



# Going Custardy

Let me say how  
everything goes  
custardy when I get low,  
thickens and clogs  
and dogs my way.  
A trip to the shops  
becomes hike to the Pole  
and whole world  
becomes steep hill  
and beckoning edge.  
Just to rise from my bed  
I must lift weights  
from my chest and force  
grey draperies  
from my eyes  
my stone face.

*Rogan Wolf*

*This poem was written following a conversation with someone with bipolar disorder, who had just entered the dark side of the bipolar cycle. Not "I begin to feel depressed" but "Everything around me goes custardy."*

Poems for... Self at Sea

[www.poemsfor.org](http://www.poemsfor.org)

  
Central London  
Clinical Commissioning Group

  
United  
Response  
support that changes with you