

To The Man I Showed My Love and Care

When he told me that he loved me and showed me he was keen,
He started out all caring but quite soon he'd become so mean,

When I look back at why I fell for him or why I let him into my life,
I gave him all my love, care and attention but in return he'd give me strife,

To the man I showed I loved and cared,
You hurt me, you broke me, you left me impaired,

Had I done something wrong to deserve this, doubts kept arising in my head,
Where there was supposed to be love and compassion, this was replaced with pain and dread,

All the fantasies of my soul mate, my happily ever after,
You became the one who stole my smiles and all my laughter,

To the man that I showed I loved and cared,
I grew tired of your anger, I prayed to be spared,

There were nothing left to smile about, no mutual love or respect,
You did not show me honour nor did you protect,

What did I do to you that warranted such hate?
Always trying to control me, trying to manipulate and intimidate,

You were not gentle nor kind nor true,
but what grew clear was that I did not deserve you!

You were the one who was supposed to make me feel protected,
But like a disease, you had me infected,

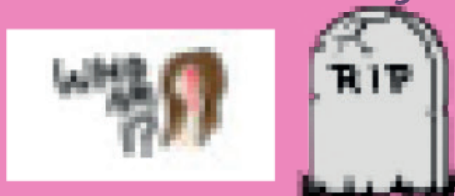
Until the day I mustered up the courage to leave,
This day I felt not bereaved but reprieved and finally relieved !

So to the man I showed I loved and cared,
No longer can you hurt me nor make me feel scared!



Peer Path of discovering me

I was on the wrong path, kept taking the same old route and life simply was not a hoot, too many bad and sad days
Powerless in my own life, people telling me what to do, when/where to go and who I should be, so I was not me



People I loved passed, I could not be arsed. Anxious and then the dark planet possessed my mind.

I obsessed, regressed and felt possessed – this is not me, this is not my mind.
Where next for me? Felt only one way out take the pills, pills, pills, please let the pain ease
Rushed to hospital. What is happening? Why wasn't I happy? Felt helpless, hapless, will this last?
Planet earth I wanted to leave you, but then I met another like me.
She said she was there to help me, reassured me and never bored me

Talked about being a peer and helped me prepare for my review, so I felt less in a mind stew
We chatted, we laughed, so I started on my peer path discovering about me
Went to a peer peer group. Great as more people like me, so I felt less alone
Peer path, made me feel more included and less excluded, finally I had a purpose in my life

I choose a different route, no more that same old downtrodden path, as peer was now the path for me
We now constantly natter about whatever is a matter. No more alone, as I am on my peer path of discovery
Problems that once perturbed me, but now don't totallly distrub me
I got involved, I evolved and I discovered about me. Who I am, what I like, don't like and who I want in my life

Generally I have more good days than bad days and sad days. But on bad days my peers are there for me, as I am
there for them, or sometimes I have a 'being day' with just me on the settee
This is now my peer path and will be for the rest of life. Thank you my peers, as now I am on my
peer path I am happy to be on planet earth, as I have more good days now than bad and sad days
Peer people, peer purpose, peer-chatter and natter, peer-led and no more dread, or thinking to be dead

Life can be good and it is now, as I discovered me!



I'll write a poem

I'll write a poem for the lonely
The ones who are left behind
The ones who didn't feel loved
whom the world was never kind

I'll write a poem for the oppressed
Whose voices were never heard
Their mind sang like a babbling brook
But they never said a word

I'll write a poem for the old
For the dreams they once had
For the changes they have seen
Whether they be good or bad

I'll write a poem for our children
In their shiny filled days of wonder
Mirrored reflections in their eyes
Of the days when we were younger

I'll write a poem for you and me
Of this crazy paved path we tread
For all sun spangled dreams
And fallen schemes
For the very life we've led

all at once and suddenly,
half asleep with
sunlight

petals on
the side of the table
a coffee cup?

all at once and suddenly,
the rain shook me
awake

the chair was
torn and my heart kept
stopping and starting

all at once and suddenly,
you weren't there
on the step

from the church where
you kept flowers in
your pocket

Fugue State of Mind

I have found myself
So very far from home
Tangled in the arms of strangers
Screaming in the dead of night
Floating in some random persons swimming pool
I have tried to find myself
In the bottom of every bottle
The butt of every cigarette
That ever kissed my lips
I have looked for answers
In the bloodstained broken glass
On the edge of every blade
I have followed lines and painted patterns in
Every backroom bathroom stall in town
As choirs sang so fucking constantly
With broken ribs and bitten lips
I have died
One hundred deaths
And I did it all in search of sanity
And I'd do it all again
This bewildered wandering

When a Soul Crumbles

The lights can go out on anyone,
Near or far, safe or endangered
We will never understand how beacons
Can be extinguished by betraying brains
That churns up memories and nostalgia
Into debris and dust of reminiscences
Nor obliterate the desire to live and shine
Or force the fear of living upon your soul and mantra
Cruelly letting the demons puff words
Into empty spaces of despair
That lies like thieves in your pockets
Removing the breath from your lungs
Stopping brilliant brains from thinking
Allowing the nihilism to take you
To a destiny that is desolate
And leaves paths of destruction in its wake
No blame to give, only sadness
Bound by ribbons of 'what ifs'
And confetti of 'if only'
We live in the present now
Faced with a future of memories that fade
Like sands of time on hourglasses
I could only wish you'd allowed your own
To fall to the bottom as nature intended
And not stop it before it had reached its full potential

Wasting Life

The feeling of hate sits deep inside me,
as I watch the world trundle on around me.
Life is hard- Life is tough.
Harder than this, people won.

