

Poetry

Untitled Collection

Natalie Forsyth

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Artist Bio

Artis Bio: My name is Natalie and I live with Depression and OCD. I find that writing helps me explore new parts of myself and helps me feel safe in my mind. Living with these different experiences of consciousness can be hard and is a daily struggle but writing can help make me feel safe and comfortable with myself and my thoughts. I feel my words have the power to help me understand myself and become more comfortable with myself and help me advocate for others going through the same thing.

Artist Statement: A lot of these poems came from a cathartic, vulnerable place and helped me understand myself better. They all kind of intersect in that they are explorations of my mental state and exploration of myself and different ways of thinking and understanding myself and my mind. I am always finding new parts of my mind and new pieces of myself that help me feel safer and more comfortable to myself.

Keywords: poetry; self; mental health

Unshakable

People ask what having ocd is like here is my answer in short it's hell. In long it's one thought after the other, a long tangled line that leaves its deep unshakable wrath on me like molten lava rooted so deep that I crawl underneath deeper and deeper. Its claws wrapped around me digging into me, making me bleed. My blood is a testament to my strength in dealing with this daily beast in me, making me completely dissociate from myself. I'm trapped like a monster trapped in a cage trying to scrape its way out. Your thoughts tell you lies but you can't help but listen like nails on a chalk board. The scratching is so piercing it hits you like a brick. But you can rise above it and you can control the monster. You can say not today and focus on controlling that beast of a mind. Because you are unbreakable and unshakable as well. You are worthy and tough just like the mind you created in that there is a modicum of peace even in the darkest hour there is a piercing gleaming light that holds you up and says everything is going to be okay.

Cthulhu

I call myself a cthulhu. I feel I have large tentacular arms that stretch around me. They crawl inside my mind as if they were mine. They plant themselves firmly gnawing and clawing, scraping and

scratching until there is nothing left but raw open wounds. Wounds that fester and dig so deep that I feel I can creep underneath and peel and peel until I am bloody, naked and exposed. A cthulhu is an octopus and an octopus has tentacles, they use their tentacles to survive. I use mine to hide, to isolate it feels so innate, when will this pain end? When will I say I can and deserve to see my friends, when will I say I can and deserve to be loved and to love. Life looks so blurry when you're looking at it through tentacles of shame and blame. When will it be enough for me to finally find some peace to finally be put at ease. To finally quiet that cthulhu of a mind. For me it's an endless battle. I am constantly mafficking with my mind. I am never enough for myself; it's exhausting to feel so incomplete when I have to make everything feel so neat. That neatness is a lie under the intricately planned embroidery is a whole other story. One that starts with a kiss and ends with a bang one that is fluid like me.

The Sun Rays of the Mind

My mind is like the sun rays flowing and flowing until they are interconnected to the land and myself

My mouth is like the ocean retreating and turning to the way of the tide. Sometimes planned. Sometimes not.

My body is like a tree. Roots grounded in the earth. Standing tall and confident but sometimes falling apart. Either way we are grounded through the power of our mind and roots.

Pink Amorphous Blob with Eyes

I am an amorphous pink blob with eyes that gaze spread into the cosmos connecting the stars like parts of your body connecting. I connect to everyone and no one all at the same time. I am invisible and visible. Different parts of me reach out sometimes to connect to different people. I feel I have no ending and no beginning. My selves are spread out like the stars, each connecting to a different time period. There is a past and a present but it is happening all at once, rooted so deep that I creep underneath the cracks in the stratosphere to see my intangible yet tangible form appear to be present at many times in many different forms and selves all at once. I am a pink amorphous blob with eyes that have awakened and come from underneath earth's core to see the sunlight.

I'm Alive

I'm alive but sometimes I feel dead

I'm alive but I feel something growing inside me that consumes me and constricts me

I'm alive but there is this incessant noise in my head that makes me cease to be present

I'm alive but there is monster inside me that makes disassociate from my senses

I'm alive but the burning dead ashes inside me twist to the sound of my daily dread of feeling alive yet somehow also dead

I'm alive and I want to keep feeling alive