Songs To Hope After And Not Die Under

To talk of - or listen to - others, Remembering others, Often now strangers.

Tears fall from those You never expect would kill, And try to squeeze

A new life From the formula Of an extinct chemical.

Everything has failed, Everyone has fallen, **Everything must go!** You must let the sadness surface

And tenderly simmer it For uncountable days and months, Like an Irish Saturday stew,

And out of it will come Not the path or the end of the rainbow

But a step and a sound, Songs to hope after And not die under.

Don't know

It lingers, that sense of – where did he go? I know, I know, they carried him off in a body bag, two men and later after the funeral when I collected the ashes, he sat on a shelf upstairs with the printer. A glaring absence all that winter.

It took time getting my head round carrying out his wishes, out on the ocean scattering his ashes, not really scattering, more poured from the jar. They seemed to slide into limbs (was that my imagination?) Did he wait before he took his leave, Take time to say ta ra?

But the dolphins were real, leaping in formation around and under the boat, putting on a show. They suddenly appeared, all a bit weird. Where did they come from and where did he go? I don't know, beats me, don't know.

Fish Fingers Over the Stove

The floor is made of lava, Though my feet are ice cold,

Nothing lasts forever,

The floor is made of lava The walls are made of stone

Black turns to Blue, And Blue turns to gold,

So beautiful its face, how sad it will decompose. This vibrant flower - will have no room to grow.

The mind

It was always the way, home and work life were separate, it was a way to enjoy them both to the fullest, the mind was happy with the arrangement.

That was until that night when, it all changed and at first there was a lot of pain. The mind could deal with it, the pain blocked everything else out. Overtime wounds heal, the mind was then in a bit of confusion, it started to play games with my emotions.

At first my mind wanted me to finish off what had been started, a lot of dark thoughts followed, some really tense moments, with a loaded gun, so much could go wrong.

Seeing the right person, who told me things need to be said, a lot of talking followed, with family & friends. The more I talked, the better my mind was with things, the dark thoughts are still there, but I have control of them

Things do get me down, the mind plays its game and I feel alone in a room full of people, then at times full of life and happy.

I am in control and its great I do not want to be treated differently I talk about the incident and the effect it had, maybe it will help others in some way, to keep their dark thoughts at bay.

To do list

Things I need to remember when it all feels too much: girl, put your fears down, stop scrolling, live for the sake of living and know you'll be ok.

Enjoy the sun on your shoulders because eventually it will rain.

An unproductive life doesn't mean one not well lived. Live like you mean it and sometimes like you don't. Don't just live with this, live despite it. Maybe try to live like you like it?

Get. Enough. Sleep. Eat something green. Think positive. Know it's ok that when this list feels impossible – it's ok to wallow, to feel low, but try to leave the house? Take it back to basics and you'll build back to the bigger things like life for the sake of living.

Take A Step

On this very staircase of Marylebone ... Many a times I have walked over it. crying, wiping my tearful eyes, but no one stopped to stare. I laughed once today with my heart open And look! how each one is pausing to glare.

What kind of world we have become? where Abnormality lies in smile than pain

Where bearing a loss is seen more straightforward than gain

But in a trice Such a sad realisation I had We are all actually both victims and bad

I pray we could change our hearts Embrace our selves as we really are And than Bring the change or gather the strength

And stop next time at the staircase When we see a struggling soul Or a sad face Without any reluctance we stand nearby

And softly ask if everything is alright

Imagine recovery as a coastline

Some days I'm at the top, Some days are a misty daze, Some days are plunging deep, Some days the dolphins leap, Some days I'm lost at sea, Some days I'm on my knees, Praying the waves will take me.

Some days I go to leap But the lifeboats tug me back, Some days the sea is clear, others it is inky black.

Is the ink from my poetry or a squid? My poetry spills into the sea Because I think the ocean will understand me. We are alike, me and the ocean It understands my huge emotions That change each day: A sparkling sea or a mighty wave.

I go to leap but I am saved Asleep with mermaids on the oceanfloor, It's a bed for me,

Toes of frozen fish fingers hovering over the stove.

Chilling and solid; ready to close.

Come make money out of the dying rose.

The floor is made of lava, The river overflows.

Not even my toes.

Grey

I feel kind of grey. Nothing new, especially, it just is.

Waiting In Vain

Another's lost and lonely cause

Knocking on Death's many doors,

Offering to sell their empty souls

For comfort of white crystal coals.

Discomfort's pain abruptly to salvation turns

Bringing devaluation's loss of self-worth,

While in their addictive, captive mind

Life's obscured and reality is blind.

Politicians converse in alien tongues

Night and day suited trawlers dredge

Envy and greed dissolve life's path.

While behind the walls of wrath

And scour, rehearsing honours of pledge,

Mothers' and fathers' hearts yearn in turn

For the souls of their children to return.

As streets of valour and vain succumb,

Leaving society's rule cloaked, hypnotised

Through eyes of the troubled and traumatised.

