

# Idaho Recovery Awareness

Art Submissions - September, 2016

Part 1

# September is Recovery Month

***“Art is not what you see, but what you make others see.”***

***Edgar Degas***

**We have many talented people throughout the state who have opened our hearts and minds by sharing their innermost feelings. We hope you enjoy this collection of art relating to addiction and recovery submitted by Idahoans and that it inspires you as it has inspired us.**

**-The Division of Behavioral Health  
Department of Health and Welfare**

# Idaho Recovery Awareness Art Display Idaho State Capitol – September 8, 2016

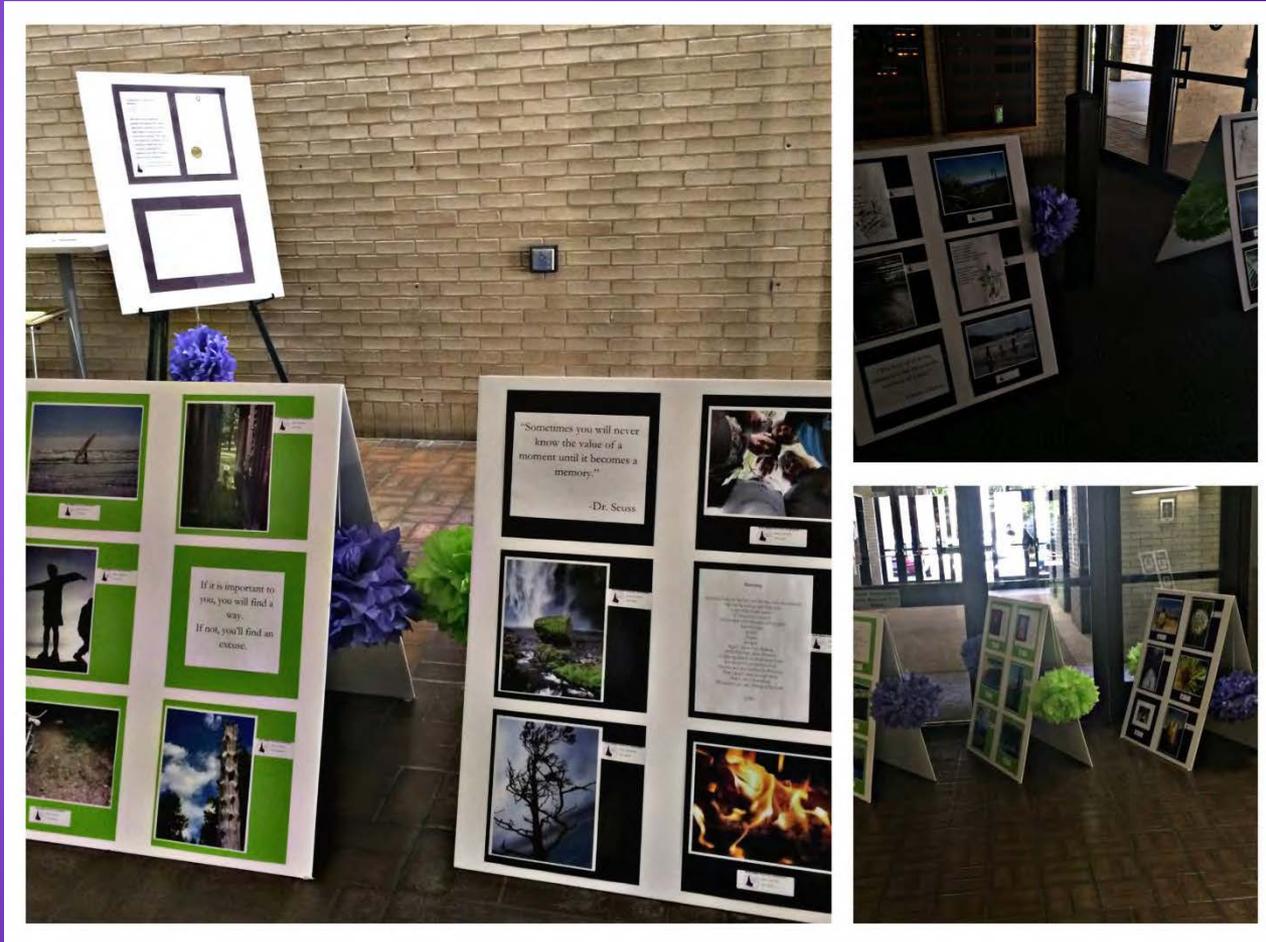


# Idaho Recovery Awareness Art Display

## Idaho State Capitol – September 8, 2016



# Exhibit on display in the Lobby of the Pete T. Cenarrusa Building located at 450 W State St, Boise September 2016





“My grandpa used to drink a lot and smoke cigarettes. Now he has terminal cancer and I'm really going to miss him. Deadpool makes me think of my grandpa because he has a lot of good and bad in him, but I really love him.”



