

Art Submissions

2017 Idaho  
Recovery  
Awareness

# 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**



Title: Emergence  
Artist: Amanda Sheets



# Title: Once Upon a Girl

## Author: Adrienne Ridenour

Many years ago, I knew a young girl full of poise and grace, with a heart of gold full of joy and love; who loved to run, jump, sing, and dance in place.

The only pain she knew was when she held her mother as she cried and listening to the evil people in her life put her down over and over as they lied. Little did she know that these lies would take hold of her heart like a plague in the night and steer the course of her life into sadness and hold it there tight. Now, the girl once full of joy and love is consumed with fear, addiction, and pain; seeing no hope for a future, experiencing only loss no gain. After years of this entrapment full of abuse, and wishing for death; she felt she could take no more and tried to take her last breath. Knowing that she still had work to do here and that there was more people she had yet to reach her higher power saved her life yet again and said to her “Be not afraid of living my love, your work here is not done, for there are lessons I need you to help me teach”

Still unsure of her purpose and always living in her past, she was weighted down by the burden of the choices she had made and the life she had lived, her life was now full of guilt and shame, what was the hardest to accept was that she was the only one left to blame. Now, wanting something different and wanting things to change she just didn't know where to start, she is told this won't be easy because you have rip your whole life apart. So, she closes her eyes and takes the chance; to, once again find inside the girl who loved to run, jump, sing and dance.



Title: Above  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Bloom  
Artist: Anonymous





Title: Clinician  
Artist: Anonymous

Title: Bee  
Artist: Anonymous



Like spilled black ink  
Depression flows across me

A dark stain  
A black-out curtain;  
Between me and sunshine & happiness

Me, the private one, inside  
Begins to trickle  
Deeper and deeper into the well  
Of muddy, still water  
Always inside of me

REJOICE! There is a cure  
John Barleycorn, King Alcohol, Poison  
Poison for me, poison, poison, poison for me

Me, Jaywalker, back into the traffic  
And the maelstrom of danger  
Back into the relief of pain, fear, anger,  
Pride, ego, or hurt that dwells within  
The marrow of my bones

Jaywalker, once hit-never shy  
Back into the street, falling deeper  
Into a hole, deep, deep, deep  
Without a shovel, without a grain of hope

Looking out beyond the asphalt band at the  
Top, the top of the hole, the top of the trap  
I see, a tree, a BIG tree  
Bigger than me, bigger than me, bigger than me

My mind drifts out of the hole and onto the tree  
A tree, I need a tree, to sprout up here  
But how do I make a tree  
Here that which is nothingness  
How do I  
I, make a tree?

Who made that tree? Who bigger than me?  
I reached to the tree, help me  
And, a shadow deepened the darkness  
Of my internment

As I reached out, a hand reached to me and I was  
Set free  
The hand of another pedestrian who fallen into  
A hole before  
A hole like mine  
And he showed me a different street,  
With smaller and smaller and smaller holes  
And bigger trees and bigger trees and the biggest tree.  
And I, thank Thee, who made the tree

# Title: Poem

## Author: Anonymous



Title: Bike  
Artist: Anonymous



# Title: The Light

## Author: Bill Patterson

I hated myself and the voices in my head  
I couldn't stand a word that they said  
I hated myself and I hated you  
I hated everything that I had been through  
I wasn't living I was just trying to survive  
I caused my pain to keep myself alive  
I cut and I scratched life wasn't fair  
I could've died and nobody would care  
I then saw a light and everything changed  
I saw differently how things were arranged  
I found peace amongst the flowers and the trees  
I heard the birds and I buzzed with the bees  
I had found a place deep within my soul  
I let people in and they helped fill that hole  
I knocked down that wall that I had built  
I let freedom in and kicked out the guilt  
I was a flower that had been given power  
I wanted to share with you that you're also a flower  
I love you and I just wish I could help you see  
I have found a light and I have broken free  
I wish you could reach out and grab my hand  
I know if you would then you'd understand  
I have found peace and quiet throughout the night  
I know if you'd follow me you'd also see the light.

