

Searching for Beauty – Life with BPD

(Darkest Days)

I find myself despising you for my placement in the world
I may have been trapped here since I was a little girl
You are several enemies
Several lovers
All people I wish I never discovered
The misplaced trust and unrequited love seeps out to no control of my own
Please don't leave me alone
The anger, the guilt
Destroying the relationships I've built
Confusion and frustration, bubbles under the surface
I wish I could be more assertive
But I'm so weak it shows
Visibly labelled as fragile, to no one's fault but my own
Susceptible, vulnerable
Attracting vultures with impeccable masquerades
In the best of my darkest days
These illusions were enough to dilute the intensity of feeling afraid
But why run from what you can't hide
We shouldn't let our fears diminish our pride
Of who we are under the covers
Most of us are still yet to discover
Beauty in our pain
Maybe it's time we try and dance in the rain

On high in light

I went for a balloon ride early today,
I would have dropped by if I'd drifted your way.

We* drifted o'er graveyards of Mormons and Shakers,
of Protestant soldiers and long lost Quakers.

We drifted past Ypres and the field at Culloden,
the lost and the lonely, but n'er forgotten.

We came across Towton on Yorkshire's East facing flanks,
the beck that ran red as ten thousand s(t)ank.

Through night into day, crystalline clear,
new love, new life, in a world without fear.

Ne'r such a beautiful day did you see,
the Larch and the Rowen, uprooted and free,
take flight on a thermal over the sea,
next time, maybe, you'll come drift with me.

*balloon and I.

Limited sessions

even therapy wasn't enough
to skim-coat the
drywall
crumbling
inside.
i tried it twice,
the deep breathing,
the mindfulness,
the rumination-searing,
but i was left with wrinkly
patches for a mind.
i guess i really am as deformed as the others...
perhaps i'm even
the most deformed
of us all.

Once in a lighter place

In a place of light,
Where there was hope,
Where all the candles flared bright,
Where I could easily fall asleep,
Every night,
Where I didn't have to worry,
Where I didn't have to stress,
Where life was simply perfect.
But now I'm affected,
And dejected,
And all the candles have been blown out,
With a breath of clear, cold wind.

Green and Grey

Green green green, when I see green I feel so keen.
I feel alive, I feel sunshine.
Grey grey grey, what a miserable day.
When I see grey, when I feel the frost.
I feel nothing but dismay
I have no motivation to thrive or survive.
But when it sunny it is a blessing to be alive.
The sun it gives me life it makes me fine.

Why has the stork landed me in the land of grey?
Am I not destined for the tropics?
Well, sometimes there is green, there is yellow, there is the rainbow.
But it is mostly grey.
But the stork landed not just me but a million more.
The stork put us here, we were made to see grey and carry crystal, crystal that refracts light and births rainbows.
The stork put us here because grey has beauty and it is underestimated.
There is beauty in both green and grey.

It's one of those days again. When your perception is slightly warped, and everything feels intense, it has hit you all at once, for no particular reason either, it has just resurfaced, without warning, and kicked your legs from beneath you. Why?! You think to yourself. You were feeling so good, better, stronger, happier. You had hope, determination, umph! You felt like *you* again. Now it's all gone. In less than 24 hours. But let me tell you something, you're always going to have days like this, regardless of how successful you are, or how content you seem to feel, life may be going swimmingly well, but you're *always* going to have these days, these thoughts, these feelings. Sometimes life just crashes into us all at once, and there's nothing we can do to stop it. All we can do is cherish the good days, the good thoughts, the mini miracles that illuminate our complicated existence.

