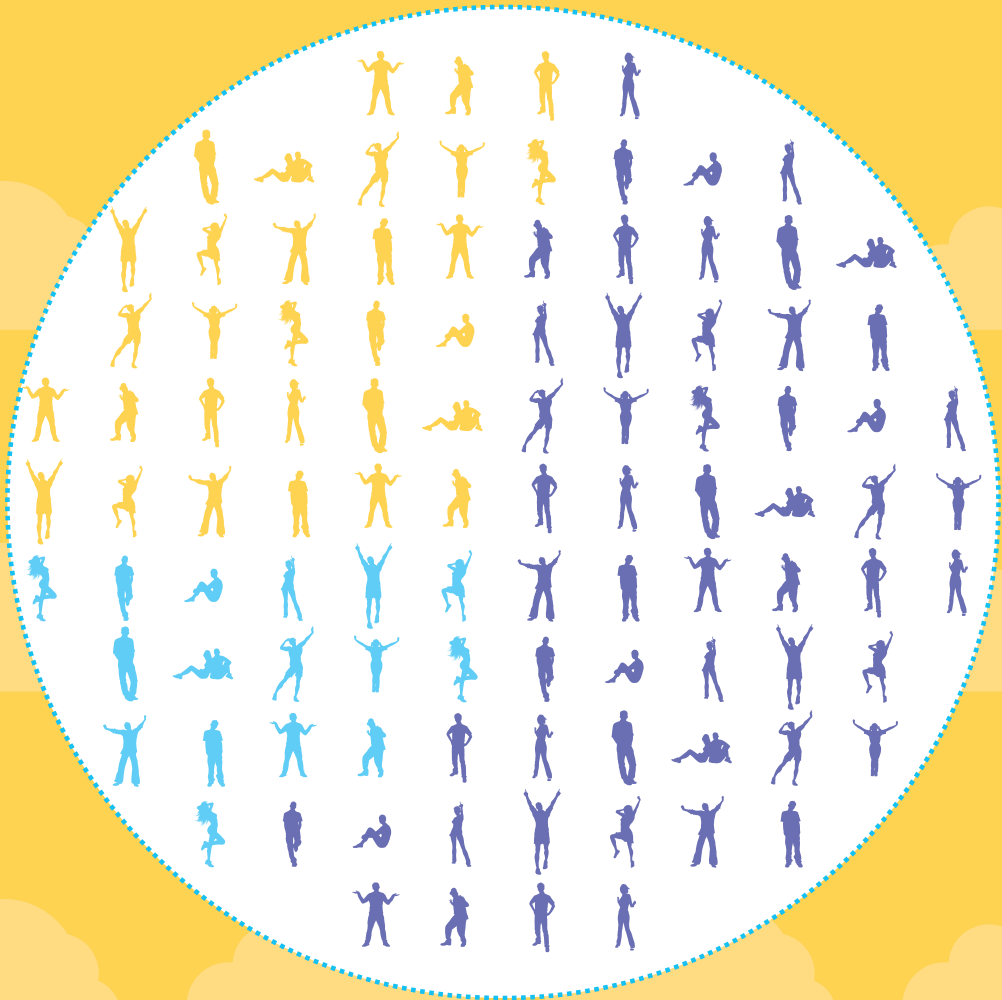


My MENTAL HEALTH MATTERS

SELECTED ART AND POETRY SUBMISSIONS FROM
THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH DAY CAMPAIGN 2014



Division for Social Policy and Development
Department of Economic and Social Affairs

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United Nations
New York, 2014

DESA

The Department of Economic and Social Affairs of the United Nations Secretariat is a vital interface between global policies in the economic, social and environmental spheres and national action. The Department works in three main interlinked areas: (i) it compiles, generates and analyses a wide range of economic, social and environmental data and information on which Member States of the United Nations draw to review common problems and take stock of policy options; (ii) it facilitates the negotiations of Member States in many intergovernmental bodies on joint courses of action to address ongoing or emerging global challenges; and (iii) it advises interested Governments on the ways and means of translating policy frameworks developed in United Nations conferences and summits into programmes at the country level and, through technical assistance, helps build national capacities.

.....
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FOREWORD

International Youth Day is commemorated annually on 12 August. Each year, the United Nations Department of Economic and Social Affairs (UN DESA) selects a theme for the day with input from youth organizations and members of the UN Inter-Agency Network in Youth development.

