



- **SHE'S EATING MY INSIDES OUT**
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- **POETRY OF LIFE - Wild Past-Wild Present-Wild Future**

SHE'S EATING MY INSIDES OUT

CHAPTER 1 My Young Life

Daddy comes home from work. Mommy greets him,

"She's eating my insides out. She's eating my insides out."

Daddy, "She's only three years old."

Mommy, "She's been doing it for three years."

Daddy, "Maybe she's hungry."

Mommy, "She's eating plenty. She's eating my insides out."

Later we eat dinner at the kitchen table, just Daddy and me. Mommy doesn't eat with us. She just walks back and forth in the kitchen. We have for dinner well done steak and baked potato with butter. It's good. I eat it all, but I take more time eating than Daddy.

Right after Daddy finishes, Mommy says, "Oh! I forgot the string beans. They're in this pot."

But she doesn't give them to either of us.

"Bella," says Daddy, "maybe you should see if you can get your job back. You seemed to like it."

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"After what happened, Ralph. The babysitter left Lucy in the carriage out in the cold while she went inside the restaurant with her boyfriend."

"We can get another sitter," says Daddy.

"No," says Mommy.

"But it's almost summer now," says Daddy. "Lucy won't be cold."

"No," says Mommy.

"Well," says Daddy, "we will have a nice week's vacation up in the mountains next week."

"I hope so," says Mommy.

The next day Daddy leaves for work. I play with my stuffed animals. I put them in different places in the house and visit each one in their new home.

"Lucy, what are you doing? Can't you stay in your room and play?"

"No, I have to feed my stuffed animals. They all have new houses."

"Lucy, can't you play in your room? I'm trying to straighten up."

"But I have to feed my stuffed animals. They don't live in my room anymore."

"Lucy, you are impossible. You're getting the strap."

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Mommy takes the strap and hits me around my legs. I pretend it doesn't bother me and laugh at her. She hits me more and more. I laugh more and more. Then she stops and tries to hug me. I won't let her hug me.

One week later we are in the car going to the mountains. I sleep most of the time. Next thing I know we are eating dinner in a dining hall. After dinner Mommy puts me to sleep.

I wake up in the morning, not feeling too great. Mommy gets me dressed and we go into the dining hall. But I'm not feeling so well and I don't want to eat breakfast.

Mommy's mad because I won't eat. I can still see Mommy holding the spoon up in the air near my face.

"Eat your breakfast," she says angrily.

My father then walks into the room, looks at me and says,

"Get her out of here."

Next thing I know, we're leaving.

I have the mumps.

Then came nursery school when summer was over. I remember playing by myself. The other kids didn't want to play with me.

When I turned five and one half my baby brother was born. His name is Tom. When he turned one Mrs. H came to work for Mommy and help her in the house. When she first saw Tom in the playpen she fell in love with him. That's when she decided to work for Mommy.

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As for me, I had my own room, sort of. There was the big bad wolf who lived at the foot of my bed. He slept there when I was sleeping.

One night I heard him talking to the tree little pigs when he went to visit them inside my wall. I heard him say,

“I leave the bones and the teeth for last.”

Wow! Was I scared. I wanted to run out of my room, but I couldn't move. There were invisible strings attached to me holding me back.

“Mommy! Mommy!” I screamed. I could see her in the kitchen eating, but she paid no attention to me.

“Mommy! Mommy! Help! Help!”

Mommy just went on eating. And I don't remember what happened next. But here I am.

OK. I'll show that big, bad wolf that I'm not afraid of him. He can't scare me. I'll go to Wolf-Land.

So, my 2 ½ year- old brother and 8- year- old I, went to Wolf-Land together. We played with the Wolf-Land animals and the big bad wolf never bothered us.

How did we get to Wolf-Land? By going in my closet. In the closet was a special door to Wolf-Land and that's how we got there.

CHAPTER 2 Mrs. H

Mrs. H told me all about God and Jesus. When I told her I would have dreams with scary endings, she said it was because I didn't say my prayers at night. So, I said my prayers and no more scary dreams.