A Friday night dream

In the stair above the hot car park I waited for the rain to come,
or for my lover to arrive, whichever came first.
When all but two of the car owners had come and gone
(also leaving one motorbike, which I suspected had been waiting for his owner longer than a single evening),
a buzzing started, a warm, white buzzing,
a buzzing that said there won't be much more movement tonight. The world is getting still.
I was starting to understand why it is that sometimes the simple things take up more room in one's brain than the complex things,
when a cat darted from underneath one of the remaining cars.
That one (a she?) taught me that there is life where you do not think there is life.
A man came for his car, my favourite of the remaining two,
and once it had disappeared into dust the car park felt different and so did I.
I decided the rain wasn't coming tonight.

Picture Perfect

Slumped on a shabby sofa
the woman wonders where it begins
and she ends.

As her stomach turns on itself,
dread sweats from the soles of her feet and
the strain of the ice-cream van grates.

She watches herself
while across the room
an idyllic waterfront scene
turns to gun-kissed beaches
of wine-red sand.

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A tranquil haven of beauty
bursts with a barrage of shots
creating memories that will last.

Stripped of sound,
a woman lies on a sunbed-stretcher,
still as a sniper's stare.

The woman wishes she was there.

Guardian Angel

Sometimes in life we go through pain,
We think that life's unfair.
People hurt us, loved ones leave,
The problems are too hard to bare.

Things are said, actions done,
It seems like no one cares.
We wonder what we could have done
To deserve the scowls and stares.

It may seem at times you're all alone,
You've got nowhere to turn
Your options have all run out.
Life seems too hard and stern.

But in these times of doubt and fear,
Remember we are here,
You have no need to cry alone,
We're here to share your tears.

You have a guardian angel,
It watches you every day.
Reaching out its hand to you,
Guiding you in every way.

Don't ever forget your angel is there.
Forever by your side.
No need to ever feel alone,
Its love for you cannot be denied

When girls are young
They are taught about the stranger that could one day come.

They are told about the men who lurk in dark hallways
The wolves that live in the disguise of sheep
And the monsters that wait underneath our beds

So you took me by surprise
Because you smiled nice
You said "Amen" after the Sunday school preaches
You held your hands in prayer so tightly, that in the silence, I could hear your bones break.

You were not the stranger that I was told would one day come

You were a man
A magician
That cut my body in half so you could hold my childhood in your hands

When you left my mother's home you took it with you
I could see it hanging out of your jean pocket

How should I feel?
What should I do?
What can I do?

When it all goes quiet
Six thousand girls scream into their pillows at night

A desert in my head

An old kudu bull stands in the yellow wasteland,
The scorched skin of the earth underneath his hooves
Splintered with veins of a two-year drought.
The ghosts of grasses lie useless at his feet,
Last hairs on a balding landscape.

Far off, the interminable plain seems sucked into
Nullity, swallowed by the solid, hostile air.
Restless flies crawl over the bull's cheeks -
A chaotic buzz. His eyes flicker dimly
Under opalescent membranes, searching.

Far off, a devil rattles his death drum
And peals of thunder tumble into a crescendo
Of Doomsday clouds, swarming like
Biblical locusts. The heaven's symphony
Boils over and spits out

Long, hot pokers of rain
Which pummel the dust.
Slowly, the bull lifts his head,
Raising his spiralled horns
Like open arms towards the sky.

His unseeing eyes flash with fire.

The waterhole, an empty, aching stomach,
Promises to fill once again, promises life,
But half a year later, his bones, picked bare,
Shine white where he once stood.

HI MY NAMES DEPRESSION

Hi, my names depression and I have come to stay,
I'll live within your psyche, I'll keep your dreams at bay,
Slowly I'll destroy you, Ill drain your mind and soul,
A nightmare will replace your life, I'll drag you down so low.

Hi, my names depression, through your thoughts I'll weave,
I'll plunge you into quicksand, you'll battle just to breath.
There's no where you can run from me, no tunnel nor a light,
For I'm embedded in your soul to intensify your plight.

Hi, my names depression, and I want you to know,
With every living thought you have, my hold on you will grow.
No matter all the pills you take, they cannot set you free,
For I am your depression, you cannot run from me!

