

Cabo Girao, Madeira

I did not step  
from Beachy Head the first time  
or the second.

The horizon here is much the same  
but the fence is not safe  
for children.

Bananas grow half-way up  
from the beach. Shack roofs  
on a ledge would not break

a fall. I do not recall  
how to measure acceleration  
but today

I will be a bird, ride  
the thermals, drop  
from two thousand feet

the guano  
of my former  
life.

Where do you go?

You pick up a strong drink  
Thoughts won't halt  
It's just to hard to think  
Everything always goes wrong  
Always my fault  
In this world I don't belong  
Feeling like a stranger to myself  
Blaming it all on my health  
But what if its just me  
I'm just too ignorant to see  
To see the pain  
It's such a shame  
Maybe if I could just see the real me  
I would be content just to be  
I'd be able to stop searching for a purpose  
And shed my self of this guilt and self hate it weights a ton  
It pulls me down, It makes me frown  
It makes me lie. It makes me cry  
This feeling never leaves me  
Cradles me in shame, don't you see?  
I dream of a place where all my dreams come true  
But so do you  
But dreams may just be that, who knew?  
Being happy has always been my goal  
Finding things and ways to fill this hole  
That resides deep down in my soul  
Which feels as black as coal.  
Twisted and broken and wrong  
My hearts scared and cold has been all along  
Looking for the right way to go  
Looking everywhere but I just don't know  
Which way do you go?, when your feeling low  
Not low like on the ground,  
But so low and lost you might never be found

DAMNED  
STRENGTH

What if  
rock bottom  
is just the beginning.

A layover  
on a journey  
to earth's core,  
  
and beyond.

An exquisitely  
excruciating,  
descending,  
infernal,  
eternal  
abyss.

But  
it's okay,  
they say.

You're strong.

Dark Days

- 1. The endless darkness is a trap
- 2. it consumes you in the night
- 3. the ultimate possession of the mind
- 4. search the continuous void and see if you can find
- 5. any gold in the mind
- 6. The silver moon awakens the beast
- 7. six six six the devils number
- 8. as the darkness consumes
- 9. it over rides the system
- 10. A humans body cannot hold the power
- 11. hour by hour
- 12. The clouds lurking around the corner, covering up all
- 13. sense of right and all sense of wrong blurring them
- 14. together until they are one
- 15. A man feeds and a woman breeds
- 16. He eats the flesh of a dead animal and she
- 17. produces the child of destruction
- 18. The blood runs thin through the veins of him
- 19. The astral succubi leaves you drained until your life
- 20. cannot be maintained, you slowly slip away until
- 21. you cannot see the next day
- 22. The promise of immortality is a dreadful fatality
- 23. do not let the lust lure you into the spiders web
- 24. once trapped you can never break free
- 25. since once you are here darkness is all you see.

And Just Smile...