In 2014, International Youth Day was celebrated under the theme *Mental Health Matters*. Although an estimated 1 in 5 young people experience one or more mental health conditions, many young people are afraid to speak out and seek the support they need, due to the stigma doing so can entail.

To commemorate International Youth Day 2014, UN DESA's Division for Social Policy and Development launched a two month online campaign to help draw awareness to this important issue and reduce stigma.

Using the hashtag #MentalHealthMatters, young people were asked to join the campaign by submitting artwork, illustrations, photos, poems, videos and stories. Over 1,700 young people actively followed the online campaign, and over 200 submissions were received.

Selected submissions have been included in the UN DESA publication '*Mental Health Matters: Social Inclusion of Young People with Mental Health Conditions*'. Due to the number of submissions received, UN DESA additionally compiled selected entries into this accompanying booklet '*My Mental Health Matters*'.

UN DESA would like to express its gratitude to all those who submitted entries to the campaign.



Untitled # 49

If I wrote a suicide note, I'd talk about how painful it was to admire the face of someone who'd never love me back because of how dark I was - how I struggled to see the world in color.

And then I'd elaborate on how lonely it got since the world never offered itself to be my companion.

If I wrote a suicide note, I'd hope that in the time you spent with me you developed the ability to see my entire life, which I condensed into the two words -

"I'm Fine."

I would compose it in hopes that you would understand me posthumously.

But that's "if," because you understand me now. And there will never be a "when," as long as your effort to understand pulls me through the day of seeing things differently, because eventually I'll feel the safety of "normalcy."

.....
Celine Calpo



The handicap

*I'm that phenomenon infected by wickedness
I'm wicked*

*I make dirty without family
I make refuge without welcome
I make prisoner of all pleasure
Oh my god, I'm wicked*

*My preys are people who deserve humane treatment
My preys are people who deserve a family
My preys are people who deserve health
But I'm wicked*

And I'm a mental illness

.....
Aliou Boubacar Diarra

The Battle of My Life

*I battle within, with myself,
I don't have enemies but myself,
In the battlefield of pessimism,
I combat everyday with optimism,
In the arena of fear and hope, I*

.....
Saraj Rizwan Khan

Mental illness, sometimes hard to tame
It's what many of us have, its given name
I always thought I was a hopeless cause
Until my friends took my heart and gave me the gauze
When I told them, they were so Kind
I needed help, but they didn't mind
Now when I'm stuck in an episode
I go talk to them, like to me they've shown
They're not a cure, nor will they ever be
But they love me no matter what, you see
Real friends won't belittle or make fun of you
So find friends that are really true
Even with mental illness, I am still alive and strong
If you think you're hopeless: remember, you're wrong!
You are so beautiful, on the in and outside
You have mental illness, it's nothing to hide
Together, united, we must spread the truth that's been
clouded
We must smash the stigma in which we've been
shrouded!

.....
Alexis Stuart

Tanzina Bint-e Yousouf



A Beautiful Mind

*I think a thousand different things
Of walking fishes and flying chimps
But what I cannot get my head around
Are the strange creatures called human beings*

*We are special for we have minds
But are we human if we are not kind?
Deep down we all are so alike
So where's the need to block and unlike?*

*Little portions of happiness that we share
The unhappy times in which we care
Are the true measures of life's worth
Are life's warm sunshine and cool air*

*The mind is a mysterious place
One moment lonely and cold the next filled with
gentle solace*

*In times good and bad what always works
Is a loving smile and a warm embrace*

*Crazy, mad call me
what you will*

*Proud and strong and
alive I shall feel*

*Hearing what is
unheard and seeing the
unseen*

*A beautiful world
I imagine*

.....
Manas Panda



Umzia Faequa



Jennifer Jackson

Poem

Mental issues,
 doesn't affect our tissues
 Speak your mind, free your mind
 Don't be locked in a grind
 Be who you are
 Mental illness is not a crime
 Our lives it doesn't define
 Support me, I support you
 Together we will win the battle
 Mental health is our design

Trace-Ann Gooden

Change

Let not our bad become worse,
 Thee be a badman's curse.
 You are the maker of
 your own will,
 And it's your time to Kill,
 The roots of iniquity
 and anything with signs of propinquity.
 Your actions can be satiric,
 But your achievements
 are absolutely pyrrhic.
 Youth, your yen to do good,
 Will make you do those you didn't
 think you could.
 You are not the only one to say
 I can,
 But the better one to I will.

