

When the days and nights are panic-
filled with unknown fears and dread;
When anxiety keeps mounting
Till you wish that you were dead;
When your insides won't stop trembling,
And your thoughts won't go away,
Come on down to where there's comfort
From the group at M.P.A.

You can sit and have a coffee,
Shoot a game or two of pool,
Talk to Stan or Fran or Nancy,
Bill or Phil or Barry Coull.
You can do work on the Nutshell,
Learn some carpentry from Len;
Join a group of women's-libbers,
(Or another group, of men).

Help contribute to the meetings,
Which are scheduled for each day;
Join the drama group rehearsing
On an interesting play;
Take a bus ride in the country,
Or a trip to Crease to see
Friends who haven't yet quite made it
Back "outside" like you and me.

If we all can work together
In this warm society
We'll eventually make it
In the straight community.
We'll forget our past of freakouts
And forever being uptight;
All the rough times will be over
And the future will be bright.

Anon.