

Sometimes

Sometimes when the blade
of guilt makes my wrists itch,
I feel the earth absorbing
my mortal clay five feet below.

This mud clings to me for days,
Acidic thoughts scour me,
a hollow tin man frozen with rust,
rain rinsing salt from my face.

Sometimes I have wild ideas
of flying yet dizzied by heights
I swallow cotton wool from
A blister pack to clip my wings.

I tumble within the turmoil.
Sometimes I feel ok.
Most days I barely scrape across
the surface of the Earth.

THE HOMELESS MIND

Sometimes when you awake, in some new place,
Bemused in dawn`s first empty timeless space
And, for a second, gasping - wonder where you are.
Imagine if that shock that shook your senses to the core
Beset you every dawn from this day on - what hell!
Groping for those intimate things you knew so well;
That old tweed jacket; those, well-worn shoes;
Distracted - searching for that favourite shirt.
Now where in God`s name is the loo?
Long established paths; tasks followed without thought,
Those daily rituals gone, now everything is fraught!
A stranger takes my hand - her warm and caring smile
Is one I do not recognize yet, logically, I realize
She must be someone I have known for quite a while.
Confused and puzzled, frequently frustrated now,
Distorted images fuse and whirl in my mind
Where life`s precious memories were stored, refined.
Actions, now repetitious in a brain that`s turned malicious.
Scrambled synapses that will not function in a line.
Still - occasional flickers of awareness flare - just for a time;
Episodes of acute insight, sorrow, emotional pain,
That last twist of the knife, final sadistic crime;
The blinding truth that what once was will never be again.

Try

I cannot tell you all the times I wanted, so much, to try
But fear of falling short of the goals was enough to make me cry.
I kept up the front, the happy face and pretended all was okay,
While inside I was screaming out having a battle every day.
I played the clown each day at school, and took the girls cruelty,
Because I craved the easy life and was conflicted in my loyalties,
A and A* they said i should get to me in my reports,
Needless to say my mental state meant I`d already fallen short.
I told myself if I didn`t try then really I hadn`t failed,
I thought I had it all worked out, I thought I had it nailed.
Each day I wished I could reach that goal, impress someone for real,
I wished for just one day at least, so I would know how that would feel.
They saw something in me, a spark, which is why their expectations were so high,
All I saw was a girl who couldn`t, so shouldn`t bother to try.
I couldn`t bare the judgement the girls talking on the other side of their faces,
I didn't collect my GCSE `s, I knew there would be no aces.
My plan had worked, I didn`t try, so fail? I never could,
I received my letter in the post and earned the average scores I knew I would.
To this day I struggle with and probably always will,
Belief in myself and the things I can achieve, is there some time still?
It ticks on by and I haven't achieved half the things I wanted to,
But now I see these traits, in my own children, coming through
How to get them to see that to try, and fail is just not true!
For if you've tried and haven't earned the result you were aiming for,
Surely, you`re just a little wiser than the time you tried before.

