

encore

you are not trapped
in a little wooden box
sharp aches in your limbs
make you doubt your destined stars
but tie up your cream pointe shoes
and take your place at the barre

Mind Empty Ness

The heart pumps all the feels around,
And when they reach your head
Your mind translates them into words,
Then your mouth expresses what they said.

But when the mind is trained to stop those thoughts
And told to ignore the feels
What is there left to think about
When mindfulness is the new ideal?

No love or worry to brood upon
No decisions made on a whim
No secrets spilled onto paper
Though the pen is filled to the brim.

Sentences spoken just for me
Become lost between lips and ear
And I stay silent, though my heart pumps blood,
My feels have disappeared.

“The alcoholic narcissist”

Jealous insecurities dumped in my heart, are no longer welcome and have to depart,
I send them back now, your anxiety's in tow, they serve me no purpose, it's time they should go,
A link once shared love between our hearts, but the drink always flowed, more drink, more bars,
And that link we shared is now just a loose tube, a dark and dead passage between me and you
You can't handle feelings that you alone grew, well I just don't want them, I return them to you,
I kept the faith when you never shared yours, you were my one, but a drinker always wants more.
Deceit, many lies, there were others; I knew, you seek a new soul when one dares to touch you
You live with the shame that you were unfaithful, but each time you're drunk, you're out on the pull
Pile up the emotions, into the crock, shove them at someone else, the next lap round the block
Narcissistic behaviour? You're full to the brim, so go ply your trade on another victim
I'm not now your toy and I'm sad you're a mess, but you'll never again put my love to the test
You don't fix the lightbulbs, instead you move house, drink and decay, as you play cat and mouse
Moderation you say is the new holy grail, but you were tanked up last night, the drink never fails
I tried to support you so I feel no pain, I loved you, you lied, so go cry in the rain
I've returned to the person you first saw in me, with all your pain gone, what's that? I'm happy?
There's nothing that hides in the words that I say, the truth always shines now you've gone away
I plan for the future, my own destiny, and my healed growing heart now loves entirely
My heart has stayed open, my soul is now fixed, the life of an addict, that's your path, you picked
I don't need your “fun”, because I'm now secure, and this gentle man's love is no longer yours
Crack on with your wine, some lager, a shot, I'm on my own journey, I'm the man you forgot

Yellow Irises

Yellow irises skirt the pond in the hospital garden
a welcome distraction from a morning spent
filling in forms that monitor the progression
& severity of my musculoskeletal disease.
I'm thinking how pain looks worse
on the page, on a sliding scale of 1-10
when I slip, falling hard on the concrete.
I'm aware of my body, the sudden hurt of it
the impact of my tail bone hitting pavement.
The pain different to the pain on the hospital charts,
a humiliating pain that I'm reduced to this. I fight to haul
my arthritic spine up, rolling onto my side,
then onto my knees, hands pushing into the ground
nails thick with moss, pushing up, up, up
until I am as upright as the yellow irises.

Mental Health

It's hard to understand what goes through someone's head.
They might seem happy but also wish that they were dead.
See mental health has real issues that some people may not see.
So please take time to understand and let these people be.

Depression is one of those things that's really easy to hide.
You can be full of life on the outside but crying deep inside.
It can make you want to shut of the world and stay all by yourself.
So take some time to think and raise awareness for mental health.

Disorder eating the mind

They diagnosed me ,disorder, eating, was that too much did I burn off enough, I feel fat today
they diagnosed me eating disorder
my throat burns, my fingers stuck, down my throat disordered, depression, counselling, how do you
feel today,did you eat breakfast? did I eat breakfast? where are the scales the fifth time today
how many calories, fruit, that's healthy too much isn't good, moderation, what is moderation?
they diagnosed me eating disorder
is that my bone can you see my bones? You don't look well, I must get thinner, exercise, too much?
how much is too much? are they staring, I heard skinny, its working chocolate?
No, fats are good are they? In moderation, what's moderation?
Counselling how do you feel today? did you have lunch? did I have lunch? I don't want to talk,
you must eat, why?
they diagnosed me eating disorder
but I eat so much, lie better, I am naturally thin, lie better, I don't want to talk, alone, food exercise
its so hard, diet books, fats are good are they? don't eat at all, do you need that?
Counselling how do you feel today? did you have dinner? did I have dinner?
they diagnosed me eating disorder
you'll waste away no I wont I am still here with my eating disorder, you look healthier I put on weight?
SCREAMING
don't eat
you'll waste away, that's better
you're wasting away, its working
you've wasted away
nothing.
it worked.
Heaven.

