Departure

If I stepped swiftly off the platform in front of the next goods train, a flotilla of sea-going containers, sharp edges – fast moving, unthinking, if I did it?

They will come from the tunnel at the end of the platform. if I wait for Maersk, Evergreen and Hamburg Sud. The only person to end my distress is myself, if I can be brave.

It's growing dark and the impulse fades with the light. I have a poem in my pocket and Katy in London waiting to read it, and the blue and green containers thunder past.

> A PLACE OF SHFELY A GLASS CAGE CONTAINER OF INNER RAGE SOCCETY'S BIN FIR UNFORGIVEABLE SIN ENFORCER OF AMENOS LOSER OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS PUNSHING WITH FREEDOMS LOST EXACTING AT EXTREME COST FOR PERCIEVED WRONGFUL DEEDS ALTHOUGH AT THIS IT USUALLY EXCLEDS INDEED, THIS PLACE WITH IT SHAFE CELL IS A TRULY, TRULY AWFUL HELL

Movin' out of Here;

I was unwell den' I got better. I felt low and sad and I don't know why. It wasn't me, and I don't know why. I used to sleep all day and never go out. I was alone. Now I'm moving on, I'm there again. I feel better.

When I go out, den I feel better. Me and my mates hang and make music and I feel happy. Staff are good to me, they are kind to me. Medication is hard but helped me get there. I've gone back to college, it was well good what we learned. I can't wait to go back. My uncle still sees me, he take me down Harrow. We have a laugh. I'm ready, I'm moving on and don't feel unwell.

I want to fall asleep I want to fall asleep Never to wake up I want to fall asleep Never to feel again I want to fall asleep To be at ease with myself I want to fall asleep To be devoid of feelings, thoughts and emotions I want to fall asleep Afraid to feel, to touch, to love I want to fall asleep To embrace the loneliness that engulfs me I want to fall asleep To allow the darkness win For now, anyway. I want to fall asleep

AWOL

It's hard to be positive When the will to live Goes absent without my leave

Desolate Days

Desolate days drift down like leaves from winter trees to frozen ground

no sound no trace across this trackless waste this tundra

only fear and hunger for a time beyond this place and all the winding past

Oblivion would be sweet and still nothing to lose or long for nowhere to go a final unresolving no

Fairytales

I am Alice, not by name but by nature Falling deep into a rabbit hole My "drink me" potion procured on prescription No smiling Cheshire Cat for me, no A hound with fur of pitch and a bite that grips The Hatter greets me as his true peer He laughs with cheer "oh we're all mad here, my dear" I am Dorothy pre the rainbow The black dog hunted, she swallowed up my brain This heart has forgotten how to feel My courage? That old lion no longer roars For my "eat me" pills with my whisky Would waltz together form a fatal cocktail Yet I have not the daring to dance I am Red Riding Hood, strayed and lost my way Pursued by a wolf of my making I am the Beast yearning for Beauty I am Cinderella purely faking it Hiding frightened in my childhood fantasies To be anybody but myself Alas I'm not whimsy penned for I am real Human, weak, flawed, no sweet end for me No rhyming prose to make it palatable, twee Because fairytales do not exist

1000 Leagues under the Sea

I'm making this my last message From 1000 leagues under the sea I'm stuck in a vessel floating Because of the death of humanity

Can anybody hear me out there I set off in June or May I've lost my escape pod Are my wife and children okay

LET ME GROW

With nothing to do. But everything to be done. An opportunity for everyone. Except those they don't want.

Why don't they want you? It's not easy to say. A select few decide the rules. But all must obey.

They say you're lazy, you didn't try, You didn't work hard enough.

You didn't let me. You left me. I couldn't reach the top shelf myself.

Is there something wrong with me? Am I abnormal? Strange? Confused? Desolate days drift down like leaves from winter trees to frozen ground

and I am nowhere to be found

Cold Water

Here are the dripping grey clouds my eyes, closed and behind them

run streams, filling ice lakes, more still - yet empty, like a wolf moon

moor; or a shy sadness, its breath held in caves. No! More viscous

than that, damp sucking me in, dry papering lungs, shivers that won't

I'm making this my last message I have enough food and air for a day My health has started sliding And the main Hull has blown away

I haven't seen outside for a while I remember help being on the way Is anybody coming to save me Am I locked here to stay

If you manage to find this message And the bombs didn't end humanity Then look 1000 leagues under the sea For a lonely man, you'll find me

I'm sorry. I promise you that I wouldn't exist if I didn't have to.

