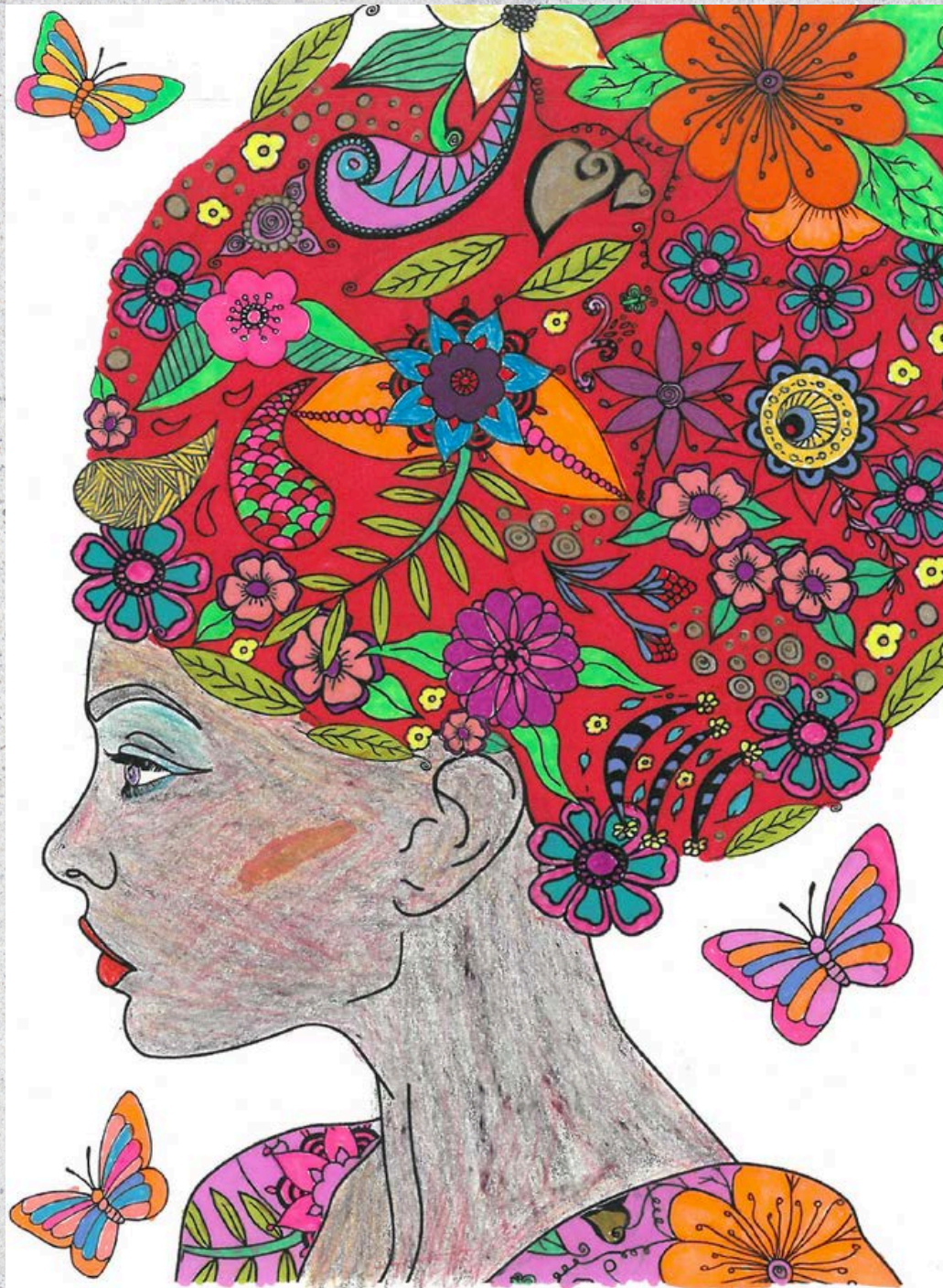


# PHOENIX RISING



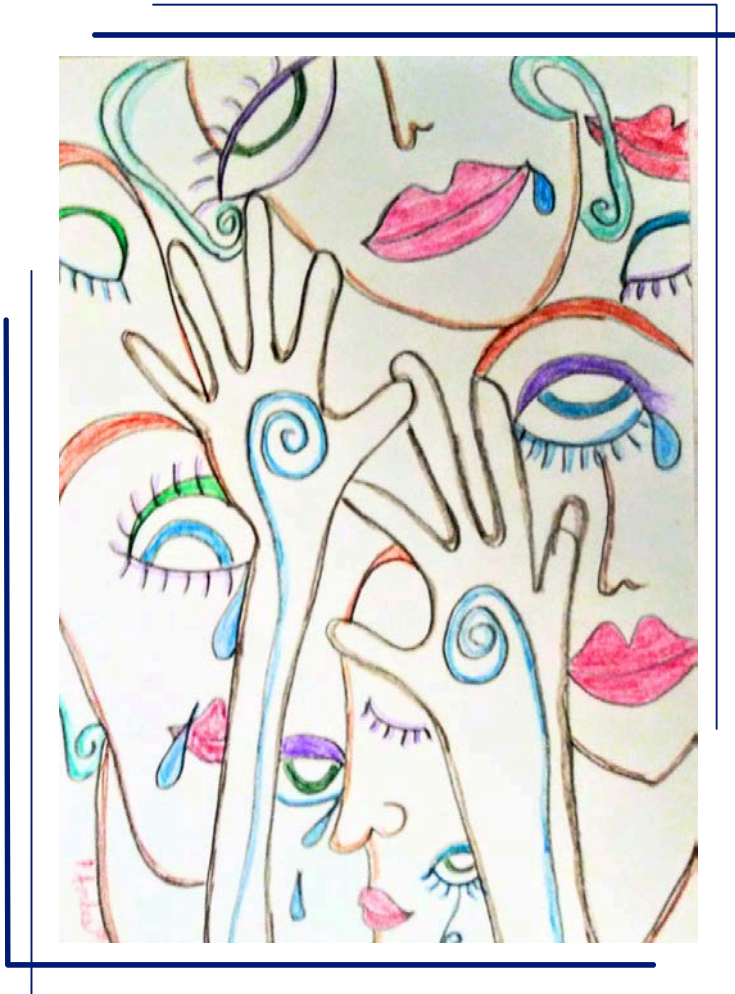
## JUSTICE

Voices United in Recovery

Volume 8, Issue 2

Fall 2024





**ART**  
by Patricia Andes

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## **Editorial Poem**

by Beth Wiltshire

### **Justice**

**Justice often begins  
with a small voice inside,  
a tear drop  
that says,  
“Things can be better.”  
It may grow to a trickle,  
dripping more and more  
until justice  
“rolls down like rivers,”  
as the Bible says,  
where we tackle despair and  
grief and feeling unwanted.  
We may cross deep oceans,  
making a difference  
in fathoms of  
poverty and racial strife.  
No wrong is too small to right,  
no hardship too large  
to conquer.  
If you need justice,  
watch for the lighthouse  
on the approaching shore of the water,  
training your eyes  
on the flickering  
yet steady redeemer  
of all beckoning lights  
where someone, anyone, is  
waiting to help.**



**ART**

by Carla Pappas



**Secret**

*Carla is my love*