Not a feathery grey-blue of a bird, soaring over heads

not the bright grey sky it flies beneath just your average British day

not the trendy soft grey of a jumper and its matching fleece tracksuit bottoms

not a deep grey of a fish in a deeper, greyer pond

not the faded grey of a scratchy pencil doodle on a grey-tinged sketchbook

but the murky grey of too many paints mixed together and left untended in a cup

the loud grey found behind closed eyelids closed so tightly it hurts

bleak grey found in a fog hanging low around your ears diffusing into your head

fuzzing up your brain, not unlike greying spores. That kind of grey.

Peaceful times

I remember when it was peaceful times

My grandad, aunties, cousins, twin brother, uncle and little sister just born Lived in one house and grandad used to buy KFC and fruits for us to eat, and cook for us.

He used to put me and my brother on his lap and we used to pick a horse to bet on – he used to gamble.

It was peaceful times. Our dad used to come in with loads of sweets and let me and my brother go to bed late on any day.

Peaceful times. He was in and out of jail, it felt like I was living in hell, never used to smile – that's where I got my gangster style.

It's still peaceful times when I see my dad.

He spent a lot of time in jail but when I was 15 he said he was not going back. That's very peaceful to me.

Am in hospital, I haven't got peace right now

But I will leave one day cause freedom is a must.

Smoking and drinking is peaceful to me One day I'll have back my peaceful times.

RIP Grandad and the rest of my loved ones.

She'll be living peaceful with the rest of my family and friends. Call it peaceful times.

If a bus drove around the corner... I'd walk under it

The bubbles in the pool on the

other side of the wall, chat away

but I am all alone; a man so Down,

as thoughts jab and punch my brain.

A head stuffed so full of internal noise

The recurring theme of course, is Death

and as so many times in recent years

and like the gurgling water outside,

I am mentally shattered; living life

tears playfully trickle down my cheeks

as my nose acts like a child's water slide.

and wish I could blow out my brains just as easily.

I blow my nose to clear the runny mess

I am against the ropes swaying

like a confused clock pendulum

it has no space for human voices

I wish him to take my hand

to pull me through the door...

discussing small nuggets of today's news,

Starved and Parched

The sky releases a shower to sustain the earth

But the ground is too hard baked to accept relief so openly Starved and parched by its nurturers

It does not recognise the sight of kindness Too long has it known only bitterness

When I stack the tragedies up like bricks in a wall I'm surprised by their number and the height they reach And frankly I think it's a miracle I can still laugh at all

I'll admit I'm afraid of the growing numbness I feel That is spreading like morphine through my blood And turning my heart into one made of steel

It might seem frosty for the time of day And it might feel chilly for the time of year If you were to ever look at the world my way

But it is that same apathy that has caused the despair And has brought me to this place of resigned grief Now I know to insight change you really have to care

The sky releases a shower to sustain the earth But the ground is too hard baked to accept relief so willingly Starved and parched by its nurturers It does not recognise the sight of kindness Too long has it gone without tenderness

in the shadow with the Dead; feeling as if I am constantly standing beside an empty grave To be genuine and seize pretence trying to hang onto a semblance of normality but tilted forward and weighted by Depression

Silent Shouts

There're times in life when eyes become dark lights, voices silent shouts, and hands empty hollow grasps.

In the ceaseless path of pain the flow of sorrow gains a strong might of itself which freeze the might of the rest.

And as you walk along the darkest path of all, it's madness you enjoy in this vast darkness the most.

Do not run or you may fall; you may scream at the top of your voice, yet no one around will hear the cry you paint with tears in the highest skies.

Listen to the sensible trees hissing, crying the terrible truth of earth aching, the decay of human rotten souls, and watch their bodies burn in the cold.

A depth so indescribable

Sheer desolation can only be found in a mind, That has been fully stripped, Every option available, Every possibility, Taken away from,

Removed from. It begins with the tired, The realising of holes that you didn't originally see to be there. And the resurfacing of the depressions, Made by time, Made by worry,

A stomach full of worry. A smooth appearance now, Wind beaten, All once familiar, And recognisable, Distinguishing features, Now smooth, Angles, Now curve. Just smooth protrusions now.

Distinct reality. Is no longer reality. Reality dissipated. This depth is so indescribable.

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Anxiety Ropes

One thought, two thoughts, three thoughts. Here I go again, in a flurry of my worry, Maybe I can sleep the thoughts away, Putting the thoughts to rest, but my mind fights me.

Heart racing, thoughts pacing, Like heavy footsteps in a quiet house,

Getting louder and louder,

Until I'm sick.

I lay down again, battling the voices, But the ropes of my stress tie me down,

And I can't breathe,

I can't.

I feel sick again.

My doctor tells me to breathe, just breathe.

And I calm down.

And my heartbeat slows.

And my thoughts stop.

And tomorrow I'll go to school and my friends will tell me to go to bed earlier, And to stop playing on my phone so late,

And they will tell me I look exhausted.

I am.

I am exhausted.

I watch the thin panels of light dance on the wall at night.