P. Pavan



Khadija Tariq



Save me Please

My friends, the sun is shining.
But I only see the darkness.

My friends, the time is going by.
But my life is still empty.

My friends, it's too hard to tell you

When I can't even find back my breaking-soul

Depression. Frustration. Suffering. They're crows.

Always in my head. Hypnotized my soul.

By the foolish laugh, suicide. It's hurt, my friends.

When will I see the beauty of Aurora?

To open up my blind eyes.

When will I feel the Poseidon's fresh-water?

To clean up my vein.

When will I touch the holy-land?

To explore this beautiful planet.

Where is my angel? Where is the right place to make
my dreams come true?

My friends, take me away.

Take me, I'm too young to stand alone.

Save me, for long I've suffered.

Before my blood dark as mud.

Ufa Dwiputri



Make me smile, 'cos
you're an angel.

You, you'll show me the
Aurora. Please, please,
please!

Did you hear me? I've
screamed, only to call
you. Please.

Save me while I'm still
young...

.....
Mazidatun Maftukhah



Jaylon Goode

Fly, We

Our souls are pure
 Be stronger
 So we can fly together!
 If you say you can't,
 If you cry 'cos it's hard
 If you're silent but your soul is screaming
 So take my hand, please!
 Fly with me
 Come near my wings
 You'll be safe
 You'll see everything
 You'll feel the soft wind
 So free your soul
 From painful depression
 Stay here and take my hand
 Smile, smile as Venus in our morning
 Laugh, laugh as the warmth of the sun touches our
 skin
 I'll be with you, as always
 Fly, fly and keep your wings stronger
 Cause we're the dragon.
 We stand together, as family.

Mazidatun Maftukhah



Samina Perveen



WITHOUT COLOUR

I see the rainbow, but all dark

I see the flower, but all droop

I see the sky, but always cloudy

I see the garden, but all bad

Mom, dad....

Can you explain what happened?

Where is the color gone?

Where is the beauty?

Where is the happiness?

I lost all in a second

I can't see anything

Mom, dad....

Can you explain what happened?

I am lost in my cage

I am weak in my own Kitchen

I am fallen in my castle

Mom, dad...

Have you ever listened to me?

Have you ever heard me cry?

Have you ever heard me scream?

Mom, dad, you never...

Only because...

You scream louder mom

You talk stronger dad

You attack each other

No space for me

Mom, dad, please stop...

Let me be the princess in our Kingdom again

.....
Eviza Nurfadilla

To Me

*To Hope,
 Sometimes I feel trapped.
 I had no faith in society.
 I had no reason to continue.
 But you made the ghost disappear.*

*To the Ghost,
 The one that still haunts me
 At night when I try to sleep
 And my heart squeezes
 all the air out of me
 Until you turned into my hope.*

*To my Friend,
 I thought we were close enough.
 But I was never told the whole story
 Until the day afterwards
 When you became my ghost.*

*To the stranger,
 For some reason you talked to me.
 I spent a month isolated in misery
 The Kind of misery that hates company
 And loves 'what ifs' and lonely bitterness
 It was after we first talked to each other
 When you became my friend*

*To Depression,
 You almost had me beat.
 Almost.
 I found people who love and care for me,
 And you became a stranger.*

.....
Amataverna Lee





I AM A BOY

*I am a soldier
I fight and fight I will
Till the last drop of my blood
Till the last unbroken thread of my will*

I am a Man

*I take pride in what I do
With dignity I walk through
And with honor I stand*

I am strong

*Strong as a mountain, unmoved
I get wet in the showers of sorrow
In the drizzles of joy, equally*

I am also a boy

*Lonely as a single drop of tear
Scared as a meek lamb
Ready for slaughter*

I am also a lover

*Suspended in a time warp
Broken as a brittle glass
Forgotten as an old book*

Ashok 'Logani'



Tanvir Alam



Teajay Chunu

My Brother - Doing the Best We Can
(dedicated to my brother)

*He does things without focusing
Trying hard to work out
Accepting who he is
Little time and freedom
To enjoy life
Indoors and Outdoors
Feeling anxious about
Entering a new environment
Doing the Best We can
We show interest in his life
Make him feel loved,
Trusted, Safe,
Understood and Valued
Life becomes more hopeful
Resilience to cope develops
Doing the best we can
With our warm, open
Unique, Kind
Loving relationship
He is free to
Share his thoughts and
Feelings
We love you
.....
Beryl Dodin*



Isa Gueye



Is it my fault?