My secret is out;  
I am a silly bean.

It is an easy secret to keep,  
when you suffer from depression.  
People confuse you with the shoe,  
hovering over you.

But that is just a shadow,  
it is not really you.

So, freeing to shed the cocoon  
that felt safe, but where I could not breathe,  
or smile.

My secret is out,  
it wasn't really me.  
Carla saw it from the start,  
now I see it too.

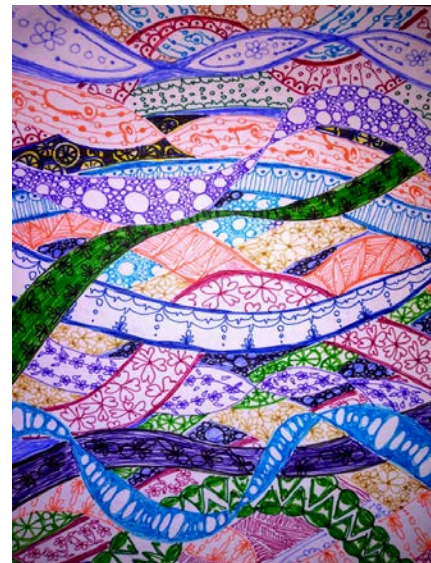
**POEM**

by Nicholas Pappas

## POEM

by Adriane Clay

I want people to know that  
I'm proud to be at RBHA,  
that I would like my character  
to show  
confidence, strength in all areas,  
in all my abilities and gifts  
that God gave me.  
And share them and help others  
to reach their full potential,  
even with their  
mental illness.  
When people say they can't,  
I say they can.  
I've been through a lot of trauma  
that caused me to be put  
in the system  
at a young age.  
I suffer from  
anxiety, schizoaffective disorder and  
PTSD.  
This place has saved my life.