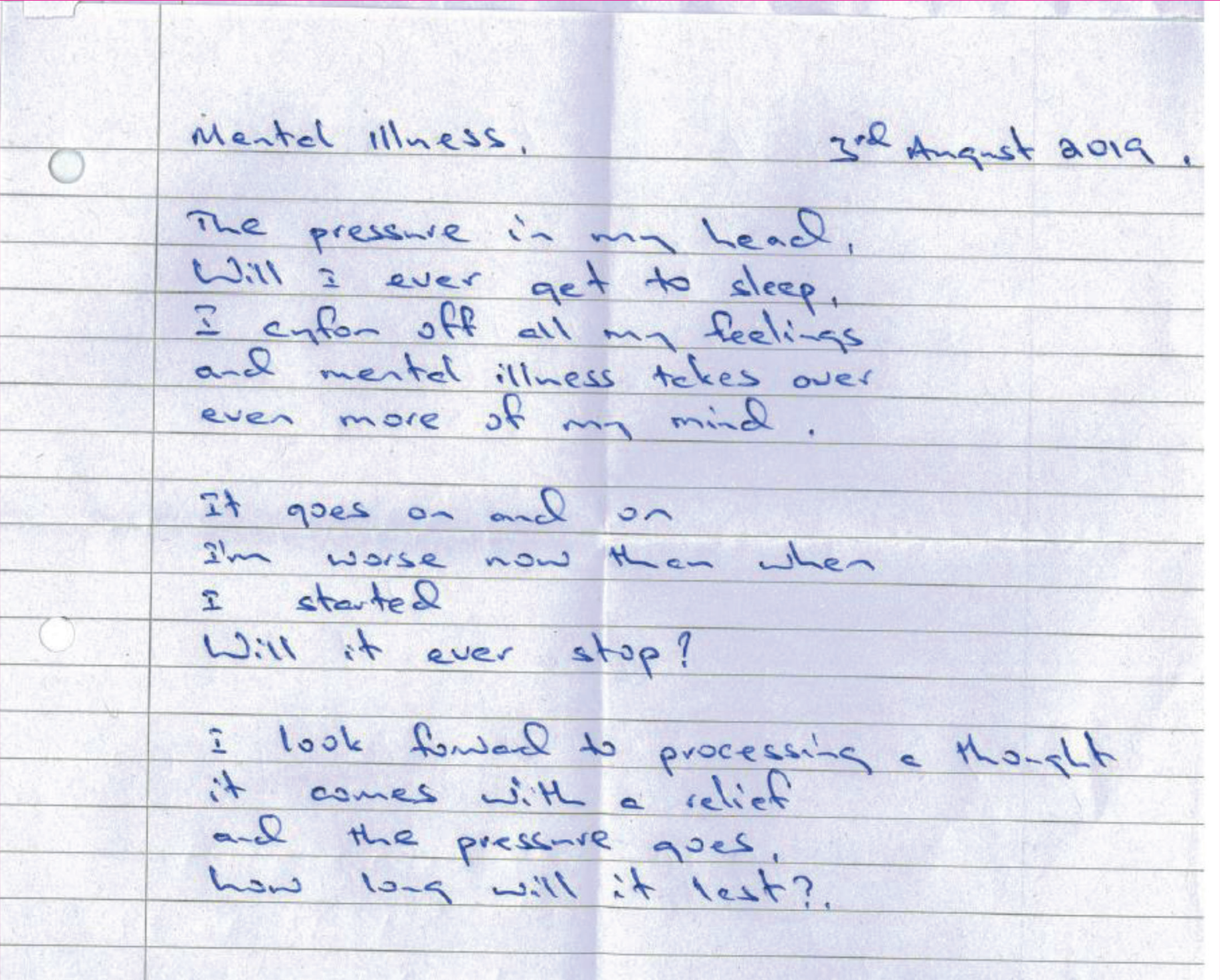
Fear of smiling to strangers  
Acceptance of smile does give confidence  
And just smile  
Talking to people  
Interaction of conversation  
Does bring new thoughts  
And the future  
Just smile...  
With confidence!

Crazy

How much crazy  
can one person hold?  
How can my mood change  
and then another one start to mould?  
How can I love so intensely  
and hate someone to death?  
How can this be normal anger?  
How can I be so tired after hours of rest?  
Is this a poet's heart  
or just plain instability?  
I used to be so sure of myself  
now filled with uncertainty.  
Constant thoughts to drink  
and then to get high.  
Thoughts to hurt myself  
to lay down and die.  
How much crazy  
can I have by capacity?  
Do other people see this  
or are we all driven by insanity?

