Surrounded

sometimes this world hems you in problems telescope and tower above you hard imposing trunks and grasping branches overhanging anxiety that shadows the shade robbing your breath and vision

these thick woods of issues have gaps and lose their leaves in seasons time with patience letting the light and air in

Rehab reflection

When I was a child,
My father and I would often row
"If you carry on picking your nose...
your fingers will drop off."
I am glad he cannot see me now.
And as a teenager
I wanted HATE and LOVE
tattooed on my knuckles.
I could only have HATE now.
For I have a disabil-it-y.
I have several fingers missing... see

You don't know what you've got till it's gone" Says the words of some old song But I will never play an instrument from now on Fastening my shirt, Re-zipping my flies, Tying up my shoelaces All will need to re-thought As complex as Mahler's eighth My own personal symphony

I have several fingers missing... see

I WALK ALONG THE PRECIPICE

I walk along the precipice A Stanley bladed wall Does God have true emotion Or blood inside at all I cannot turn a corner I fail to reach a fix A human scarecrow in a field My stare is so transfixed The drugs have made me sleepy And ground me to a halt I'm sorry for the stress I caused but won't accept all fault. The house is feeling peaceful Now we've locked the outside out I lost it so completely and don't care for whereabouts Apocalyptic bridges burning crashing to the ground. Ashen scorched soil around me. Just a distant crackling sound.

life

Life can be so very nice, with just the right amount of spice It shows you things you did not know and gives you wisdom that you can learn from. It has this way of letting you know that little things should just go so When times become too hard to manage, life just seems to give you a carriage. If you listen carefully it will show you things you did not see So you should cherish life, for it was not to give you strife. Life is for eternity, if you believe in the forbidden tree, Life is not a test, that should be kept inside your chest Life is like a sea of waves, that hardly ever does concave Its seasons are a sight to see, each one designed to bring you fun For it is so diverse and broad just like the morning and evening sun That is what I thought I saw, the sun was beating to its core With bleached white clouds that hold no rain, for we shall never feel the pain The pain is that which brings the rain and we will not remain the same. I write this poem on my bed, the words just coming to my head I never know what is coming, I just follow the humming The words, my words, come from afar and they should not create a scare They were written to uplift your spirit and put some joy and laughter in it. Life is such a mystery but predictable sometimes you'll see It has its own mythology and is as radical as can be. I write these things with you in mind, you who has never declined to hear my rhymes Time after time, it all seems so sublime I love my life, as you can tell, ever since I got put under a spell.

Depression's Prisoner

Cannot raise my head; Every thought outside this room, Chains me to this bed.

NEWYEAR'S EVE

Caught in the vortex between old year and new, a maelstrom of misery, dismal past, bleak future. Tonight she shivers coatless, departure sudden, destination unknown she needs to stop the pain of love, of loss, of longing. Cyborg-like she tramps through the night-time town.

Blank-faced boarded up shops surround, glare from estate agent windows dazzle, prim neat little houses, prim neat little lives. Dank rowdy wide-open taverns smoke from their door-step refugees swirling across the pavement. Shoulders shaken by sobs she proceeds oblivious to the revellers' rude remarks.

Golden balloon glows in the night sky tethered to the festive lamp-post like a confused sun. Distant fireworks burst and crackle. The bells fall silent, despair tightens its vice-like grip she heads towards the railway bridge, clambers on to the stone parapet. A gentle hand touches her shoulder, "Are you O.K. Love ?"

SOMETIMES

Sometimes There is just the emptiness The relentless weight of nothingness That rises from within **Cracks the fragile shell** And meets it's like Which occupies all the cosmos From darkness to darkness to infinity And sometimes There is just the silence The terrible deafening silence That screams it's lonely agony Out into the pointlessness Which engulfs the desolate space From which all things begin And all things aspire to And all things end.

My first drive with my new "friends"

Toward a light, I walk with glee, my time has come to an end.

Pedal down, music up, as I drifted round the bend.