I try to dress myself up properly,

But the world calls me retarded.

When I eat, a drool of saliva comes out,

They tell me I am a sissy.

Why, did I choose to be like this?

My education is limited,

My health, results in inhuman treatment by the world.

As of social status, I am lonely.

Is it my fault?

I cry day and night,

Waiting for the rains of love, care and sense of belonging to pour down and wash away this sorrow,

Now it is high time you hear from my inner feelings,

The disgrace that you put on me, the pain you cause me

My lamentation has found itself out and dare not think that it is my fault

I have love and care

I am capable of developmental work to my world

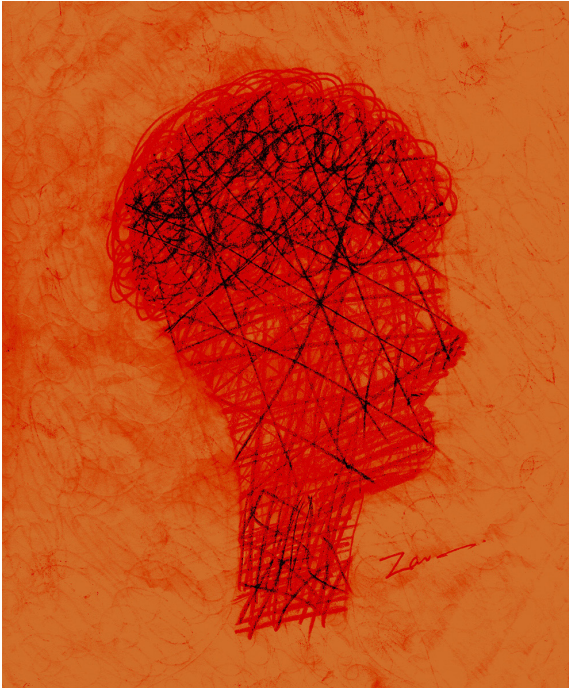
Effective decisions can be made out of me

I am a human being like anyone else

They say the sky is the limit and I believe,

I can be whatever I want to be.

.....
Rudo Ethel Chafa



MIND

Why relate laughter with the sky,
 It's just the mind in the gutter,
 Even when I speak out,
 Mentality and Knowledge are in
 the battlefield,
 I once asked the milkman,
 Must the mountain be pegged
 to the cloud,
 why sun must you come
 from the west

Passion to be inadvertently
 jeopardize realism
 The struggle of life equals
 Alice in Wonderland
 Am I mad? Why should I care,
 Funny! We all have our moment of
 Insanity.

.....
 Hajara Hussaini Alfa



Who I AM

I am not a definition of
Your criticism and judgmental
stares

A fear of being seen by others
Because it's too humiliating

I am not your definition of
Stupid, dumb, retarded, freak
Because that's not true, I am
a

Person who has lived with
Memories, experiences, just life
And just life cannot be bound
by

Your cast of negative comments.

But this can change

If you let loose the string of
depreciating

Comments, and open your eyes.

I am a person of

Memories, experiences, and

Just life can be living with

Truth that we are

Intelligent people who just need to be

Understood.

See me, and see me as who I am

Look at me.

Don't define me.

.....
Stephanie Shen

Health and Happiness

Health the largesse given by God
Impearled by happiness with
dimension broad

Sound mind spares the mysteries of
joy
And makes a man sober and coy

In lap of the life of Inspiration
Dole the senses with unity and
destination

Heard a whisper say,
a happy song
A whole tranquil life can
go for long

Burning of oil passes the night so
as if in the morning there is nowhere to go

Hitches a lot but contracts the heart
Health beset melancholy and retreat got

Even not only the world whole
Ill health makes morbid even the soul

Pending solitude mind is muffled with thoughts
This is how the life situation is fraught