Sit down beside me tell me how you feel
Is it just me or does this not feel real?
Sitting down just makes me think
The horror and the trauma of this loss

The loss of time, writing this poem right now,
The loss of life, feeling like I can't succeed.
Maybe I can't, maybe no one can
Life is just a game

We just need to survive
Survival of the fittest, who will drop first?
Drinking alcohol to quench your thirst,
You will not last, neither will the drugs
Just take them and watch the earth spin by as you are back to where you first started

What's the point anymore?
We all know the game
Maybe I can end it fast and we can forget the name
Or maybe I'll just leave it and ride the storm

The stormy oceans, with the hazy skies
Why do we wonder about people wasting lives?
It's not clear where to go or what to do
Maybe it would be different if I was someone new

WARD 19

My heart has gone away.
I hear its beat on the snow.
There is no window.
Blood is hotter than central heating
within this white box.
I eat lithium and vitamins. Routine arrival of paper
soufflé cup, soufflé cup.
Pupils recline lazily, revealing their grey
whites, forgetting the cold for a while.
My body stocks on pills pills pills.
There is nothing to think about.
The dressing gown stops at my knees, paper and see-through.
I could be God, swaying in the nonchalant flows of His toga.
A paper room can cut as well as a blade if it's done right.
My heart slows on the snow.
There is no window.
Pulling the wrinkled bed sheets over my head,
I am not even a ghost.
There are no eyeholes.

Serenity’s Harmony

The sound of an ear-deafening silence,
The tone of a singing nightingale,
And the slow lapse of the leaves,
And a bird in the nested eaves.

A place where all were happy and young,
And songs where could still be sung,
And there’s midnight’s all a glimmer,
And evening full of linnet’s wings.

It is what we call peace
It is beauty never seen
It is joy never spoke
It is asleep and yet to awake.

Peace, which everyone hope to achieve,
And we shall have peace,
For peace comes in dropping slow,
And peace flow in glowing eternity.

There is peace, peace! Where humans lay,
Unite with one another,
And wake the sleeping peace,
And mend the broken soul with peace.

#PeacePoetry

Night approaches.
sinuey tethers crawl their chords towards my hands
Bind me in bands that never untie.
Test the taut ropes.
Unthinkable.
Hither, it comes;
slithering through days slathered in slabs of buttery sun
flitting between shadows, flirting with the dusk
will it?
Won't it?
Bite.
Chew down and chomp the chunks of flesh or
crawl, claw its way into my skin another way.
Find me and bind me in dreams, make
The awake quake with
More.

Reign of Darkness

My fractured mind
Breaking into a million pieces
Piercing my every thought
Deflating my existence with your sharp negativity
My oppressor by day
My tormentor by night
Submerging the light to let the darkness reign
You have captured my sanity and taken my pride
Diminished the spark inside my sole
No longer can I let you rule
I am preparing for battle
I am not weak
I am strong and will not be held captive
My light will shine again
A beacon of hope
For I know we will clash again, and I will be ready
That you can't hold me down forever
In every storm there is a break in the clouds where I can find solace until the next thunderclap
The next strike of lightning
The pounding rain
Let the battle commence once more

Defining Belief -a perspective on life’s rat race.

No fight back-you will win this war,
Come out on top-stronger than before.
Don't give up-hold on to our life's Guiding light.
Illuminating the spiritual darkness-obscurng night.

It's coming through the breaking dawn,
Hold on,stay strong exercise that willpower,that will bring you through to morn!
Sunrise-shining rays, sky purple streaks,the renewal of creation.
Rejoice in a new day,daily miracles, sensations and appreciation.
Each day,the promise of a new beginning.
Fresh start; what will this one bring?
Trust in this God given gift so sing!

The sun will come out tomorrow!

See my child, look up,tonight the stars will guide you,
Twinkling, dancing during dark times,shining through,
Belief, that He Above knows the Plan.
To bring you close all the while,mortal man.
Reach out grasp His embrace,
For He is waiting for you to come first in this race!

Occupational Health

Every time it happens it gets worse -
the precision with which I rage, inwards:
my ability to utilise the curse, and 'pop' my shell-like skin.

It's a foreseeable rubric now,
I know the shiver, vomit, the frosty eyes
which somehow look out on top of mine.

I know my suicidal hunger - I talk to it -
feather out the particles like fur, the blade-like prang
which will confer a year or two, onto my expiry date.

Routinely I malfunction. And in that blackness I submit
to the hospital doors, which say 'this is it,'
and my own voice tailors off...

