

The Wind by Barry Park

I've sailed upon the winds of bi-polar disease.
It has blown me around from this to that,
From sad to elated, From mad to deflated.
I've bought my share of useless junk.
From sports cars to paintings
From apartments to books on changing.

I thought I was superman, I thought I was Batman.
It turns out that I was an ordinary man with a Bi-Polar disease that was
visited upon me.
My wife thought it was strange that I was making birdhouses at 3 AM
I thought it was strange that she was sleeping at that odd hour.

I've sailed upon the winds of bi-polar disease.
My strange journey has taken me from high to low, From hospital to doctor,
From medicines to groups, from drugs to meditation.
I hope never to journey into that black hole again.
But if I do, I know this group will surely protect me from that wind.