"Look at this, look at this!" I shout at my fake friends.

No-one knew me, no-one cared, they all survived.

The End.

Faith Multiplied

I love the summer breeze With blue sky and humble trees Feared by many and by few Not just any love will do My sting is vengeful But my grin shows my potential A loving smile is so essential With all this sin and a mirror I'm still a King and Superior Be your best I say So I've throne my meds away I think ahead and think instead And now I'm grown I meditate levitate Be my dance and be my echo You have another chance so don't let go In harmony is where I rather be: free and living thriving comfortably We all know miracles exist And how spiritual this all is So like the son I will rise and surprise you with a twist gift

	The relief I find at relocating my sea les	20
	Quite surpasses the promise of something be	Iter
	That never arrives or if it does	
	Does not deliver the reward it originally prop	local
	your netwo the preved it originaring pro	fora.
	I prejer blandes to brunettes	
	That is just my way; not yours.	
	that is just my way , not your.	1
	We are not even similar	-
	But uncannity alike	
		-
	I recognise nous	
	The yearings of my soul (_
	My navel sits in solitude	
	Praying for acknowledgment	
	Everything is so imperject Thus making it perject I search for Me On a daily tasis	
	Thus making it perject	
100	T search to Me	
	Que deile taxis	
	Col a dairy scals	
	Chan I is the	
	Sometimes I find it four.	
	Sometimes I find it sad But the lower self corries	
	But the lower self scorries	
	When the peace arrives at itself.	
_	THAMIL YOU	1

Moving on

I would give anything to hear your sweet voice, Why was this was your choice? I'd give anything to see your face filled with happiness, Was I not good enough? As a result of the dreary day that you left us, In no-one can I trust.

If you were me would you be happy? In a world full of so much emotional pain, What do I have left to gain? I was a part of you, All of this is nothing but true. Everything I feel remains blue.

I didn't get to talk to you, Tell me,

Relapse.

The pain of Relapse hurts more than the scars on your thighs, It's the realisation of failure, the readiness of lies, already prepared on your lips.

Quick to explain the dismantled blade, as you remove the stains from your skin. Calculating how long it will take for the marks to fade. How long will you have to hide in the heat? And in the shower? And from mirrors? You are your worst critic but crumble at the slightest critique. You admire the irony.

And once damaged, you figure you may as well break. Having wrecked all the reasons you previously abstained, clarity is replaced by the self-hate you have trained, to attack every aspect of your mind.

Leaving behind a choice. A pathway directing you to scars or strength. A decision you make every day- but with slightly more weight. And whatever the choice, you eventually make, you will feel you chose wrong.

And whilst in this state, of pain and regret, it's easy for you to forget, that in order to relapse, you had to be clean.
A milestone worth more than the insults you scream.
So consider the achievement, and ditch the self-shaming.
Yesterday, I was eight months clean from self-harm, And quite frankly, that was amazing!

Have you ever felt so small Miserable Invisible to the eye A dot on the landscape No escape, just there Aware Scared & unprepared for another lonely day

Lost

Where am I? I feel lost I'm being swallowed down this dark hole of insanity The darkness won't ease its grasp It won't give me a chance to escape

If you were me would you be happy? The resemblance between us is uncanny, To be all of 12 years old and told by my nanny, I couldn't be anymore unhappy.

Moving on is all that is on the cards for me, All that we can do is let this be. From me to you, I will forever love you. You're not alone

We all recall that feeling Staring at the ceiling Peeling, label after label All over the table Empty bottles, full ashtrays Empty hearts, let's start again

Alone

Empty inside. We hide Avoid the pain. Go insane Just a little

And then

Love

If you're lucky

Where am I? I'm all alone I have no one to confide in No one listens No one understands My loneliness consumes me

Where am I?
I feel like I'm drowning,
Drowning in my own thoughts
Sinking further and further down
I can't breathe
I can't think clearly
Where am I?