I try to make my heart stop by thinking they're octopus tentacles. They wrap around my neck to end whatever life that's left in me; perhaps a mouse, a shrew, a worm, or maybe a mere, black pebble

is all that's left in me.

I turn to the wall, and see my dull reflection. How can I stop my body from disintegrating, decaying? How can I stop the hurt swelling in me? I have no answers, and I turn to the right.

I am empty, my soul hurts. My stomach growls for attention, nourishment, but the fat voice in my head stifles it. And yet, I am persuaded to lift my sleeves and tear away at the walls given to me, now etched with silver remnants of a bad day.

I sit up because the air smells rusty and red. Sweat drips down by back because of the nightmare, except this...is real. Not a figment of my imagination. How can I end this suffering?

As I lay on my back, the cruel reality faces me. I want the light lines to be a noose. I beg it to descend on me. But I guess I'm too underground for it to reach me because somehow, after this long, it never has.

Interiority

What makes me - me? Not much and lots. Once as a child I danced freely, uncaring about anything, not lost as I am now.

Llfe is full of contradictions, they make explicit all the denials we face and that force us outward.

DARK SUMMER DAYS

(Recovering From Bullying)

I sit here outside in the summer sun,

I was happy For a while.

thinking back on all the menories we shared, Wonder Ful menories, happy menories, Menories, Menories I wish I could re-live.

But some people in your life areint permenant No matter how hard you try.

No natter how much you want them to stay, het them walk.

Sonetines you have to let then go

Inside I yell at acts of conformity, those that change little but reserve order and spare anger.

Why them not me, what flows from this, actions that have no consequences maim the soul of each of us. Distress is a wicked lover,

self-imposed by experiences we collect

and cannot erase. Rest they say, tomorrow it will

look different, but a change of date will not give me relief from myself.

It's easy to sink back in

Comfortable, almost.

The usual setting off point, familiar walkway beaten, boggy

Past landmarks into the narrowing tunnel blood pushing at the walls with tiny white hands looking for an out, heart whamming loud

I know it well.

The path ends, world opens to wasteland glue river becomes thick lake. I get in

The deep dark collects over my head surface to the bite and blister of the air it's easy to sink back in

But I don't.

Here is the hand that reaches, a steadfast grip that pulls me from the slick, in clothes that stick

I stand, eyeing as I have before the lapping oil the flailing of alien others, the overhead control tower, its windows burst

It would be easy to sink back in.

But I've stood poolside as many times as I've been here –

I've got out, looked back Let go of the hand that reaches.

1. See me tomorrow

Our economy cannot afford to love the sad people, unless they're anxious enough to keep working

and we don't mourn the loss of people who breathe, even when it no longer feels voluntary.

The day was gone and the light, it never felt bright enough to wake up to.

They say that if you inhale the darkness while you sleep, it will begin to feel like decoration for the organs still trying to fight for you.

The problem with sadness is that it lies to you about who you used to be, and I miss the person I would have become.

They taught me that it wasn't right to see the world in black and white, so I began to see it in black and black - doesn't that make me consistent?

My mouth sends messages to my soul from the outside in – and I can now read pain out loud, like a trigger warning.

But I no longer wait for the sun to rise. I wait for my heart to set, so I can watch its hues as it says good bye-

'I hope to see you tomorrow.'

I remember asking my sanity to wait outside, so that I wouldn't have to face that I've

It has now been 6 years, and I haven't changed my sheets yet, and I haven't folded my clothes yet

been losing the fight.

But I wait for my heart to set every night and hope to see myself- tomorrow.

A trip to the hidden realm

There exists a world behind our own.

It cannot be seen by most people. You will not find this place on any map.

You do not choose to go there but simply arrive.

You recognise this place.

The same people, trees and buildings but, however familiar, something is not right.

This is a grey world: monochrome, painted by sadness.

The steady flow of a toxic cocktail. Behind every corner, your daemons watch.

The pistons of an overactive mind fire you with primal alertness.

Watching your fears on continuous repeat

you begin to suspect they are real.

Dark water rises, bulkheads fail You have to leave this place.

It is time to go.

Summoning all your strength, you pull yourself back into the fabric of the real world. The land of colour.

Bright light burns away the shadows haunting your mind.

For a time you can see clearly.

You speak to others tales of this place. They listen and nod.

Although trying their best, they do not understand.

They have not been there.

A stamp missing from a passport.

The Hostilities Ceased And Normal Life Was Resumed

Yourenotgoodenoughneverwereneverwillbe Yourenotgoodenoughneverwereneverwillbe

Yourenotgoodenough notgoodenough

Notenough NOT ENOUGH

And don't tell yourself otherwise.

Yourenotgoodenoughneverwereneverwillbe

yourenotgoodenoughneverwereneverwillbe yourenot— You're not going to listen to that anymore.

Silence the voices in your head with the sound of your breath The sound of you, not just living, but surviving A constant reminder that you remain Here. You have not given up. Not yet. Feel the blood in your veins pulsing rhythmically

You are enough.

Now, let's start again: