

# **I Am Not My Mental Health Illness**

I am not an illness,  
it is only my job.

I am not living my proper life,  
rather a life I am forced into.

I feel as if warring  
with a malign spiritual force:  
when I try to strongly assert myself,  
I am labelled mentally ill,  
and the universe,  
directed by this malign force,  
sets the mental health system  
against my being.

It is as if I don't belong  
in this life,  
in the eyes of the medical profession.

They label *me* an illness,  
they diagnose my physical body  
as having *me* as its mental illness.

That is how you make me feel,  
dear psychiatric doctor.

You may not intend this,  
that I can readily understand,  
but that is the reality.

That is how you make me feel,  
dear psychiatric doctor.

In failing to grasp my true nature,  
you and your medical colleagues  
have spent year after year  
trying to rid me of my self,  
via your magic chemical pills.

They don't cure me of my illness,  
because that 'illness' is me,  
and I am just different:  
made to feel as if  
my job is 'mental illness',  
so that your medical industry  
can have 'patients' to 'treat',  
and your illusion of reality  
is thus maintained.

To me it is you  
who life apart from reality.  
True reality is brutal Nature,  
and civilisation is just illusion.  
That is how I see our reality,  
and only logic and reason,  
properly put together,  
can sway me:  
I am not convinced by mere opinion,  
no matter how many of you concur.  
I am still waiting for just one  
to try to make your reasoned argument,  
that your point of view  
is not deeply fundamentally flawed.  
That is how it is,  
from my perspective.

That is how I see your reality,  
dear psychiatric doctor.