Be Real

In between seems  
Isn't at all what it breathes  
I'm a frustration  
Waiting for Satan to come pay me later  
But lately I couldn't wage a favour  
So on my page of paper  
I have no one to compliment  
Complaints inner fragrance  
You'll do  
You feel me?  
Next time your not listening  
You'll find me blazing  
Thunders spread blizzard wings  
Under a hedge behind McDonalds wiltering  
I think NOT  
You really need to STOP  
With all inquisitions thinking pin  
It got me nowhere  
Dark and Alone  
Without a sleeve for Wizardry  
So you see  
What you actually  
Need to be  
Is believing in yourself  
N not others and me.  
- [ ]



Me Again

I am the bird afraid of flying,  
I'm the fish who's scared of water,  
the leaf that longs for Autumn,  
when the wind becomes my stalker,  
I'm the mower scared of long grass,  
the sleep afraid of bed,  
yet I really need to lie there  
with a pillow on my head,  
lie there and do nothing,  
dark reflections flood the space,  
be locked in my own prison cell,

avoid humans in the race.  
Isn't that just what it is? A race?  
Who's fastest? Who's the best?  
Well I just can't compete with that,  
I really need to rest  
my mind, relieve my aching thoughts,  
let myself recover  
from the battle I've just fought.

So tomorrow I'll be me again,  
the fish who loves to swim,  
the man who has stopped crying,  
the bird soaring on a whim.

Transfusion

I'd been on home arrest,  
for days, catching breath,  
my life on the rack. Seconds  
shook to minutes, awake  
to death, deep statue,  
and came to you hiding,  
falling, you put sandbags  
around my feet, your voice  
cool lotion to my blood, your heart  
came forward and pressed firmly  
on my ashen own. I felt your eyes  
beneath mine, they saw my life –  
ghost from a cliff, air blowing  
through me, I knew myself,  
my fate, you took my hand.

The Ghostly Galleon

The sun is a dazzling promise, yet to fully arise,  
Clouds reflect its light, creating pink and orange skies.  
The morning holds a gift of which, I'm yet to understand,  
Our ocean gleams with fortune as we drift away from land.

For weeks we sail, upon our quest, and I stay unaffected,  
But storm-clouds gather overhead and I am not protected.  
Throughout the voyage, inertia strikes; despite all that I've seen:  
We've conquered swells and dived to depths and all which lies between.

The Ghostly Galleon drifts with ease, across a blackened sea,  
No movement in my crew tells I: this vessel comes for me.  
A lonely lamp upon the deck is void against the haze,  
I feel the darkness reach for me, to rob me of my days.

For time I'm captive on this ship, it conquers all defences,  
Portholes dulled by algae start to emulate my senses.  
The key to freedom isn't with the guardsman of this ship,  
It's down to me, to climb back up and lift the galleon's grip.

The ghostly craft remains beside, for one more day and night,  
It tries to tempt me back aboard, but loses in its fight.  
I sailed that ship for many years, across the lonely seas  
Escorted by my sadness; drifting aimless on the breeze.

The times I'm seized on board again now happen less and less,  
Since finding strength I will not stay a victim of distress.  
I'm greeted by a sun of hope, at dawn the following day,  
Until my next dark episode, the Galleon sails away.



Bipolar Rollercoaster

My life resembles a rollercoaster , forever going up and down  
Some days I feel like I'm living in a freetown yet  
somedays I feel like I'm living in lock down  
Breath, I tell myself it will all be okay.  
Then why do I feel like I'm breaking away?  
The roller coaster speeds up,my hands dripping in sweat,  
tears drowning my complexion  
The roller coaster stops for a minute and I feel a connection  
A connection with myself, a connection with the world I feel fine  
Before I know it , I'm thrown upside down twisting and turning  
Breath you've got this.  
You're only still learning  
Learning to deal with the good and bad, the smiles and frowns  
My life resembles a rollercoaster ,forever going up and down

the telephone's burning  
it's you and it's June  
from that garden where you stood lost  
immobile for days.

we are many miles away from  
the shed that bloomed as  
we claimed ourselves reborn  
clouds swallowing the sky  
as we switched our bodies.