Title: Celebrate  
Artist: Anonymous

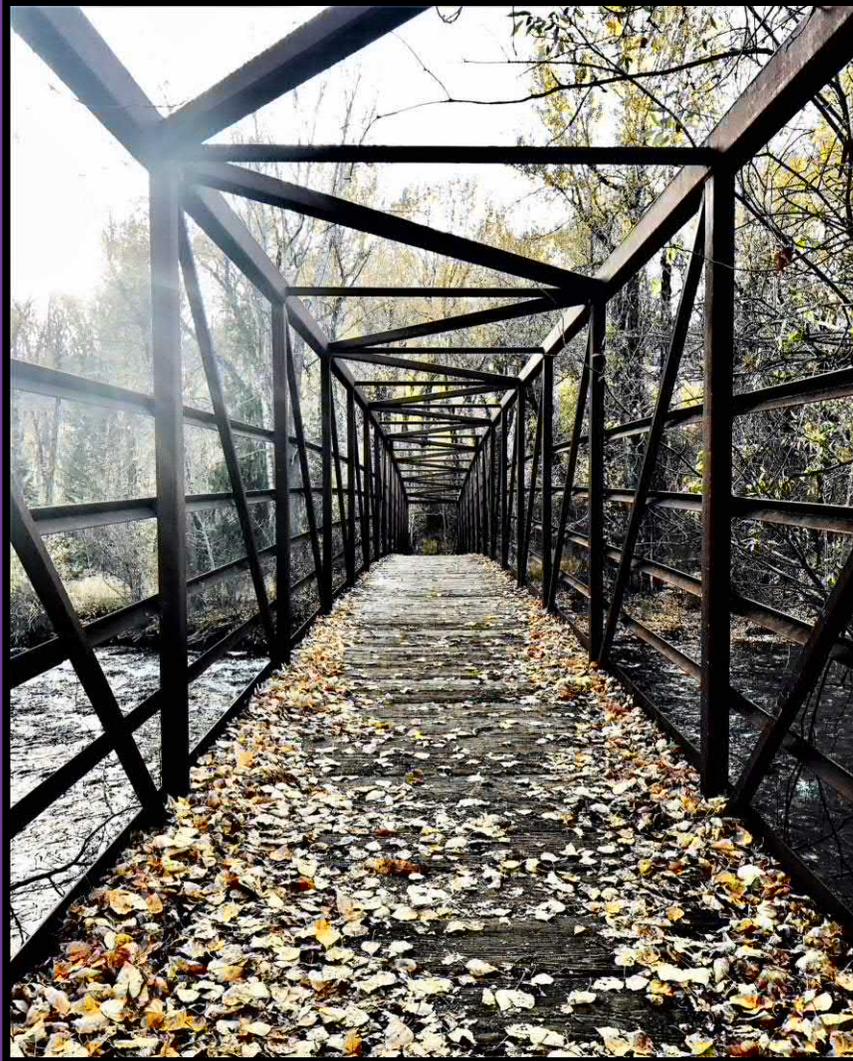


Title: Dandy  
Artist: Anonymous



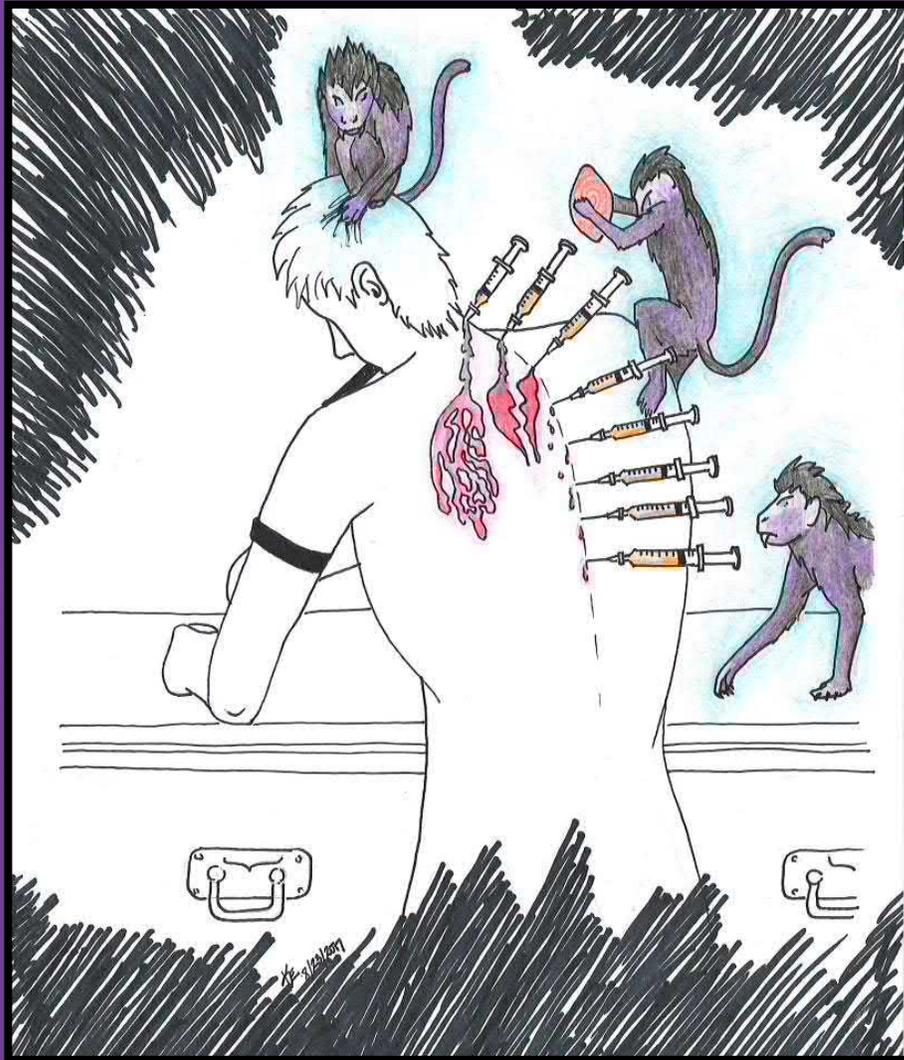