Then one night my parents went out and Mrs. H was babysitting. My brother was sleeping. Mrs. H and I were sitting at the kitchen table. Mrs. H was telling me all about Jesus. I told her I was Jewish and we didn't believe in Jesus. Mrs. H then said,

“I open my Bible and you open your Bible, it says the same thing.”

That confused me and it isn't true.

Then there was the time Aunt M, my mother's sister, an actor, took my cousin, N, and me to an actors' event. She ordered lunch for us, hamburgers on buns. The problem was it was Passover, a Jewish holiday when you were not supposed to eat bread. My cousin, N, said it was Ok so I ate it, but I didn't like the idea.

Then one of the actors was telling us wherever they went in the army, they always knew how to make a still. During WW2 they punched holes in a coconut and put raisins in the coconut water. Soon they had a drink.

CHAPTER 3 Hebrew School

I wanted to go to Hebrew School because I wanted to learn my religion.

I was told, "You're a girl, you don't have to go to Hebrew School," and they wouldn't send me. I started hating being born female.

But they did send me to Sunday school, which I would have liked if it weren't for IE. She just couldn't catch on to Hebrew so we did the same lesson over and over again, week after week for IE. The other students in class didn't seem to mind, but I did. I ended up quitting Sunday School. However, I kept the two text books and the workbook. The workbook at one point got lost, but the two text books, when I could read well enough to read them, I read them over and over.

Hebrew School would have prepared me for a Bat Mitzvah. My parents didn't think I needed a Bat Mitzvah. They said I could have a Sweet Sixteen instead. I wasn't interested in a Sweet Sixteen and I didn't have one.

As the years went on my thinking was different from that of my parents. I was considered a problem. For example, I saw nothing wrong in being a single parent bringing up a child. My father mentioned a young married couple he knew. The husband recently died after the couple had just adopted a baby.

"I would keep the baby," I said.

My parents didn't agree and were so angry with me for thinking that way.

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Also, when I was little and took ballet lessons, I mentioned at one point that I wanted to be a ballerina.

I was told, "Ballerina's have thick ankles."

"So what," I would think.

In high school too, I remember thinking, "Why can't I think like other people think?"

This was during the years leading to integration and I saw nothing wrong with interracial dating. All the other students did, except one other girl and me.

And the list goes on and on. But that's it for now.

MY BIPOLAR JOURNEY

Manic depression/bipolar disorder

Same disease, although

You wouldn't want to have it

It affects your thinking so

Sometimes you get very depressed

You don't want to move

You just want to die

And then comes the mania

When you can do anything

You can even sprout wings and fly

My Story—

“Mommy, can I go to a psychiatrist?”

“That's just for rich people,” says Mommy walking away.

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I was all of twelve years old and going into seventh grade. It was 1954 and in those days there was no one else who could help me, no counselors in the schools and no telephone numbers to call. And I often suffered from mania, always laughing and joking around, but I was not happy.

Next came eighth grade and my mania started getting sexual. I would make out with different boys in the school but remained a virgin. In spite of that the kids would call me "Whore! Whore!" I got into a schoolyard fight with V, a girl in my class. I beat the crap out of her.

However, grades nine through twelve I spent at a private school. My experiences there weren't all perfect, but not as bad as junior high. The kids in high school were more mature and most of them treated me well. The few boys who treated me badly I would just ignore, although I felt hurt. However, there was a girl at school I did not get along with and a girl near where I lived I did not get along with. They were a problem.

I also had trouble getting my homework done. It took me forever and my parents did not understand this. I just could not concentrate on my homework. Instead, I would write poetry, read poetry, read the Bible, and create stories. However, I kept that part of my life to myself. Although, my mother knew I read and wrote poetry and kept saying, "write your poetry down." This I did and am so grateful to my mother for insisting on this. I've been writing poetry since the age of ten.

But I suffered with mania and depression until about the age of thirty, when I was put on medication. What a blessing! Not at first. It wasn't the right medication, but after a few years I was doing much better.