you ask me:  
*how many thoughts do you have a day can you picture a rock on top of a hill  
feel it graze your skin see it fall down to the bottom of a deep well*

there- in that darkness: you are the school office serotonin and rooms of boiling water fingers linked like  
paper chain figures slipping outside your body mother crying in the car as you went on a walk and came  
back uncured a record playing in the background hands floating, raw as silk the stairs creaking at night  
the moon curdling milk

I answer:  
*some people swallow fire like the shadows of  
something you work your whole life to forget  
you are still working on forgetting,  
that special form of living.*

As I pick up they pieces of myself, I understand.  
I understand the man sat alone at the bar, the glaze behind  
someones eyes when you ask them certain questions.  
I understand the distance, the caution, the anger that exists in  
people. Now, all Raymond Carver makes sense.  
I understand the heaviness of a duvet, the irrational decisions,  
the need to stay put and the need to run away.  
The defiance to give in, to use this to shape and better yourself,  
I understand that opportunity. The bruises and blood you shed  
trying to release a sorrow, I understand that also.  
I understand those tiny hills that feel like mountains, the  
mounting pressure over the seemingly unimportant.  
I understand the reckless abandon, either with cognitive  
recognition or destruction.  
I understand it all, but am not yet sure which side my coin will  
fall. Seeing the haze of an answer, but every-time I take a step it  
evades.  
But I shall stick to the path. Though its route may be pathed with  
thorns, I'll try not to stray. For now I understand, that the  
obstacle is the way.

The Tree of life

I suffer from Schizophrenia, an element of different forms of behaviour patterns  
where my brain fails to function because I was addicted to ill-use substance,  
a manifestation that suppressed me by hallucination and depression that dominates  
my mind, but I never turned to violence or crime.

I feel a lot better, I have my faculties, but still suffer from anxieties and it doesn't  
necessarily mean I am a danger to society. Without a doubt, the media don't know  
what Schizophrenia is all about, they haven't got an ounce of an appetite to digest  
the bitterest pill to understand the mentally ill.

If looks could kill, their eyes would be like a weapon of destruction to mental health.  
The media have no right to ridicule and depict Schizophrenia as crazy and insane  
because all Schizophrenics need tender loving care.

Calling the kettle black, could easily backfire to one who is arrogant and selfish  
because what goes around comes around speaking with folk tongues.  
Don't believe what you herd, action speaks louder than words, take a closer look  
to home before casting the first stone.

No one is better on this earth to treat Schizophrenia like dirt, as one for all and all for  
one to live in peace and tranquillity. The powerful strength of the universe carries  
an energy that consists of calmness and mindfulness to those who do not forsake  
others with bitterness and resentment.

Under a Stone

Leaf,  
you no longer know  
what it means

to be a leaf under a stone.

You've got too used  
to the cold slab weight of it.

