

Blinded by the Hand that Feeds

Oppressed into Plato's cave  
We scramble meaning from shadows  
Some content to sit in front  
This intoxicating Infinite Jest  
Happily chained (all slaves are obtained on their free will)  
But not one is to blame  
I have falling slave to it too  
It is an enemy masked as a friend  
Then friends turn into enemies  
By their thoughts digitised  
The absurdity of it all  
Is a noose tight around necks  
Are we meant to embrace or thrive?  
On confinements based on trends  
In a small space your finger points at you  
Devil-advocates to your own self-esteem  
All stand in line for a shooting spree  
Who should we aim it at when there is no apparent attack?  
Scrolling leaves us silent  
But the white noise is blinding  
We have truly lost the meaning of beauty behind so many filters.  
How will we surpass this?  
When there is a face on every screen  
Screens lit in every hand  
We are blinded by the hand that feeds.

Being in hospital

I don't know what I've done wrong  
Why does it take so long  
I might as well be in prison  
Lots of people listen  
but the judge doesn't believe  
they have tricks up their sleeves  
I really want to leave  
they have painted the wrong picture  
this picture is impossible to change  
I write letters to the judges  
but they read a different page

I know getting through this can be daunting;  
You face the fears in your mind,  
The demons in your soul,  
And the disquiet in your heart.  
But know that I will fight these disquiet fearsome demons with you.  
I will love you on the days when you don't want to be loved.  
I will hold you during the times you think you are not enough.  
I will carry your pieces, love your parts, cherish your scars.  
In the end you will see that you are enough, that those demons twisted your thoughts into lies.  
And I will be here,  
Helping you banish the darkness from your burdened soul.

THE UNLIT LANTERN

Its ripped paper skin  
Its bamboo shell hollow  
A burnt out candle  
The wax too shallow  
A good luck symbol  
But no fortune to follow  
Just a faded red  
And grief to swallow  
Too dark, no light  
Small room and too narrow  
With an Unlit Lantern  
That will no longer glow.

Beyond Black

In the jewelled curtain of night  
not black but beyond it  
beyond sight and taste and time  
far into the soundless hills  
I wait for you in a hole I dug myself  
I wait for how you were  
how I know you could be  
but you never show  
under the moon  
after the curtain or before it  
so I'll sleep here under the stars  
look out for you tomorrow

Alone

There was once a time when I felt alone  
No one to talk to  
Nowhere to call home  
I felt as if my existence didn't matter  
I felt ugly and disgusting  
And I told myself I was getting fatter  
And these dark, destroying thoughts plagued my mind  
Refusing to leave until I succumbed to its darkness  
And for a while I did, to the truth I became blind  
I felt as though no one understood me  
Like they just couldn't see  
How I was hurting and crying inside  
I called out for help but no one answered  
So, I persevered and overcame the devil's thoughts  
Alone

The Shore

Tears pool, a sea of thoughts as waves thrash,  
Commencing battle with warm, glittering sand on shore.  
Marooning me.  
  
Brief moments call the water,  
Carrying kind memories off to other shores.  
Abandoning me.  
  
Debris of past shipwrecks strike rock and worn sea walls  
Breaking forth splinters, jagged along the shore.  
Threatening me.  
  
Sleep under starlight, once my refuge  
Drowned out the sounds of the shore.  
Now eludes me.  
  
Left alone with growing shadows, echoes  
Until reflections of still waters form again on shore.  
Saving me.

I can't sleep  
too many thoughts rushing through my head  
swirling, growing, churning  
a storm hidden just behind my eyelids.  
why won't they stop? just let me rest  
give me eight hours of reprieve, seven, six, five,  
fourthreetwoone- shit!  
chest tight, blinking fast.  
breathe.  
too tired for this, but the pounding never stops  
malicious thoughts constantly pulsing.  
scenarios full of worth, pain, anxiety, tears  
pushing themselves to the forefront.  
making my blood run cold,  
eyes squeeze shut  
but never tight enough to make. it. go. away!  
as a result?  
2AM. still awake.  
3AM. still awake.  
4, 5, 6, 7AM, time to start the day!  
it feels like the last never really ended, it's all a  
blur it's all the same,  
but I have to get up anyway.  
trudge through with tired eyes and a heavy heart,  
and a brain that's falling apart.

MY DANCE

the bed was draped in gorgeous glass  
my mind had never comprehended such magnitudal flirting.  
  
so i revelled  
and could not have left less lacerated.  
  
my skin had swelled  
around your eager fingers.  
  
only now do i realise i am your marionette.  
have your way,  
  
massage my trachea  
with sand and glass.  
  
peel back my skin  
to reveal my lungs.  
  
use them as your ashtray  
break the cigarette and stub it out inside.  
  
squeeze them between your fingers  
until you really do take my breath away.  
  
blood eagle  
void my sentience.  
  
grab my heart  
attack it.  
  
please never let go  
or untie me.