But I'm ready to work. I'll do what it takes. I want to be your friend. I want to help make you great.

Everyone is welcome. But who doesn't that include? Those who are forgotten? Or those who've not been approved.

All I want to do is work hard and grow. Just open the door, and please let me go. believe in something unquiet, they watching me from an old picture

transparent, almost a wall, a door almost footsteps, a shadow inside

bigger than mountains, with air that's thin, yet blocks out the sun

Dredging for Dreams

The clouds loom low this morning leaning at the back porch, espresso in hand smoking

A VOICE TO BREAK THE DAWN

THERE'S A SWORD OF ISOLATION EATING INTO THE BLEEDING WOUNDS OF MY MIND AND THE ROAR OF SILENCE IS ALL TOO LOUD TO BEAR BUT JUST PERHAPS, IN THAT DESERT OF BARREN THOUGHTS, AN OASIS OF COMPASSION I'LL FIND I STUMBLE FORWARD, BUT THEY JUST LOOK ON AND DON'T SEEM TO CARE

Untitled

My addled affection And my wasted long gazes, Are dwindled to nothing Alongside the laces Of boots on the pavement

Unkempt and sore not talking stricken down by sadness bones and flesh creaking

'Streccan' and tall still yawning picking up my pieces clouds so low reeling

Dreary Nimbostratus, are crawling whilst the tendrilled Cirri lift my skull dredging

THE DARKNESS OF MY DAYS IS LIKE THE EMPTINESS OF OUTER SPACE MY CRIES FOR HELP SWALLOWED UP BY THE VACUUM OF IGNORANCE AND DISBELIEF FOR THOSE AROUND ME HAVE ALTOGETHER SCATTERED, GONE WITHOUT A TRACE AND ALL THAT ENDURES - MY MUDDLED THOUGHTS, MY LONELINESS, AND MY GRIEF

BUT, EVER SO UNEXPECTEDLY, A RAY OF LIGHT BEYOND THOSE HILLS OF TORMENT A VOICE REACHING OUT IN THE STILLNESS, AND ASKING: 'ARE YOU ALRIGHT?' IT'S A RAINBOW OF HOPE, MANNA FROM HEAVEN - OR FROM WHEREVER IT WAS SENT THE DAWN OF A NEW BEGINNING. AND THE END OF A LONG AND LONELY NIGHT

Whose purpose is nil And my heart keens in frozen On a high window sill, When I watch them in lonely And hopless embraces And the longer I watch them, the longer the laces, Can I tie up the ends And be grateful for walking Without losing fine edges And abstaining from stalking? I'm definite upright And revered in far places, And I'm nothing at all, I'm untied like the laces

To.Cage.A.Caterpillar

I am now a butterfly! Being caged is only a phase in my lifetime so My potential is infinite because I can fly with wings for now I know The cocoon was of my own creation; It stopped me from believing. Forged from my doubts and ignorance, I screamed as I attempted to break the walls of my cell For years I was held stagnant and imprisoned so I lost faith in a chance of freedom because I was ugly at heart and mind. By limiting my sight of success, I didn't foresee a future of welfare I remembered a past of sorrow Because I had no wings to soar skies of beauty, I was a nothing. I was a caterpillar

Reading you my love poem

I hadn't realised how much my lines revealed until I saw your tears,

or that words come easy to me but not to you

living, like you do, in a virtual world.

Not all answers can be found on-line, Googling autism won't cure it.

Sometimes.

Sometimes things don't go from bad to worse.

Dorkest DollS my Darfort Days when I was 3 ROTS MONERS. WORIT nod 2 Trebard TO See I can come out of charles Hospetal I had TO Stall A Haspite Until I feel something Deffer in muself for peng wander with My montal. Health condition for bolling Diganesol as Schezodeffeitive disonell propries lilling USOBALLIC I FOUND out Mental Health Act Stantal In 1959 updatal in 198

(Now read from bottom to top)

Blockade



I've barred you for Jesus' sake! And I'm certainly not of your make, I can tell the real ones from the fake.