Absence of light  
has turned you  
into a wafer of veins

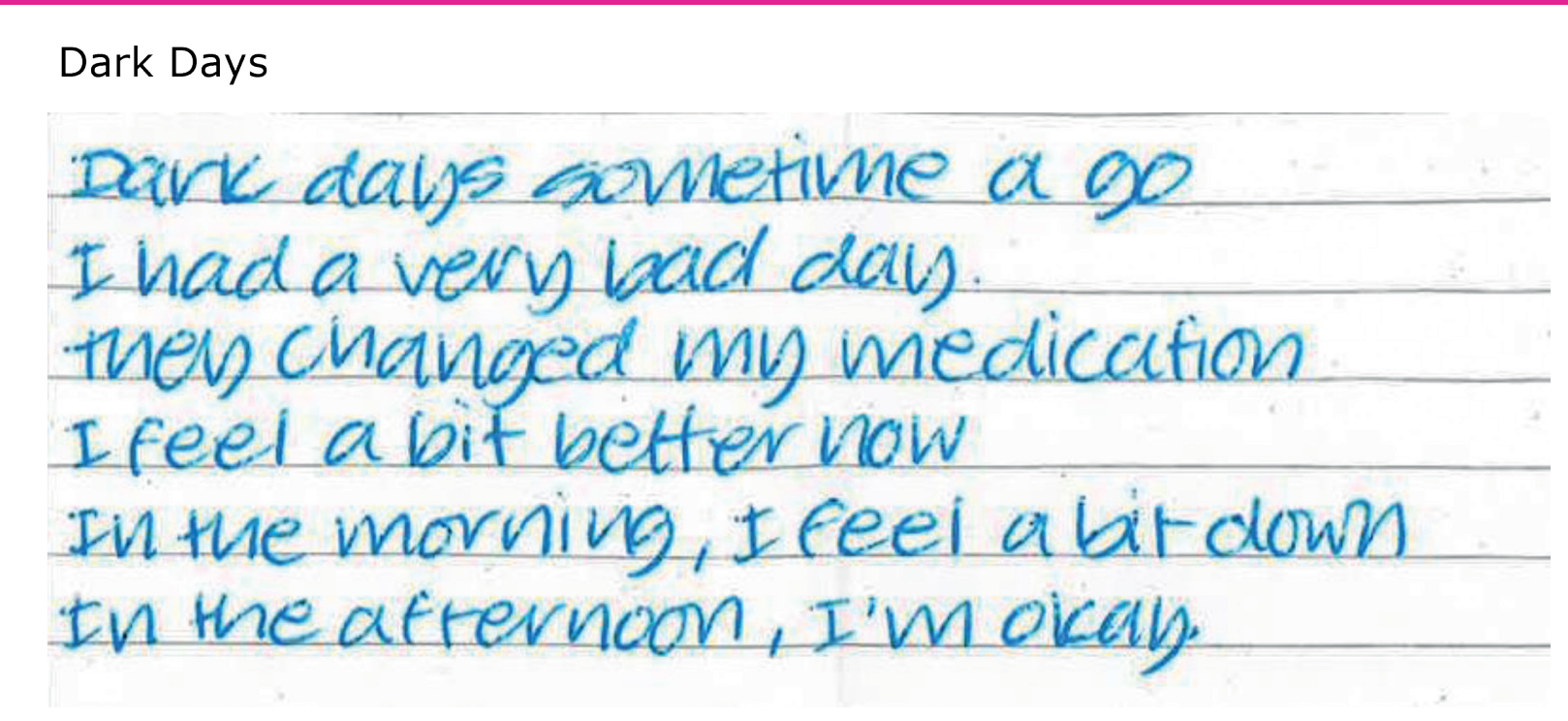
A leaf shadow.

One skipping day  
a child will come  
and kick away the stone.

For a moment  
you will like there,  
afraid of your own lightness

afraid of what you've become,

Dazed  
by the suddenness  
of a white winter sun.



Darkest Day (Before the Dawn of Hope).

