



*A poetical memoir on escaping
the darkness &
finding your way back into the light of life*

.....

POETIC
diary of a
BLEEDING



HEART
Simone Walsh

What people are saying about Walsh's debut self-help poetic memoir!

Poetic Diary of a bleeding heart

"Simone's poetry has captured the depression, despair and hopelessness of depression and taken the reader from the death grip which this devastating disorder can hold its victim to heartfelt hope. Her poems validate the experience of many people who suffer from depression, as well as educate those who love them and want to support them. I found Simone's collection riveting and full of passion and I hope this book will help everyone who reads it to be aware of this sinister tormentor and know that it can be conquered."

---Patricia Butler B.S.Sc Life
Coach, Psychotherapist

"I thought *God didn't make no fools* and *Growing Old* were particularly fine. Simone's use of the confessional mode is imaginatively evocative and there's something almost wordsworthian about the way she uses her personal experience to abstract an emotion."

---Lance Banbury
Galaxy Publishing.

"I had the pleasure of reading some of Simone's personal poetry. The one that stood out the most to me and might be my favorite is "The Depressed Trainee." This is a remarkable poem, truly one of a kind! It is full of flowing images and complex symbols. It is very rare that I have a chance to read original poetry like this! I just hope that whatever saddened you (Simone) so deeply will also make you very, very strong. The fact that you are calling the lyrical character "a trainee" reminds of a Persian poet of the 10th century Omar Khayyam, who wrote:

"I am a trainee in this best of the best worlds;
My labours are heavy and sorrowful as my teacher is harsh;
Although I am grey, I am still life's apprentice,
Still not given the rank of a master."

---- Dina Chipouline, Seneca
College of Applied Arts and Technology.
English Professor

“Simone’s book of poetry is a testament to the truth that a shattered spirit shines like a diamond, ever brilliant, ever strong. Because in truth, it is unbreakable... And ever more precious with every tear, every smile, every glimmer of hope that still finds its way home. To the heart. Our heart... Namaste Simone. God bless you and keep you well on your journey. You are not alone. Thank you kind Sister, brave Soul, brilliant Spirit.”

--Eva Iacobelli, Connon
& Iacobelli, Barrister & Solicitor.

"Poetic Diary of a Bleeding Heart has truthfully and eloquently chronicled the struggle that many people face in silence. Depression is a crippling mental illness that strips so many of their sense of self and life purpose. I applaud Simone Walsh's brave collection of personal poems which has provided a voice to mental illness and strives to move the stigma of depression and other mental illnesses out of the shadows and into the light."

--Dr. Natasha Browne
Psychologist
Browne Psychology Professional Corporation

Synopsis

In this honest heartfelt self-help memoir, Simone Walsh speaks with a raw approach of her own experience with battling depression and personal experiences of other survivors. This is a compelling and deep approach of people for all ages in today's world who have or know someone battling a mental illness. *Poetic Diary of a Bleeding Heart* covers a wide range of emotions felt from this life threatening illness. Important topics are written poetically, for teenagers, young adults, men and women who struggle with suicide, self acceptance, lack of confidence, eating disorders, experience of bullying/harassment and broken hearted. A true eye opener, thought provoking and a stunning breakthrough, *Poetic Diary of a Bleeding Heart* offers a range of hardship experiences when captured by the wrath of a stigma that takes faith and courage to overcome.

Readers will learn to:

- Understand the importance of obtaining treatment when diagnosed with a mental illness and how to take control of their own health.
- Discover the power of writing/journaling to release bottled-up emotions which facilitates healing.
- Re-enforce the power of positive thinking with the use of daily affirmations.
- See how a mental illness diagnosis can be a life changing event that ultimately can renew and change one's outlook on life.
- Recognize the hand of God in the smallest of situations.

Poetic Diary of a Bleeding Heart.

By: Simone Walsh

A poetical memoir on escaping the darkness and finding your way back into the light of life.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to those who hurt, those who cry in the dark, those who have fought and lost. To the many who took a stand and faced the fall, the many that lost it all. Give thanks; give praises because though you've been broken you are not destroyed. You are blessed to live through yet another day.

