



On the ward

Trapped like a bird in the snare
lost in a sea of sorrow
I have dreams of what I can do
but see no end to this night.
The outside world is worlds away
but who am I to question
a system that has existed so long ?
I am one man, almost a child,
too small to pit myself
against these forces, these encampments.
Where is my God that he can rescue me ?
I lift up my eyes
to a heaven now empty.
Where is my God
and why is he so silent ?

Andrew

*The author of this poem was a patient of the Park Royal mental health in-patient unit, Brent, London.
He wrote it during a creative writing group held there. It has been reproduced by permission.*