Bad days, good days

That morning I found you sitting on the floor of our bedroom cutting holes in my shirts: "You've always said how much you like fresh air." I thanked you, asked if I could borrow the scissors, please. "Sure," you said at least you were talking that day.

Yesterday you sat in the bathroom rocking and moaning, and when I brought your pills you snatched them, flung them across the floor, "I hate you!" A paycheck's worth of meds gone.

But how pretty you look in your light blue dress, how charming you are with my boss at the party, smiling, nodding, and later he tells me, "You have a good one there, John. Hang onto her."

I do, I do, but I can't stop you shaking

The Demon Race

Nausea

i feel your arms around me, yet we have never met. your strong embrace holds me tight. i am nauseous.

i have lied about your ways, yet imagined what i'd be like with you, happy yet scared. hypocritical nausea.

this is not reality. fake, made up, simply not real. that thought alone makes me feel sick, to the bone, nauseous.

i have allowed myself to become plagued,by the thought of yourselfand i together,yet we are both nauseous.

i have almost rid myself of your disease. now i am healthy, as i can be in this position. you're gone, finally

the end to my sickness has arrived. and i shall welcome it with open arms. i am no longer nauseous

Blur the Words

Like you're choking on your breath Demon's hands around your throat Another accidental victim Of another person's anecdote Written on a piece of paper Blur the words with rushed fingers In hope that it will disappear But still the darkness lingers In the tears tearing skin from your face Until you can't bleed anymore A mind more fragile than a chandelier That breaks upon the floor It's trapped in your lungs tied By a ribbon laced with nightshade In the deep red drips from hair tips The cuts made by an imaginary blade It sits behind your eyelids While you lay wide awake Then creeps into your voiceless mind Sending waves like an earthquake When the chills are setting in The terror begins to grow You don't want to feel the fear

Chugging along the weather-beaten tracks, The sun blinking through the gaps in the trees, Sewing together all the old, nasty cracks, As I weave through the warm evening breeze.

Right back to the beginning, they lead, Behind me, vines streaming in the air, Giving the evil exactly what it needs, The winding tendrils mend, fix and repair.

Monsters creep up these battered train wheels, Grumbling silhouettes, dancing in the dark. Scratchy, rasping voices offer sinister deals, Plotting ways to thwart me, should I disembark.

Within the remains, at the crumbling station, Amongst the shadows, lay jagged shards of past. Speeding down the line, escaping mental damnation; It's a race against the demons and I hope I won't come last.

Crosshairs

The thought drives her crazy. Other people are so much better. Not lazy. I'm feeling best more hazy Hunny, you've barely touched your food She doesn't want to cause a fuss But she must, calm down She feels like royalty, a crown It's like a showdown. Between you and anxiety and fears, you're caught in between the crosshairs. They say it's not in your brain It's running straight through your veins. Resist the pain The shame Please don't go insane They take you to therapist. They go through frame by frame Of your hardship and think You're at your brink, Of extinction. Get out the stage-light, Makes your heart beat run right They don't understand, They're so much better, They're so nice And overpriced, "You don't deserve it" they say I know you listen to what I say, but Hey. You do you boo. It makes her feel like all the things I go through are true. I finish with an empty plate, maybe now I have a clean slate. Your gag reflexes kick in, Once again, Heavy breathing. You're in a bad place. Keep it at your pace, They see it in your face The lack of taste. They see it. Tears and fears., Tears of hairs. Caught between the crosshairs.

You don't want to be alone.

"You Can Too"

(Alcohol) it's been a shackle round my neck for (many) years. Reduced so (many) of my friends to just (one) hand I brought me tears Compared the (truth) to the (illusion) that this poison "seems" to bring, Cause there's (more) "minuses" than "pluses" when I've succumbed, gone on a "binge" to feel the sting of morning after I the feeling of defeat, It's just like being (someone else) but when awake, it's "me" I greet .. Back from the age of (27), tried to have my cake & eat .. I traded liquor for the "mic", My nasty habit (hard) to beat .. But I'm determined to draw the curtains on my drama, Lost my partner (13) years, Now on my "own" it got "much harder" .. Dragged me (deep) inside the bottle, Felt the current was (too) strong, I wallowed deep inside self pity, Thought that, that's where I belonged ... But I was (blind) I I was (wrong) Being silent isn't strong .. "Hard drinking" (masked) the soul inside me, I'd been hiding far too long .. Realised that we (all) have tribulations, obstacles we must go through, I've made my mind to beat my demons & if "I" can then (you) can too.