Title: Blue Sky  
Artist: Anonymous





Title: Bridge  
Artist: Anonymous

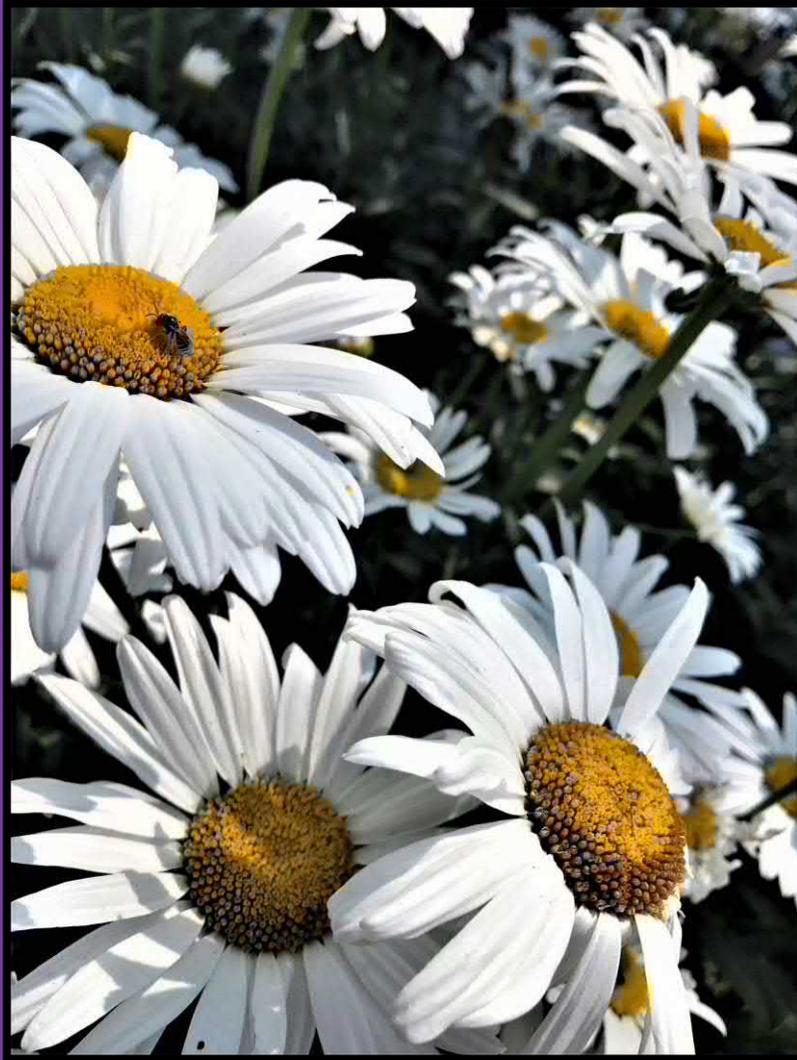
Title: Stupid Monkeys  
Artist: Krista Edge





Title: Disability  
Artist: Anonymous

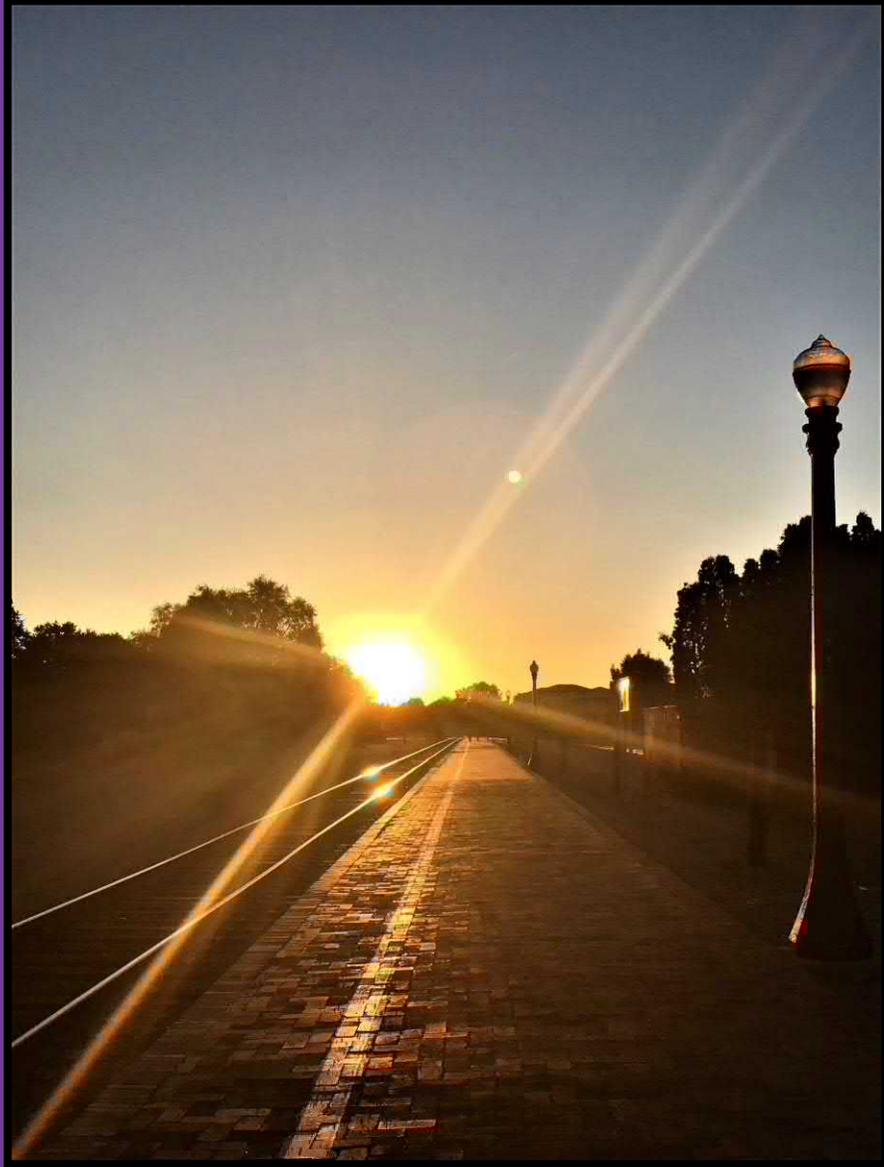




Title: Bloom  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Garden  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Light Rail  
Artist: Anonymous