Pain

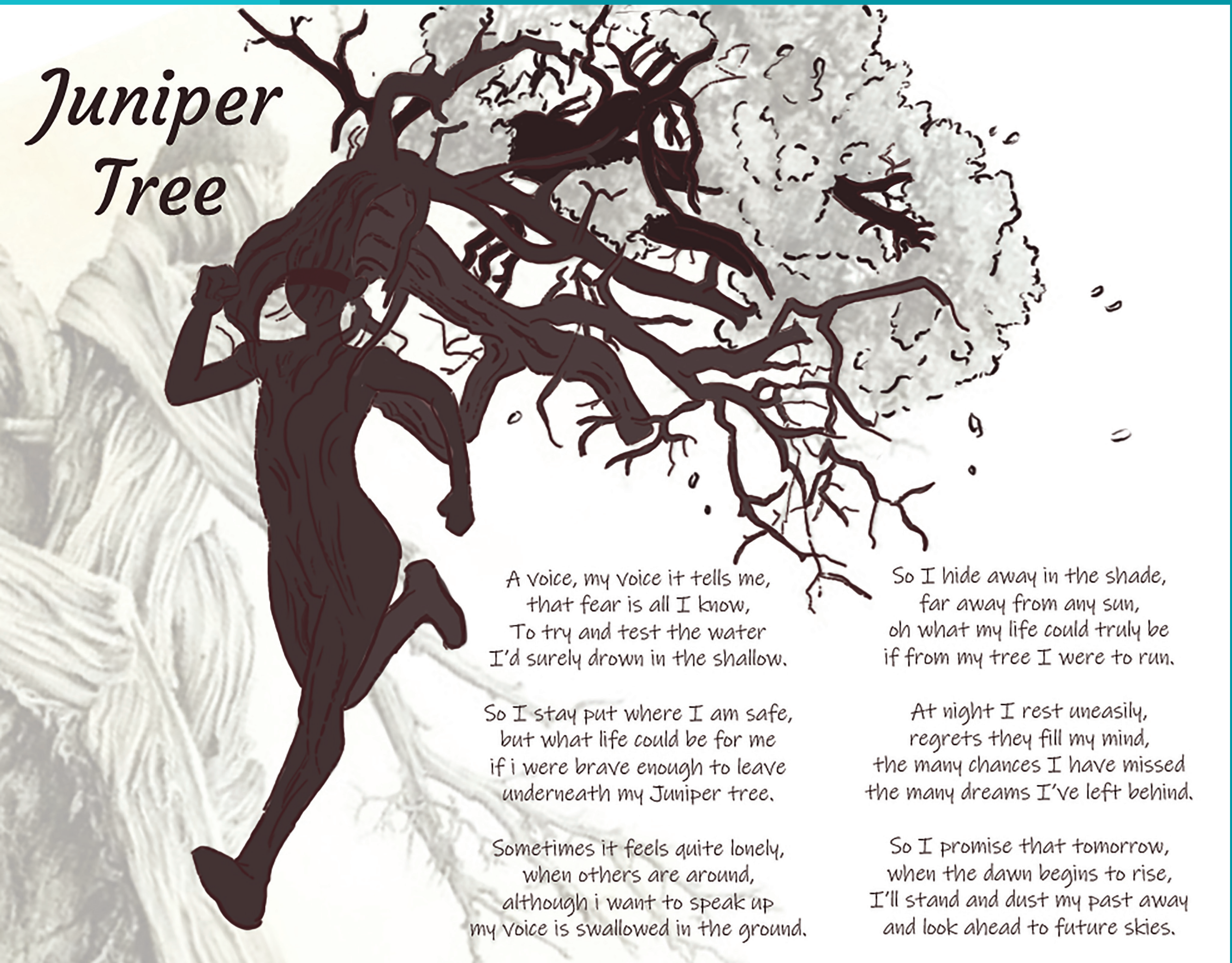
I feel this pain
That consumes
Me
Every day.
It is a rage
That burns me,
scar me,
scare me.
A mountain of hate
So strong
And tall that
I can't
Overcome it.
It is mine.
My mark on my skin.
My fear in my eyes.
My tears in my blood.

WRONG CHOICE

Because she was afraid to be alone,
she chose instead to keep a vicious beast
for male companionship. Then she would moan
how all her troubles, after, were increased,
once she had brought this brute into her home,
because she found that she could not control
this rabid animal whose mouth would foam
with slobbered venom from his septic soul.

From that one point, she has known only strife.
While she indulges major delusions,
He's shredding every aspect of her life,
yet she denies the blood and contusions.

“No it's alright, he loves me, I'll be fine.”
Meanwhile, on her the snarling cur will dine.

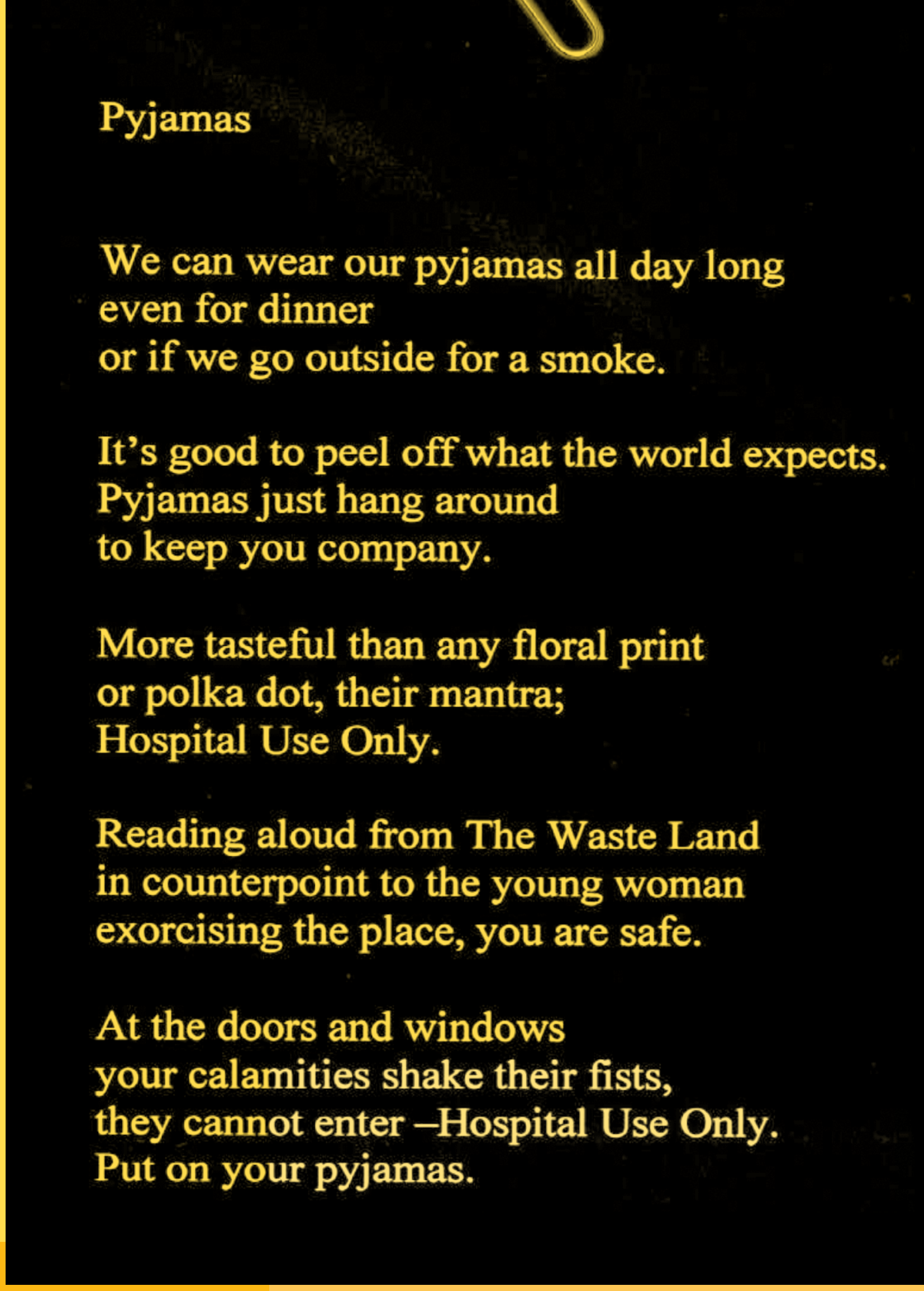


Tristesse

Tristesse, your face is everywhere,
Young, not me, not me, not anymore.
Never again.
Here, for yet another thirty years,
When the body is corrupted, marching to the end, delirious.
Tristesse, all broken.
My scary bed sheets,
The dreams that come out of their world,
A world that I cannot handle, not anymore.
It's never been before today,
Before yesterday
Before the past two months.
Tristesse, I want to talk to you about this town,
The woman in handcuffs, the fat policeman, the mouse under the door.
Everything is so black, so grey, so far away is the sun,
Unreachable, unjust,
Exclusive to those who have not left.
For me, Tristesse,
There's only guilt,
Filth, misery,
And a deep, embracing
Horror.

White leather doctor's

I can still picture the doctor's pretty face,
And her heels, made from white leather
I had noticed them as she crossed her legs
And said the words that changed my life forever
The diagnosis had been decided,
My future had been chosen
The five-year plan that I once had -
Well that had just been frozen.
She said I could be as clever as Stephen Fry
As talented as Carrie Fisher
Apparently lots of greats have Bipolar
I resisted the urge to hit her.
The light softened itself politely
As I was talked through my choices,
Pills to stop the mood swings
Or pills to stop the voices?
I longed to wave farewell to the moods
But the quiet I knew would drive me wild
So I told the voices they would stay a secret now
And looked up at the doctor and smiled.



Pyjamas

We can wear our pyjamas all day long
even for dinner
or if we go outside for a smoke.

It's good to peel off what the world expects.
Pyjamas just hang around
to keep you company.