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Then there was the domestic violence. My husband was forever punching me. I told this to some of my psychiatrists but they didn't do anything about it. I'm finding out now there were things I could have done.

We also had identical twin sons who died shortly after birth because they were born too premature. However, my husband blamed the doctor for their death and since I chose the doctor, he blamed me. He never stopped accusing me of killing my babies.

Today, all is good. I learned to manage my bipolar. When my husband got very sick, he couldn't abuse me anymore and I took care of him. He died when I was 67 and 4 days.

I am free!

MY DILEMMA

A TRUE TALE

"I really would like to live alone. But what would I do for money?"

"Yes," says Dr. M. "What would you do for money?"

I also had a 3-year-old daughter, Dolly, at the time. And I did not want to give her up.

And I had a husband, Billy, who was like a 5-year-old. If he didn't get his way he would have a temper tantrum. He would yell and punch me. I didn't know how to get out of the situation except to leave and to live on the street. I didn't want that because they would take my daughter away from me.

So, I decided to put up with things until my daughter graduated from high school.

My parents couldn't care less. They just couldn't be bothered. I asked them over and over if I could live with them. The answer was always, "no." They knew the marriage was a problem because my father commented on the black and blue marks all over me.

If I told my parents anything about the marriage, I would just say I was depressed. Then my father would say,

"Did you tell your psychiatrist?"

Then I'd say "yes," and that was enough for him.

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But my husband was also a psychiatrist. And I went to a psychiatrist, Dr. N, who told me after talking with Billy,

“It’s a good thing your husband is a psychiatrist or you wouldn’t be getting the proper treatment.”

I say to myself, “What the f—k!”

I now have a very sweet fiancé. He means the world to me. However, I do not want to marry. It’s enough for me to take care of myself.

My late husband died when I was 67 after 41 years of marriage. That’s when life started getting better. No longer do I have to take care of the person who yelled at me and punched me as long as he was able.

He became very sick towards the end of his life and I showered and shaved him and changed diapers and sheets at 2 in the morning.

But all that is over now. And my fiancé, Bruce, is very sweet to me. I just don’t understand the past domestic violence and why the doctors didn’t discuss with me what I could do. Billy died 14 years ago, but I’m still shaking from the violence. What do I do now?

THE UNIVERSITY

I went to the University of Vermont after graduating high school. My parents drove me up to the University from where we lived in Queens, New York. I was a little nervous but I managed. I met my boyfriend, Doug, right away at a school talent show.

Doug was a real Vermonter. He grew up on a dairy farm and was one of 11 children. He had gone to a one room school house and had a party line on his phone. He also went to the Congregationalist Church every Sunday and I went with him.

I admired the stain glass windows in his church especially the one, way in the back. It was a blue glass window with a white Jewish star. Then, after church, there was lunch in his fraternity house.

My parents were totally against our relationship. For me it was an education and Doug didn't believe in drinking or smoking so we did neither.

Then, one Saturday, Doug wanted to show me the apple orchard nearby. We drove there, parked the car and got out and walked. We walked among the giant apple trees. The orchard got deeper and deeper. It was so beautiful. I was in a complete daze being in this fresh smelling orchard. Then I realized. Where is Doug? I called and called,

“Doug? Doug?”

I heard a faint voice coming from somewhere. But where? Then there was no voice. Now what? I kept walking around and around calling,

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"Doug. Doug."

Then I fell. The ground was soft and I kept sinking, down, down, down, down. Then the sinking stopped. It seemed as if I were on a haystack on a wagon going somewhere.

"What have we here?" said the driver, stopping the wagon and looking at me. "You are different from us. You must come from a different place. I'll bring you home to Mama." And so he did.

When we got to Mama, she took me in, put me to bed, and gave me vegetable soup.

"You just rest," she said.

I looked at Mama. She was definitely a prairie dog. Then I looked at my hands and feet. I was being transformed into a prairie dog. I'm glad Mama told me to rest and that was just what I intended to do. I was exhausted.

After a sound sleep and more vegetable soup, mama and I had a talk.

