

THE BROKEN HOUR GLASS

I am someone who has struggled with multiple mental health disorders at a young age. Mental Health in children is oftentimes something that is overlooked by society, so I take every opportunity I have to educate my community on not just the existence of mental health in youth, but the importance of paying attention to it. The best way I have to express myself is through my art. This year, I have composed a drawing and poem that focus on self-harm and suicidal actions. I would like this poem to highlight the importance of not turning a blind eye when someone is hurting. It is important to be there for them, even if you, yourself, cannot fully understand the extent of their suffering. In my poem and artwork, I mentioned or showed someone who is relatively young. In doing so, I hope to fight back against the common belief that you cannot struggle with your mental health before you become an adult. Overall, these pieces, I hope, will help spread awareness on self-harm and suicidal actions in kids as well as understand what logic people who attempt are going by.

The Broken Hour Glass

This poem is not good enough.
It sounds like a song unsung.

Now, some
may call this inspired.
To me, this is hopeless.
Never before have I truly admired
work made by my own hands.

Rather, I sit and watch the sands-
sands of my hour glass that trickles away.

"Turn a blind eye" people say,
"Turn away,
for this sight is far too much to bear."
Though, drowning in sand is an experience we all will share.

No, though,
their sand is at their toes
So how can they comprehend

that my sand is already filling my nose?

The air I breathe is filling-
filling with harsh grit.

My nostrils cannot fend,
fend off this sand.

My muscles are far too weak
to fend for my lungs, my heart, and my ribs.

So, then, the ravens that watch over me are my omens-
and now they have called dibs
on who will pluck my bones from the sand.

Who's blood will feed their insatiable thirst
if not mine?
Oh no, it must be mine.

So now I have made it my goal to drown
to suffer
to die

In the relative sands of time.

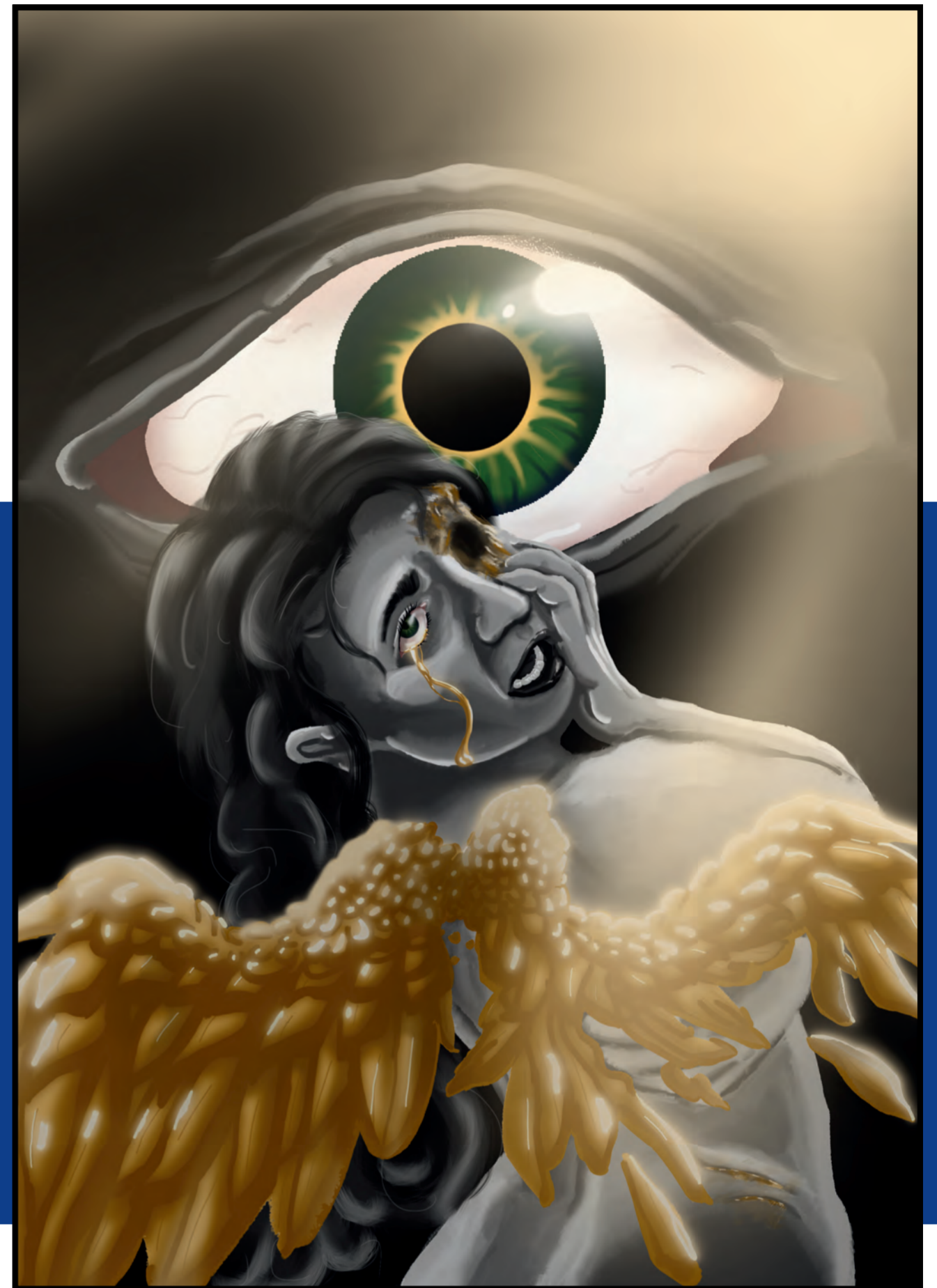
Far too young, but only for some.