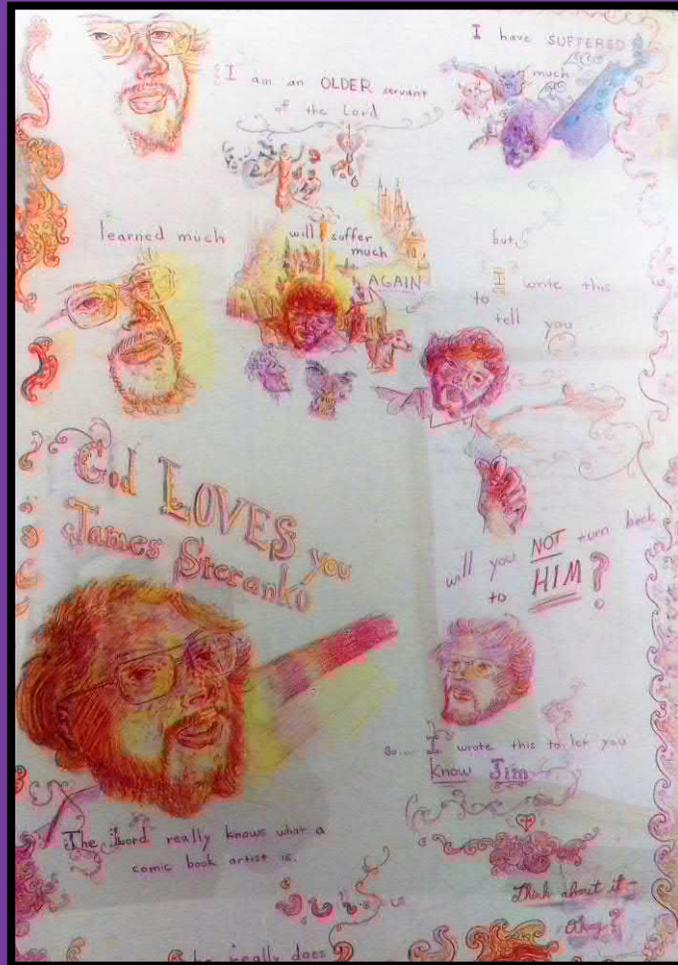


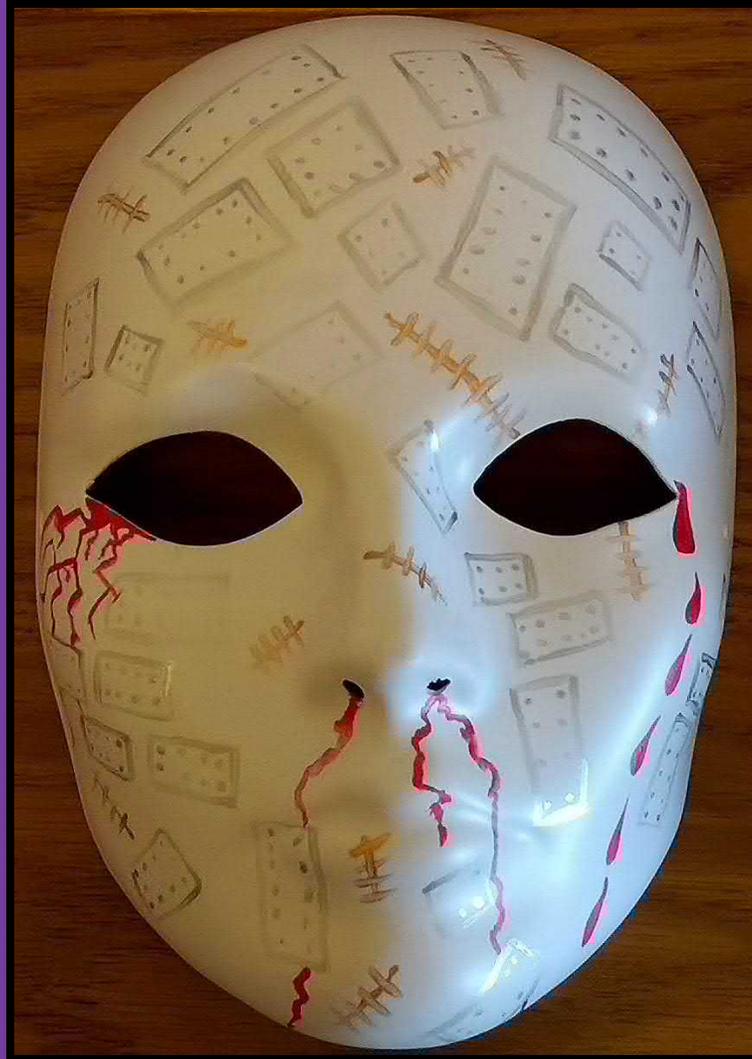
# Title: Depression

## Author: Bill Patterson

A family with depression may be sick  
Depression is might and what a trick  
It plays with the mind and the soul  
Depression affects a family as a whole  
It doesn't discriminate it affects them all  
A family in depression is liable to fall  
It can take a wife a father or a mother  
Depression can take a sister or a brother  
It doesn't care where you've been  
Sometimes it's just a matter of when  
If a family member is depressed it will affect all of you  
Depression is what a whole family will go through  
It is a mighty storm and a powerful disease  
Depression is a hurricane that drives you to your knees  
A whole family sees the clouds and feels the storm  
Depression is sneaky and can come in any form  
A family member who is depressed doesn't hurt alone  
Depression cuts everyone around it to the bone  
It isn't a disease that can clearly be seen  
Sometimes it's dirty and sometimes its clean  
Depression affects a family and can keep it sick  
Getting better informed as a family may be the trick