"We are a community of prairie dogs," she said, "And you were sent to us. Our family is in the rug making business. We plan on teaching you the trade so we can go into business with us and live with us. How do you feel about this?"

"Sounds good," I said. But what about the people I know. Won't they be worried about me?"

"We can't fix that," said Mama. "But here you are and here we are. There is not much more we can do."

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"OK," I said. "Let's go on with it all."

So, I got a little stronger with the vegetable soup and the prairie dogs started teaching me rug making. The rugs they had made were so beautiful, it encouraged me to learn the trade. And I did.

There was one rug we used to travel on a lot. It's called the "magic carpet."

We fly through the air

With the greatest of ease

The kind prairie dog

Flies like a breeze

He decorates the carpet

With many, many leaves

So, you don't see him

Flying in the breeze

So, I was, therefore, able to see all that was going on at school by secretly flying there on my magic carpet. They did miss me. But even when I showed up they did not notice me. I am now a prairie dog. And so I went on with my new life.

Life as a prairie dog is fantastic. We can fly anywhere and visit anywhere on our magic carpet. A few years later I decided to see how Doug was doing.

He was now married to a German woman, Anita, whom he met when he was in the ROTC program in the army in Germany. They are now living in Vermont and they

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have a baby boy. Anita, and Doug fight all the time. Anita is now studying at the University of Vermont to be a nurse. She talks about leaving him when she gets her degree.

Doug has always been very demanding. I don't think I would want to be married to him either. However, I would like a college degree. I wondered if I could work that out. I went to speak with the Council of Prairie Dogs.

And I can work things out. I can get an online degree from a college that gives online degrees. And that's just what I intend to do. At the same time I'll travel. As for a future career, we'll see.

We'll see. We'll see

What's for me

Travel, work and

A career to be

Yes, we shall see.

POETRY OF LIFE

Wild Past-Wild Present-Wild Future

Poetry Of Life

Poetry of life

You shall see

All the wild things

You can do and be

The Red, Red Rose

Fragrant and fluffy

The red, red rose

Swaying so gently

As the breeze blows

Is this the life

I want to lead?

If the breeze blows strongly

I'll break and I'll bleed

Is this the life

For me ahead?

