Susan is a 35-year-old woman who has had marked difficulties with intense emotions and risk behaviours when she was referred for Dialectical Behaviour Therapy (DBT). This is her story in her own poem.

(Note: There is reference made to risk behaviours in this piece)

It was September 2019,

In hospital again, If You know what I mean?
Cuts and Stitches, pills and more,
I was in a mess, couldn't get any lower.

Just another episode, of many that year,
Where I got overwhelmed, I didn't want to be here.
Self harm, overdose, comatose and recover.
This was my life I lived over and over.

You see I'd spent all my days struggling along.
Why can't I do life? What am I doing wrong?
Each situation I faced, troubled me
While others around me were living carefree.

My diagnosis eventually came.
Borderline personality was I insane?
I didn't know what these words meant,
So I googled and researched my mental torment.

Bit by bit, it started to make sense.
I wasn't insane, the relief was immense.
There was a name for why I couldn't quite cope.
There was a name for this and I finally felt hope.

My psychiatrist said there's a treatment for this,
It will hopefully stop you going into crisis.
I think it'll help with what you're going through,
But you'll need to wait , there's a bit of a queue.

So I went from one suicide attempt onto another,
Each time almost leaving my kids with no mother .
But I wasn't equipped for this life I'd been given,
I felt very soon I'd end up in heaven.

And just when I tried to give up one last time,
The DBT service threw me a lifeline .
I'd survived this latest attempt on my life.
So I put my head up and threw away that knife..

Covered in bandages, stitches and in pain,
I decided to give life a chance once again.
So checked my self out and to my appointment I went
And started my first my DBT assessment .

I arrived at Leverndale, only barely alive.
I'd waited for this my whole adult life.
From age 15 my mental health was poor,
Now 38, my years left were fewer.

But I prayed Dbt would be the answer,
As BPD ravages you just like a cancer.
Takes over your mind, your body, your soul.
I questioned how can I gain back control?

Then, assessments complete, the therapy started-
Session one overwhelming, I was left broken hearted.
Would I fail yet again? before I'd begun?
Was I facing a battle, that just couldn't be won?

But with perseverance, I gave myself time,
The puzzle became clearer, and things did align.
The skills made more sense the further I went.
My mind wasn't broken, maybe just bent.

Individual therapy ran alongside groups,
And unlike therapy before, there was no jumping through hoops.
I was accepted and validated by the whole DBT team.
I finally felt respected and it built up my low self esteem.

Round 2 made even more sense to me,
Things came together and I could finally see
A future that maybe I might just survive.
For my 40th birthday I might still be alive .

The final cycle and round three complete
It all came together and I was upbeat .
I was living a life of joy, fun and meaning
Each day had a purpose, I was a new human
Being.

And that has continued as the years have gone by
I'm grateful to be here so happy I could cry!
The DBT team has saved my life,
Gave my children back their mum and my husband, his wife.

Life still throws curveballs and catches me off guard.
I'm not saying life is easy, at times it gets hard,
But I'm equipped with the skills and knowledge now
I'm here for the long haul as long as God will allow .

So this is my story , a success you might say!
Well I hope that is true as I go on my way,
Living this life I never thought possible,
And I'll keep on fighting cause now I'm unstoppable.