SEED STUNTING

Is there still soil underneath your fingernails from when you swaddled me in the earth? Casket-less, bare-skinned; a natural burial I am gifted Autolysis, by the locusts in my membranes I tell them drink, and they drink deeply.

Don't ever believe

Don't ever believe that if he doesn't hit it isn't abuse.

A body shakes for hours with shock from monstrous assault.

Days later, a chest and heart still hurt, as if his fists slammed in with violent malice.

He aims to dehumanise, humiliate, deny, negate.

He hones such skill in the same twisted way he uses prayer to wound, control; to try to own.

Would that it would stop one day. But the screaming thoughts still return DON'T LET HIM NEAR CHILDREN.

A body wants to vomit forever and forevermore.

CLIMB IN

Clocks are useless here. Battalions of the dead march double time

a bone bright sergeant tells an unborn baby

to stay away from this planet where everyone believes in God but cannot reach him.

No one can feel another person's life.

Cities dry as dust. Judas-like we take the bread and wine

and exit before the resurrection,

missing the message of how to live, faithless, loved, asked to be good, if not good, then good and sorry. Repent or else

the sun molts mirrors,

birds don't fly and trees burn. Sock. Sock. Sock. Eternal bullets

kiss skin and bone. Boiling rivers eat us alive.

in front of the cameras, shadows burn truth as generals, politicians, billions of ordinary mouths state:

I don't expect I'll see you again.

Bodies advance, one by one, alone, across a flimsy bridge, apocalypse On all sides until they reach the hell of my skin,

and climb in.

The Contradictions of Hope

I tell you listen, listen deeply Because I used to sip a glass of herbicide every morning instead of breakfast, After you said that I was too much I used to hack at myself the way you hack at creepers Close to the root but never close enough So do you wonder now Of what you buried here in this shallow grave? Of What could grow here now that I have stopped?

A seed dropped into its own muddy garden Perhaps I will become more than just food for the birds

Perhaps my bones will crack And leak tree sap And my limbs will erupt as roots into the ground

Breathe me

4am

Thoughts tinkle like broken glass in my head.

Pieces of me were separated and grew up without each other: estranged brothers and sisters, longing to find meaning in their lives.

> I am a breeze in a room. Other weather is more important.

Once I was a tangled ball of wool. Now I am a straight piece of string. Those knots held me together.

Broken You are alone

and you feel at peace.

Meditation I am never alone

as Flowers Growing in a Sugar Bowl

Given that I've seen forget-me-nots growing from the road I should think no dish too shallow.

& once I have accepted my portion and the helping succour of sucralose has made me sweet, halving my head from grief and growing honeysuckles from my feet, my body shall become a dog rose shaking the rosehips of my fingers into a sugar bowl.

Depthless, deathless, flat – small dish – roots may yet reciprocate and round what's sharp with bitterness to better things; kingcups and wildflowers waking from clay hardened with haem, gathering up the glucose & forgetting what has been. in a forest full of ancient trees
walking along a path you have taken before.
You are in no rush and have plenty of time was and as you walk along slowly
you feel safe and at peace.
Eventually you reach a pond,
its waters are clear and blue
and you are drawn to it.
You lie by the water's edge and close your eyes

how can I be sure I am alone? Which path? where are the children? Who has them? why can't I relax? What if someone is watching? will I get fish for dinner? do I have time to go to the shop? I must draw myself back. Concentrate! s what if someone is watching? I feel exposed.