all of the breaking hearts suffer like they want to be everywhere but here the scar count goes beyond our wrists we got that we hear your statistics I want to get better people here are beating the drum too hard-stick snap broken they say it runs in the family and genetics control sadness mouths move broken record recording of “everyone is broken here” “everyone is broken here” “everyone is broken here” so schedule me a healing this time I’m learning to feel I wonder how people learn to love themselves it’s time for your next dose the side effects are better than nothingness impossibly without the pills
I ask for a knife to cut my bread
and they sit next to me at dinner.

I ask for a towel and they remind me
to keep the door open while I shower.

I ask for my shoes
and their tongues hit the floor.

If you give a patient her drawstring pajama pants
she will ask for a belt to go with it.

I learned to play checkers on a paper bored.
I built a house out of popsicle sticks instead of bored.
The nurse writes my deadname on the board
of people who are allowed to go on a supervised walk. A nurse who uses they/them pronouns
but only after you ask them fixes it.

I ask a nurse for a pen and she sits next to me
she reads (what/as) I write and takes the pen
back before I finish writing the
<The Prize for Voluntary Admission is a New Diagnosis: A Timeline>

**January 2014**  
*Seasonal Depression*

There is something about sadness that is so *get over it.*
Try yoga. Eat More Vegetables.
Get more sunshine.
Have you tried writing about it?

**September 2014**  
*Clinical Depression*

The manager of the coffee shop I want to work at for the benefits asks what my greatest weakness is at the interview. I reply *making my own serotonin* and she laughs but does not offer me the job.

**May 2015**  
*Schizotypal Bipolar*

Nobody is chasing you, Ilyus.
Nobody is there.
Nobody is screaming your name.
I have no body more often than I have nobody.
When I say I want to die I don’t mean disappear.
I mean haunt and be believed at the same time.

**July 2015**  
*Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder*

I say *I want to die* and the birds sing death metal. I say *I can’t do this anymore* and the moon is stuck new. I put my hands out in surrender and not even death is willing to hold them.

**June 2017**  
*Bipolar 2  
*with Schizophrenic Tendencies*

The pills stop working and my partner meets my past. All men I’ve met run from an honest history I did not sign up for me either.

**June 2017**  
*Bipolar 1  
*with Schizophrenic Tendencies*

my insurance cuts out parents passed down broken and living contract I wouldn’t pick
function name (parameter 1, parameter 2, parameter 3) {
    code to be executed
}

function coping (meditation, time, a.good.cry, a.netflix.hole, isolation, faking independence, yoga, nutrition, pet pics, meme. culture, time, talking, horoscopes, vitamin.d, a.new.poem, selfies, talking, feelings, friendship, research, time)

    var obj:
    obj= ”time.exe”
    <script>
        permanence (I don’t know a word heavier than wait)
        (I don’t know a word heavier than wait)
        (I don’t know a word heavier than wait)
    </script>
    var obj:
    obj= ”body.exe”
    <script>
        disassociation (body went to the corner store without me)
    </script>

    subject is feeling nothing
    subject is stable
    subject is fine.