Title: Happy Laughing Faces  
Artist: J. Kevin-Turner

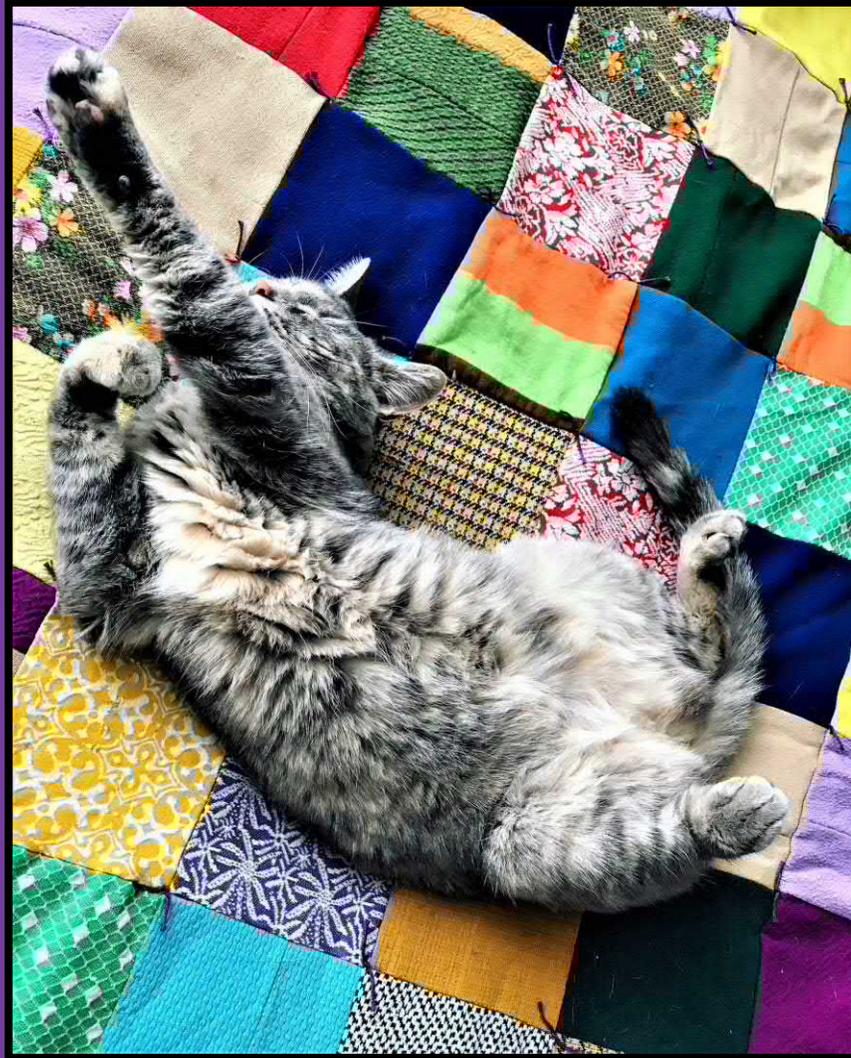




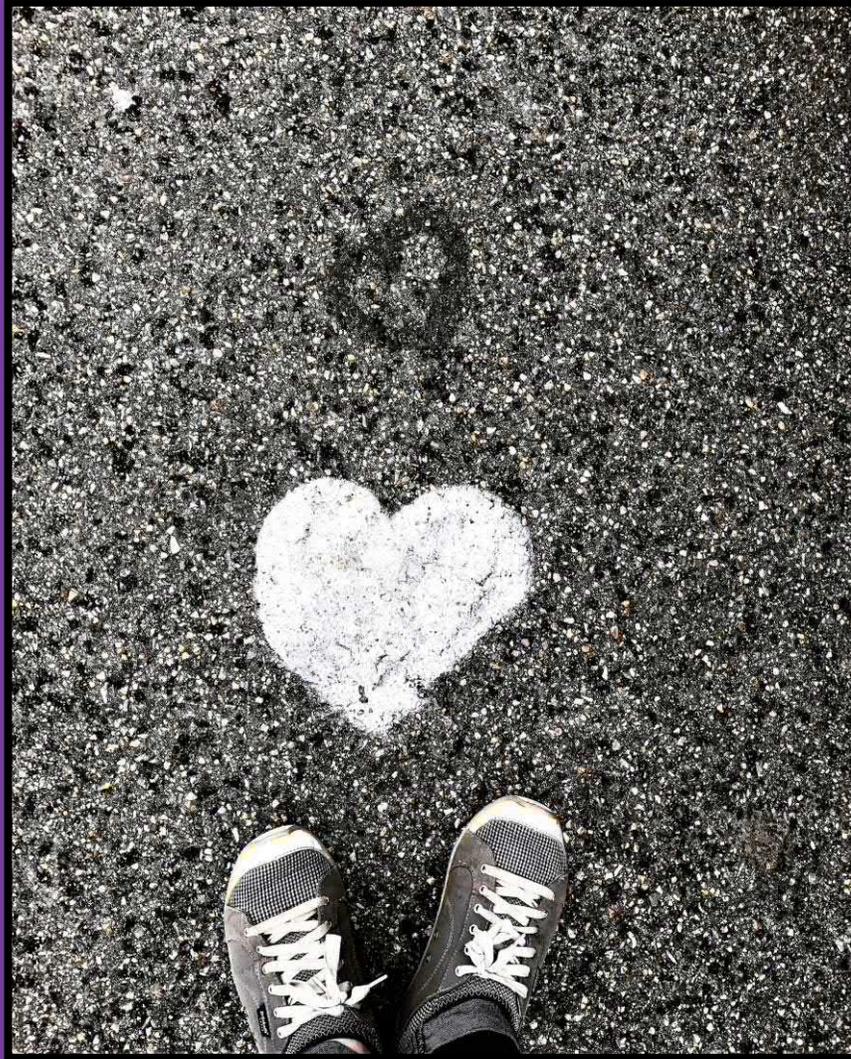
Title: Construction  
Artist: Brian Cable



Title: Ophelia  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Heart  
Artist: Anonymous





Title: Lantern  
Artist: Anonymous



# Title: I Know You

## Author: Bill Patterson

You don't know me but I know you  
I've been there when you had no clue  
I was the secrets you held inside  
I was everything you tried to hide  
To know me would've blew your mind  
I am everything you tried to find  
Couldn't find anything for I was there  
I hid your dreams and your nightmare  
To see nothing was because of me  
I was nothing to set you free  
I was your hopes and your dreams  
I was the one who muffled your screams  
Nobody else could help for screams I hid  
Everything lost is what I did  
I was fear and I was the hate  
Don't you know I caused this fate  
Without me you wouldn't be here  
I killed you slowly for I am your fear  
Can't stop me when I'm in your head  
I'm every tear you ever would shed  
You don't know me but I know you  
I am everything you've ever been through