No, I've never stayed broken

And I've healed when I bled

But I'll live a special

Life for me

Filled with wonder

And curiosity

Filled with thoughts

Of nature and space

Of the minds of people

And of the rat race

And the red, red rose

I'll certainly see

Fragrant and fluffy

By my TV

The Past Is Gone

The past is gone

At last, at last

I'm through with living

In the past

The present is here

I know, I know

And if it's not good

I'll make it so

What the future will be

I'll see, I'll see

While creating

My destiny

Workaholic

Gotta do this

Gotta do that

This comes first

That comes next

No time for me

To take a rest

When I am busy

I'm at my best

Gotta keep going

On this and that

Sorry no time

To have a chat

I'll get this all done

In ten minutes flat

Gotta calm down

From all this stuff

And realize

I am enough

Gotta rest

Don't call my bluff

But, in the Bible

You may know

God worked six days

On day seven, no

If God must rest

I must do so

Spring Has Sprung

Spring has sprung

And also green leaves

Budding from earth

From bushes and trees

The birds love to chatter

And fly as they please

The air smells sweet

The breezes swish by

The colorful birds

Chirp as they fly

The flowers smile

At the sun in the sky

Lovers are strolling

The whole world is alive

The squirrels are dancing

Buzzing bees have their hive

Let's enjoy springtime

And being alive

Universe

God created for us

A Universe so grand

And a world so beautiful

With sea and sky and land

And we are doing everything

To destroy what He had planned

My Sweetheart

The daytime has passed

It's nighttime at last

So peaceful, calm and dark

I just was with my sweetheart

I feel his special spark

He is the reason for my living

He is the reason for my giving

I always wear his diamond ring

He treats me so kind and gently

He is my everything

Confused

Sometimes I feel

I am confused

On this and that

On this and that

Sometimes I feel

I am confused

On where I'm at

On where I'm at

So, I take a deep breath

And let it out

And soon I know

Where I'm about

So, I take a deep breath

And let it out

And soon I know

Where I'm about

And soon I know

Where I'm about

Life can be gentle

Life can be gentle

Life can be sweet

And I smile

At all I meet

But life can be tough

To deal with too

So let us be friends

Me and you

Let us be friends

Me and you

And support each other

In what we pursue

And the sky will be blue

With white clouds sailing through

And the sun will shine

On me and you

I Feel

I feel happy

I feel calm

The start of the day

Is here

I'm creating

My destiny

Day by day

Year by year

Helpful

Eat right

Sleep right

Think positive too

Exercise

By all means

It is a lot to do

Being with friends and family

Will be helpful too

Relax

There is a time

For everything

I'm reading and hearing

All the facts

But I believe

Above all else

It's so important

To relax

Time

Sixty seconds make a minute

Sixty minutes, an hour

Use your seconds wisely

Time has us in his power

Happy Days

Happy days

I wish for you

May your fondest

Dreams come true

It may take a while

Some things do

Onward! Onward!

Still pursue

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Pursue

Sometimes I think

I've had it

I've just done

Enough

I think it's time

To take a break

In all that I

Pursue

Then go back on my track

And do and do and do

Burnout

I'm close to burnout now

Be careful, be careful and how

Change the scene

To another dream

And take a rest

Right now

Sunshine

Sunshine, sunshine

Caressing, warming sunshine

Feeling, feeling, feeling

Wonderfully sublime

While being caressed

By warming sunshine

Loving Kindness

My birthday's coming soon

I hope it teaches me

To do deeds of loving kindness

For all humanity

For all humanity

For all our animals too

May all our lives be better

From what we say and do

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Evening

Daylight is fading

Evening's close by

Day soon will be over

We'll see the night sky

With shiny bright stars

And a glistening moon

We'll enjoy a sweet evening

Retiring soon

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Where Am I Going?

Sometimes I wonder

Where am I going?

Where am I going? Don't know

I just take one step

One after another

Making a path ahead

Starting out in morning's light

And end with my pillow in bed

Nighttime

Here I am

With my pillow in bed

Hoping to keep thoughts

Out of my head

I really would like

To sleep instead

I've got to get up

At 8am

To play life's game

Over again

So, I'll say my hopes

And end with "amen"

So, I'll say my hopes

And end with "amen"

Eighty

I'm eighty years old

But I don't see

Dementia ruining

The mind of me

And I look forward

To the years that will be

I love to write

And I love to paint

And a little keyboard too

And there is nothing like

Dancing and music

For a life that's good to you

Sleep

Now it's time

To go to sleep

I'll say "good night" to you

I'll sleep. I'll dream

Or lie awake

Thinking of all that I will pursue

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Ideas

I am tired today

I have done many things

Gonna rest and relax

And see what that brings

Sometimes when I'm resting

Ideas come to me

They float around in my mind

Setting me free

Setting me free

To think and to feel

Like floating in air

Feeling lovely and real

Lovely Day

It's a lovely day today

With the breath of spring

I see it in the budding leaves

And hear the song birds sing

I smell it in the fresh, fresh air

When the breezes gently blow

And hear it in the voices

Of those who come and go

Sitting Still

Sitting still

And enjoying spring

Is what I love to do

Watching the birds

And the flowers and trees

Feeling springtime through and through

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No

I'm tired and I've got to rest

Been pouring my heart out, although

I'm doing what I love to do

But too much of a good thing—no

All Around

I look around my apartment

I look all around

I'm so happy I am living here

This joyful place I found

I fixed it up the way I want

With pictures and with books

With comfortable couches and comfortable chairs

It's as wonderful as it looks

Friends And Family

I have friends and family

Who are wonderful to me

Sometimes it feels good not to do

It feels good just to be

Sabbath

The Sabbath is coming

Our day of rest

Enjoy. Enjoy

With what we've been blessed

She's Eating My Insides Out by Anne

End

This poem ends

My songs to you

Find peace, love and hope

In all that you do