These two drawings by Dr Helen Sharp, ***The Deadman Is Always Called Francie*** and ***Pony Dealing*** are a result of being well, happy and productive.

Drawing for fun not for dollar or degree.

I wasn’t well, happy or particularly productive for many, many, years.

Sexual abuse, domestic violence, chronic illness, intravenous heroin addiction, rape, infertility, suicide attempts, sexual promiscuity, self-harm/destruction, chronic anxiety, raging anger, insomnia, depression and violence.

I get furious that I didn’t talk about it, just occasionally spat it in the face of a friend through the language of alcohol.

I get furious that I still get self-conscious and fearful of a rolling-eye if I talk about it.

It wasn’t dramatic: it was a set of experiences as pure as any other.

So fuck you Eye-Roller.

The list lingered between, laughs, drinks, fun, love, orgasms, shoes, dancing, cheese on toast, sunshine, the smell of a horse and all that good stuff that makes up thirty years.

In my mental wellness now I have days I don’t even recollect living the list.

I look at the words on the page like an astronaut sees earth.

In my mental wellness now I have days I miss the list, because it feels like a huge chunk of my life is missing. Like I was stuck on a spike on a medieval wall, hanging in the elements, piss running down my legs and spit in my hair.

I sat in bars, I sat in art galleries, I sat in clubs, I sat with friends, I sat in parks, in houses, in universities, in beds, in chairs, in great clothes, on buses: I just wanted to die.

It’s not like that anymore.

I’m so very well and so very happy.

**Epilogue:**

Once in a while, with the right half-light, the right music, the right smell of skin, I am there, sliding through the list and I want to die.

Then a dog licks me and it’s Paradise again.

Talk about it, whatever it is that shakes you or shook you.

Fight like your life depends on it, it does: be well, be happy.

You can do it, here comes the sun.