THE SOUND OF THE AMBULANCE MADE ME NERVOUS AND JITTY  
IT QUICKLY GOT LOUDER AND LOUDER, WAILING ITS DISTINCT SIREN  
I LAY ON THE CORNER OF THE ROAD IN SILENCE BUT  
FOR MUTTERING TO MYSELF WORDS I COULD NOT MAKE OUT  
AN EPISODE QUICKLY ENSUED, THUNDER AND LIGHTNING STRUCK DOWN THE  
SHIVER OF MY SPINE SENDING ME GAPING TO THE FLOOR.  
THE AMBULANCE CREW UTTERED TO ME AND HELPED ME UP  
'ARE YOU OK', THEY QUICKLY INSISTED AND WHAT SOON BECAME A BARRAGE OF  
QUESTIONS DIRECTED AT ME. MY MISSION WAS TO PREVENT MYSELF BEING  
SECTIONED. THE VOICES IN MY HEAD GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER, MORE UNIQUE  
SOON QUICKLY THE BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS GREW MORE VARIED AND LOUDER  
IT WAS THE POLICE! THEY HAD ARRIVED OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE,  
LIKE A CHEETAH FINDING ITS PREY. THE COMBINATION OF THE POLICE  
AND THE AMBULANCE WAS TOO MUCH TO BEAR. IT WAS QUICKLY GRASPING TO ME  
THAT I NEEDED HOSPITALISATION IMMEDIATELY.  
SUDDENLY I AWOKE IN DARKNESS, LAYING IN A HARD BED. I DO NOT REMEMBER HOW I GOT THERE.  
THE NURSE ORDERLIES WERE BY ME. THIS WAS NO PHYSICAL PROBLEM BUT A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN  
OF THE MENTAL PROCESSES DEEP INSIDE MY BRAIN. IT WAS A SECTION INDEED!  
BEFORE THE DAWN OF HOPE LAY DAYS IF NOT WEEKS AWAY. ALL THE  
WORRY ABOUT HOW LONG THIS WOULD LAST. THE DISTINCTIVE SMELL OF THE HOSPITAL  
WARD MADE ME CRINGE AND DETESTE THE SYSTEM EVEN MORE. AS THE DAYS PASSED, NERVOUSNESS  
RAVAGED MY INNER SOUL – IT WAS INDEED A 6 MONTH SECTION! I THUS PRAYED FOR HOPE!

WORDS

Words, words words are scrambled in my brain.  
Making sense of them all is an enormous strain.  
Don't want to listen, cant be bothered.  
No energy left in this weary body.  
They've diagnosed cancer, 'you'll be fine' they say.  
Just go through the treatment and you'll be ok.  
These words are spoken with the kindest of meanings,  
But they don't add up in my brain and with how I'm feeling.  
I've read about positivity and embracing each day.  
More and more words that make no sense of this play.  
Then along come family and friends with unconditional love and care  
They don't give me extra words to make me pull my hair.  
We hug, we cry, we talk over tea and cake.  
Their words are easy to understand and the brain begins to wake.  
Maybe it's not all bad I begin to think to myself.  
I'm here. I'm still me and I can deal with it all.  
All the words I've listened to begin to fall into place.  
Just like a jigsaw that's suddenly taking shape.  
It feels good to start processing all the words in my head.  
Correlating the information and being on top of the game instead.  
So I've decided words are generally very very important.  
Knowing what and when to say them is even more salient.

Eighty-three Steps

This is no epic journey, no Voyage of the Beagle,  
no Everest climb, yet the eighty-three steps  
to my rooms show me  
the journey onward is always ambitious.

So on any given occasion of climbing  
to the third-floor landing, you are given over  
to contemplation  
of your future place in the world.

Beyond the cumulus clouds and chasms opening  
in a sky of stars, you must stop  
to imagine the world without them,  
the tyranny of the finite.

Time to ask my niece, Ophelia to be custodian  
of my work, here on this temporal plane,  
as if it mattered a jot,

better to stay drunk and ignore the fate of humanity.

Alas! If the eighty-three steps have taught me anything,  
other than rendering me short of breath,  
it is exactly this:  
love as if each step were your last, and never give up.

Fighting the Rapids

Where a year seems like an eternity to you  
getting through to tomorrow is progress  
Never have such words rang so true

You were a paddle less canoe  
Caught in the rapids under stress  
Where a year seems like an eternity to you

Day after day you have to come through  
Fighting the white water with finesse  
Getting through to tomorrow is progress

Rapids after rapids come into view  
A mind in turmoil the waves caress  
Where a year seems like an eternity to you

That inner strength you must renew  
the doubting mind may cause distress  
Getting through to tomorrow is progress

Subdue your fears your dreams pursue  
Reassess your future those dreams you repossess  
Where a year seems like an eternity to you  
Getting through to tomorrow is progress

