

Woodhouse Moor, Leeds, age 19

Down streets where cars
go rumbling, swishing water
in streetlight glitter, I go
dancing, wandering without
a plan

though
there’s always
a blueprint, the face
of a man,
a vision that’s gleaned
from my body’s disgrace.
It is red-light obscure.

My eyes roll
down the wet paths, seeking
a new home.
A spaceship has landed in the park:
Ringed by green neon it glows - but no -
it’s only a restaurant,
and my phone screen is dark.
The hollow
in my stomach shakes
my heart.

Then I see:
through the trees - the vine
printed rosy sky,
That vast sky, soaring upwards
in audacious shades:
Reds spreading like burning gasoline,
Violets that fade
to the losing light, rising
beyond rooftops,
expanding beyond dreams,
beyond sight.

And the trees stand in their fine
-tuned silhouettes,
as the sky curls her pinks through
the foggy blue.
All this, this, this.
The rumbling road,
the pain in my toes,
and tomorrow
there’s a good chance the mist will clear.

Time of our Lives

Excavated clock hearts
myriad faces, blind and dumb
amputated hands jumbled in a junk shop box

judder judder
tick tock
stop the clock
stop time
dead time

Each part
a tiny cog in a life,
clocking the days, the weeks, the months
of lives shiny, lives broken,
who had all the time in the world
we just got timed out.

“Stop the clocks!” You scream.
“Give me down time, give me good times.
Let’s make time for each other
oh brother of mine.”

tick tock
stop the clocks
smash their faces
rip off the hands
we’re time bombs ticking

living on borrowed time . . .

Oh my God can’t you hear them ticking?

Swanage Dreams Come True

As we wonder down too the sparkling sea
The clock as are guide.
I walk in sheer hope with my love by my side,
That the doom of black that coats me
Will be lifted by the blue skies.
And finally I open my eyes.
Each step I make cuts me but each step I have to make.
As we look across the wild waves, the pier is stretching out.
Like metal hands that grasp
My broken heart.
It begins to mend.
The salt in the air drowns me in
To the ship by the bay.
I head towards a sniff of steam and there I jump on board.
With childlike eyes.
She takes me to a village where
Enid played and Thomas thought and there I stay in inns so old
As if the castle protects me from the cold?
The Corfe of will stands firm.
I realise then the Dorset coast
Has done its job once more I boast.
I come to you. My mind healed for now at most.

GLASS

Do you see it in my eyes at all?
That sweet smile I paint on to mask what lies beneath my eyes.
A burning soul of passion yet
A denial glass gloss coating the scars of loneliness that have rooted a home within me.
Feeding it with the voids of temporary attention;
Sexual aggression to keep me turned on.
On -
Because feeling feels too hard at times so I’m
Off -
Gone.
Switched up when you touch,
My mind; My heart; My soul
Before my body.
The glass shatters - it breaks.
I’m steady - high stake in this outbreak
Of what feels like a prison of a place I call “home”.
Home sweet...
Scars.
Scars, they stay vacant clawing to the surface of my thoughts through this
Blind dance in the darkness that is all too familiar to me.
I feed the steps with pumped up poison to which my taste buds seek delight.
This bitter aftertaste through the night wakes me to remind me this flawed mentality in a fright.
So tell me...
Do you see it in my eyes at all?



The Rainbow

Cascading colours, paint my mind.
Blue, indigo, orange, pastel pink
arcing into the crevices of my psyche
And I feel calm.
Sliding, slithering into cerebral cortexes
penetrating the depths of my soul.
Sunshine spearheading my mood
And I feel good.
Shimmering lights of green and purple
healing my inner angst,
dissipating the misty gloom
And I feel hope.
Sparkling, twinkling radiant rays
breaking through the murky clouds,
lighting up my inner thoughts
And I feel peace.
Rainbow bubbles, iridescent
Illuminate my wracked body.
Bouncing, reflecting, touching my cheek with a magical healing power
And now I am serene
I can now follow my dreams.

Miss mental moesha

14 Years straight i’ve been out of hospital
Now that’s some milestone
Not a lot could accomplish what i went through
I had to regain hope
Yes i lost 4 years of my sanity
It touched my heart
I had to face facts this was now reality
But all that was in the past
My new leash of mentality is a breath of fresh air
Nobody could say i hadn’t had it hard
I’m picking-up from where i fell down the stairs
An intense bump to the head
At times i wasn’t at my best
My ability to confide in those deprived me of my strength contempt suddenly over took
This flame engulfed me with “flames of rage”:
I saw my family as crooks
I wanted to kill myself just so i could get away
I don’t know why i felt betrayed’cause i just wanted to escape i guess i also felt the wrath too
It wasn’t just about me brandishing the cane ,but them too was this just a case of being “cruel to be kind?
Yes but only in some circumstances

(Lacking) a Sense of Completion

Ticked every box that should be
ticked, all the windows are shut
all of them are shut

Did I think the
thought
as I reached
reached out?
reached out?