To my brother, Jermaine,
I hope this book inspires you to never give up on yourself because you are not forgotten. God knows your name. Love ya.

To my Supermom, Sylvia. You inspire me. I love you. Thank you so much for being my strength.

The staff and past and present patients at the ADTP, thank you for your support on this journey. Hold on tight, there is a rainbow at the end of this storm. The program is awesome and it helped me so much! I am sure t will also do great things for your lives.

To my Grandmother, Mavis Edwards, you left this world too soon. I feel your presence every day and your unconditional love. Thank you for the life lessons as a child. I am very grateful. Love you always.

Preface

I thought days of being bullied only happened on school grounds. I thought that it was an act of initiation and childish need for attention. I was wrong. Somehow this viscous cycle found its way into my life. In to my work life. So very intense and very deadly.

I was in a job that I liked. Years went by and I fought to advance myself in my position. As time went by, I was faced with an issue that slowly started to cripple my being, my life took a turn for the worst and I was left for dead ...or so I thought. I became the target for my tormenter. My tormenter began tracking everything I did! I mean EVERYTHING! Started looking for mistakes where there were none, insulting me in private coaching sessions. It was just an overall unhealthy work environment which then became very stressful. My health took a toll for the worst as I became a victim of harassment/bullying from my immediate tormentor. My mood was like a rollercoaster, one day I was fine, beaming with joy, the next I was drowning in tears. I struggled with simple daily activities and so I started seeking professional help. Because I didn't talk much about what I was going through, I started a journal. I wrote on how I was feeling and took my anger out through my writing. Slowly I started feeling temporary relief. Still, I wondered why this was happening, did my tormentor want me to quit? End my life? I became so unhappy. I became fearful of going in to work; started trembling as I heard the footsteps of my tormenter approaching my desk, their actions became a punishment for me. I was belittled daily, singled out, my work was over-monitored and coaching sessions turned into a verbal bashing. Though I took advantage of all my resources (going to higher management, speaking with Human Resources) knowing that what this tormentor was doing wasn't right, I was ignored and looked upon as a "trouble maker". I tried to hold on, but my health started to deteriorate and I was so beaten down I was too weak to fight.

Finally, I was buried into my full blown depression, poked with words that triggered me to end it all. I had lost all love for myself and my job. I was ready and convinced by the actions that were provoked from this unhealthy environment. Was convinced that I was a useless person and to end it all.

October 6, 2009

Driving home that last day, I was blinded by tears, consumed with fear and overwhelmed by sadness. All I kept hearing was the voice of my tormenter over and over in my head. The laughter, the false accusations built up against me. The devil said "See, you're a nobody, end it all now!" and I said "Alright, you win." Stepping on the gas, I drove my vehicle into a busy intersection and screamed "Come what may, I don't care anymore!" I sat there in my car crying and shaking with my head held low. I was hoping to be hit by an oncoming vehicle, but God.

By the grace of God, I was not successful. God said "I have big plans for you and if you think another being is going to just come along and have you kill yourself, you got another thing coming!"

.....continues

A note to the reader

.....I've separated this book down into four chapters with a variety of poems that showcase the many faces of depression that one can be greeted with. Although initially my depression came about from being harassed and bullied, I also wrote on other issues that can cause depression and also wrote about what other individuals are faced with as well.

The first chapter "Damaged Goods" represents the real attack of the illness and the feelings accompanied with it. It represents the dark times, the triggers, and the serious blows from depression. The second chapter "Scattered Emotions" describes trying to come to terms with what is happening to you, what is this illness and why is it affecting my feelings in so many ways? Your sense of self is going through a tug-a-war. "Ray of light" is the third chapter which explains you seeing a way out, you don't like where you are, you don't like how you feel and you know something must be done to change your life and circumstances and you must shift. And finally "Inhale change, exhale failure" is you fighting your depression head on! Grab a hold of your life and live it. It's time to win this fight, conquer the illness and bury it. Change of environment, change in your thinking. Change starts with you!