‘Let it all go’ they seem to say. Now small, now afraid but -
NO! Flooded with audacious strength! I will not
Bend my volition in your vast palms again -

I am MORE than the vague stream
of whims and inconsistencies you paint of me!
And I am not my condition, though it has conditioned me.

I will still grapple between illiterate lies
And through the fog fight on - march to destigmatise
The notion I'm insane!

That time old rhetoric! NO!
I AM the blade, and I slice away the ease
with which you attribute me to my own disease!

Hadleigh Castle

Hadleigh Castle,
Cold with a biting wind
Juxtaposed with bright yellow buds,
Like England should be sat on the Equator.
Bumping into two old friends,
Snoods pulled up, woolly hats pulled low,
Only eye-lines exposed to the bitter morning snap.
Circumstance no longer binding us.
Passing time corrupting familiarity.
A quick catch up
Before a physical enactment of timely history,
Walking in opposite directions.
Stand on a northern flank,
Looking down to the flood plains.
Estuarine banks uncompromised in a southern winter desert;
Wind and no rain.
You, with your haze-lit diorama,
See a train pass your pastoral like the Essex Serpent,
Heading west to Fenchurch
For a day in England's bustling city.

Cold

I felt it slither,
Amongst my thoughts and sensations

Oh, Hello
Old Friend.
Your touch is as cold as ever,
Yet makes me sweat.
It's as though the icy tendrils around my heart
Never lessened their hold.

There is some comfort in your arms.
A sense of belonging,
Familiarity,
As you embrace me.

I feel myself falling,
Almost willingly,
Into your cold, isolating grasp.

Did you think I missed you?
That I missed the doubt,
The self loathing,
The pain?

Maybe I did.
Sustained happiness gets boring,
Makes it difficult to write
But with you, the words are on the top of my tongue.

I'm almost grateful.

Except that clawing on my ribcage is annoying.
I'd like the warmth back.

Faith

Dust floats, suspended in blazing sunlight
that streams through the stained glassed windows.
It's funny how you never notice it
But it is always there.
Below, the golden font shimmers and basks
In the warm, morning glow.

But three hours ago it was dark as sin.
You could not see your own hand
In front of your face.
In the dark this room is unforgiving.
It seems to talk, whisper and groan
When there is no light.
Shapes loom threatening. Smells are sinister.
I felt, I knew that everything conspired
To do me harm as I lay awake,
Watchful yet blind.

But now, in the light, statues gaze benevolently.
It makes me want to kiss their cool marble feet.
And that crucifix which signalled my own death,
In the light, offers reassurance and redemption.
I fell down many times in the night.
Blinded, frightened and senseless.
But now I am floating in the bright sunlight.
Along with the little flecks of dust.

Under Attack

My lungs are like an accordion that's being closed,
Then the bloody thing has only gone & froze.

Don't you think I've already tried,
“Breathing out through my mouth & in through my nose”?!

But in my head, all I can hear is this shrill alarm tone.

Why are members of the public gorging & standing so close?!

Oh no...
Where's the feeling gone in my fingers & toes?!

Now the walls of the room are contracting,
Soon they'll wrap themselves around tightly before tying in a bow.

Does anyone else experience this?!
Does anyone else know?!

It feels like I'm walking along the bottom of an empty swimming pool,
Then all of a sudden, its full.
I'm thrashing, coughing, spluttering,
But in my throat is an immovable obstruction...

...Drowning in thin air is the ultimate destruction

I wish that I was good enough,
Walking towards every twist and turn,
Different In mind body and soul,
I'm wired different,
My brain can't handle what they can,
Understanding is hard,
Coping is harder,
Love is impossible,
Yet try as I do,
Be me I dare you,
Just for a day,
Hour maybe just a minute is enough,
Every day is a fight,
Battle of life,
I battle a lot,
Suicide watch is hard,
But thoughts like mine are a death sentence,
So many choices,
Not enough options,
I just want...
To be enough,
To be alive,
To be normal.

Anxiety, my old friend

I dare you to bite me. If you left a mark, people would believe me.
It's agony feeling pain that people can't see. Their sympathy hangs
on a technicality. An emotional wound defies explanation.

Every day you wake me, shake me, break me... I wade through an abyss
of negativity and self-doubt. You cripple me and silence me until I can't
see who I am looking at. You make me dream up a million catastrophes
that will probably never happen, but you're clever, you make them feel
oh so very real.

Some days, I can paint on my smile and I feel happiness like golden
raindrops, but you're always there waiting for me. Malingering. Casting
suffocating shadows on my light.

To be alive,
To be normal.

Broken

You broke my heart,
You cheated on me,
Lies leaving me in the dark,
The tears run down my face morphing into a sea,

Although the eyes will dry,
The scars will stay written on my wrist,
And carved into my thigh,
And in my head, all the girls written on a list,

I am a speck of dust,
Without a purpose or a reason,
The only thing I'm capable of is filling your lust,
And being a victim to your treason,

I hope that you never have to feel this pain,
Waking up crying,
Throwing up your lunch in fear of the gain,
Knowing that your body is dying,

Yet still not willing to change,
I am a broken soul,
After our romantic exchange,
I fear my confidence will never be whole,

You broke my heart.