I’m satisfied with my day
of work
tired though
dog tired

‘s’ ‘a’ ‘t’ ‘s’ ‘a’ ‘t’ ‘ssssss aaay’ ‘ssssss ssssss sssssss’

‘sat’ ‘sat’ ‘s’ ‘ssssss’ ‘at’ ‘satis’ ‘sa’

Bedtime now just
a high climb, mountainous
broke into
tiny, unmanageable steps
(puts one in mind of Zeno
and his Achilles bound
in semantic, somatic, necessity)

Did I think the thought
as
I reached out
reached
to close the window?

Did I think the thought
as I reached out
reached
to close the window?

If you only knew

If you only knew
What I was going through everyday
Would you rethink the words you're about to say?
Pressure is one of my many struggles
Pressure to look smart and tidy
Pressure to fit in society
Pressure to be the best
When in our head you hear
Words that make your eyes tear.

If you only knew
What I was going through everyday
Would you rethink the words you are about to say?
When I'm down
Will your words be the scissors to cut the last strings?
Holding me to the ground
Make me feel so worthless
Would you still whisper about my flaws?
That I break down behind closed doors.

But aside from all this there is one that
There is one that sees past my flaws,
He is the star that brightens this endless night
And together with him, my family and friends.
I now have a cause for which I fight,
Their positive encouragement and the help I am now receiving
Brings me closer to the light.
Light of recovery.

If you only knew
What I am going through everyday
Would you rethink the words you about to say?
Well would you?

Love Is Not Lost

He is gone. He is gone.
And today you lie down
In the sorrow of this bed no longer shared.
Pressing your tear-stained face
Against the kiss he left on the pillow,
You scream into its muffled depths,
Resisting the cold silence
That must accompany
A lifetime of loss.

He is gone. He is gone.
But tomorrow you will rise
From the sorrow of this bed no longer shared.
Pulling your aching body
From the embrace he left in the sheets,
ou will listen for the echo of his laughter,
Reimagining the warm melody
That has accompanied
A lifetime of love.

A SEA CHAPEL

See in the light a prayer on a wall.
The dust dancing needs no translation
to be heard on Atlantic strands,
even in a sacred space,
like the moon and the sun.

Storm days on the rising tower
from unfathomable deeps
where prayers are answered
as surely as the bell tolls.

We breathe in air's impurities
within this world of many things,
at times in their grace
resembling angels
who fly across another world
less than perfect, better than death.
A high window opens
where no hand can reach
but eyes can see,
guiding the faithful home.

THOUGHTS ON EDEN

Without Eve daring Adam
There would be no me or you

Slippery as slugs
Sharing a joint

In the breathless aftermath of sin

No reason
No excuses
No trips to the zoo

Light would be lightness
Nothing would be new

We stand now in the midst of a severe mental epidemic;
of a sort of black death of degeneration and hysteria,
and it is natural we should ask on all sides:

‘What is to come next?’

Max Nordau, from Degeneration, 1883

Adorable abuse is still abuse

Sweeping away the sweat of trying,
Brushing off the woven webs of lying,
It's hard to fight for someone that's not there,
Guess that's why your heart drips in despair,
Getting up but collapsing down,
Trying to be royalty but ending up as the clown.
You know it's not worth it,
You know it's only pain,
But you keep on trying to win this stupid game.
You're strong you said, you'd leave him in a pinch
But that was before saying his name made you flinch.
A broken room full of bubbles and gloom,
Stuck in jelly with bars,
A never ending wish for the stars,
Your heart beats fast,
How long will you last, before you end up in a cast?

Adorable abuse is still abuse.
Silent screams signal abuse.
But honestly what's the use,
if you insist on being here, why do you silently shed a tear?
Get help. Stop drowning
End this myriad of frowning,
It won't be long before it comes.
So get your bloody shoes and run..

Highs and Lows

Wow; my mind is buzzing I feel all aglow
Wide awake in creative flow
Feeling elated, lost all track of time
I feel happy, triumphant; definitely in the zone

Often wondered if my diagnosis was right
Was told I had Schizophrenia
The way I feel I can take on the world
I beg to disagree; feels very much like bipolar to me

Some days I am up, some days I am down
When flying high above the clouds
As happy as a month of Sundays
The world my stage

Throwing caution to the wind
Spending money with gay abandon
On whatever I please
I feel buoyant and ecstatic like a queen.

Then I hit an all-time low
I come down with a crash; what a blow
Start to feel very low

Feel that I have been dealt a bad hand
No peace for the wicked I think to myself
As trials, tribulations and worries abound
I begin to think life is unfair
I question is it because I was doing so well

Shall we

Shall we take a moment to tell each other
That it's okay to be afraid of the things
Those things
We cannot see

And it's okay to be afraid of the dreams
Those dreams
That just cannot
Cannot be

Because it's okay to be afraid on the days
Those days
We don't want to be days

And the nights
Those nights
The ones where we just can't
Turn off the lights

Because now
Now
Can't you see
We've got each other now
For all of eternity