

My Back Room

I have travelled without moving,
I have loved without touch,
I have sung without breathing,
I have bled without blood.

Come back then through
the oracles of galaxies
to the glistening candelabra
of the dead of night sky;
walk the tightrope of horizon,
drop down in a shaft of moonlight
to my ancient room, to the mantras'
weaving their stories in silken cobwebs.
What's been said has not been spoken,
not been listened to.

Anti-Depressant for Andromeda

waiting for the Perseus
of winged-feet rescues

to deliver me from the teeth
of a dark sea-faring monster

trawling the seas of time
tears stall behind grey mist

I watch the sinking world
roped to a rock of anaesthesia

if I spoke
my words would spit stones

if I acted
my mimes would stand still

if I kissed
my lips would press ice

if I painted
my canvas would seep black

dejection invades an ode
to a psychedelic sea

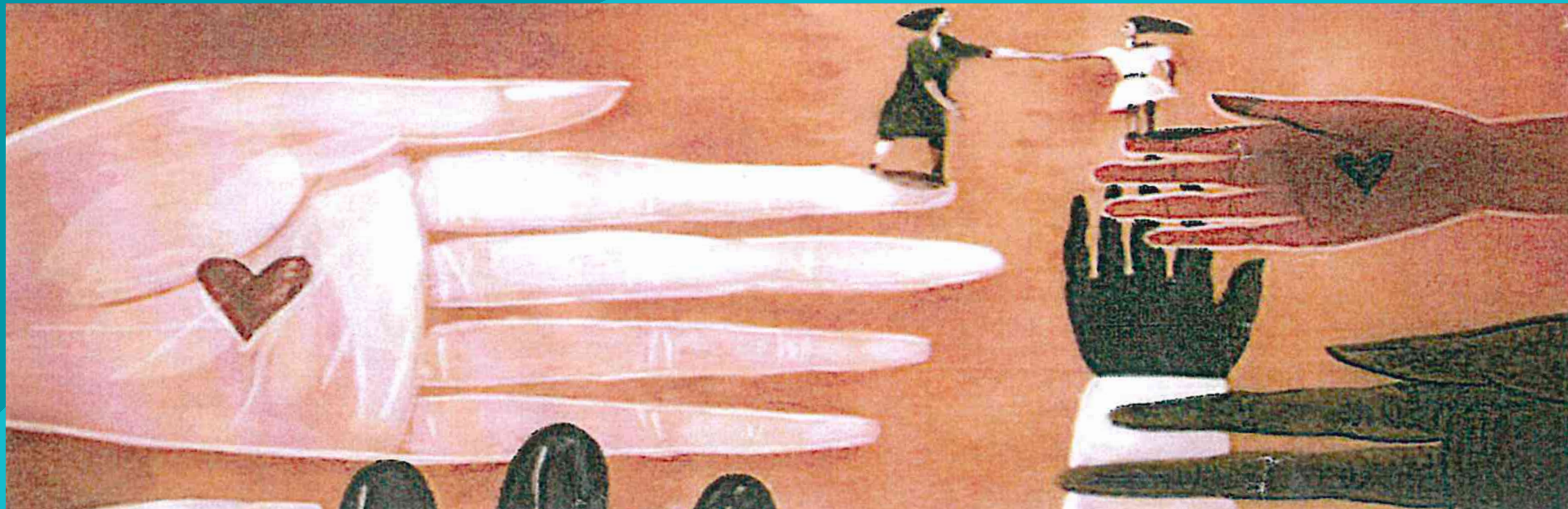
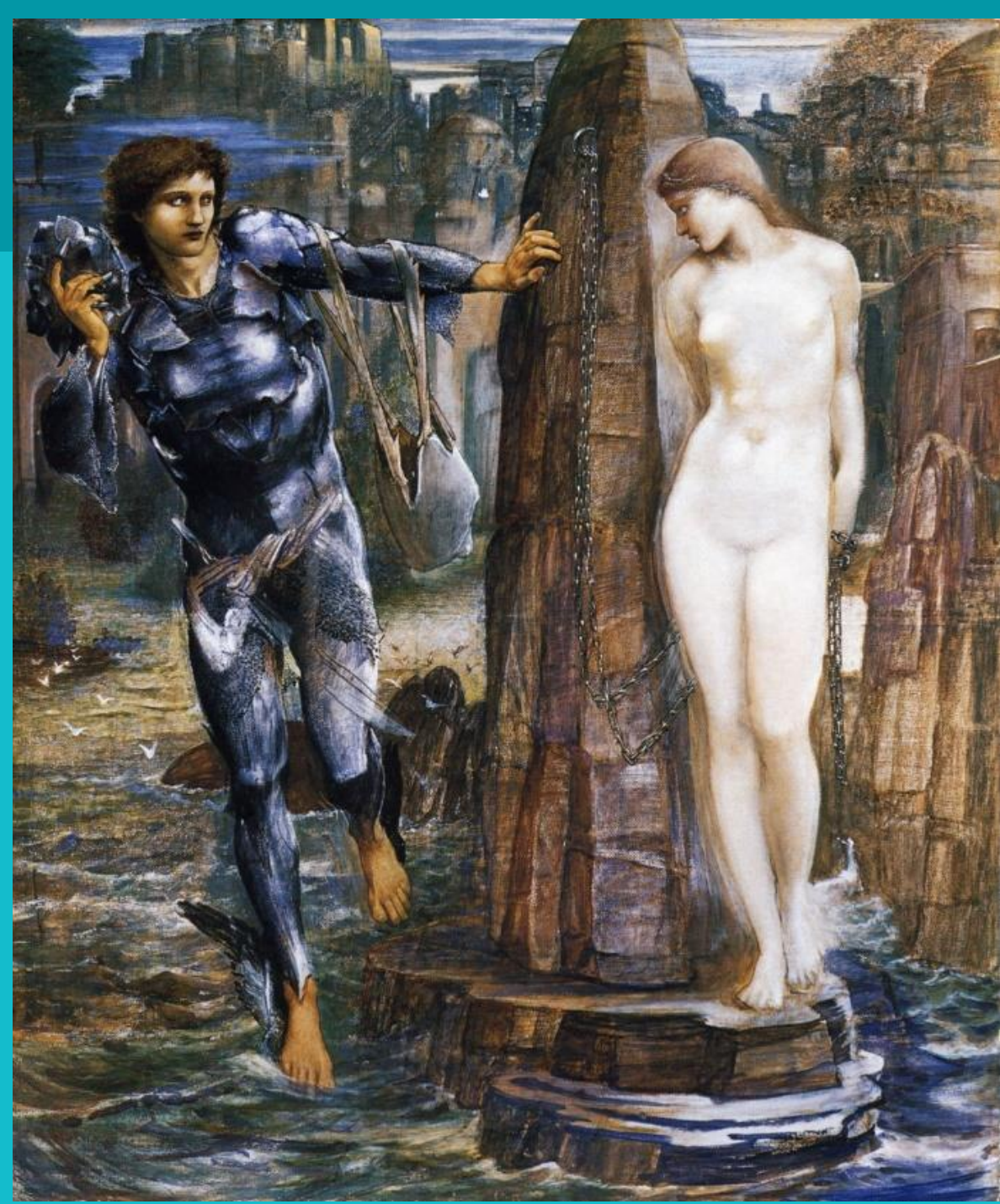
flat as a glassed pond
dense as well-made fog

