

Mediated Minds Conference, University of Cincinnati, Blue Ash April 19, 2019

A Poem: Mental Health Mislabeling

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Abstract — (Poetry reading) I will be demonstrate how mislabeling people with mental health makes the person dealing with a mental health disorder feels through my voice.

I. INTRODUCTION

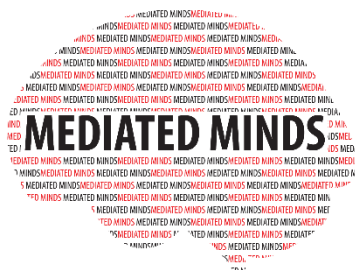
I To show how society has been abusing power over people with mental health by showing them in media as serial killers. Misrepresenting mental health making it seem like you should run away screaming from someone with a mental health disorder. I personally have panic attacks and generalized anxiety so I wrote my poem with my candid voice.

II. FINDINGS

I used my personal account having experienced people telling me to remain in silence about my panic attacks and to snap out of it or get a grip.

I also have observed lots of people with mental health disorders try to act like they are okay when they clearly are not which is not good.

We should not hide mental health and start the conversation!



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Mental Health Mislabeling By Kelsey Boudreaux

You call me crazy
You call me insane
You lock me up
Behind bars chained
To a world
Of isolation being
Silenced unheard uneasy
Out of mind
Trying to unwind
Why my brain
Is not like
Yours is that
Such a problem
To cage me
For something that
I don't ask
For because I
Never signed up
To be having
Thoughts that people
Estranged me for
I cannot complete
Task because I
Can't ignore my
Stream of negative
Thoughts making me
Scream for mercy
Making me stop
Dead in my
Tracks fearing cowering
At losing everything
Because people don't
Want to me
To tell them
My terrified trainwreck

Of thoughts told
To keep my
Mental health issues
To myself to
Not even think
At seeking help
Just live with
The racing ruthless
Torture instead of
Talking taking notes
On how to
Get better behavior
To be able
To do things
Without my haunting
Horrors howling hollow
Thoughts about myself
I instead just
Focus on my
Supporters telling me
That I am
Safe sane stable
Not backing away
Because I'm not
Feeling okay mentally
Allowing me to
To hear them
Not my petrifying
Paralyzing thoughts of
Self destructive bomb
Exploding exiting eggshells
Everywhere I walk
Because I have
Fought the thoughts
Thanks to someone
Listening reassuring me
That everything is
Going to be
Fine and not

Talking about my
Mental health issues
Instead how much
I have been
There for them
As much they
Have for me
Letting me rant
Getting my thoughts
Out of the
Horrible experience I
Have been through
Being Isolated cooped
Up and swallowing
My emotions down
Like venom poisoning
My thoughts spreading
Throughout my body
Burning every last
Ounce of happiness
Away leaving me
Bare raw rigged
Inflicted with pain
From my toxic
Thoughts stripped me
To cry out
For someone
To get me out
I am beyond
Happy to have
Support here having
No fear of shaming
Me for my
Mental mislabeled mental
Tendencies to tear
Me apart for
My identity as
A human being