Outbound Journey

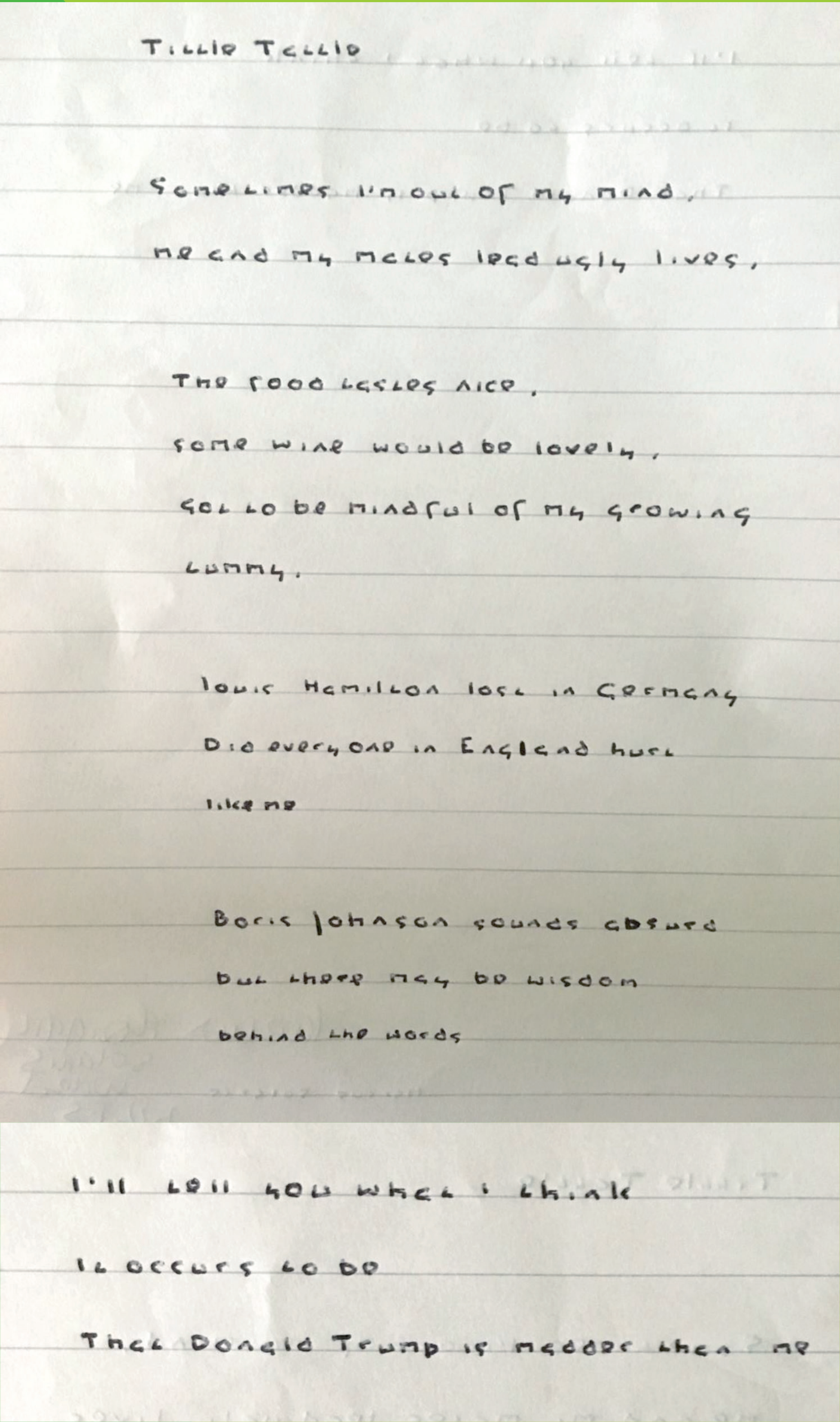
We move as one through our burning departure
No sight of breath
No aim but to let our hands slip to nothingness
No body allowing contact with another
No skin to rest upon for even a moment
No intertwined allegiance of innocence
No sympathetic look of lust from a partner
No interaction of lip
Bear witness to the end of consciousness
Where we lay to rest
Where fluids emerge from our eyes
Where the desensitisation of pain occurs
Where passersby think not of our inactivities
Where the desire to alter the present diminishes
Where entrapment becomes home
Where no more than a machine allows for life
Death riddled within our minds
No ulterior state but that
Where we are no longer present

Being the Universe

The universe is inside me.
I am the earth, the moon, the stars
All wrapped up into one human being
Like a neat little disguise.
A bubble of grey surrounds me, suffocates me
Occasionally bursting for a glimpse of freedom,
A breath of fresh air.
Then it encompasses me again.
Ice takes over my heart.
Creation is within me,
In my blood, my mind, my soul.
It is.
I am the universe.
The earth, the moon, the stars.
I am.

Brave

I am brave
Today, I asked for help
I am courageous
Even though I don't know where to start
I am a warrior
As I can fight no longer
I am strong
Although I never felt so weak
I am heroic
As no-one is beyond saving
I am brave
Because today, I asked for help



Cry

Cry if you need
Let the tears wash your worries away
Feel the warmth on your cheek
Remind you that you're okay
Cry if you need
There is no shame
You've been strong so long
With all the problem you overcame
Cry if you need
Relax and let you body take over
It will do exactly what you need
In order to recover

A space no one can hear you
That room inside your head
A loft of information
Thoughts whirring round in bed
A brain with constant aching
So fearful and so mixed
A mind which keeps on breaking
And desperate to be fixed
To battle hard with darkness
Without seeing any light
Putting on a brave face
Inside a great big fight
A choice not made so lightly
Perhaps regret too late
Making that decision
To take your own sweet fate
We take a lot for granted
Absorbed in our own strife
Racing round like robots
And missing out on life
Look beyond your person
Be kind to those you see
Inside they could be yearning
To share their thoughts with thee