You deserve to be happy! Enough is enough! I know we've all been there, been in some situations where we thought "This is it, this situation is going to kill me." But most of us were blessed enough to not have that situation pull us into a deep depression. And for those who were not able to quite escape the terrible wrath of this illness, there is still hope! You too can conquer this and live the life you were intended to live. So put on your armor and let's make depression a permanent thing of the past!

*"Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;
Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."*

Ephesians 6:13-17

Four walls resident

I must choose to live, even if I have nothing to give.
I must walk among others and not allow my dreams to get shattered.
In this room is where I reside
Curtains and cold walls stretched up high
I swallow my pride to do what's right
I fear anything and anyone in sight
Deep inside I tremble
To everyone else being on the outside seem simple
Living has become unbalanced
I often escape in a deep sleep
Rising to missions impossible
Hypnotize by residue of bacon and eggs and a scented cinnamon candle
I want to hide and curl up in a ball
I want to disappear and not see anyone at all
I've become a prisoner
Locked away beneath these four walls
Only I alone can set myself free
But I will forever be faced by captivity
It's not normal to fear the outside
It's not normal to just want to break down and cry
Once in a blue moon I get to win
I fear the outside and I just can't wait to get home
For on the inside is where I can hide and just be alone.
I've received your cards and messages that were heartfelt
But lately nothing seem to move this four walls resident.

Insight: When I was severely depressed, I did not want to see anyone, I did not want to do anything. I stayed locked up in the house in my room. This is not the way to go. When I enrolled in the ADTP at the hospital I was encouraged to get out and be involved in activities. Happiness is a side effect of an activity. And so I encourage you to escape your four walls and get out and interact with people. It was hard at first but I started with volunteering and I found that when I was out being around other people helped to change my mood. Often times I was still a prisoner of my four walls but as the days went by I found the encouragement from my doctors to get out and to face my fears. I use to love being out, going to the mall and I had to dig deep within me to find that girl and invite her out. Give it a try, one footstep at a time. Position yourself for a miracle and pray until those walls of sadness comes tumbling down.

Save me from myself

She's unhappy inside
She tries to get the best of me
Her tears flow like the streams of a river
Blurring my vision making it hard for me to see
When the going gets tough
I try to lift her up
But she only brings me down
I try to make her smile but she's so use to showing a frown
Suicide tempts her
Creates "easy way out" images in her mind
I try to make her think otherwise
But I feel I'm running out of time
Who's gonna save me from myself?
When I get weak and want to leap?
Please save me from myself
I am caught up in her negative web of abuse
Her negativity has a strain on me
It stifles me and won't let me be
Our quarrels swirl out of control
She never listens and does as she's told.
Who's gonna save me from myself?
When I get down and want to drown?
Love abandoned me
Left me crying in the street
Myself wouldn't allow me to go
...on
To go on
Dissect me
Separate me from my flaws
Lift me up
Shower me with love
While I savor in the treatment
I've been longing for
Only once in awhile I can come out and play
If myself were to catch me in this moment
No telling what she might say
Who's gonna save me from myself when my heart flees?
And I go stumbling to my knees?
Please, won't you save me from my hurt?
Save me from my pain
Allow me to be born again
Save
Me
from
Myself.

When love dies

Hearts break
Eyes cry
People hurt
Love dies
When love dies
the heart cries
cries for days
and dwells in agony.
The heart turns to ice
disowning ways that use to be nice
your blood runs cold
as you reminisce on the lies you've been told.
When love dies
yesterdays greets you sadly in the mornings
tears become nightly rituals
and your heart feels deflated, sunken
because it's broken.
Broken
again, a lonely girl's cries
the happiness and joy no longer lives in your eyes.
When love dies, it's a sad, sad story to tell
you been down this lane before
you know the feeling oh so well.
Emotions become wasted
actions never to be undone.
When loves dies
you begin to hate the person
you've become.