my hero never arrives
it is me to save me

but nothing really matters
nothing really

nothing

Inspired by the painting 'The Perseus Series:
The Rock of Doom' (1884-5) by Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898)



Lifeguard

You came to me when I was drowning and
You slowly swam with me until I rose to the surface until I was walking on water
You saw me in a place without mirrors
As i could not face myself
You walked with me and talked with me
Until I could look deep into my eyes, the eyes they say are the windows to the soul
To open locked doors of my life.
I will not ask 'what if I had not met thee...?'
As I know it was meant to be...GOD HAS A PLAN

The Void

Empty... a vessel without substance
Pointless... every act has no point
Important... nothing, no... nothing is... nor ever will be
Endeavour... I should, but cannot summon the will
Live... I'm not sure that I want to, help me please, no... leave me be!
Help... I need help, but I'm too confused to ask
Hope... a mere delusion, not real
Despair... is real, not delusion
Give in... I have resigned from the battle
Injured... I am wounded from the fight
You care... I know, but this is not your war to win
I'm sorry... to drag you down with me to hell
My depression... no solution, only fair days and those that just hurt
You worry... I know, but you are as helpless as I am
Fix me? I'm not broken... just in need of understanding
I've changed? We both have... but we are still here for each other
This moment... is all I have, please... share this moment with me
The Void... I am disappearing into The Void
What is left of me... my spirit, illuminating my body, for while there is this light...
there is still a glimmer of hope!

Me

The pressure is always on my mind,
And I want to release these demons,
That continue to find,
Me.

I cannot hear my own heart,
Drowned out by all the noise,
Of which I want no part,
Of me.

Lost, alone, no one else can see,
I smile and laugh, like an actor on cue,
If you only knew,
This is Me.

'You look well', is what others say,
Lies, lies, lies; the mind says it is true,
And it always gets its own way.

How can I stop what only I can hear?
Although strangely comforting,
Friend or foe,
It is me that I fear.

But they are always there; my only reliable friend,
The words in my head,
My life with you I will spend.
This is Me.

Chasing Comforts

Daylight teases eyes awake
To be blinded in the sun
Gently eased into the day
Thriving with chance, possibilities
Then cruelly tossed back to the night
Darker, colder than recalled
Pierced by abandoning warmth
Of that sleeping soundly unknown
Can sunrise and sunset
Ever be other
Than implosion of beautiful pain
Exiting the stage

Everything's against me.
I feel so very trapped.
I have no say in what I do.
My future has been mapped.

My illness runs my body.
People run my mind.
I do hear all the comments,
You're just trying to be kind.

The secret tears are shed,
That no-one's ever seen,
I make sure they are hidden well,
And that's the way it's been.

It's hard to say just how I feel,
The words don't seem to come,
I am so empty, just a shell,
Mind and bodies numb.

I wish things could be different,
To do just as I please,
Be strong and speak my mind,
Instead I'm on my knees.

Of course I will just carry on,
as things will stay the same,
Keep going on as best I can,
Keep playing as Life's game.

A poem of Positivity

You got this I know it I can see it in your eyes!
You can beat this darkness it's really no surprise,
Let me see your smile, your humour and your grin,
Just these little things will let the daylight in.

You got this I know it, I can see it in your eyes
Everything the voices say you know are just lies
Show us all your strength and your strong will to live,
Just this small thing shows me how much you have to give

You got this I know it, this is just a tiny blip,
As you stumble along it's ok to fall and trip
But pick yourself up, I am right at your side
And recovery is yours and I shall watch with pride.

The Elephants

The elephants awoke then they crashed through my mind.
The sun shone so bright but they witnessed me blind.

We bought all the plastic, stood static and practised, being happy with the lies and injustice they sold us.
I can't eat. I can't shower. Undeserving. Worthless.
Today elephants came and they stole all my purpose.

Take me to our river I don't want this fear. To be indecisive, spineless, inferior acts: of unkindness.

Thoughts are drowning my mind. No energy to deliver, machination from creation.
Tormented.
Frustration.

Although each day I try my best: elephants shake the ground, up through my chest.

They crushed all my dreams now there's nothing inside,
But the footprints of elephants, now left behind.

Where Is The Light?

Darkness

Emptiness

Cracked paths

Fed up sighs and broken laughs

Leaving a trail

Full of fails

Blindfolded through tunnels with a narrow bend

Always leading to a dead end

Why do dark days always feel like hell?

Why do dark days always seem like an unbreakable spell?

When the light can't be seen, it doesn't mean it isn't there

I guess sometimes people become overwhelmed when they give everything too much care

Dulia

Thank you for loving me
Unbidden, deep and overseas.
Wherever I go,
Carrying ever your words, wisdom, wants,
Tempering tokens, healing memories

More than you believe,
I cherish each offering.
Beyond what you know,
Moved and inspired, even when disappointed,
Treating wounds denied by family

So far going alone,
But never this far without you.
A road for two or three or more,
One toils, frustratingly slow,
In much time gone and shown

Thank you for loving me
Without conditions nor guarantees.
To whichever table we go,
Always ask, do and trust what I give,
Timeless tokens, dear memories.

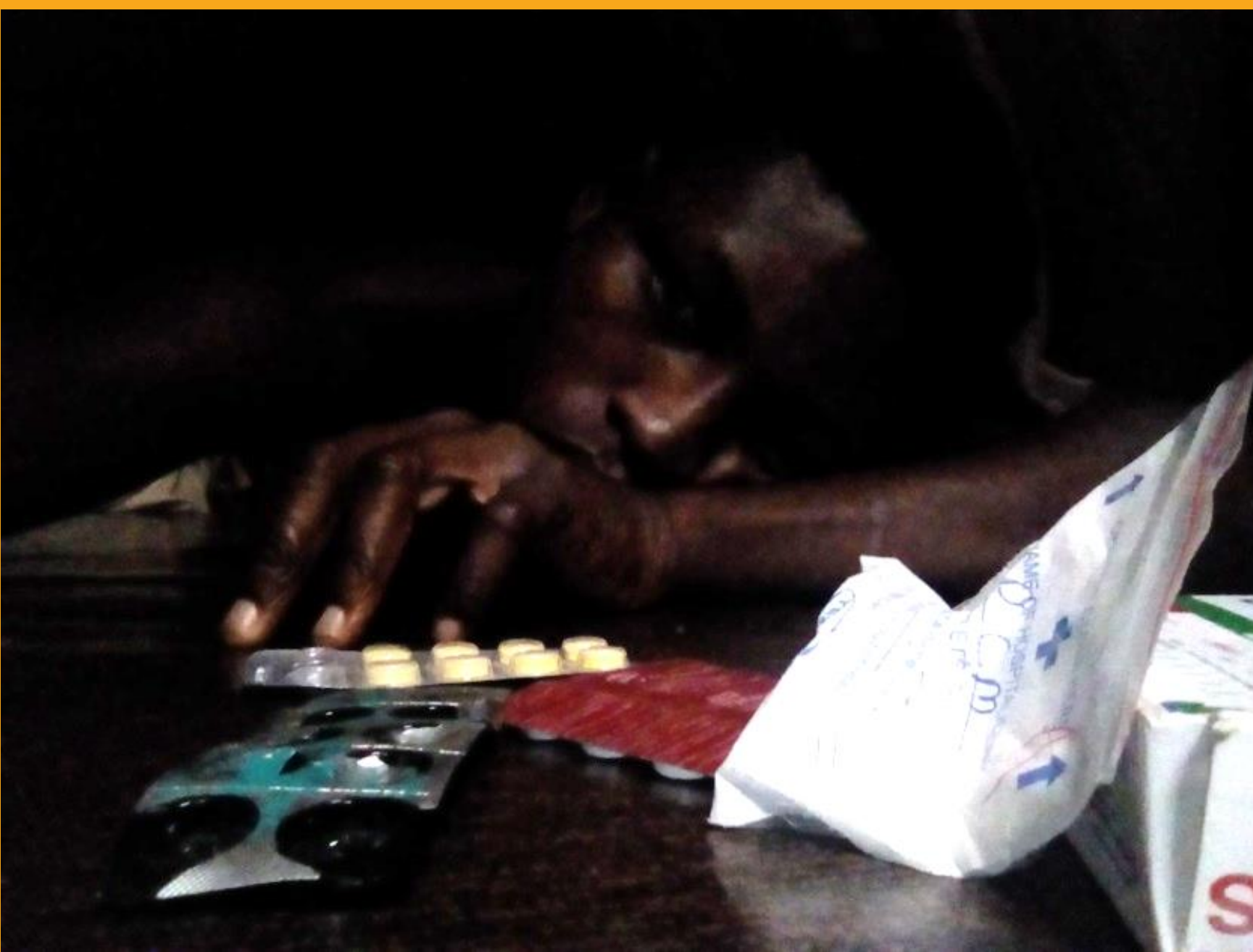
Who am I

The languid glow of a cold autumn day
leaves scrunch like a cockroach underfoot the trees stand like Adam with barely a leaf a murder of
crows patrol the sky a cacophony of sounds trick my ears men on benches light their first cigarette
two women jog past in yellow Lycra the bitterness of coffee travels on the breeze the bowling green
dotted with figures in white I see white everywhere even on the walls my salvation delivered in
capsule form there’s a small window high on the door It’s a room without a bed or any corners
I’m not alone I am sat here with God



Broken

After today, where does the world go from my body?
I sit here staring my eyes into the city's heart like
a grieved sailor communicating to his wrecked ship.
Just in three months, i was diagnosed of Bipolar.
A disorder my head knows no origin about.
I fix my body painstakingly to contain
a garment of healing.
Occasionally, i hangout amid friends,
but now a lonely sea because my life is like
two colours of a country's flag finding its fittest.
Isolation is how i explain better the definition
of myself.
It's how i commune with unseen people
and a colony of stars.
I'm often many times, called a psycho/weirdo.
This is my story to you, dear reader.



Being me, being human.

I have nothing to be ashamed of,
I say as I suck in my stomach
And push my hips back in order
To create that idolised gap between
My too large and too wobbly legs.
I have scars carved into my sides
That make me look like a tiger,
Or a zebra or every day train tracks
That the first great western rides.
My breasts sag more than my favourite
Instagram model's fake ones do,
And my nails aren't always painted,
And my legs aren't always waxed,
And my face isn't always covered.
I hold the fat on my un-toned arms
And jiggle them about like they're jelly.
I close my eyes and let out a sigh
So fierce it puts the wind to bed outside.
I have nothing to be ashamed of,
I say as I look at my reflection,
For I am only human.

Elephant Teeth

Here comes the night train crossing the border
Bringing the kid with the mental disorder
Small paper packages tied up with string
These are a few of my favourite hey now wait up what

Elephant elephant why you so sad?
Hiding the books that you took from your dad
Fearful of trouble you ground down your tusks
And powdered the soil in the dark of the dusk
Mickle eyed crusty eyed cried up with sleep
Foetal and heavy in the blankets you keep.

Here comes the night train animal slaughter
Brandishing guns from the ivory laughter
Hateful and hidden you rend yourself down
And still your teeth grew, skyward and round.

Here comes the night train over and out
Now in the light only echoes of shouts
Open one eye and you smile to yourself
Reach without looking take a book from the shelf
You made it.

Miss Jones

Her name is Miss Jones.
This woman is made of old bones.

This is a woman who loves cooking.
And fries her food with lard.
This is an old woman who is ready for the knackers yard.

This is a woman who cares.
This is a woman who falls on the stairs.

This woman never sucks her thumb, but she has always been a pain in the bum.
Sometimes I could punch this woman with my fist, because she drives me round the twist.

Because this woman wanted to write this poem, but her hands are too weak.
She does not talk with her mouth - she talks with her beak.

Mentally Barred

A prisoner in my own cage, but the bars are not made of steel. But of fear, shame, conflict,
familiarity and the voice that tries to steal.

To steal my time, my strength, my happiness and my courage. If could just unlock and break past the barriers,
I know I would flourish.

I can hear the keys of freedom jingling in the distance. I really keep trying to reach out,
but I can't seem to grab them in this instance.

Visitors pass daily but can't hear my inverted scream. For I cannot begin to outwardly explain
the twists and turns of this tormented theme.

It's so dark in here, I'm terrified to move. There is a dim light somewhere,
so for now I painstakingly shuffle through.

Near and distant

The look in her eyes was still the same
But there was something wrong when I called her name
Was it the fear, of me being near
Or the pencil sharpener that doesn't work
Because it's filled with bloody murk

Long sleeves on her arms to hide all the harms
Telling herself its ok that she will last another day
I want to help; I hear her silent welp

And I don't understand: Why she wont take my hand?
"Its just once" she had said, but that promise was long dead

Her need for her blood makes her feel misunderstood
A whisper, "Just once"
My heart stopped like I'd been punched

I can't help her from here
Even though I'm physically so near
But emotionally? Its Just not the same
When I turn to scream her name
I want to hug her and pull her close
I wish this was just a sick hoax

But its not, its real and I want to make her wounds heal
How can I help her when she said "just once"
I know its not; its more than just a hunch
My poor best friend, how can I make your pain end?

Chisel that jaw, define that chest, straighten that posture, cut that hair,
do as they say, do as they say. A harrowing pit of guilt otherwise
should build and build because why isn't that jaw chiselled, that chest
defined, that posture straight? Do as they say, say as they do.
“Sharpen that nose, round that face, curve those hips, flaunt
your figure,” do as they say, say as they do. Match what they show
- match those with their silky blonde hair and shiny faces - or you are no
match - you are imperfect - to be perfected. Do as they say, say as they do.
To subvert is to submit. To conform is to uphold. A crashing pressure
slamming down from the sky, weighing upon our shoulders, making us
slouch - but, no - we must never slouch. Stand straight, biceps bulging,
muscles clenching, no sweat trickling as you carry that crippling weight.
“Perform your gender. You are born a boy, you are born a girl,” so they say.
“Pink, Blue. Dolls, Cars. Action, Romance. Pick one, move on. Boys dorm,
girls dorm. Pick one, move on.” But no one digit code or colour or letter
can ever contain gender. Gender is whatever you wish, your life, your
expression, Express it, love it, own it. If you don't wish to, do not define that
chest or cut that hair or curve those hips or flaunt that figure. Express
yourself like a butterfly unfurling its wings, allowing the beautiful pattern to
be shared with the world as and when you please, surrounded by love,
by those who want to behold the spectacle of the colour of your wings.