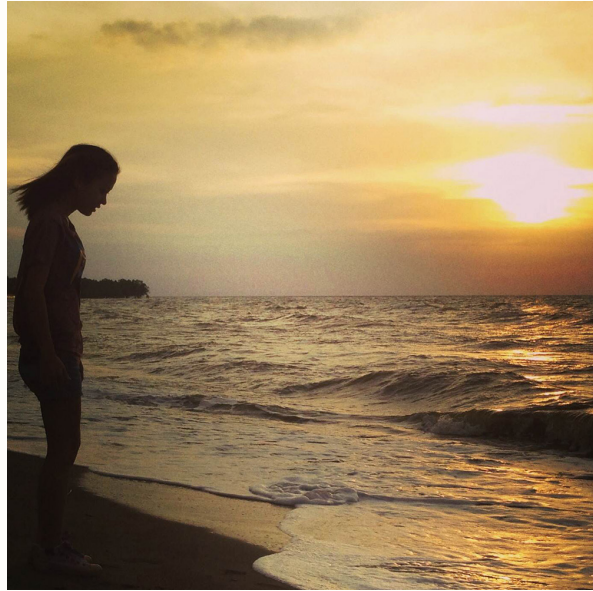
Man's mind dances about through the fancies
Means his head is not on the ease

Health is found in happy places
Not in the riches who are in races

Our love for health will be true
When love becomes our health too

Eventually, health is so sweet and fine

.....
Kaisar Ahmad



Erick Brocody



Don't Stain Our Souls

*When I opened my eyes for the first time
The world greeted with warmth*

Smiling as he said,

"Welcome, a new hope, live here in peace"

I brought a white sheet lay in my soul

Pure and sacred

*I never knew what the painting art would be drawn
Impatiently, I wish for step-free, run and play with no
limits*

Talk, sing and laugh

Then, time brings me to grow into a child

But, then all made me shocked

What is this? What is my sin?

They hate, blame and hurt

Fear and distress was pervading my soul

I feel alone

Where should I find the losing love?

*The white sheet has dropped with a tiny-point of
black stain*

O soul who still has love

*Do you have the heart to staining the new pure souls
with hurt and hatred?*

They just need your loving touch

.....
Irna Fathurrubayah



Raisa Kabir



Black Psyche

Glass bottles breakin'
Clothes stripped naked,
Daddy never home
Mommy all alone
Now I got do this on my own
Dark nights and street
lights
Make a dull boys eyes light
With hopes to fill moma and
his pockets with cash
Now 7 years in he reaches
high school at last
Problem child by day
Street thug by night

The motto of his hustle is simple
Act out in school and Keep his rep tight
Poor boy, his obliviousness is fed
By the things that were said
And articles that he read
His homies pump his head, a hot air balloon floating
A cold grave beneath
No mentor, no father only his mama
He adopts the hustlers as his brothers
So what becomes of a child with a mindset so dark,
A future in the balance?
A product of a black psyche.

By Earl D. Grant, II



Mentally Unchained

I am mentally disconnected

Unable to strive

Unable to push through the smog of life

Into the fresh air of liberation

I am motionless

*Unable to pour my tears in your lap and let my pain
destroy the room*

so we can take the necessary time to fix it

I am mentally misled

"suck it up", "take it like a man"

*The Kind of man who beats his wife, to him feel like
a giant because he failed his father?*

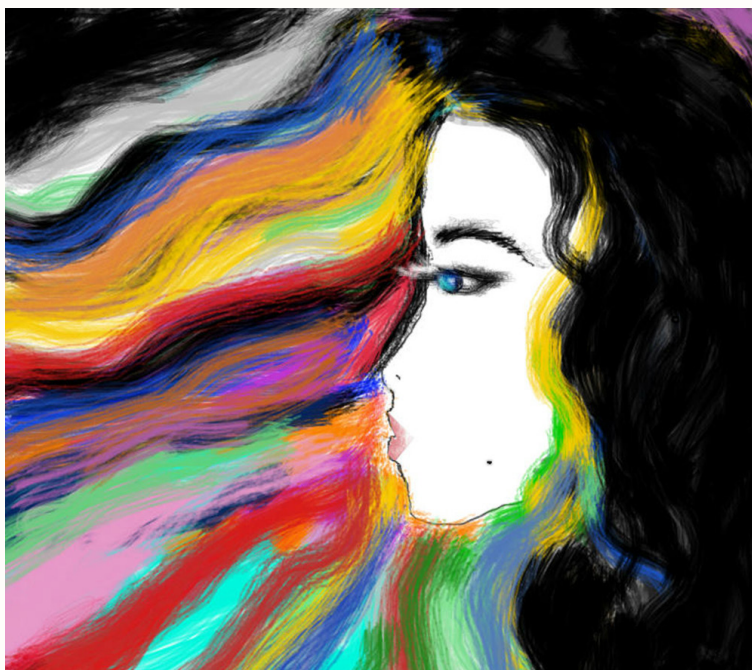
*Or that man that leaves his family because he can't
support them with the lint in his pocket?*