Princess Thornbird

The sun goes down on another day of lengthening shadows bringing yet another night
soon she will come to me cloaked in dark burning feathers of anger, regret and sorrow.
Feeling her presence by my bed I will turn to see her silhouetted against the moonlight
showing me her pierced breast and the dagger in her in her heart, as she will tomorrow.

Every night she makes me become her bird in a gilded cage
So, sing of love ‘n death little nightingale, and then let it be.
My captive heart watching her perform on a gilded stage
knowing she will die by morning and we'll both be free.

A mournful refugee nightingale from beyond the mountains of the moon in the valley of tears
she will fly to him once more to sing her Siren's lullaby of her love being stronger than death.
His true & faithful phoenix is a thorn bird that lives only to die each night to sing away her fears
about how he betrayed her, plunged the dagger, and deserted her in her last dying breath.

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When Your Number Gets Called Up

You've used up your quota of happiness - from now on in it's
A tale of grim despair and woe to make whole years of minutes
A dismal and vacuous nightmare, an earful
Of dull incoherence, as each day you're called up
In front of your monsters, the cheerful
When your number gets called up.

You thought you'd cracked old life's enigma, thought you'd smile and ad-lib
Your way to sweet success, but now each day's become a bad trip
Just as your dreams would get bigger, some trigger
Would zap them - the windows of hope would be walled up
And nought but those walls would get bigger
When your number gets called up.

If you were a god, you would reach down and break up this dismal old island in pieces
Throw Cornwall to Cape town, make Yorkshire a heap of old tea-bags, where presently Greece is
And London, that nasty Godawful hell-hole
You would crumble and sprinkle upon the North Pole
So the Eskimos still rock and roll, when their number gets called up.

Now life just seems a set of promises to make yourself poor
Looking down the future, like the barrels of a twelve-bore
But faith still persists, and you still cannot fault it
Though it might just be one of those drainpipes you've crawled up
To find all the windows are bolted
When your number gets called up.

this morning

The dawn whispers into her ear,
tentatively, as if not to startle her.
This morning, lucidity is a blessing.

This morning, she curls her toes on polyester sheets.
They buckle and ripple under her feet.
Holes have formed, threads have loosened,
but she will never part with them.

The hand-me-down mattress groans under her weight,
but this morning, her body feels light.
She scans the woodchip with fondness;
the peeling paper is familiar – hers.

Her nose is numbed by cold air,
but this morning, sunshine trickles into the room.
Lips crack, stretching over the chatter of teeth,
and her gaze softens on the ripples of light.

There is no music this morning,
but she listens.
Every rustle, every breath,
is a sweet reminder that she lives.

A FOREIGN LAND

In the bathroom
On the floor,
Closed door.

Nursing staff the other side
From whom I try to hide.
No compassion they can't understand
Mental health a foreign land.

My hot tears could fill the bath
But I shake with cold rage,
Afraid for myself and who I've become
I don't recognise me, at this stage.

A rap on the door
“Come out,” she said
It's time for bed.
The night-shift staff
They want to sleep,
I didn't reply
“I just want to die”.

They kicked the door in
It fell on my shin,
Dragged me to my room
Door wedged with a broom.
They shut their eyes to dream
And closed their ears to my screams.

The Dark Age

The dawn of a new day, my mood briefly lifted by the sight of the sun
A blue sky with puffs of white spread across it like a freshly iced bun
Its warmth fills the room of my safe den, monster sleeping below
I take a deep breath and brace myself for another day with my foe

Taking homage from the peace and quiet while the devil is sleeping
Knowing at the end of this day, as I lay my head, I will be weeping
There appears to be no escape from this eternal depth of gloom
I have lost myself in fear of this human who lies in the other room

I look no further than the day that is current, no plans to peek ahead
Truly believing the only way out of this hell is to be carried out dead
I am not worthy to have a life without misery or to attempt a smile
Conscious even thinking about happiness would not be worthwhile

