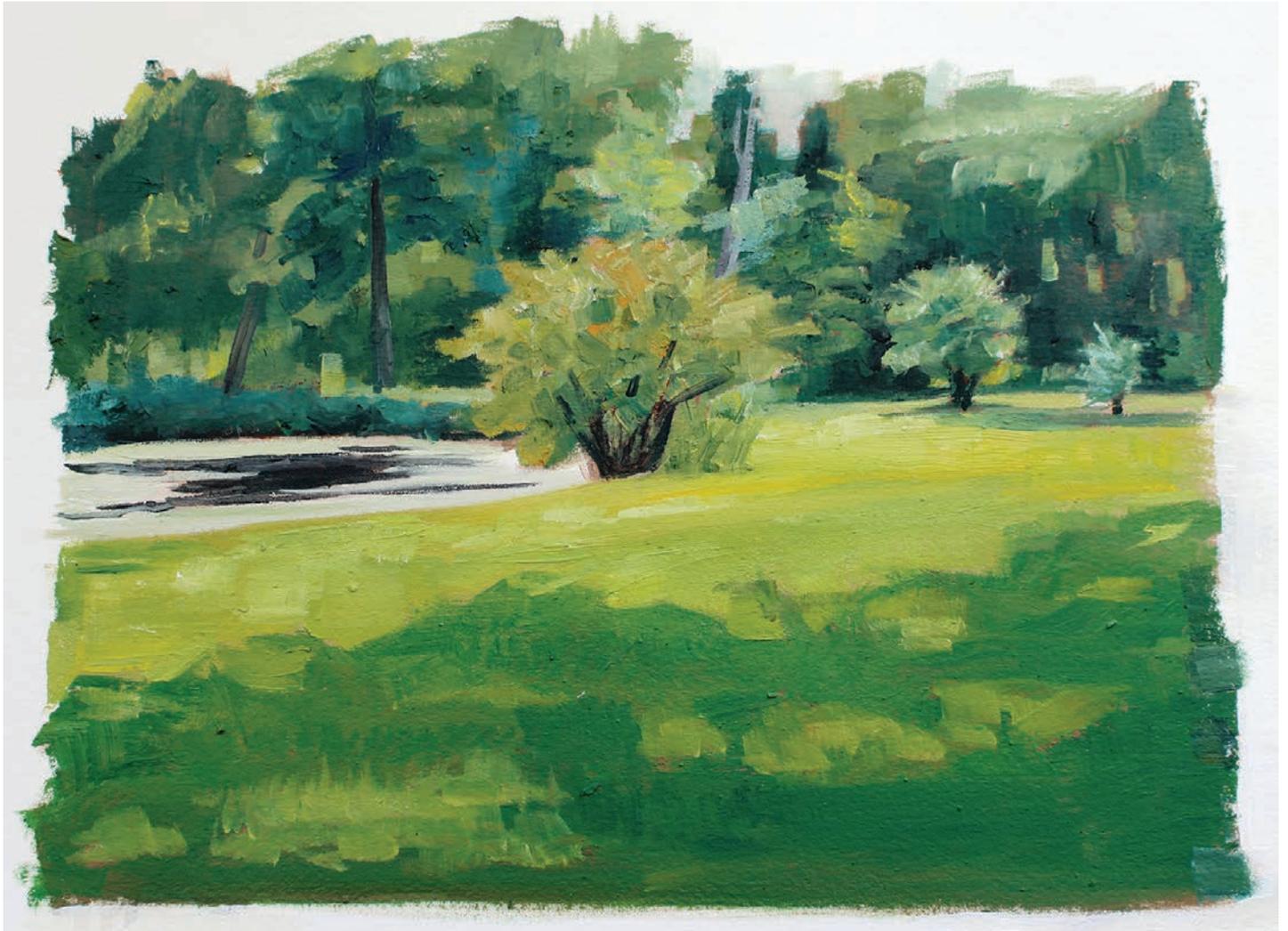
DEAR PAIN,

How do I explain, my whole life got re-arranged upside down, twisted and deranged, trying to cut off the signal to my brain. All alone, guilt stricken and ashamed, the more I fight you the tighter we remain. My heart and soul weakened by the strain. I rather die than stick a needle in my vein. I can't get high, even with the world to blame, why I even try, I wish I could refrain. My life will never be the same, sitting on the sidelines of the game when this is my time to be playing but the pain keeps on delaying. Now it seems I'm always waiting, indecisive and contemplating. This pain has got me saying I've lost faith even in praying. All the time I'm misbehaving when every dime, I could be saving. Now the pain triggers a craving that turns me into a caveman, then binds me into enslavement, leaves my face smashed flat on the pavement. Then roll me into my grave man where, here lies once a brave man, broken down by his pain and, eventually went insane then!