I am misunderstood

*Told to be unbreakable though you throw rocks at the
windows to my heart*

*Instead there is surprise on your face because I have
broken.*

.....
Veronica Boyd



Sonal Sulesh

Why it doesn't matter

You have made a little pause,
 A pause because you have been running
 all night long,
 Under the stars,
 The moon,
 And hearing the crickets songs.

You feel the cold air in your red cheeks,
 And your tired body making a humongous
 effort

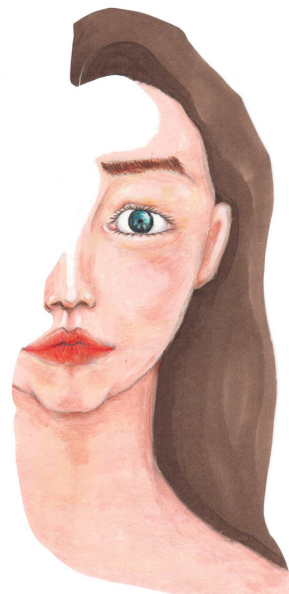
To Keep you standing
 As some of the shy rays of the golden
 sun

Begin to appear
 Between the dark clouds.
 Your feet hurt,
 And it feels as if you couldn't
 stand conscious
 Even a minute more.

But it doesn't matter to you
 Because deep inside
 You know that you are alive.

That,
 Even if you fell into the ground
 many times,
 if you jumped into the mud,
 or if you broke your leg,
 you know that you have learned
 a bit more
 You also know
 That is very possible
 That they will all happen again,
 But next time
 You will understand the
 unevenness of the path
 And you will know how to react.

媛



The tired parts of your body
 Have become witnesses
 That you have lived.

That you have felt real
 emotions,
 Doesn't matter if good or bad,
 But you have felt,
 And that makes you sure that
 as worse as the path can go,
 every step you take fills you
 with life
 and hope that you can
 feel tired once again.

Valentina Tostado



WHO IS THIS?

Who is this?
 When I rise he is against me
 Pulling down my hope like a tree
 Breaking down every side of I
 My plans are broken off, the desire of
 my heart
 Walling up my ways so that I can't pass
 He made night into day
 The light I saw is near to the darkness
 And darkened my light so that I can't
 see
 He sees all my ways and numbers every
 step
 Hunting me like a bird
 Removing the ladder when I want to
 climb

When I waited for light, darkness came
 When good comes, evil follows
 Who is this?

David Mbutia Mwangi



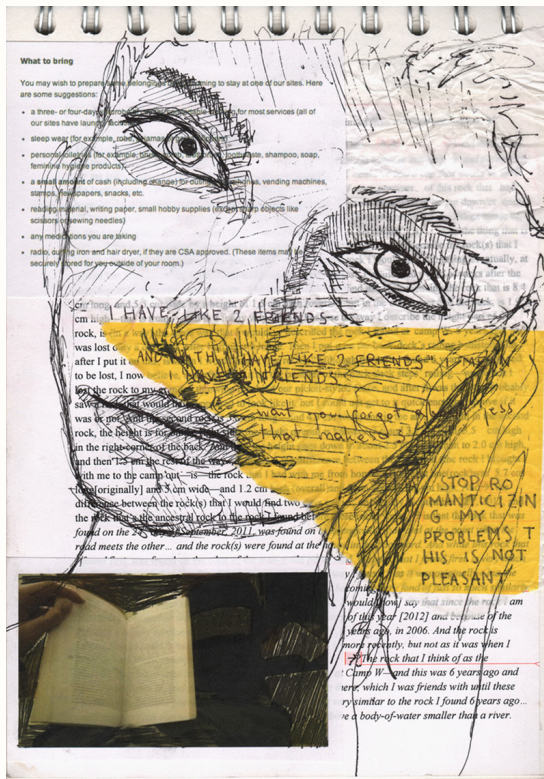
Bilal Hussain

She

Emile Van Bellingen

I am a girl
And I'm afraid
To stand alone
In the darkness
To walk through the
street
At night
They are not what they
seem to be in daylight
They turn to werewolves
The Men
They are omnipresent
Can't erase them
But should hide myself
To protect myself
To save me
I have a question
To all of you
What did you earn?
What did you gain?
By
Tearing her apart
Watching her scream
Killing her to death
You
Just tramped the
dreams
Of not one
But many
She was the light for
some
The world for some
She was a friend
A sister
A daughter
And yet many more