## Before

My world became small.  
Close friends had moved  
or no longer available.  
Plans to move had failed  
and lost access to therapy.  
I relapsed. I was fading,  
disappearing, vanishing.  
The pills were in front of me.  
A fist full of them,  
go to sleep and not wake up.  
That was the idea.  
The anxiety, depression,  
personality disorders  
have won.



## After

I have edges,  
defined and crisp.  
I can feel where I begin.  
My world grows.  
A slumbering creativity reawakens,  
bursting me open with art and music.  
Surrounded by a community of recovery,  
I find hope.  
Learning from peers who are  
reclaiming themselves from  
mental illnesses and/or addiction  
gives me courage.  
Alone we struggle,  
together we thrive.



























## I Love You Dad

When I first met you, I knew one thing  
I would never be like you  
You drank, you swore, you chewed  
You left us for a high.

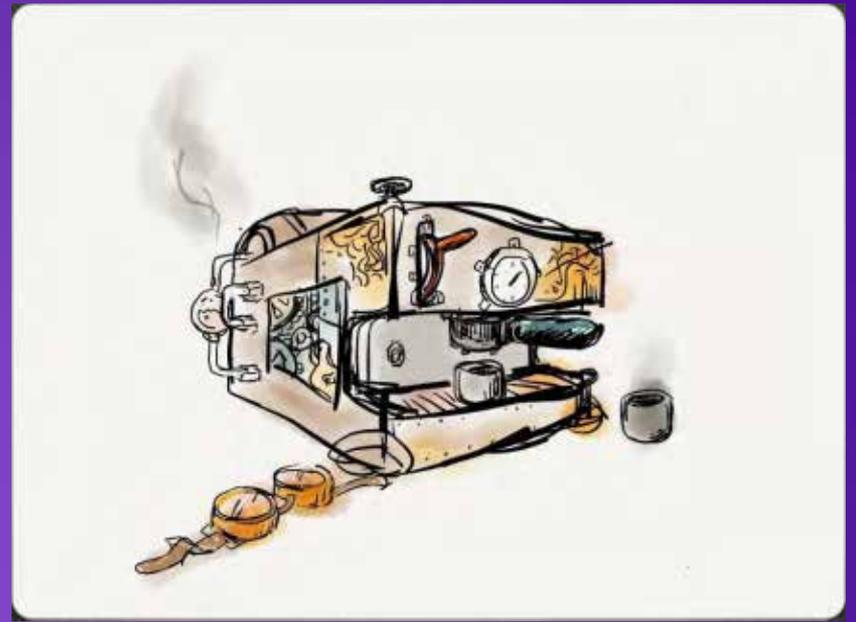
My first memory of you was you being  
incarcerated.

I can't believe what you put my Mom through;  
You cheated on her and still said you loved her.  
You wasted money chasing a bottle while we  
were struggling just to live.

Now you're out of my life  
I don't know you any more than most people  
reading this.

All I know is that you drank,  
You slipped up,  
And after you caught that bottle  
You rolled out of my life.

I hope that you might try to come back  
Now that you're done drowning yourself.



I wrote a message on a rock  
and threw it to the sea  
I planned for another to find it  
and write a message back to me  
now I have to get my snorkel  
and my goggles, too (I think)  
'cause my mom just told me that my rock  
would most likely just sink.



**EATING ONE COOKIE.**



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**EATING 50 COOKIES.**



The sun hits my pages and through the window pane I can feel its warmth. This time of day, the lightness of the wind, the clarity of the sun seem to match with my energy and mood at this season of my life. My thirty four years are now seeming to beam an ever constant twelve hour sunset and sunrise lullaby.

This varies from the intense, radiant high noon shoot outs that raged through my twenties, let alone the midnight witch hunts that plagued my early thirties (the time I was diagnosed with Bipolar I).

So, instead of a life spent scorched to death by a noon sun a blazing and a midnight howling moon with a cold glare, I am happily standing firm against a light wind with eyes wide open... facing the kind sun and at night I am unafraid of the full moon and walk to it with arms outstretched, a peaceful calm in my heart. This is what a happy medium feels like. I could get used to this.

Those witch hunts and desert shoot outs are still there, they could happen, like on another wavelength, another time. But, this season can be mine. Sunset and sunrise are sweet and predictable... they linger and I ask them to come and stay for a while.

By: Andrea Gomez