— ALEC



JOSEPHINE



LYDIA

SOME PEOPLE SAY

Some people say
We are broken.
Shattered,
Unfixable.
We might be broken,
Shattered even,
But we are NOT unfixable.
Did you know;
The Japanese have an art
Of fixing broken vases
With gold.
They take vases
Shattered into a million pieces,
And put them back together
Piece by tiny piece
And stick them back together with gold
In the cracks.
These gilded vases
Are considered more valuable
Than the beginning vases.
So we might be broken,
Shattered,
But we will be more valuable
In the end.

— KAI





DIANE

GOD'S MAGNET

Time is but God's Magnet,
Drawing the past into glorious future.
Where suffering will cease,
For what ails us God will suture.

In this future God's always existed,
A place where suffering is no more.
Drawing existence ever closer to it,
Until one day we'll open the door.

To a paradise of sheer happiness,
What's within those pearly gates.
Where all who ever lived,
Resurrect into their fates.

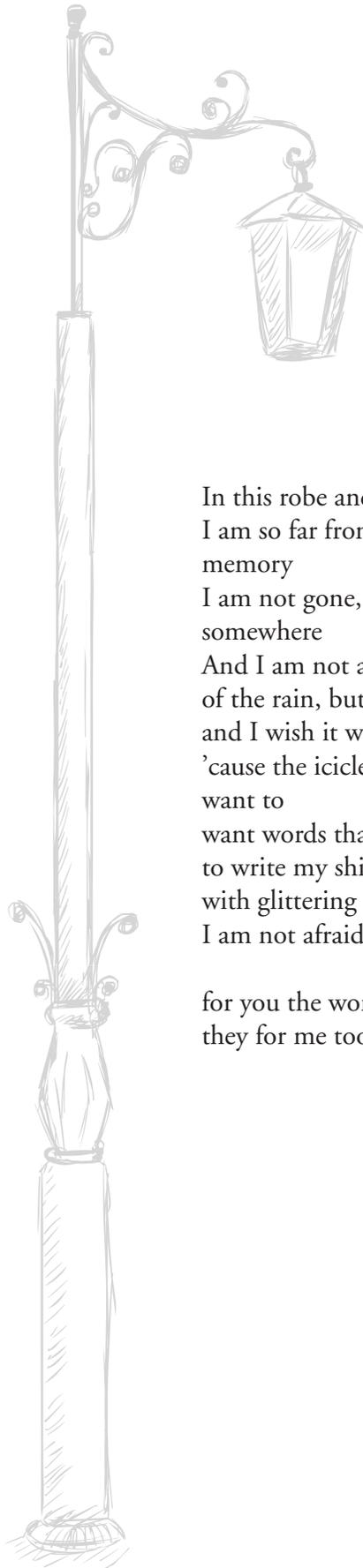
Those who first reach eternity,
Long for their family and friends.
Many will soon join them,
Others wait for their chance at no end.

All seek to join God,
We suffer as we retreat from him.
The pain is what it feels like,
To chart through light that's ever so dim.

We're all a part of this work,
Progressing through the magnet of time.
No other course we could take,
Would succeed with such rhythm and rhyme.

Ultimately God will prevail,
Bringing heaven to fruition.
Best now to live in the moment,
To pay the karmic tuition.

— TYSON



In this robe and slippers feet
 I am so far from my home,
 memory
 I am not gone,
 somewhere

And I am not afraid
 of the rain, but it's fall
 and I wish it winter
 'cause the icicles in my back
 want to

want words that attack
 to write my shiny spine
 with glittering eyes
 I am not afraid

for you the words are
 they for me too

I'm looking at you, looking down
 you wouldn't be if I had you around
 talking is easy and good
 and loving like God could

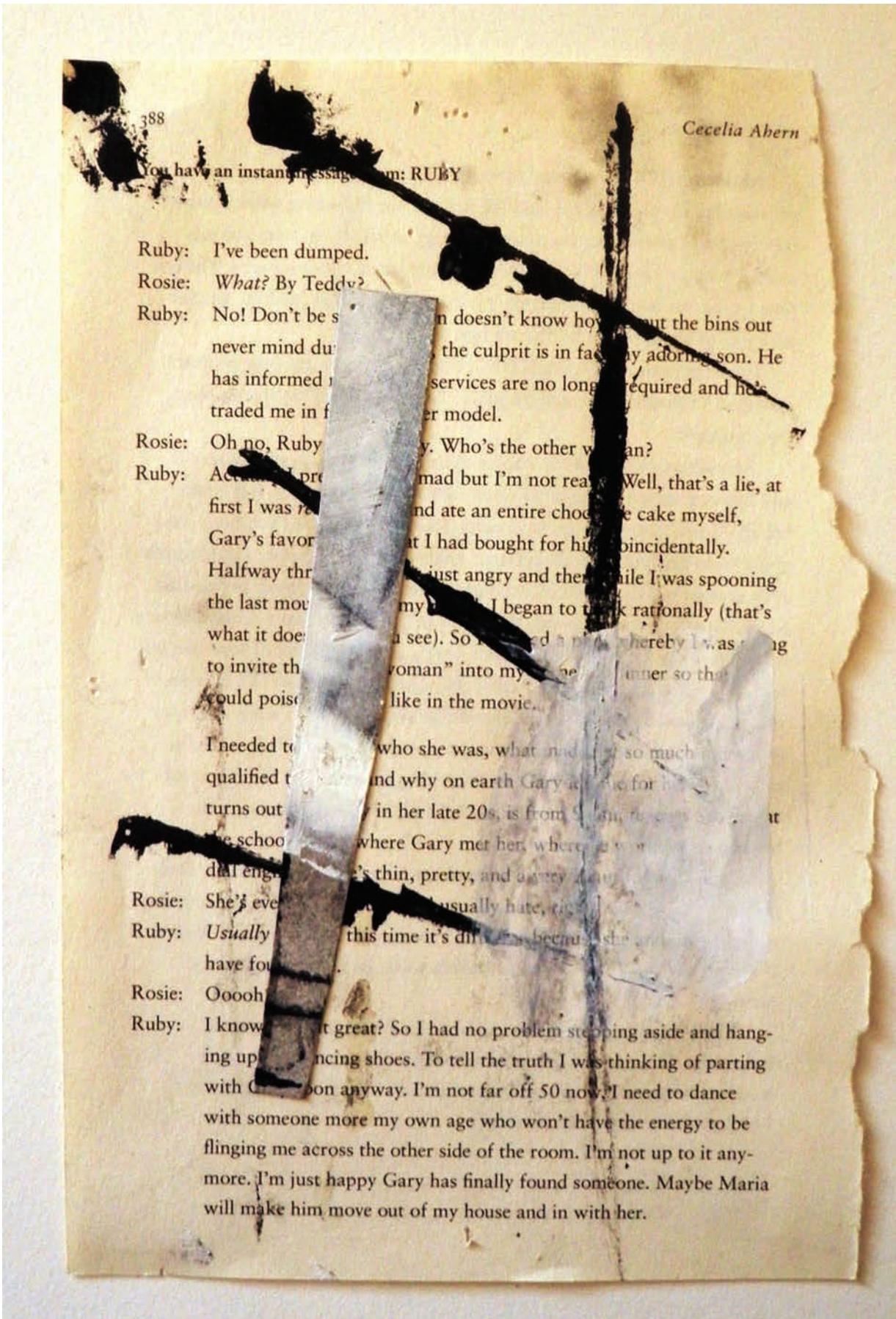
And I got my water, coffee
 and my cigarette
 on the inside
 I don't look good
 'cause I'm coughing

