

## *The Arts and Psychiatry*

### TWO GUARDS – ONE HERE AND THE OTHER, THERE

Krishnan Sivasubramoney\*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Department of Psychiatry, Government Medical College, Thiruvananthapuram, Kerala

\*Corresponding address: Professor and HOD, Department of Psychiatry, Government Medical College, Thiruvananthapuram, Kerala, PIN – 695011. Email address: kriyalak2015@gmail.com

Dear shrink, lend me your ears...  
Here I remain, the mansion's guard,  
Whom you call a schizophrenic;  
Bathed in the tortuosity of an erect mind.

In pages stained with darkness, my life unfolds,  
A schizophrenic's memoir, a world of twists.  
Words, like whispers, hop upon the pages.  
It's a glimpse into my mind, both cage and sage.

Chapters bound in mystery, with thoughts unbound,  
I'm a fragmented narrative, forever reflective.  
Through swirling mists of reformed perception,  
My struggle for identity finds its echo.

Dear shrink, lend me your ears...  
Here I remain, the mansion's guard,  
Watching you from within the coop;  
Bathed in the contortions of vague facts.

In my childhood innocence, the signs emerged,  
A phantasmagoria of voices and urge nights.  
My leaves reveal a battle fought within,  
I'm a quest for truth, a fight you can't grasp.

Amidst the turmoil, I've moments of grace,  
Flashes of insights and fleeting hugs.  
In the depths of darkness, serpents bloom  
My warrior spirit resiliently perishes.

I stand, a testament to my cowardice,  
Of fear found in my fractured brain.  
May it be read or burnt in your nightmares,  
I'm an orchid found in a rose garden.

Dear shrink, lend me your ears...  
I am a guard of my mansion here;  
And you, a guard of my corridor  
The darkness of which you dread.

Why should one write? Just to listen to the alter voices, I think. If we won't listen, how can we bridge the gap that exists between the shrink and the schizophrenic? This is a fantasy about two people: one, a man with schizophrenia who guards a mansion, and the other, a shrink who stands at the other end of the corridor that leads to the mansion. The one with schizophrenia feels that the shrink fears the darkness in the corridor.

– *The poet*

Access this page online:

<https://kijponline.com/index.php/kjp/article/view/417>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.30834/KJP.36.1.2023.417>

Web publication: 20/07/2023

QR code:

