

PTSD and Me

When a person has seen suffering and pain
There life can never be the same
The rage and fear that burns inside
Sweeps in like a rampant spring tide
No control of the rage that follows
Or the guilt and remorse in which the victim wallows
A legacy or karma some might say
Of the sight of horrific war torn days
To win a war and liberate through destruction and force
With little or none and hidden remorse
The revenge for this forever will stay with me
Like an angry snake in the form of PTSD
Sits inside me ready to attack
Taking all my will power to hold it back
There is no cure for this disease
Nobody can take away what my eyes did see
The torture and pain will always be there
Hidden from a society who tends not to care
Learning to oppress my PTSD
Will enable me to fit neatly into society
Not getting to close to the people close by
Keeping them at distance to avoid the pry
My eyes are brown and full of woe
Look deep into them you will be shocked what they show.....

Brave

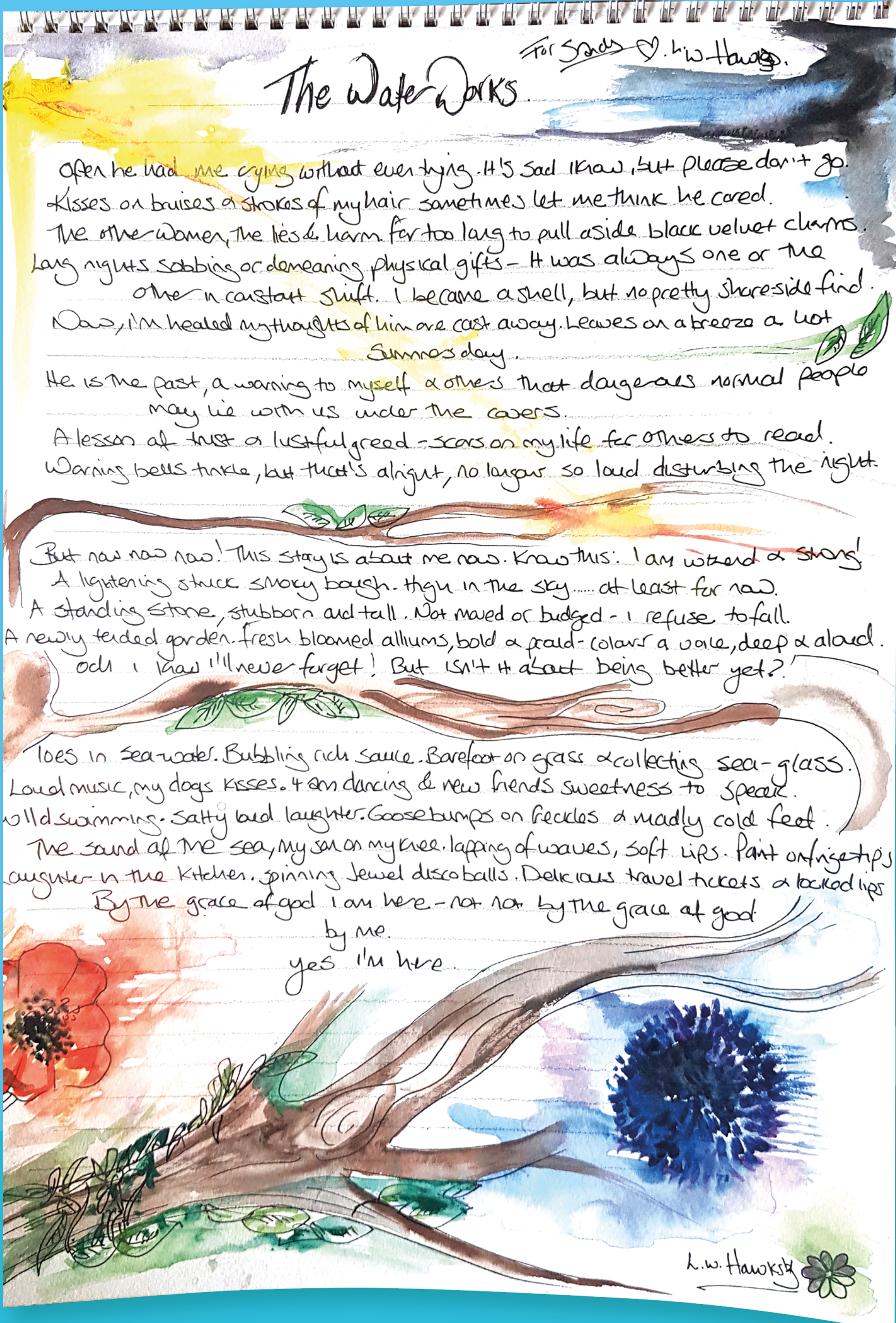
You put on a brave face today
But that is nothing new
You wore that same face yesterday
And the days before that too

It's like a mask just waiting
It's hanging by the door
If you try to leave without it
It pulls you to the floor

Some days the air is a thick blanket
And everything's so dark
Like your limbs are too heavy
And life just feels so stark

But each day you make it through
Is a day that you have won
Just keep on persevering
Until those dark days do not come

And no, it won't be easy
Maybe the hardest thing you've done
But it'll be worth it when you get there
When life once more feels fun



Tunnel Vision

There is light at the end of the tunnel
so illusive. just out of reach
while I give out directions to others but
don't practice what I preach

Do I need illumination?
A miners lamp upon my head
should I seek information from others
from self help books I've read

Or stumble along in the darkness
risking my life and my limb
following any light that is there
no matter how small or how dim

or hold on the hand of another
who's been on this journey before
who found that light in their tunnel
was through an invisible door

No, as this is not their journey
and this path is just for me
so if the light's behind a door
I am the one with the key

For the tunnel is one I constructed
and built within my mind
It can gradually disintegrate
and allow the light to shine

And I can step into the light
and hear a different voice
Live in light or dwell in darkness
recognise I have the choice

Sleepless 19'

Orange sky, head light moon, neon stars. London city baby.
No air to breath thats clean, its harsh and sticks in my throat - I sigh a lot.
So tired my senses wired can't stop, ticking clock.
Time passes like rain fall, makes the grass green but no sense to me I'm still the same - shame stains and mind pains, no joke.
It's all there behind my eyes if you look for it - through the tunnel, green enamel tunnel to the black - a black I get lost in.
Too dark to see straight.
The writings on the wall but I can't read, I'm reaching out grasping in the dark,
twisting turning trapped in my own head.
This prison - prism of thoughts reflect back - interlaced overlocking this aint stopping.
Wanna sleep wanna be safe but you won't stay and I won't make you.
Love is its own language - words sound the same but spelled different.
Words mean the same but change when you voice them.
Too many words or not enough, too many voices I can't hear 'em they're too loud they're taking over.
Shake my head see stars my bloods red.
Pain is real a Devils deal head over heel work that spiel til its dead - so dead you can't flog it.
Glass panes get in the way, every day, aint got no play I can't stand it.
Theres a whole world kept inside me, won't let me out - incarcerated suffocated but fuck no I'm stronger.
I'll work it do faster but it don't make me no stronger.
Instead the days just get longer, stretched on a rack.
Ropes tighten, don't fight em little girl they just get tighter.
So tired wanna sleep but I gotta sort this. File it, pile it, annihilate it out of my system.
Imagination turns to frustration procrastination.
Lie here counting the fucking constellations.
Dusk falls and night rises with the stars.
Shadows lengthen into black iron bars, trapping my soul cold - time unfolds, until the long years of my life are utterly spent.
I looked into my future and all I saw was death.

These Four Walls & Me!

Locked inside my square box, I threw away the key, no-one here can hurt me as there's no-one here but me. At least that's how I thought it was, until not so long ago, when I realised I'm not the monster of this nightmare that I know.
The hatred & the fear, the failure and disgust, were repeated at me every day by the one person I should trust.

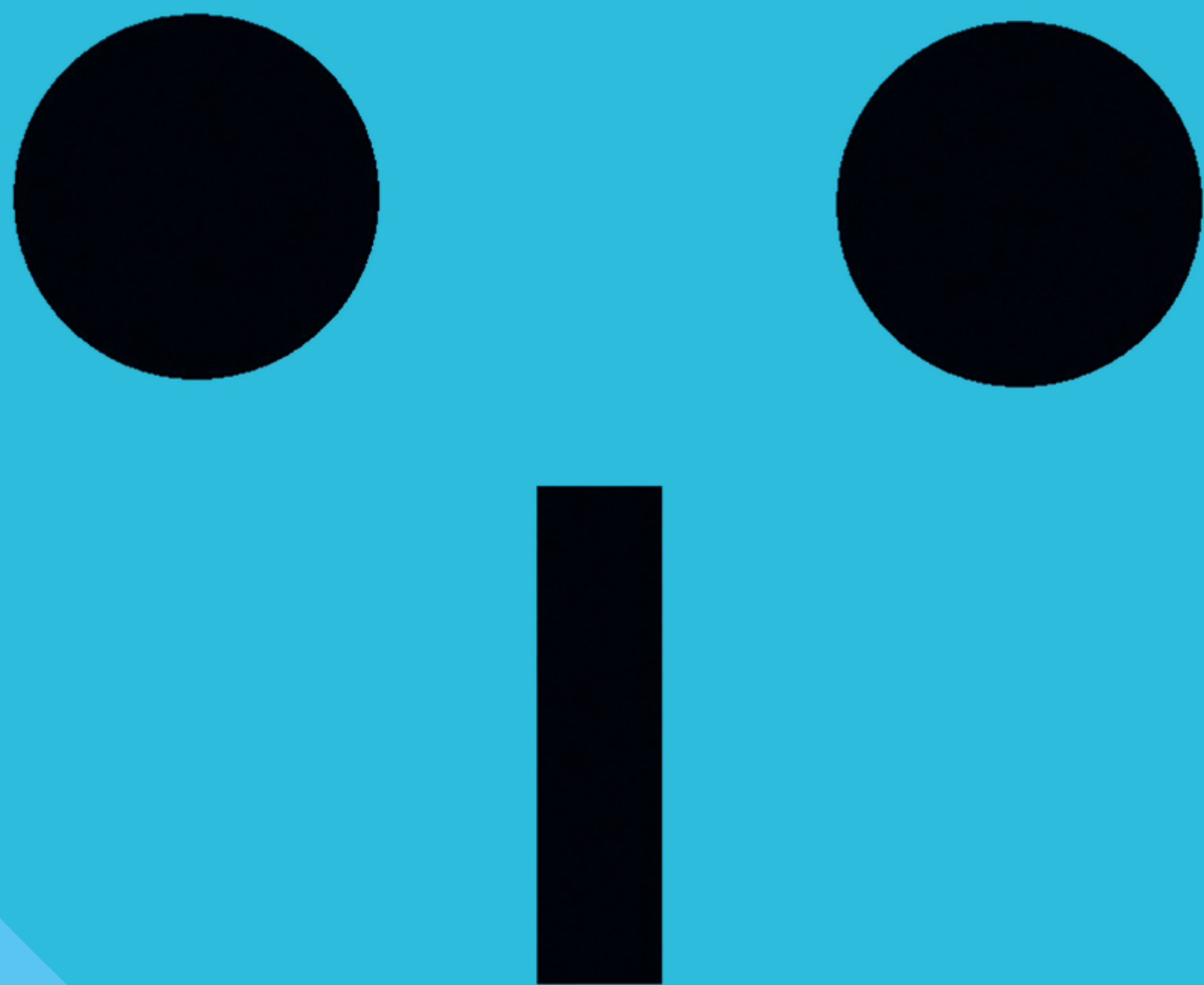
Clouded by my Mental health, I couldn't see the truth. That the person that I thought I was, had been blinded since my youth. That I wasn't the ugly monster, that self hatred made me think. That the fear that consumed my soul, had left me on the brink, that the darkness that surrounded me, was not part of who I was. Nor did it have control of me, that the anxiety used to cause.

Depression no longer has a grip upon my darkened mind as now I see the sunlight and I'm no longer blind. Addiction hit me years ago when I was very small. It was the only thing that calmed, amongst the horror of it all. I do not view myself the same, as body dysmorphia used to do, though it left a lastly legacy of a body I never knew.

I look at things more positive and tell myself I could, because life is all about trying and failure is actually good. That if there were no downs in life, we wouldn't appreciate the up's. That life is just a roller-coaster of happy times and mess up's. That sadness is part of this world just as hurt and heartache too and without all the awful things, you'd never feel the happiness you do.

Appreciate the little things that surround you everyday, like the sunset or the sky at night or a smile directed in your way. My life has changed in ways, I never thought it possible to, so If you're suffering like I did, seek help, as it's not you.

Upside Down



See how the silly just cured your virus just share your head like Miley Cyrus!
To catch this common smiley bug of Sad A viral smile for a spread of 'Glad'
Which fights that nasty Bug of Sad A viral smile for a spread of 'Glad'
An infectious head full of dopamine Protects you with a strong vaccine
Catch a smile upon your face And let's infect The Human Race
Sad is really quite full of contagious And for your health quite advantageous
So let's really quite full of contagious And for your health quite advantageous

Therapy Women's Services

Therapy is what it's all about
If you want to learn quick to get out
DBT they said I should do
At the beginning I had no clue
First there's mindfulness
Where you do less and less
One thing in the moment
I must address
Secondly I learn to tolerate my distress
It didn't come easy I must confess
Third is emotion regulation
Sad, happy and even frustration
That's what I learnt for the duration
Last but not least, interpersonal effectiveness
This was the hardest one of the test
Communication was the key
Talking between you and me.
There you have it, that's DBT.

Good days and bad days

Good and bad days, can be explained in so many different ways
Ups and downs, smiles and frowns
Different moods, to this it alludes

Bad days, feeling lost in a maze
Don't know where to turn, where and how to learn
Feeling very low, makes time very slow

A lack of Serotonin and sleep, makes me want to weep
Thought racing, overthinking-can't keep still, keep on pacing
Anxiety kills me through and through, makes me feel very blue

Life is in turmoil a rollercoaster ride, happiness all denied
Don't fit in, don't belong, everything is going wrong
Nothing of interest even ideas from Pinterest
Then.....

Good days, there is lots to say
Feeling lots of hope, can finally cope
The sun is out shining, there is finally a silver lining

All worries gone with the wind, all anxiety binned
can do anything I desire, learn from people I admire
Giving of myself, is good for my health

Good and bad days, what can I say
Savour the good part, a great way to start
You are worth it, every single bit, with any bad always comes good

When having a bad day, don't let negativity stay
Bad day pass, they don't last
Keep good days in your memory, even if it is temporary
Believe you are ok, then the bad days will go away

Broken Mind

I stare into the broken mirror
A reflection looks at me
One that I don't recognise
Release me, set me free
Emotionally numb
I walk back to an empty room
My body tired, paralysed
with fear
I sleep cocooned

Each day that passes, time is lost
On staring at four walls
Phone calls, letters, friends and family
I hide away from all
My bed is my worst enemy
It won't let me escape
I'm frightened of the day ahead
Take pills to numb, sedate

My writing is my therapy
It helps me find a way
To shut out all the world
and help me pass the time each day
I'm drained of all my energy
I wear a smile at times
I'd win an oscar for my role
Depression steals your mind.

Relapse.

The pain of Relapse hurts more than the scars on your thighs,
It's the realisation of failure,
the readiness of lies, already prepared on your lips.
Quick to explain the dismantled blade, as you remove the stains from your skin.
Calculating how long it will take for the marks to fade.
How long will you have to hide in the heat? And in the shower? And from mirrors?
You are your worst critic but crumble at the slightest critique.
You admire the irony.
And once damaged, you figure you may as well break.
Having wrecked all the reasons you previously abstained,
clarity is replaced by the self-hate you have trained,
to attack every aspect of your mind.
Leaving behind a choice. A pathway directing you to scars or strength.
A decision you make every day- but with slightly more weight.
And whatever the choice, you eventually make,
you will feel you chose wrong.
And whilst in this state, of pain and regret, it's easy for you to forget,
that in order to relapse, you had to be clean.
A milestone worth more than the insults you scream.
So consider the achievement, and ditch the self-shaming.
Yesterday, I was eight months clean from self-harm,
And quite frankly, that was amazing!

An Ode To My Bathroom

My bathroom has been with me through a lot of experiences
Obviously from moving, my bathroom has physically changed a lot
But mentally and emotionally, the bathroom is always the same

The main components of a bathroom are of course a bath or a shower
There's a sink in there and there's a toilet
Three components of a bathroom and three things that we often take for granted

My bathroom is my safe space and it always has been
I can sink into bubbles and isolation and relaxation and...loneliness
I can suffocate in silence with just the echoes of my own breathing and occasional movement

Nobody is there for you regardless of your deepest and darkest secrets like a bathroom
It's always there and it keeps them locked away, flushed away like the contents of my stomach after a binge
It washes them away like the cold water from the tap washes my blood away from my last self harm session

My bathroom has dealt with the vomiting from my first overdose
It's seen my cry without tears because I couldn't stand the chance of someone seeing me sad
I told everyone I was sad and mental and had problems but they weren't exposed to them like my shower was
When I was sitting in the bottom of it while ice cold water crashed against my skin, somehow burning it