It will pass

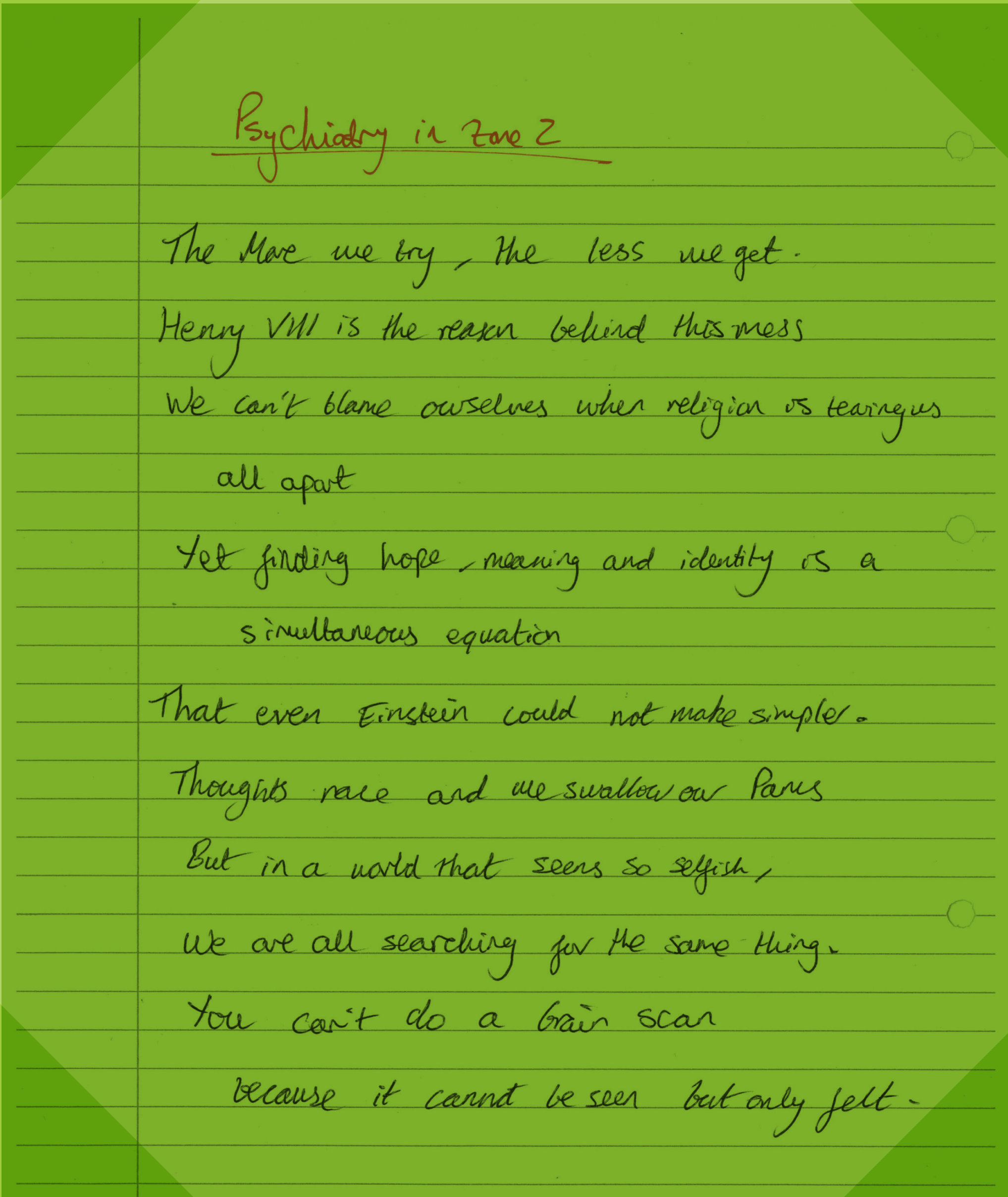
In the morning
the dawn of my blackest days
sinking into my guilt ridden haze
depression lasting for days
voices talking in my mind
sometimes angry and unkind
In the distance a bell ringing
clinging to the fact that it'll pass
if friends knew what I was going through
they'd be aghast
but they I am busy with their own lives
it's me who has to survive
I know that life is in me I have to stay alive.

Escape

Head pounding, I craved escape
As you pushed me down and pummelled me with words,
Screaming about how you were with another girl last night,
And how she was prettier than me-
Skinnier- with a bigger bum and perkier breasts.
Taunting me about the waitress who gave you her number
And how you had plans to go to the gallery-
Just so you could tell her she was the most beautiful art in the room.
I took it all. (Prettier)
I thought I loved you. (Skinnier)
It took you cheating with the girl in choir-
Almost identical (down to the hair and smile) but younger,
For me to finally see that you were a drug and I was addicted.
That's when I realised that it was never love.

I escaped.

It's really fashionable nowadays,
you know, to be a bit mental.
Not the full ticket, attention seeking,
A few sandwiches short of a really shit picnic.
Fashionable.
You know, like new trainers, Spotify, jumpsuits, hipster cafe bars.
Fashionable, like coconuts, smashed avocados, Netflix and silent hybrid cars.
This isn't something trivial to be fixed by a platform brogue.
If mental health is fashion then I'm on the front row, subscribed to Vogue.
A fully paid up member, on her 19th annual edition.
If you believe that I would choose this feeling, then I make it my mission
Walk a mile in my head and promise me you'll listen.
I'd rather have a new slogan tshirt than silently cry at night.
I'd rather have the latest iPhone than feel I can never do right.
I'd rather peek through brand new shutters than hide behind them in the dark.
Id rather go to the Nike shop than deal with this torturous anxiety lark.
If this is just fashion then I wish I'd kept the receipt.
I could take it all back and not live life on repeat.
I'd rather never take another pill again for as long as I exist.
I'd rather reside at Westfield than, well, you get the gist.
Fashionable.
Just think about that for a minute.
You think that someone would choose such a dire situation and throw them self right in it?
If you think this is a passing trend then hurry while stocks last.
You'd have been first in the queue to bag the truth, if only you had asked.



There is something,
Heavy and dark,
It is highly populated,
Yet not understood,
Unmapped. Busy but silent,
Noisy but mute,
You scream like the others,
But nobody looks,
Nobody notices,
It feels like nobody cares,
This is the cloudiness,
That never fails.
But don't listen to it,
I have been there with you,
Suffered the same,
And known the shame,
People are here,
Willing to listen,
Willing to notice,
If you only let them,
It won't win,
When you have people behind you,
So if you need an ear,
Just shout me near,
And I will help you,
Any way I can.

when the rainwater floods the street
don't feel blue
when your clothes are soaked through
don't feel blue
when you can't swim against the current
don't feel blue
when the tsunami is approaching land
don't feel blue
when you're slowly drowning in the ocean
don't feel blue

when you think no one cares
I do
when you don't see the future
I do

when I'm sailing by your side
don't feel blue

GOOD CRAZY

You see being crazy is not all that bad as it seems.
After all there is good crazy and bad crazy.
I always have seen myself as good crazy
but I guess most people see themselves as good.
Even the bad ones
But we can always justify what we have done.

Until the last days when you don't bother with people at all.
They are just there like props in a stage production that no one will ever see.

I talked to the man in the street today, he paints the same town every day.
he says he paints everyday.
He painted over a couple of people in his painting and just like that they were gone murdered, seizing to exist.
He had the power of life in his brush
the power of a god
but me I would prefer to create then kill so you see good crazy that is me.

Ankle-deep, but swift as sunlight;
Abandoning all direction.
Playmates teamed in rock pool joy,
Splash, but never swim.
Home is at my feet again;
Soggy white on dusky yellow.
A whirlwind with a nose;
A heart within a cloud.

Come here, Daisy.
Good girl.

Garden

She sang hymns in the garden, arms stretched wide. She
held my hands in prayer,
in that place where lack of faith
was like a badge of honour. She sang so high,
eyes to the clouds- I collapsed inside
under the weight of her faith,
at the sight of her face lifted up to the sky.

She sang so hard. My eyes stung
with tears, through the smoke she exhaled
through her nose, through the song.
I longed to escape, yet stayed there with her,
leaning in to learn the fervour off her.

She was moved to a different ward,
but I was left with the notes of her song.
It seemed so long in the garden that day,
but now felt too brief.

Eleven days went by. I lost the melody,
frustrating the tip of my tongue.
Other things claimed my memory. I began to move on.
We never met again, that girl and I, but though I wasn't
born again, I did not die.

The Well of Self-Love

The well of my self love
Refills after running dry since May,
And the days before.
It fills slowly with water from
The holy spring of a clear
Mind and a focus on myself,
Instead of the things I
Can not control.
God hears my weeks of praying,
Asking him to open
The rains above to fill my well.
It fills slowly, but it fills.