Roles to play
She left the
world
You have no
reason
To excuse
No reason
To ask for
Sorry
For all you've
done
Cannot be
washed away
The pain will
follow her
Not now, Not
then
But forever
She is stained
What did you
try to do
Show your strength?
Your Power?
Your actions are enough
To describe you
They may sentence you
to death
They may give you life
imprisonment
But is that enough?
For what you've done?
When she begged you to
leave her
Did you just take a
minute
To think about the
brutality of your
action?



(continues on following page)



Zia Lim



She begged you
She craved for nothing
But her life
You gave it, with all the
shattered pieces
Why couldn't you just Kill
her?
That would've helped her
Now she has to Fight
Fight to Live
All eyes around her
She'll be followed
Every now and then,
She is lost
She is abandoned
She is
Not anymore what she
was until that night

And you
Spend your life with ease in the jail

But Beware
You're not saved
There's a Judge
Who takes up all the cases
He'll never fail to hear
Her cries,
Our cries
You will face the Extremes
Of Torturing, Harassment
Not now, Not then
But forever from Now on.....
.....
Sruthi

Incarceration

Mind incarceration trapped
and lost in my Mind!
They see me but they don't
They know me but they
don't
Hell!! I don't even know
myself
The noise I hear but they
don't
The shadow I see but they
don't
Freedom they have but I
don't
They call it, a weapon,
power, a gift but it is my
prison
They yell um alive!!!! But I
make sounds no man can
make sense of
Who am I????
My name, I don't remember
But you prefer to call me
A psycho
Insane
Oh and weirdo

Hahaha it's crazy I know
But I understand, You don't
understand me,
In fact...
You don't try to
You are embarrassed
You are ashamed
Disappointed
But I am more disappointed
at her
Shy she is
Cruel she is
Shady she is
She hides From everyone
but me
Talks to no one but me
I want her to stay
I want her to laugh
I want them to see her
But like me, there is no
escape for her
She is trapped
Trapped in my mind
My prison!

Jeremia Mzwakhe Mlooi





The Dark Humanitarian

I've seen the dark, I've seen the light, They call me one of a Kind,

I'm made of blood and I'm made of bones,

They say I'm human with hope, I've been bad,

I've been good,

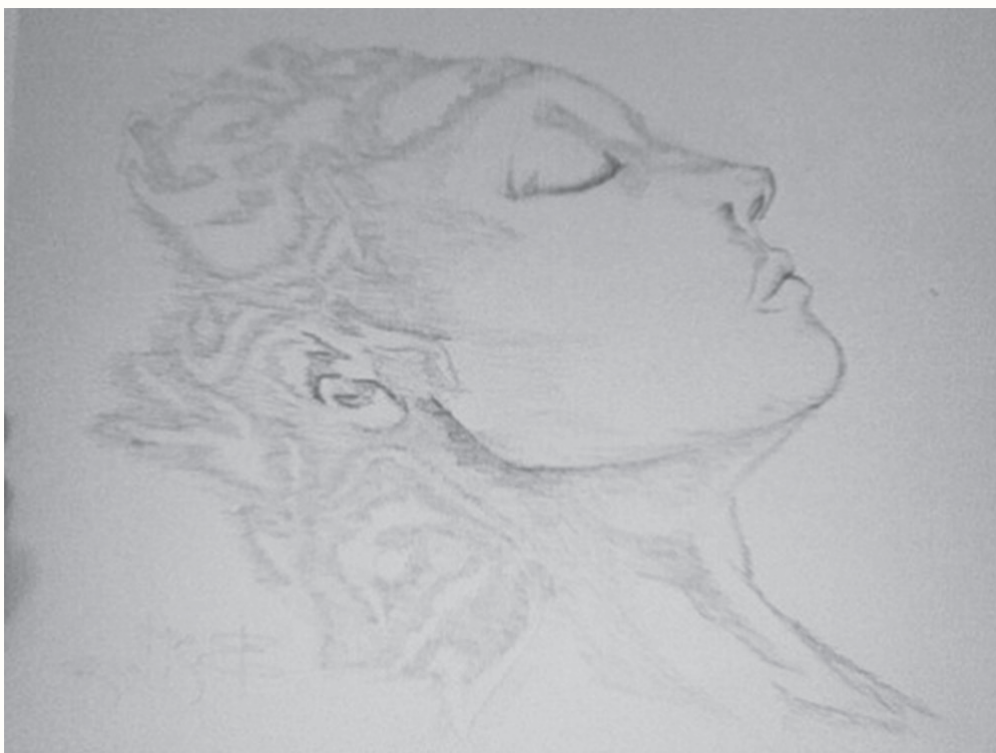
They say I'm a dark humanitarian with burning ropes,

