



## From a child to a psychiatrist



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Dear doctor,

It's not easy to be me,

Who is neither heard nor seen.

People say I'm disabled,

But that's not what I feel, I think I'm  
differently abled.

I surely don't know, what 35+26 results  
into,

But I indeed know, where love and helping  
hands can lead me to.

I like corners, because there I'm not  
judged from all 4 side.

I like to live in my thoughts, because there  
I don't need to hide.

This world is so scary, I'm looked down  
every moment.

My heart races, my handshakes and I'm in  
torment.

They say, I'm not strong enough to survive  
this world's brutality

These words do not make me want to live  
in reality.

This real world is so black and white

Once try to peep into my world, it's so  
colorful and bright.

But now my inner world has also started to  
betray me

They too comment on my actions and  
belittle me.

It's not just in the head, it's not the choice

How to make them believe, it's not just  
inner voice but noise

A noise which screams louder than my self  
esteem

Making this life, like one of the dreaded  
dreams

This life is suffocating, please set me free

I've heard that you have magic pills, give  
me some it's my plea.

I want to talk to someone; can you be my  
friend?

And listen to my story till the end.