For others we desire to say-
say goodbye sooner than witness ourselves rot away.

And then, is this the best thing:
To turn a blind eye?

So just look away...

TEARING OFF MY FLESH, AM I GOLDEN YET?



SARAH

(she/her)

The drawing depicts a teenage girl. She is colored in black and white, her hair is rather stiff like a statue, and the texture of her flesh is painted in loose, artistic strokes. This is the perfect image society has decided for her. Already, at her young age, she is constricted by what society believes she should be. Stiff and simple. Not to make a fuss or step outside of the norm. It holds back what was once beautiful. Her body, she no longer views as a golden temple. It does not reflect her golden soul or the beautiful heart she knows. Now, the watchful, strict eye of society watches her closely. It sees her bare and judges its own creation. It dictates her every move. All she has left is an eye to cry with. With that eye, she cries gold. She expresses her pain and suffering. It is not enough. The dictating eye slowly moves away from her to look straight forward in horror. What could have caused its creation to act in such a manner? It refuses to look as the girl begins to tear at her skin. A grip that was once a self-comforting hug grows tight. Gold leaks from her chest. Her skin is clawed open into what looks more like a blade's cut. Then, she digs far deeper than what is bothering her. She begins to tear off the wings of freedom she has released. She tears out her eyes that cry. This is no rescue, but the golden gore seems so beautiful to her. And that eye behind, the one that judges and shapes, is the same color as hers. It is her own eye. And both eyes stare forward at the viewer. Both plead... Do something. They have gone too far and cannot stop this on their own.

As for the poem, it opens with a single thought of self doubt. It acknowledges that people may like the poem, but that the author will never truly be content with something made by their own hands. That is the last time they admit to not being alright. The poem refers to life as an hour glass. We all live and lead our own lives, but eventually, the sand of time will begin to make us old. Slowly, we all die in the end. This horrendous thought occurs seamlessly from the simple displeasure of a poem not being quite how they would like it to be. This is how episodes start: seemingly simple things lead into thoughts far worse and far more dangerous. The author explains that their hour glass is simply moving faster than everyone else's, and that they have no choice but to die young. It is a horrible thought: children finding peace in their own death. The author asks, in the end, that people turn away from such a horrible occurrence. If they actually wanted people to turn a blind eye to their suffering and possible death, would they have composed the poem in the first place?