Who is to blame?

And couldn't his voices have told him  
to strangle the caretaker's dog  
when the ache reached his eyes  
and the sad, choking rage  
forced the thoughts to stay  
not be rubbed away by his mother.  
  
even when the sun warms the skin  
and spring air moves the fog  
the pain stays, barbed and deep  
as mould on the perfect day  
when there should be songs  
celebrating life.  
  
Guiltless, unaware, he endures  
Losing blood and friends  
Along the way in equal measure  
  
There is no fault when  
Blame is so desperately cheap.

Little Prayers

He scatters drawings wherever he goes.  
Pencil grey, or ink black, or neon lucent highlights;  
his take on life left on the stairs – little prayers.  
See me, see me, they say.  
  
They cushion the couch, drip over edges  
of a coffee table, rustle welcome from the doormat,  
call in felt-tipped voices to those who pass.  
See me, see my shapes, my lines.  
  
My truth, they say in hisses slit by paper cuts,  
is here to find. Angry-eye faces, broken stick people,  
pages crayoned purple-bruise. See me,  
see me, they say.

The Sailing Shipwreck

Upon the shore,  
I see the light of my pain.  
Every night, I hear angels calling my name,  
This is every night, always the same,  
They beg me to come near,  
But for one reason only, I'll refuse to sink, and disappear,  
  
I'll forever try to steer clear,  
As I know with life,  
Every moment is precious and dear.  
When I look to my ship,  
I know it as lonely and sinking,  
  
All of this though,  
Is the product,  
Of one blind mans thinking,  
It's with only myself to blame,  
That I carry going,  
Burdening this shame,  
  
For over the horizon,  
I'll still go,  
But for how much longer,  
I'll not know,  
I pray my ship shall last,  
So that I can tell my kids,  
This journey in my history,  
The lessons of my past.

Blue Midnight

In blue midnight, the adult weeps,  
Dreaming true and untrue dreams  
Of things that might have been.  
  
In narrow lines, the adult weeps,  
Travelling in the archives of their minds  
For lives they left behind.  
  
In hopeful fear, the adult weeps,  
Wandering in memorial time  
To pinpoint misspoke rhyme.  
  
Too late and too timely, the adult weeps,  
For the child left inside the hallowed hall  
Or is there no child left there at all?

Me, Myself and I

The sound of violins.  
The day when death has taken me under its wings.  
Faded, ouch!  
This is not enough, unsatisfied with this ‘Angel Dust’.  
“Perhaps, take a knife?”  
Maybe the devil is right!  
Knife to my hand.  
But, I cannot stand.  
Eight walls.  
The illusions filling me up.  
The myth of life harps...  
“What if you give yourself a chance?”  
Me, myself and I laugh, as my insanity gets up and dance.  
This complicated lie... my fifth persona is more than high.  
No one cares if I go and fly.  
No one cares if I live, die or just cry.  
Fake tears of course or am I lying?  
And this is me showing me an ounce of remorse.  
This ‘Mad Hatter’ once told me there’s this place called, Hope.  
A place where everyone understands.  
For they too have been tortured by their many hands.  
Me, myself and I laugh once more.  
Then, silence falls.  
What if that place could get me out of these four walls?



Two Lines

Two lines –  
two little lines, so fragile, so frightening;  
pink, as you would have been,  
alive, as you would have been.

You nestled into mucus warmth,  
entangled in confusion, webbed in love, love that I held quiet,  
the day you left the place you made home – I was sure, I thought,  
yet the brokenness returned, and the darkness is unending.

Pink turned to monotone grey, toss, turn, toss, turn,  
heart thumps, and thumps, fidgeting,  
fingers that once held my hair back now thumb through  
forum after forum of how to correctly hang oneself,  
the umbilical noose that I now claim as my own dangles in shame,  
in regret, in purple that now runs to my hands and throat –  
or so I daydream.

Two lines –  
two little fucking lines.  
I did this to myself.  
But the next time, the lines will trace my veins instead.

The End

I'm no good, my world is bleak, my future is hopeless, thoughts that run in my head,  
maybe people would be much happier, if only I were dead.

STOP! My other half shouts; why think such thoughts at all?  
If anyone knew the things you're thinking, they'd think you were a fool.

But around family I feel like a stranger, and to friends I don't exist,  
the reasons I should end my life, I can compile on a list.