The Therapy Inside Of Me

I'm in therapy right now for my life
it all feels as sharp as the blade of a knife
so many tears and emotions
there's enough that could fill the oceans
I used to think that getting help would make me weak
when in fact, it gives me the power that I've always had to speak
I will be able to take my OCD's hand
just like when you pick a seashell out of the sand
I will dance with my demons with grace
to challenge my mind, heart and soul to embrace
I will look them right in their hypnotizing eyes
so I have to keep in mind that healing is the one true prize
this beautiful trauma that I will heal
with everything inside of me that there is to feel
OCD, you are okay to stay
however I will no longer let you get in my way
observing, feeling and accepting my pain just makes me stronger
I will not allow you to bully me with your guilt any longer
I accept that you try to protect me
but you have to let me be free
like a bird who spreads her wings
then in the morning she sings
I will welcome my monsters for the ride
one last thing OCD, you will not take my pride

Fight and Flight

You're all up there without a care,
And I'm down here, with none to share.

I don't know how you crept back in,
Sept your poison through my skin.

You bite me whilst I tried to run,
If I had stayed you may be gone...
But run I did and run I do,
Everyday been fought by you.

I'm tired of your brutal game,
Every morning's beast to tame.
I couldn't face tonight's surprise,
And tears prick behind my eyes.

I know you've won, you're mean, unfair,
What worries me is you're still there.
A pit of doom I need to flee,
Flea back to live, to being me.

And whilst they sit with happy face,
Mine tear stained. A fall from grace.

Perhaps I let myself be fooled;
That you were capable of being ruled.
But ruled you're not and here I am,
A wash with panic amongst the calm.

THE DEVIL'S WAFFLE.

I wake up in the morning the devil's waffle greets me.
I check today's numerous emails.
The devil's waffle is whispering. Do you hear him too?

I have a quick shower.
The devil's waffle is still interrupting
demanding my attention.

I'm running for the train. Perhaps he will be quiet.
I have no time for this right now. At last my destination is in view.
Can I be allowed to do an honest day's work?

Time for a quick brew.
The devil's waffle is still knocking on my door.
Go away and bother someone else. He's not listening.

Lunchtime general chit chat.
The devil's waffle is in the background of conversation.
Will you ever leave my space?

The working day has ended already.
The devil's waffle is still going strong.
He is shouting now. How do I escape?

Perhaps I will submit to his bullying commands?
He is holding my soul hostage
No he can't have this much power.

Bedtime at last. But the devil's waffle still plagues my mind.
Lights out. Perfect peace. Or so I thought.
The devil's waffle haunts my dreams.

Happiness?

I had a taste of happiness once,
it was sweet.
It filled me with warmth
and comfort.
But after a while, the heat became
draining.
my body doesn't like the taste
of happiness,
so I have stopped consuming it.
Instead I am finding comfort
in the emptiness that
consumes me.
I don't deserve happiness.
Every time I feel it
inside me
I want it out,
by whatever means necessary.
But that would be loud,
and people can't know
that my body wants to reject
this sweet fruit
that everybody loves.

Here I Am Now

Every time I said I was angry or aching
You came back with the cane
Every time I told you I was important
You told me you'll send me far away.

Bitch, Cunt, Whore – Those where my names
And I listened to these thoughts, day after day
Faggot, Sinner, Gay – The gavel slammed its judgement on me
And I believed their words definitively; and made it quintessential to me.

The headache, the despair from the womb –
That was what the future would be
The lacerations would grow on me
The remembrance of despondency.

The sounds in my mind, tuned out like a siren travelling away.
The memories vivid, but no longer puppeteering me.
The summer went by, and the stillness of a windless day came to me.
Who I could be was undetermined- the roots could grow joyfully.

And I thought back to what that Freudian said to me
That dialogue inside, was disabling me
The passivity- Reach the middle- And I did see
Soothing strokes to my bare heart, enabled me.

And here I am now, coming to fruition
And here I am now, reconciling the selves who came before
And here I am now, with blemishes and all
And here I am now, and here I am now.

The bigger picture

Time scatters mixtures,
of fluttering textures.
Murkiness and sparkles,
each down in a parcel
and a gift to you.
A complex mosaic
of tesserae shapes.
Frosted glass ripples
shards puncture and chisel
the blues in their black and grey hues.
This fascinating picture
is all the more richer
for the gritty and harsh.
An emotional art
which has bruised.
But look at the lustre
the little gems in their cluster.
There's been good in the bad
moments too.



Dailyness death

One day I will die
Or a night, or by dawn or at dusk.
Time is unknown, certainty guaranteed.
I know that.
That doesn't scare me so much.
Life scares me.
Every day of daily dailyness
You know that irreversible state
Of passage towards future
Leaving past only behind
Living somewhere (if) in between
Equally nowhere at all
That scares me to death.