

Part of the deal.

Being scared is part of the deal, I tell myself when I remember my brutal times.

Being forced is part of the experience, I remember shaking.

Being totally dependent on doctors and nursing staff, all inclusive.

I need to be grateful. I am helped.

I need to be coerced because I am disabled, unable to fit into society, a danger to society, this is why they gave me *abilify*, the perfect drug to be enabled yet again.

They tell you. You need the drugs, the cuffs, the needles, the fixation.

Treatment. Torment.

I am a danger to myself. And to others. Am I?

Usually, I used to be such a kind young woman.

Now I bite. Now I scream. Now I hide.

Being scared is part of the deal.

They leave you in the showers, naked and wet, incontinent, and stiff.

They yell at you when you go outside with just your towel on to ask for help.

They force you to eat when your stomach is full of medication.

They make you clean after your own vomit, because you could not digest.

They make you obey their orders or else.

Else is when you are not allowed to go outside.

Even when you can, you sit close to the massive door and keep begging for someone who will let you out. With their many keys. There to lock their many locks.

Their drugs make you restless, they make you want to move your legs although you are extremely tired. Your body is so weak.

Not even enough energy to brush teeth. To dry hair. To open the jam. To pull up your trousers.

They make you beg for other drugs that keep you still. From the restlessness caused by the others.

They tell you all is wrong. You are wrong. Your whole world. Just a sick fantasy.

Crushed. All of a sudden.

It feels like your heart has stopped beating. Then the beat returns.

You think you glanced behind the mysteries of this vast earth and blue sky. Dived into the ocean. You talked to them. But without your lips. You conceived the whole.

Fish. Dogs. Children. People. Cats. ducks. You talked to them all. Without any words.

Who will believe you?

It is supposed to be crazy.

Cuffs. Restrained. Coerced. Medicated. Othered. Helped.

This is why they carry you away. Against your wish. Against your silence and your peace with this
mystery. Simply because it is too foreign, you are the Other now. You scare.

Being scared is part of the deal.

Help.

Structure

1. Introduction

I will introduce myself and how I became a member of the ENUSP. Also, I will talk about my poem, which is supposed to be the start of a creative project. Furthermore, I wish to mention how important visibility of users and ex-users and survivors of psychiatry is and that different voices of individuals should be heard. Silence-breaking is important. I will present my own voice through reading my poem.

2. "Part of the deal" – A Poem to Process

I read the poem "Part of the Deal".

3. Aim and Idea of the Poem

The aim of having written the poem was to partly process my experiences in psychiatric wards which are still dark memories. The aim of reading the poem out loud is to connect with others through my own voice. I wish to find a community for a creative project, where experiences are expressed, heard and represented. The form of the representation can be a blog, a booklet or any other kind of media. My idea is to work against the societal taboo of talking and expressing experiences made in psychiatry.

4. Excerpts, Memories and Violations of Rights (UNCRPD)

In this section, I want to refer to certain parts of the poem and talk about specific memories and situations. I will not only talk about my experiences, but I will refer those to the rights I should have according to the UNCRPD. I will talk about specific humiliations, punishments and situations of vulnerability, from which I should have been protected. This is the most personal and at the same time the most matter-of-facts-part of my presentation, because I compare my experiences to my rights and their violations.

5. Conclusion

In conclusion, I have survived psychiatry and I wish to reach out to others who have survived. I also want to express how important it is to stop coercion and forced treatment. Any form of rehabilitation, e.g. after a traumatizing experience in life, must become humane and safe, especially for women and girls. I hope to break a silence through finding my voice and other voices who can contribute to a discourse against coercion.