Self Activity: "Dead End Roads needs Re- construction"

We all come face to face with dead end roads. Often get ourselves stuck in situations that seem to have no way out. We blame ourselves for what is happening and crumble in defeat. But really we need to listen to that other voice. Whether it is the voice within us telling us to do the right thing, stand up for ourselves or the voice of those you love. Sometimes the advice we receive requires 100% of our effort, a real change in our everyday lives. Think about some of the advice you received from some of your friends, your parents, doctors, teachers, bosses, wife, husband, children, etc, and analyze the path it lead you on. What was the advice? Was any of the advice similar? Did you take the advice? Why or why not? If so, did you benefit from it? If not, did you suffer any downfalls from it? Answer each question and ask yourself what led you to your dead end road? How will you uplift and motivate yourself to rise above it and embrace a decision that can ultimately change your life for the better. Remember that each road traveled on is a learning experience and like me you'll find out conflicts lets you know if you have guts or not.

Rejection

Rejection is like having your mother leave you astray.
A child of the night casted away from the day
To be swallowed up whole
Rejection is a slap of refusal in your face
Dreams, aspiration abruptly put on hold
Lost and defeated
You've lost your place
Just when you thought you could win the race
Rejection is winter all season round
Tears frozen in place before ever reaching the ground
Dismissed from what you thought was truly your calling
Nights seem endless, worrying becomes never ending.
Rejection is like losing your sight in the busy streets
No choices but to fend for yourself, stay on your feet
Rejection is a poison that tempts you to throw it all away
Causing you to kneel down and pray
Rejection sweeps this earth for souls to taint
Destructive actions form in your footsteps
Day by day you dance with death
Rejection lingers over your head
Hurtful words, moments makes you wish you were dead
There is calm after the storm
Rejection is a test
A test for you to overcome and do a hundred times you're best
Causing sleepless nights and broken dreams to blur your vision from reality
Yet rejection just may be the one antidote that helps us all to reach our destiny.

Insight: Every time you are rejected it's a blessing! Man's rejection is God's divine intervention in your life. It's His protection. Things happen for a divine purpose and God is setting you up for greater things. It's not easy being rejected. You may have had your heart set on getting that job but received a phone call that they have decided to hire someone else. Trust in him and have faith that He has something bigger and greater planned for your life. Our lives are not lived on our terms but by His terms, His way, His will.

Sometimes

Sometimes blindness captures me and brings me to the unknown.
Where my so-called reality turns upside down and torments my soul.
Sometimes I'm high as a kite, thinking I just might sleep well tonight.
Then sorrow kicks in, a loud knock at my door.
Secretly I chant, "I don't want to go through this anymore!"
Sometimes I'm the pretty girl that collects all the stares.
Other times I'm the ugly girl that gives a lot of scares.
Confusion is like a fourteen storage building, and I alone take the stairs.
All I have is the beating in my heart, and it alone shall get me there.
There? But how did I end up here?
Am I the lonely girl that got casted away into this well?
Or suddenly did I just stumbled and fell?
Sometimes I get tired of this phase
But I seem to overcome my downfalls, always!

My favorite hiding place

Thank God for my smile

That saves me all the while

So that you'll never know

How often it is I cry

Thank God for my strength

That keeps me holding on

Many times I should have died

But I am here and not gone

Thank God for his mercy

He saved a wretch like me

So that I may live life

And one day give a testimony.

Thank you God, for these things are many

And when I am ungrateful you remind me that I have plenty.

But most of all I thank you God for my smile, my favourite hiding place

When my world is shattered I quickly form it on my face

So that no soul can see what it is that I'm going through.

And if all these things should pass, I will still and forever have you.

Thank you Jesus.

Dark Eyes

For: Rudy

He's battling with suicidal
A great job just got away
He's listening to Jimi Hendrix
A flight of love got delayed.

He's talking about giving up on life
Other hasn't even started to live.
He's down about his broken heart
Others still hold on to theirs, refusing to give.

He claims he's never cried
Sadly, I cry ever so often.
He claims he's only human
And so I select simple questions for the asking

"How can I comfort him when I can barely comfort me?"
Still I try to open his eyes
To make him look around and see.