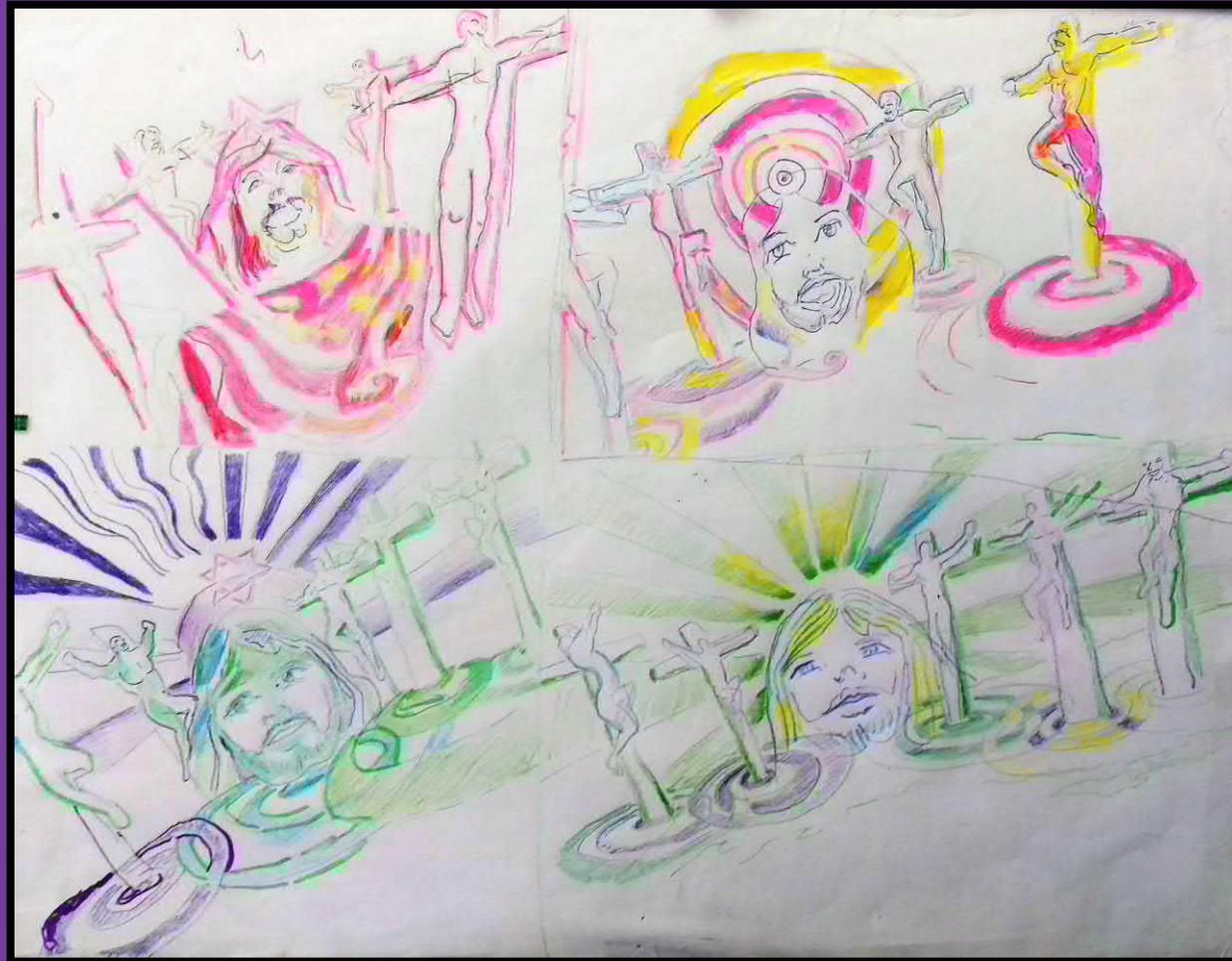
Title: Untitled  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Hello  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Happy Laughing Faces  
Artist: J. Kevin-Turner