## ART

by Patricia Andes





**Bruised and battered, but oh so strong,  
A spirit resilient despite all wrong.**

**My silent tears fall with the gentle rain  
Visible scars and hidden pain,  
Through the darkness, my light does shine,  
My beauty so deep and so divine.**

**In the midst of chaos, a flower bloomed,  
defying all odds, expelling the gloom.  
A portrait of strength in a delicate place**

**Though the world may try to dim my light  
I continue to radiate and shine bright,  
For beauty lies not in the face,  
But in my spirit that refuses to be erased.**

## **ART & POEM**

by Megan Burland  
guest artist

## **POEM**

by Adriane Clay

I don't take it for granted  
to wake up every day  
to see another beautiful day  
you have made, Lord.  
I want to taste  
every food cuisine  
and sweet there is  
like it is my last  
day on earth,  
like milk and honey and biscuits  
out of a frying pan.  
My pain feels like  
the tears of a clown  
when no one else is around  
like  
paint slapped on an art canvas  
when people  
hijack my soul  
or savage my character.  
Imani! Peace to you, Lord.  
I have mental illness.

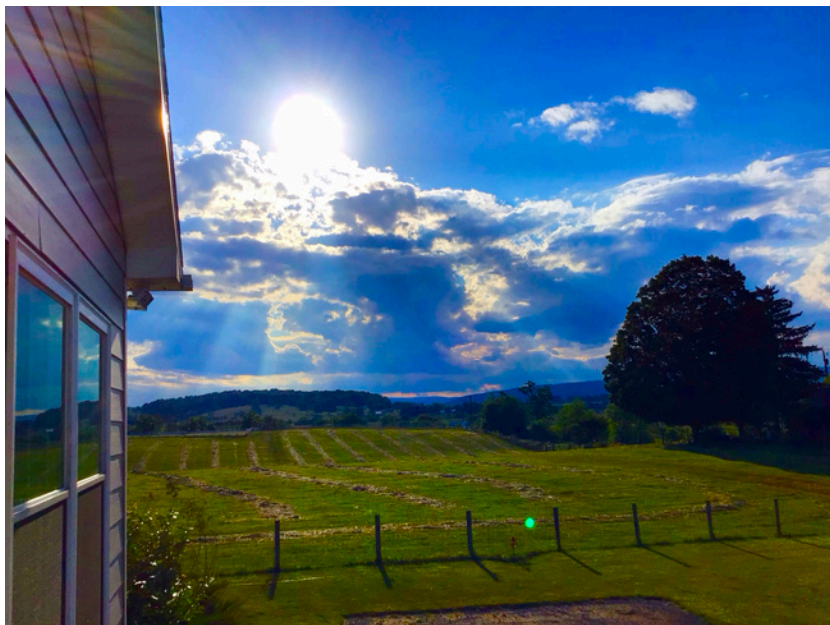
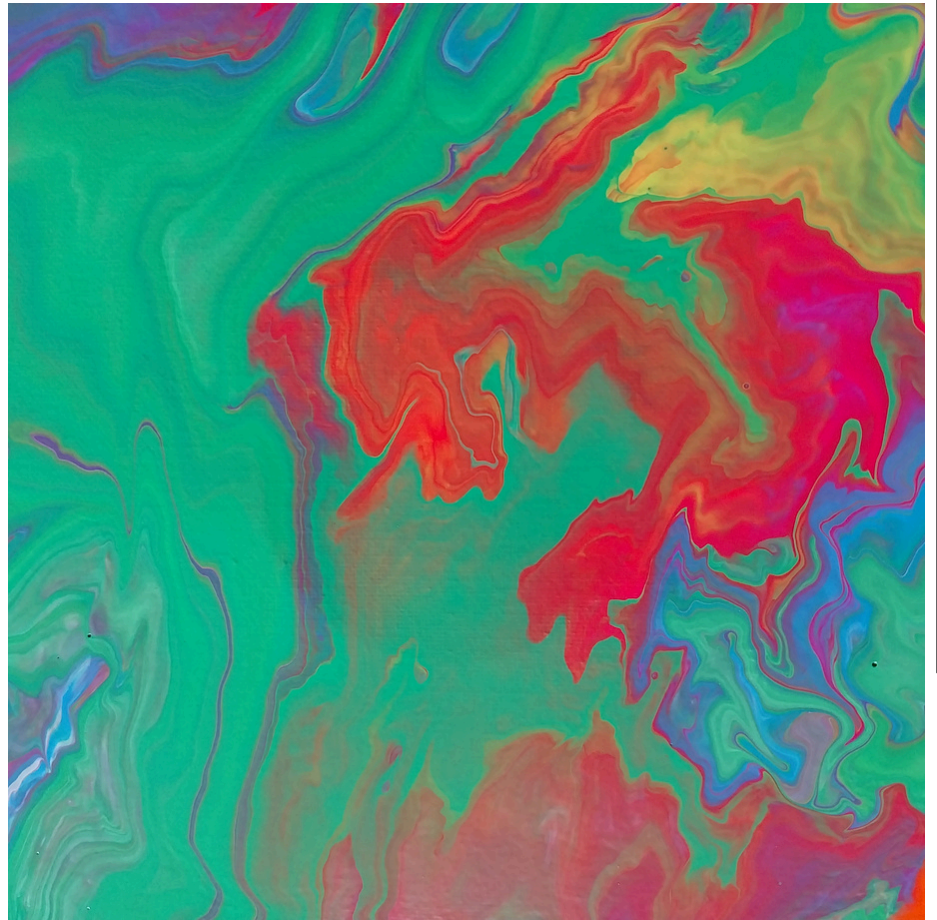