It's seen the make-up smeared all over my face and my hair messy and greasy just like my kitchen cutlery
That I refuse to wash because it will give me incentive to cook and eat and then purge

It has seen the pain I feel from any perceived or real social rejection that I face and can't process all over my
pale tired looking body just like people see my self harm scars and assume the worst about me but my
bathroom doesn't judge the scars I make, it just sits with me until I calm down, clean it and forgets the whole
thing

I wish I could see my bathroom as just a bathroom
But my bathroom isn't just a place to use the toilet and wash my hands and shower
My bathroom I my best friend and in most cases, it's a lifeline

Happy Christmas

The bungalow bunker offers no retreat from the loud abuse of saucepans discovered in 'the wrong cupboard'. The roundabout in my head spins with teenage gusto, forcing my hands to my ears and my lunch into the basin.

The TV drama blares to a wasted audience snoring in their armchairs while mini versions of me build Lego utopias in borrowed bedrooms; oblivious to the kitchen Armageddon as headphones pour stories into their unsullied ears.

No one hears the bolt slide back or the hinges creak. No one feels the brief chill wind before door reunites with frame. No one says goodbye.

Silent grass under my boots is welcome after the crunch of gravel, two surplus leads wrapped tight around my palms cutting in for comfort. The spaniels have no loyalty to me and bark their rejection back through the woods. Now only Smirnoff accompanies me, giving temporary respite from the tuneless confusion beating in my head.

Relief comes with my back pressed against a lightning scarred oak tree, my thighs astride his root. I sit trance-like, until the owl hoots dusk and my eyes lose focus. My dry throat quenched with the taste of snow. My migraine numbed by frost's icy fingers.

The shepherd's red sky warning wakes the wheat field crows, but my four scores do not stir. Wet noses sniff out what fresh flakes have buried: icy flesh scratched and torn by holly, poisoned by her twin. Sanguine overhead and underfoot, but no shepherd's delight this Boxing Day.

The Hard Parts

I sat down to the table,
With the parts of myself
That are harder to love;
Insecurity,
Anxiety,
Vulnerability

They looked me dead in my eyes
And begged me to listen to them,
They explained to me that
The only way to find my peace,
Was to stop fighting them,
And instead, try to understand them,
“You must accept that we are a part of you,
Take our hands and dance with us.
Learn from us.
Let us teach you and help you grow”

All this time, I had misunderstood
A requisite part of self-acceptance;
The hard parts were necessary,
It was okay to hear them when I needed to,
To feel them when I needed to,
I realised that without them,
Pushing and pulling me,
I never would have fallen,
And therefore, I would never have learned to fly

Easily Pleased

I am easily pleased,
happy from most.
The little things make me smile
like butter on toast.

My new green pen
with a dinosaur on the end.
Small scribbles in notebooks,
letters I'll never send.

The way a cat purrs
and how dogs wag their tails,
all of my successes
and lessons from my fails.

Messages from my mother,
messages from Tori.
Starting a new book
and being engrossed in the story.

Watching a movie that I've never heard of
and looking at the positive reviews.
The different colours of daisies -
classic white, yellow, blue.

My love for stickers
and bubbles make me calm.
Animals that live in the wild
and animals that live on farms.

A sweet orange,
red and green grapes.
Getting so excited
that I struggle to sit still and wait.

I am easily pleased,
an optimistic soul.
In every little thing I see,
there's a sense of hope.

Not alone

Write a dark story in 3 words,
I talk to myself sometimes,
Even though I am alone in the room,
they answer back.

Write a dark story in 5 words.
I hardly ever go to sleep.
I am scared that they will show up
And tell me that,
I don't deserve to live.

Write a dark story in 7 words.
The hardest part of all,
Is knowing that I have an issue,
Yet, without them, I might feel alone.

Write a dark story in 9 words.
I have tried to be concise.
To explain what goes on behind closed curtains,
to explain what happens to me every single night.

I am afraid though,
That telling someone might make them even angrier,
But who would believe me if I said,
That I hear voices inside my head?

Haven

Body curves seawards
Breath catches
Accosted skin soothed
Now vital
harp salt sings over Scars,
stretch marks
Warmed ear to ear now
Fixing dull ache
In freshly drawn waves
Of joy

Hurting Still

Lava flowing through my veins,
I clench my fists,
praying the water will put it out;
it'll be over soon,
I lie.

I lie staring up at the sky,
when rain starts to shower the blades of
grass beside me
but this rain didn't come from the sky