

## Poem

### Manipulation

by Jo McFarlane, Community Activist Poet.

I've been a puppet of psychiatry  
for 27 years  
Complicit cos it suited me  
to have a hand shoved up my rear

I can't claim blissful ignorance:  
that the drugs weren't doing me harm  
So, cognitively dissonanced,  
I let them twist my arm

But why collude so gratefully,  
convincing them for sure...?  
And thus let them complacently  
take credit for a cure

It was expedient to see myself as sick,  
and they – my blessed saviours  
By compensating childhood deficit  
their intervention was a favour

And who can blame me for regressing  
when the opportunity was there?  
My naïve attempt at second-guessing  
pharmacology for care

Medication numbed me

from the pain I was avoiding  
It soothed me like a dummy  
Now the sedative I'm hoarding

No-one asked me categorically  
*Do you want to take this pill?*  
But by agreeing allegorically  
my acquiescence said *I will*

If I had refused, no doubt  
the pain would have receded  
If they'd let me scream and shout  
They'd know that understanding's what I needed

But it suited them to keep me docile  
so that they could pull my strings  
And now my reason for withdrawal:  
So that I can find my wings