Perhaps poppies purple to pink pop up on waste ground. The phone rings and an old pal says, 'Hi I missed you sorry it's been tough.' A lover appears, as if by magic, and whisks you off your bunioned feet. Sometimes your son likes his birthday present and introduces you to someone special, Your house fills one more time with the sound of childrens' laughter, You say something clever and it is noticed. Your teeth shine, your hair falls into place,

And your life does too.

The Puppeteer

Talking? At least, watching and listening. Who is that talking? Stood behind a screen.

Is that me? On the fringes... Differentiated... Othered... A puppeted camera.

Hello... Hello. Hello! Oh... Okay... Was that me? Huh, guess it was.

Demons and Dragons

I'm off to fight a dragon, Through sea and sun and sand. I'm off to fight the dragon, That terrorized this land.

I'm off to fight the dragon, And on my mighty steed I'm off to fight the dragon To help those of us in need.

When I saw the dragon, Burning village yonder through, I drew my sword and shield, And galloped to and to.

But when I saw a creature, With a demon on its back,

Don't make me scratch you out like leaves to a rake, This heart of mine is not for yours to take, You belong in the pit and fiery lake.

The bond between Jesus and I will never break, My raging passion will start a quake, So quit while you are awake. I've barred you – for Jesus' sake.

Not much of a Lovecraftian mess. Not much of those around either Standing alone, or being the fuel to start a burning flame. An anger, despair, panic or joy but never first choice! Everyone's friend but nobody's best.

Dancing! Very much, surrounded and cheered for. I am dancing. In a place where they can all watch me.

This is me! I am still on the fringe, I am idolized! This is hilarious! My mind is my puppeteer but I couldn't care less. Stabbing eyes and taunting lies, I cut dear dragon slack.

It could not see or hear me, So I cut the demon down, And now my dragon loves me, And never does it frown.

The moral of this story is, Not that dragons can be tamed, But help those of us that need it, Regardless of their flames.

Damaged

I'm afraid i've done damage to my brain, smashing my head off walls and doors, structures of 4 by 4, taken doors off, not by hinges, but frames from walls, the harder the better, dont let it fester, what a release as I crumble to the floor, not in pain but floods of tears, inescapable for many years, now, not so much, my head may take the odd punch, a little punch in the face, maybe break a few things, but i am fighting that demon that wants nothing but pain, in fact, I'm battling all of them, is there any chance I can win this war? thoughts of ending it, memories of those I've lost, and all the things that ive forgot, my memory for me is the hardest part, not too much remains, memories vivid of all the bad, but so little of the beauty remains, cannabis started in my early informative years, chemicals a little later on, and I can't help but wonder what damage this has done, messed up on acid more than once, I wondered aimleslesly head down, afraid if I looked up I'd be recieved with a frown, paranoid to a point that everyone wanted to kill me, lost and alone, shut in, no home, my life it went on and on and on and on! No escaping the darkness that followed me, lost my sister, lost my best friend, I only want the pain to end, my head feels like its spinning, self destruction kicking around my brain, and yes, I think its winning, I cant see the light for the darkness shrouds me, sometimes I can hardly breathe, amphetamine caved me in, complete psychosis and crumbling bones, lost days, weeks, years hiding behind my fears, no qualifications, some would say a waste of space, but they could never understand what it's like to be in my place, a tormented life that's brought me to the brink, deeper and deeper I sink, I've learnt lessons, the hard way, close to death twice, but there is light if I focus hard enough, friends and family that can ease the burden, make me feel my lifes worth living, so i write poetry, breaking taboos, allowing others to share their truth

The Good in the Bad

Family makes me feel special It's sad when its time to say rest in peace Keyworkers help in time of need ADHD affects my sensitivity The sun calms me down Food gives me energy and nutrients Smoking damages my system Buying gifts is an act of love Money doesn't last long Helping those in need is important God is watching from above Stop the hate and evil The world will be a better place Music boosts my mood Caffeine makes me feel drowsy Shopping allows me to be productive Being lazy is boring Some days are good Some are bad But there is always hope