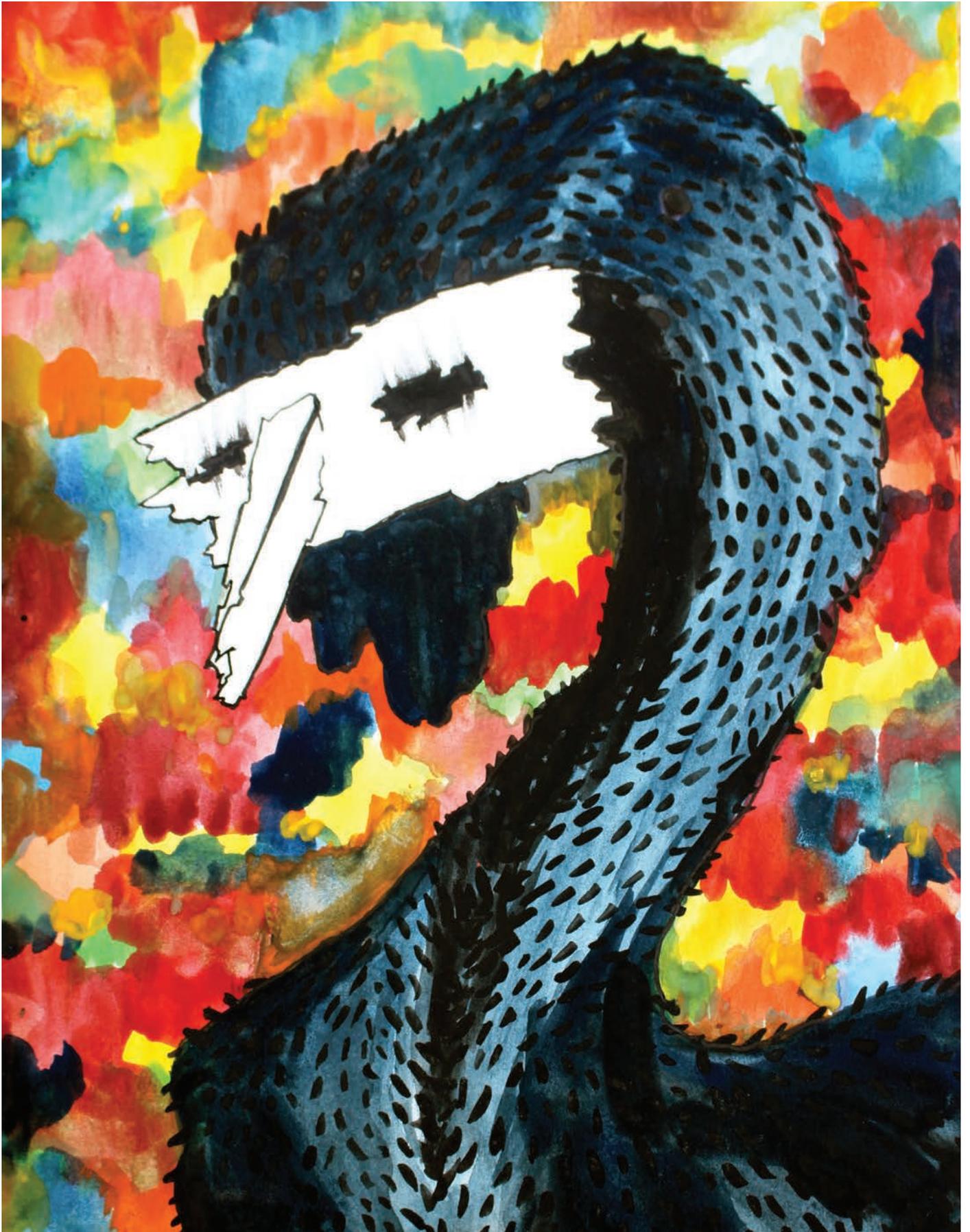
But for God, I'll say thank you
 before I die
 but I'm so grateful, yes I am
 and I was, but a lamb
 and like a lamp post I turned
 on all the lights for you

— COREY



MELISSA





RECOVERY

Remember how it was,
Thoughts of what could be,
In recovery.

We all learn to love,
Sitting all so still,
As we climb that hill.

Take it day by day,
Silver Hill's the way,
Help us make our troubles go away.

Here in harmony,
Creative therapy,
Sets you oh so free.

We're taking the right path,
Want this all to last,
As we leave the past.

Take it day by day,
Silver Hill's the way,
Help us make our troubles go away.

Take it day by day,
Silver Hill's the way,
Help us make our troubles go away.



EMILY

— TYSON



BIANCA

Systems of foliage mask the sky,
A disarray of brown and green.
Messses of ants crawl across the decay
Littered randomly upon the soil.

Sunlight pierces the forest's roof
In places leaving splotches of gold.
The bird's conversation is foreign,
Pitchy chirps and wails from above.

Deep within the trees the scent of
Death is strong—food for maggots
You'll say—though at its end it's dirt,
Those insects fleetly gone as well.

I claim that it is unreasonable to stay
Too long among the dull life of plants,
That this cold stream we've been following
Might lead nowhere after all.

But that does not come close to stopping
You from looking up and seeing two
Brawny arms cross against a cloud,
Stepping barefoot among the detritus

Of the gently moving water,
Which refuses to reflect pure shapes...
My voice is absent from your ears
As symphonic notes drop from Paradise.

— BEN



GREG



SUSAN

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