He's illustrating a melody from Jimi Hendrix's "the wind cries Mary"
And slowly drifting from this world
To run away and cry, no longer wanting to die.

His cup of errands is empty
But I see that it's overflowing.
His world is experiencing a blackout
But I see from a peak hole that light is shining.

He's skilled; his mind is obsessed with simplicity
He's hiding from his fate.
His feet are dying to take him to his destiny.

His eyes are so sad, shielding bitter news from his past.
His affections are all scattered around like a broken glass.

Memories of mortal kindness
Only leads him into blindness
Where he utters feebly cries
Wish I could erase the pain from his dark eyes.

Remembering Courage

I am remembering
Life at its best
Rustling against my cheek
Streaming freely throughout my veins
I am remembering
Existing in the finest hour
Among the living
Laughing obsessively
With the peculiarities of love.
I am remembering
Days of long ago
Affairs with time
Jay walking on the streets of destiny
I am remembering
Who I was and who I am
Feeding on kindness
Loving endlessly in blindness
As this nest of past recollections distract my ammunition
I am slowly paving the way into tomorrows
And get beyond my yesterdays
I
Am
Remembering
Courage.

Self Activity: "Breathe life into faded friendships."

You shouldn't have to go through your battle alone. In fact I found going through my struggles alone only sank me more into my depression. When I got around to turning back on my phone, I had lots of text messages, voicemails from friends who were checking in on me. I was trying to cut them all from my life, but I still existed to them. This gave me hope to know that they cared about me. Have you lost touch with a very dear friend? Pick up the phone and call a friend of yours. Make plans to do lunch or catch a movie, or make a girls or guys night out. You'll notice your emotions taking a shift for the better. Just being around people who have known you for as long as you can remember will stir up familiar feelings accompanied by laughter, hugs even happy tears. Explain to your friend what's been up with you. If they are a true friend by now they may have already gotten the sense that something was not right with you. Let them know you need them to put in some double time into your friendship. I did this with a friend of mine and she was always there! You should always have a way to get through your situation should in case your friend is unavailable. My plan was the bible. The more I read a scripture, the more I heard God speak to me. And I cling on tight to His words. Still the option of reaching out to a friend is great. We need each other. Simply ask them to do four things to help you feel better and to create a system that will stop you from bringing harm to yourself.

1. Call and check up every day.
2. Meet up to do lunch at least every other Friday.
3. Send you a positive text or uplifting email.
4. Hugs go a long way.

You cannot get through this fight alone. I tried and I was unsuccessful. So breathe life into those friendships and watch the transformation in your life.

Live Life

Let me tell you something about life
Life can kick you hard in the gut when you've fallen to the ground
Life can let there be total darkness, have no one around
Life can be mean, treating you so unkind
Life can eat up your every second; have you running out of time
Life....
Life is what I feed on, happy to arise each day
Life sets me on cloud nine especially when everything goes my own way
Life brings me joy when I am able to make others smile
Life is a blessing bringing forth into the world a new child
Life is what you make it
Some live it some say forget it
Life can be a bitch, so easy it will switch
Have you wondering for days as if lost in a complicated maze
Causing feelings to overflow, seeking the purpose of life you must know.
But who truly knows? NO ONE
So we live
We live not knowing when this so-called life will end
We live this life in the "now" not focusing on the "then"
Let me tell you something about life
You and I only have one,
One life to live
This path traveled on at times gets rough
Breaking us down till we've had enough
But never you give up, put up a fight!
And keep living to the fullest
...YOUR LIFE!

Insight: "Life is an opportunity, benefit from it. Life is beauty, admire it. Life is a dream, realize it. Life is a challenge, meet it. Life is a duty, complete it. Life is a game, play it. Life is a promise, fulfill it. Life is sorrow, overcome it. Life is a song, sing it. Life is a struggle, accept it. Life is a tragedy, confront it. Life is an adventure, dare it. Life is luck, make it. Life is too precious, do not destroy it. Life is life, fight for it."-- Mother Teresa

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