

T&SR Times

Chartiers Center Training and Social Rehabilitation

I AM POEMS

Summer 2018

The following poems are entitled "I Am" poems. They are a great way for you, our readers, to get to know our participants. And of course, to allow them to get to know each other!!!! Enjoy!

I AM BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED.

I wonder who wrote the book of love.
I hear birds chirping.
I want to have fun.

I am beautiful and talented.

I pretend I can fly.
I feel happy.

I touch soft velvet.
I worry about my mom dying.
I cry when I miss my dad.

I am beautiful and talented.

I understand one plus one is two.
I say all men are created equal.
I dream to win the lottery.

I try to do my best.
I hope to be successful.

I am beautiful and

talented.

~Alana

"...I touch soft velvet..."

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I AM POEMS, CONTINUED

I AM KIND AND WISE.

I wonder about the universe.
I hear birds chirping.
I see rainbows.
I want to live forever.

I am kind and wise.

I pretend to be famous.
I feel good.
I touch a squirrel's skin.
I worry about my mom's health.
I cry when someone dies.

I am kind and wise.

I understand calculus.
I say let freedom ring.
I dream about a nice visit.
I try to help others.
I hope for heaven.

I am kind and wise.

~Anonymous

I AM POEMS, CONTINUED

I AM GRATEFUL AND THANKFUL.

I wonder when there is going to be sun.
I hear the bird chirping.
I see no evil.
I want Sidney, my love.

I am grateful and thankful.

I pretend not to be here.
I feel confident.
I touch his every being.
I worry a lot.

I cry at the thought of losing him.

I am grateful and thankful.

I understand I can be heard.
I say the darnedest things.
I dream I am pregnant.
I try to listen.
I hope Sidney will always be safe.

I am grateful and thankful.

~Natalie

The Bull

Like a king he is prancing about.
Nothing distracts him except a shout.
Flies hover about him and up his nose.
They even attack his eyes so his lids close.
Finally, he just stops and does not move.
His tail hangs limp and he dreams of his love.
His harem keeps him quite happy,

Even though he is by no means snappy.
He has a lot to choose from,
But he invariably chooses just one.
Suddenly, he sees a new sight.

“...His tail hangs limp and he dreams of his love...”

It is an old battered car that gives him no fright.
He charges and batters the rams.
The creature yields and becomes quite mad.
His hooves did furrows in the mud..
There is a final pile from cud.

~Carl

I AM POEMS, CONTINUED

I AM SUPERWOMAN, SUPERMAN.

I wonder and am curious about God.
I hear foot steps.
I see sunshine.
I want to be rich.

I am Superwoman, Superman.

I pretend to fly.

I feel rich.
I touch my dead mother.
I worry about my dead mother.
I cry when I feel sad.

“...I dream about a perfect world..”

I am Superwoman, Superman.

I understand there really is a God.
I say, “I believe in God.”
I dream about a perfect world.
I try to solve my problems.
I hope to be rich.

I am Superwoman, Superman.

~Perkie

I AM POEMS, CONTINUED

I AM A WRITER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

I wonder what the future will be like.
I hear certain songs not being played.
I see a pet heaven.
I want to rebuild my astrology book collection.

I am a writer and philanthropist.

I pretend sometimes to be

happy when I am sad.
I feel love about fantasy books.
I touch a friendly ghost séance.
I worry about President Trump as president.
I cry for the morals of our country.

I am a writer and philanthropist.

I understand Jesus and God are full of love.
I say I believe in the truths about astrology and pre-destiny.

I dream of a vast record collection.
I try being happy.
I hope I have a nice future.

I am a writer and philanthropist.

~Carl

STAFF'S I AM POEMS (BECAUSE WE DO EVERYTHING THE PARTICIPANTS DO)

I AM CARING AND WEIRD.

I wonder what happens when you die.
I hear birds singing in the sun.
I see dolphins swimming through the ocean.
I want more people to be happy.

I am caring and weird.

I pretend to be a famous gymnast.
I feel someone giving me a big

hug.
I touch puffy white clouds.
I worry that people don't like me.
I cry when people are gone.

“...I want more people to be happy...”

I am caring and weird.

I understand that not everyone will like me.
I say that everyone deserves a second chance.
I dream to write a book one day.
I try to talk to more people that I don't know.
I hope to be successful.
~Catherine

STAFF'S I AM POEMS, CONTINUED.

I AM ACCEPTING BUT IMPATIENT.

I wonder about God, life, love.
I hear the howling wind screaming my name.
I see sunshine across the sky, blinding me.
I want serenity in my life.

I am accepting but impatient.

I pretend not to care.
I feel confusion and a spinning mind.
I touch the silkiness of your hair.
I worry about your inevitable death.
I cry because of your dying love.

I am accepting but impatient.

I understand that life can be hard and unfair.

I say how much I love you.
I dream of ocean waves creeping up on my toes.
I try to be patient and tolerant.
I hope for peace, contentment and gratitude.

I am accepting but impatient.

~Amy

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T&SR provides social rehabilitation to adults with mental health diagnoses. Consumers participate in a shared community setting that is to build self-esteem and confidence. T&SR fosters independence through group activities and events. For more information, please contact Amy Randal, Social Rehabilitation Coordinator.

Recovery, Respect, Renewal

We Are
T&SR!

IN MEMORIAM

The following poem was written by Elaine in April 2018. The poem is to honor her aunt, who passed away. We are grateful that Elaine is willing to share it with us.

To my dearest Aunt Angela Angel,

You will fly to heaven
Like a bronze creation
Taken from the soil you've sown.
And then you will rise

Like the sun and the moon
Like a fresh flower in the morning dew.
And I will remember you always.
And I will cherish you every night.
Like the stars in the midnight
Like diamonds in the sky.

~Elaine