I'd tell them a lie but they won't give a dime,

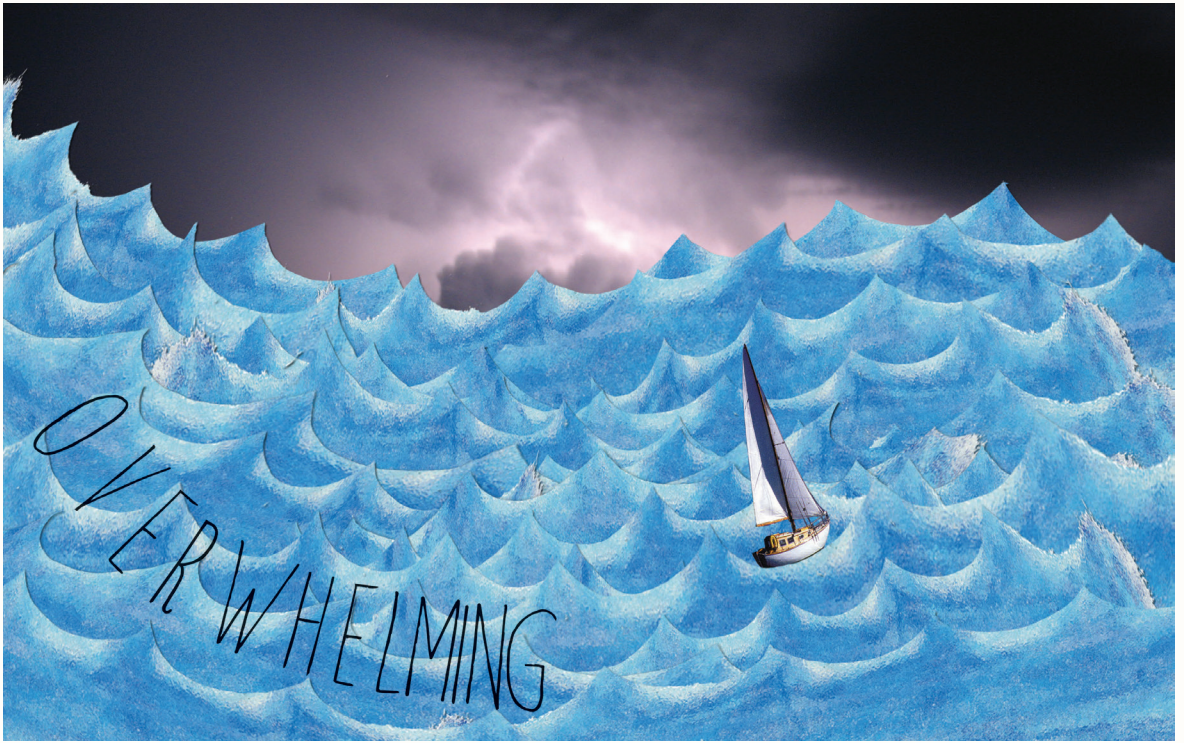
I'd tell you why - because I'm only humanitarian!

You see I won't lie because I'm only HUMANITARIAN!

.....
Khadija Tariq



Brooklynn K. Hinds



Aoife Price



Lyndsy Davis



G. Moshiharan



Colleen Thalia S. Jamias





Amy Fox



Hassan Ali Jamali



Sin Hee Suk



Christian Curro