My morning started with a glimpse of blue, realisation that was fake
As the door opens and cursing announces the demon is awake
I hastily rustle up breakfast in the faint hope they will want to eat
I pour a strong coffee to pass over as I make my rapid retreat

My strength is weakening, I'm losing my motivation to survive
Sinking deeper into the pit of snakes waiting to take a bite out of my life
Tired of arguments, the torment and anguish on this route I've taken
Yearning for a moment of release, when from this nightmare I awaken

Empty of feelings, tears no longer shed, dumb and unable to speak
Plodding heavily through the existence of yet another gruelling week
Acceptance of this relationship of hatred, aware it was my choice
Grasping it's now meaningless, I desperately need to find my voice

A Mental Demon

A mental demon that slowly sips in my
Mind trying to take over me.
Thoughts which are not mine are
Uncontrollable and powerful constantly there
Day in and day out.
Entities are the spells this demon has cast yet I have
An Aura so strong to overcome their
Adverse tricks in my mind.
The illusions and hallucinations that
Make me think of what is not real
But seems really real, are all fun and games
For this demon.
Medication seems like the only
Cure but even that too has strong
Side effects, the stomach getting
A bit wider is proof of the medications
Dark black magic.
Feeling trapped when your free and loss
Of life is another power the demon has.
But I know this demon can be beaten and
Has been beaten so here's to a full recovery.

When we first met,
I didn't notice
you didn't notice
I'd covered my wrists,
where the blood had let.

I'm not sure you saw through
my smile or looked hard
enough into my eyes.

I know I seemed awkward,
but I don't think you realised,
when we first met.

Daylight

Go away daylight, leave me in peace,
I cannot face another day, without a sense of release,
from the pain I feel but cannot even begin to comprehend,
to the lethargy sweeping through me, I simply want this pain to end.
Lying here waiting for some
mystical force to awaken me,
yet deeply feeling that will never be the case for me;
This is not a battle this is a war that rages internally,
oh death I wish with every moment you would come and set me free.

I think about my family and friends, how they
would feel with me gone,
whilst all the while the sunshine of the daylight presses on;
Almost like it's taunting me, or coaching me to just press through,
but not sure within myself this is really something I can do.
Life's so hard to endure for me, yet s
eemingly simple for so many;
People around me seem to have so much hope when I fail to find any.
I don't want to give up, but I am tempted so much to end it all,
I imagine the rope, tying the knot and preparing to let myself fall.

I feel something rising
up in me that says that is not the solution,
for a moment I see clarity in the midst of my confusion;
And I know that this moment is the time I need to make my choice,
to suffer in my silent sorrow or finally raise my voice.
The daylight reminds me that wi
th every sunrise there is a new day,
and that despite the depth of this agony, things don't have to stay this way.
I make the choice to give up on feeding this torment that's so intense in me.
I pick up my phone and make the call, the first step into my destiny...

Tsunami

It's like this huge wave, like Mavericks, or
The Red Sea
Parting for Moses
But pressing on me
And by some power of God the crushing weight of those thundering, violent, dark depths
Stays at bay, just a shadow thrumming in the background of my mind
But some days the sea fights back
Some days the pounding of that water is a little more insistent
'Listen to me.' It whispers
and my eardrums vibrate with the force of it
Sometimes the current thrashes against my skin, my head, my shaking fingers
It forces its way into my mouth and my lungs
Seeping relentlessly through the smallest cracks in me
The fissions caused by the overwhelming pressure of holding that supermassive force at bay
And not letting that burden bow my shoulders or break my back
It is Exhausting.
And sometimes I feel like
That entire tsunami will come tripping off my tongue
If I even say one word
A tidal wave of violent pain ripped from the deepest part of me
Scraped from the inside of my skull
Peeled from the flesh of my heart

So it is better not to speak.