



Mental illness doesn't discriminate

Do you think I chose this? No, it chose me Mental, physical illness – the parity What's invisible to you, eats me from inside There's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide Yes, I understand the challenge you face Unconscious bias, like religion or race But I don't want to hurt you or anyone else So please don't judge me My thoughts are about myself I worry that I'm not good enough for this world And constantly compare What's my purpose here? And how do I fair? Tea and sympathy doesn't cut it when irrational thoughts take over So, raising awareness of poor mental health is my four leaf clover You see, the more society embraces that we're all unique The language will diminish, no more "psycho", "schizo", "freak" So all I can ask to plant the seed in your mind Is my wish for all of you, stop the stigma, please be kind

Wendy McDougall

Community Champion, See Me Scotland