Around train tracks I feel nervous, for the actions I may take,  
why not just end it here and now for everybody's sake.

My life flashes before me, every decision I have made,  
I can't live a future with all these thoughts, and to my mind remain a slave.

STOP! There are people who love you, you know that this is true,  
your mum, your dad, your sister, would do anything for you.

Don't be a slave to your mind, it can be a devil with this game,  
these negative thoughts and emotions you feel, you need to learn to tame.

So don't be ashamed to get the help you need, to set you on your way,  
and before long you will start to see the good in every day.

For depression is an illness, and anxiety and suicide are real,  
but you can start by taking a small step each day, by saying how you feel.

Sixteen sentences

Slowly sinking south of sanity  
Sitting slumped, sick and stressed  
Silently screaming, sobbing soulfully  
Sadness sends a shiver  
I'm stuck  
Suicide sounds like safety  
Something someone so shattered should seek  
Shrouded in suffering  
Suffocated and scared  
Surrounded by solitude  
My soliloquy spoken strained, and strangled  
Sharp scars score soft skin  
I'm seeking something superior to self  
Somebody see  
Please, somebody  
Save me

Being insane in sane places

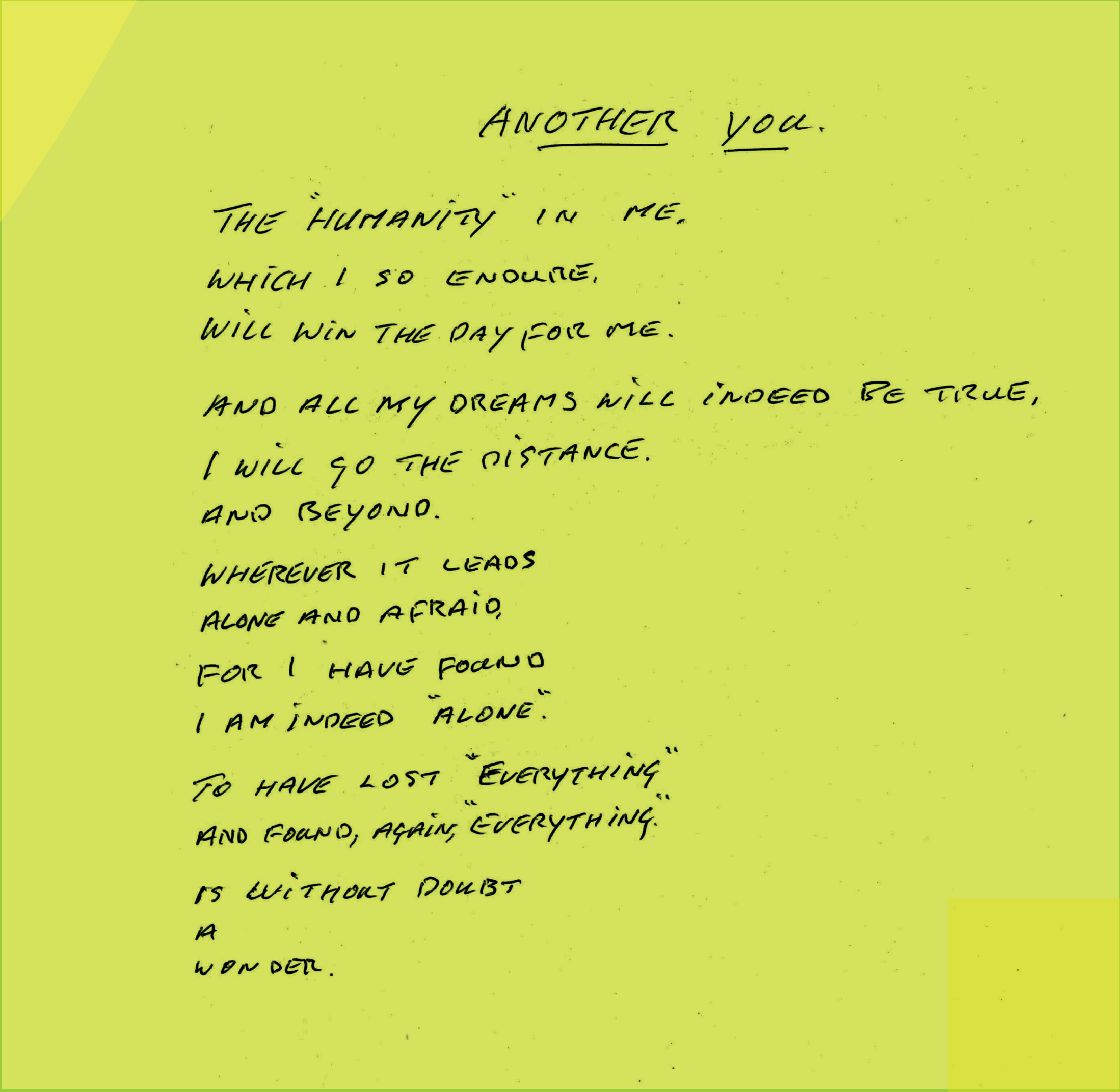
Am I insane  
Yes I am insane, for only someone who is insane needs to question their own sanity  
Or is it that I am so sane I can