## **ART**

by Patricia Andes

**ART**

by William Torrain



**PHOTO**

by Luanne Holsinger  
guest artist





**ART**  
by Patricia Andes







## The Dragonfly Kisses

My body craves rest,  
rest, rest, rest.  
My eyes are heavy  
with sweet longing to close.  
I wish to be as light as a  
dragonfly who kisses the branch  
but no, sleep I must!

### POEM & ART

by Carla Pappas

## Immortalize

*Inspired by "The Dragonfly Kisses," by Carla Pappas*

We are back at our favorite summer camp-ground;  
I have written of it before.  
Carla naps, worn-out like the frayed blanket, that lies on the grass;  
it's visited many times before.  
A dragon fly hovers nearby;  
ironic that Carla recently painted a dragon fly  
and wrote a poem about it.  
It is as if she painted and penned it into existence.  
A good luck charm,  
a guardian angel,  
for one who has created beauty  
and earned rest.  
While a protector dances around her,  
I sit within reach,  
notebook open;  
a witness to a moment  
I attempt to immortalize.  
Oh, if only I could;  
we would rest, in this time for good.

### POEM

by Nicholas Pappas



## THOUGHTS & POEMS

by Angela Jones

This is called:

Where's my baby gone to.

He's gone home  
to see his grandma  
and his grandfather.

Where has my lil' boy gone?

He's at peace now  
with his loved ones.

Where my lil' boy gone?

He came in this world  
and his life means the world  
to all who knew him.

My baby boy  
is gone home.



## ART

by Laurie Mackey

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No one knows me here or my husband.  
We are in this place and we can't even be together,  
so he's lost without me  
and I'm lost without him.  
But one day  
we will be as one again.

I walk with God now  
and he'll keep us together  
once again.  
But for now  
it's just us  
against the world.  
I am not going  
to let this stop me  
from growing up!



# POEM

by Beth Wiltshire

The sky beats a hasty retreat  
as he obeys  
a last-minute order  
from the sun.  
He hadn't planned  
to unleash his clouds  
with rain.  
They are complaining  
non-stop, also,  
even as they  
release pent-up  
frustrations  
in their sour  
drippings, gushes  
and splatters.  
What everyone says  
is that the sun  
is supreme,  
even as he washes  
his hands of his responsibility  
and takes a siesta  
for the rest of the week.



# ART

by Laurie Mackey





**PHOENIX**  
ART by Fas A. Sifer

**To submit articles, poetry, or art to the Phoenix Rising,  
please contact Beth Wiltshire at [wiltshireb@rbha.org](mailto:wiltshireb@rbha.org) or  
RBHA**

**107 S. 5th Street  
Richmond, VA 23219**

**All submissions are welcome, but subject to editing.  
We want to hear from you.**

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**This newsletter is produced by  
Voices United in Recovery**