More tasteful than any floral print
or polka dot, their mantra;
Hospital Use Only.

Reading aloud from The Waste Land
in counterpoint to the young woman
exorcising the place, you are safe.

At the doors and windows
your calamities shake their fists,
they cannot enter –Hospital Use Only.
Put on your pyjamas.

GRAVE SOAK

The scald pulls out aches, a poultice of burn
Pores dilate and glands purge drawing poisons
Steam's balm relieves throat into lungs by turn

Oils and lathers mask outside redolence
Stilled and subdued in submerged weightless pass
Concealed underside, defying buoyance

Beneath like sediment replacing mass
Held down by seductive oblivion
Doused into netherside of looking glass

Nadir rush, deaf like amphibian
Resurface sharp up to abrupt summit
Of asphyxiation's meridian

Subito spasmodic, frenzy ambit
Reflexive gasps from betraying gullet

A funny thing happened on the way to the foodbank

I have reached the inescapable conclusion
That this government wants me to die,
I cannot lie – with its tax penalties and demands
And delayed benefit payments, etcetera, that
Accumulate pennies in the We Want Him Dead Fund; I find
There is remarkably little to live for in life,
Which is a shame when there is no one left
To blame, with Theresa gone to her wheat fields
And a clown put in charge:

The lunatics really have taken over the asylum.
I silently scream for the world to stop so that
I can get off, but the door is locked and the window
Still barred —
(For my safety I have swallowed the key.)

And then I wake up alone in this shoebox,
Bereft of character and like my soul, now
Condemned to die, wishing in my wounded
Spirit that death would swiftly come, until
A text diverts me from this momentary pain.

Conversation with self now flows like water,
Compensating for the absent friends long
Vanished since this diagnosis:
A funny thing happened on the way to the foodbank —

Tarmac

Maybe I'll blame the weather:
that damp dirge that festers in water-logged air
and sees well-worn boots plodding
along an endless stretch
of
grey

Going nowhere,

some misplaced compulsion
lugging blistered soles forward
and onwards - trapped
in aimless pursuit, and
fearful of
falling

The Light in your Darkness

Truth is the highest Religion, **Wisdom** is the highest Truth, **Love** is the highest
Wisdom - That's what suffering taught me..