Do I have so much strength that  
I am able to question these  
Thoughts  
Is being in the darkness and searching for the light a sane thing to do  
Is anything so "sane" in an insane world

You compare to your own socials  
Are they sane?  
For if they are sane I'm must not be  
How can I be so different so  
Unplugged  
They are normal they fit in and are able to understand and communicate

I am insane

It's the only answer  
But why look to be sane  
If being sane is just the same  
As them



Reduced

Dark nights, my shit's wrapped tight, bound round and round, no end in sight.  
Stay strong soldier, get your head held high, keep your guard up, focus your aim with your laser sighted eye.  
There's no end to the woes and the foes that this world will throw, at you, and me, keep your shots coming - 1, 2, 3.  
It's a long fight, no bell to save you, no 3 minute round. Just keep that guard up, lead with your jab then smash em all to the ground.  
And in the end, none of it really matters. Just stay in the ring and stay in the fight regardless how much blood splatters.  
Someone'll clean it up, this world's got plenty of sweepers. But you're a leader son, a warrior, you play for keepers.  
So stay strong and push on, slip those jabs aimed at your nose. And watch out for those dirty cheaters slinging those naughty low blows.  
Ain't no ref keeping an eye, they'll have no points deducted. Live your life in HD, 10,000K, but keep it simplified - reduced.

Five Years

It takes five years to recover.  
I doggedly rehashed the story repeatedly, in my head and in emails.  
In my doctoral thesis.  
Convicted by its 'truth' like a life sentence, I couldn't breathe.  
A mind brought to the brink until two options appeared: let go or sink.  
With support from all corners, and hospitals, my crisis began to dissipate.  
I had to make changes, as Bowie sang.  
And then love threw me a life ring.

It takes five years to recover.  
If only the mind was a matter of mathematics.  
We all have something anyway. We all definitely have something.  
I no longer identify as 'bipolar'.  
This labelling and prognosis doesn't work. There are symptoms of this and that, and I do the work.  
I work on them everyday. NOT ALONE  
Salvation has always come in relation to others.  
Isolation a thing of the past; an open heart a thing of the future.

The Cry

He's squeezing his head to suffocate doubt  
and push out a silent scream;  
the tall-hatted phantoms know where he's going  
as he paces faster, faster.  
His forehead's wet and his sides run  
with the sudden sweat of nightmares;  
he knows that to place one foot  
in front of the other foot  
is to step a little closer to the end;  
yet to stand still (holding his head)  
is to get a little closer to the end;  
so he screams a silent scream  
as he paces faster, faster,  
to try to lose the horror, lose the horror,  
the horror and lose the tall-hatted phantoms  
who are still in the picture and know  
his destination; his head will soon be pierced  
with screams; slow and silent screams  
like needles. The phantoms will be ready;  
they will welcome him with their hollow eyes;  
they will welcome him into themselves.

Block

She forgets the day of the week, the time of the day. Each one rolls into the other like a  
timeless loop of dough that never rises. With each pressing loop the clouds storm stronger.

Like maggots to a corpse, sadness is eating away, consuming her until she will be no more.  
She grows weaker, it is getting harder and harder to brush the maggots away from her mouth.

Eventually she will accept the pain of being eaten away, slowly. She was chosen to be  
unhappy. She gives up; why bother fighting a force stronger than life?

She will die and dying will be a relief. It would be perfect if it was not for the ones who love  
her. They lie like bricks, getting in her way. She wants to lose them but she refuses to muster  
the strength to knock them down.

Even so, her rotting, chewed up skin have scared some away. A loss of beauty leads to a loss  
of friendship. A loss of a smile can turn into a bite.

Each morning and each night her eyes leak. Her aim is to fill an ocean that she can drown in  
to spend eternity swimming through a life failure.

The water will block her ears and blur her vision. It will numb her senses until she can no  
longer feel. Her body will float above the wall letting her pass over. Her body will sink  
further down, trapped and bloated.  
Depression steals your mind.