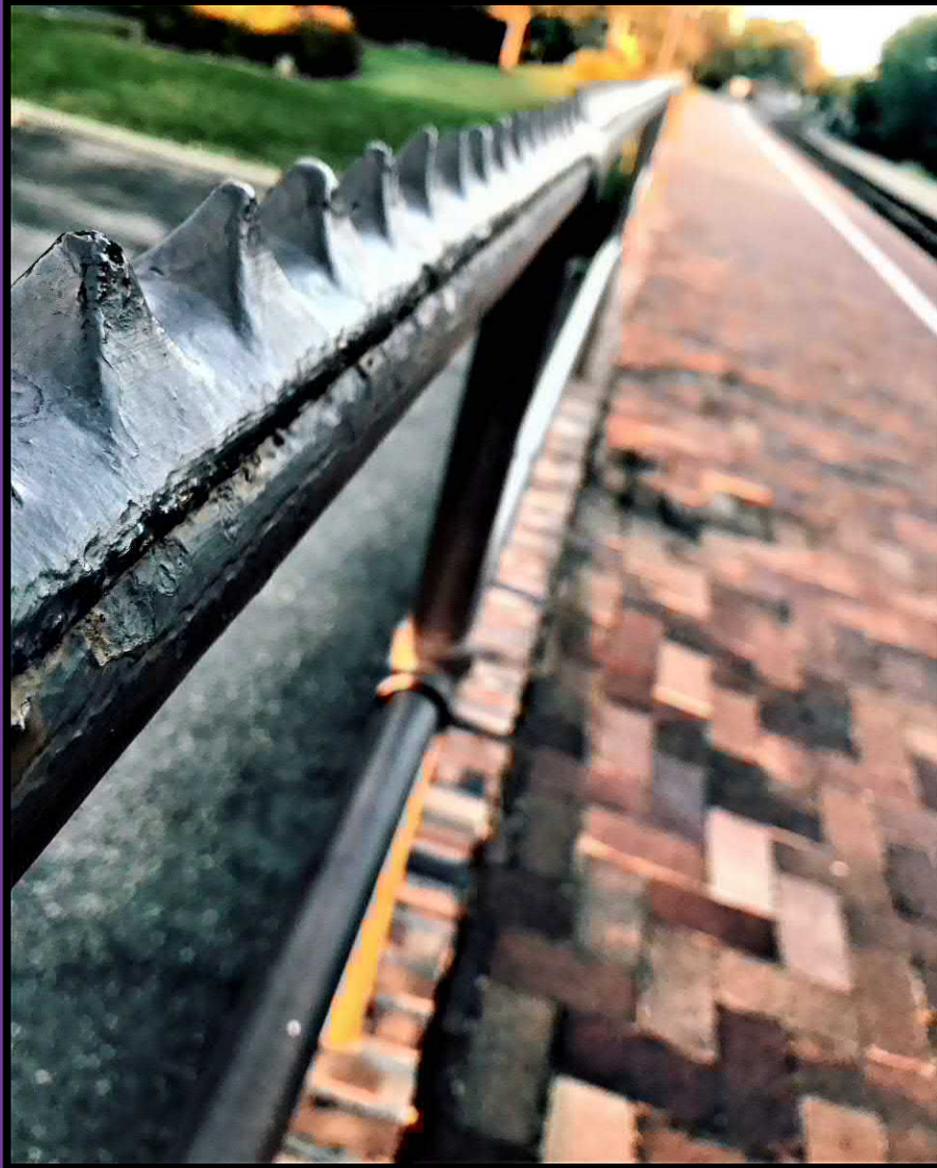


Title: Looking Up  
Artist: Anonymous



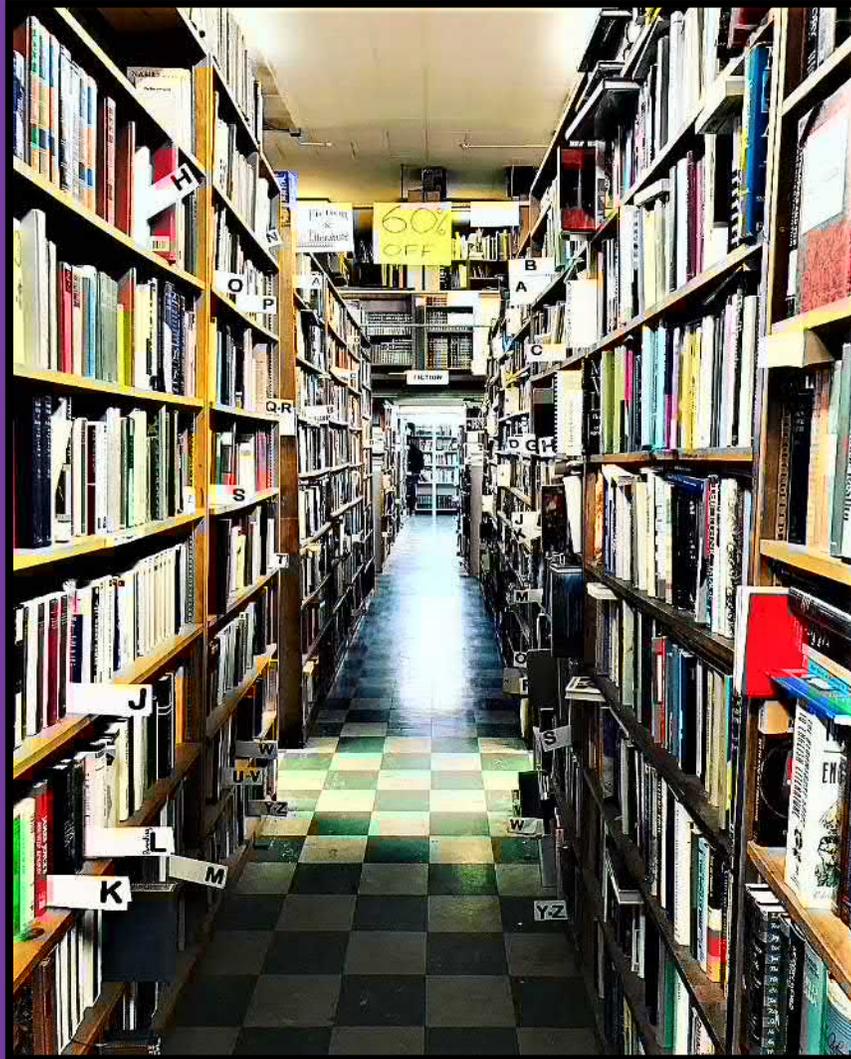
Title: Snow  
Artist: Anonymous





Title: Perspective  
Artist: Anonymous

Title: Refuge  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Meeting Station  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Record  
Artist: Anonymous





Title: Jud Coats  
Artist: Mask



Title: Traces  
Artist: Anonymous



Title: Sunflower  
Artist: Anonymous



▶ Around his neck a sign was hung  
This sign started when he was young  
It read I am mental therefore I am sick  
The sign was like carrying a giant brick  
Little ducky cried for he had no joy  
This little ducky was but a brittle boy  
A duck a boy it's all the same  
His sign read I take the blame  
It is my fault that I'm no good  
I couldn't change it or I would  
He went through life trying to survive  
Living without being alive  
Stigma wasn't known that was true  
Finally one day someone said I love you  
I love you for your pain and your scars  
Little ducky walked out from behind the bars  
He took off that sign and threw it to the ground  
Little ducky heard laughter an unknown sound  
He joined in for the stigma was now dead  
He had a new sign and it read  
Don't judge me for where I've been  
That's not me anymore or ever again  
I am not sick and stigma is a choice  
Little ducky emerged victorious and used his voice  
His voice called out you are not alone  
And you will never again have to do it on your own  
I am not a Stigma and I am not sick  
So untie your sign and release that brick

# Title: Little Ducky

## Author: Bill Patterson



Title: Type  
Artist: Anonymous

Title: To Be or Not To Be  
Artist: Anonymous