Pain, Conflict, Anguish, Suffering, Trauma – it's not for the faint of heart.
Most would faint to contemplate the journey before they even start!
Your mental illness is not a disease or a label,
It is your badge of honor your trophy on the table.

You're a warrior of the **Spiritual** - you have battled your inner demons,
Whilst the world was hypnotized and dreaming you were beheading a devil scream-
ing! So what's the **meaning** - The meaning to your struggle?

Coal turns to diamonds through pressure. **Are you clear yet?**

You are here to shine your light through diamond prisms and penetrate the
darkness of ignorance with your rainbow of truth.

You are the proof in the pudding, sweat and delicious through beating the vicious
The vile, the judgmental, **you are infinite potential** and your scars are your armor
wear them with pride, don't hide, don't stand beside when you can lead your pride.

You are a majestic champion who defeated their phantoms, the black panther
who rose above anger, **The lion who reached Zion and conquered Babylon.**

Psychiatrists, Psychologists, Counselors, Therapists – trained by a system tha
numbers, labels, intoxicates and profits – yet **You are the prophet.** Rise above,
overcome, detach from the conditioning they have subjected you to. Break free
of the Matrix – **You are the one!**

The universe molded you from the fires of trials and tribulations so you can
set the world alight. Shine bright my brother, Shine bright my sister.
The journey has just begun!

Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and Me

You crawled aimlessly into my life when I didn't want, or need you,
I was young and welcomed you with open arms, thinking you were a friend,
How was I to know, the extensive damage you would cause?

Like a spider you spun a web of lies, made me believe I was unworthy,
Low self-esteem and confidence, vulnerable beyond compare.
You sat there laughing my nameless friend!

You convinced me to self-harm and become a different person,
To whom I was meant to be.
You made others see me as weak and a human to be exploited.

You continued this tirade until I seen through you;
I now know your name, yet you continue to haunt me.
No cure they tell me, but controllable you are.

Medications they throw at me to hide the symptoms and to continue functioning,
as a human being,
But I feel you, like an unreachable itch,
That continues to aggravate my senses and control parts of my life.

I have never seen your face, yet I despise and am thankful to you,
For the despair I have been through and the fight you have given me.

I know you will always be there, clinging to my brain, your nails dug into most
aspects of my life.
You claw at my senses, yet I'll never let you win.
COMPLEX POST TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER,
You are nothing and I am all!

High tech anxiety infecting my stomach

it's caught me by the ribs mid-breath

i was breathing in and it got hitched

like a cardigan snagged as it clambers

over the stile,

Feet drop into the mud

a liquid surface

This planet has dissolved, like so many

aspirins and shames and longing

Breathing fully now

satiated in hydrogen & helium

rising as the rain tumbles down

smoky and indistinct

foggy ambiguous

large and looming

scraped mud from stuck together strands of hair

fingernails dragged down

the end is split

Try Me

How do you live with pain?

You wake up every morning, back sore and nerves burning.

The pressure in your head binds you to the bed and you beg your own bodyfor
mercy.

Your neck feels like a train wreck as you clamber to your feet, and you greet the
tightness in your chest with heart wrenching defeat.

As the day progresses, the pain only gets worse, you notice every stab and
tingle, you scream, you cry, you curse.

But one emotion under the pain beats all of the above

you are in control, to

live, to laugh, to love.

The ball is in your court.

So many wars you've fought

you can always fight one more.

How do you live with pain?

You don't.

Pain lives with you.

ESSE EST PERCIPI

[to be is to be perceived]

Wear your hair candy floss pink,
your dress a stravananza
wild flowering like a Westwood,
sing risqué songs out loud
or I tell you - you will not be seen.

Those lived-well decades
damn you as winter-grey fog
blinkered out of eyes,
your blurred shadow in the street
a blemish underfoot.

But revel like mad in the youness of you
for they'll see no other ever
like you
ever.