

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.

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
As streets of valour and vain succumb,
Leaving society’s rule cloaked, hypnotised
Through eyes of the troubled and traumatised.

Night and day suited trawlers dredge
And scour, rehearsing honours of pledge,
While behind the walls of wrath
Envy and greed dissolve life’s path.

Mothers’ and fathers’ hearts yearn in turn
For the souls of their children to return.

Fish Fingers Over the Stove

The floor is made of lava,
Though my feet are ice cold,
Toes of frozen fish fingers hovering over the stove.

The floor is made of lava
The walls are made of stone
Chilling and solid; ready to close.

Black turns to Blue,
And Blue turns to gold,
Come make money out of the dying rose.

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

The floor is made of lava,
The river overflows.

Nothing lasts forever,
Not even my toes.

Grey

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

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.

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.

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.

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,

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
discussing small nuggets of today’s news,
but I am all alone; a man so Down,
I am against the ropes swaying
like a confused clock pendulum
as thoughts jab and punch my brain.
A head stuffed so full of internal noise
it has no space for human voices

The recurring theme of course, is Death
and as so many times in recent years
I wish him to take my hand
to pull me through the door...

and like the gurgling water outside,
tears playfully trickle down my cheeks
as my nose acts like a child’s water slide.
I blow my nose to clear the runny mess
and wish I could blow out my brains just as easily.

I am mentally shattered; living life
in the shadow with the Dead; feeling as if I am
constantly standing beside an empty grave
trying to hang onto a semblance of normality
but tilted forward and weighted by Depression

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
To be genuine and seize pretence

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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.

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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 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?

I was happy for a while.

But some people in your life aren't permanent
No matter how hard you try.

Sometimes you have to let them go
No matter how much you want them to stay
Let them walk.

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

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.

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
Now, let's start again:

You are enough.