

Realisation

Every year I complain to Doctors that I don't need medication.
I can speak to patients very well.
I fell at my best going out and meeting people,
I feel relaxed and calm.
Whilst I am at Bluebell I want to go into the community
I want to talk to people.
I can help people understand there is a way of thinking and help them see clearly.
I can see people smile but it's a sad front
so I try and talk and understand them and why they feel that way
I hold hope I can help you understand things and give advice
It is like a talking into a mirror.

I Know You, Lonesomeness

Buried or burned –
how do I rest
while you're not resting?

A ghost on the trail.
He lives
in my peripheral.

Every path is damned..

(original definition) happiness: me and my best friend eating strawberries,
na, I'd say me and myself,
(for she is more myself than me somehow, always happier,
always more interesting, always more of the sun in her smile)
living in a world that was so much (but so much of it was ours)
and returning home to that same song and the same arms
longer than the threat of the end.

End there if you want. If this poem is going to be short it has to
be more precise and I have never been good at letting things

Go
to Loch Ness, in maybe 2016 on a very delayed train,
And you'd see me but not the me that ate strawberries at the
start of this poem,
A me that had no me left, just remunerations for same same
thoughts
(and while someone lay on the tracks)
Still,
I was in a world of my own (but literally)
The end of imagined futures.

Through endings that never ended and days that rose before
other days, I'm probably supposed to say that we are friends
now, the unintended homogeny and that I
am still whatever I am despite 5-hydroxytryptamine
But if I overdose and drown in serotonin does that mean I'm
dying of happiness and how
could it be that I'd then be juxtaposed with the man on the rails
who stopped all the trains?

The Intruder

Who the fuck are you?
Looking back from my bathroom mirror
You look like me
You sound like me
But you aint me

People greet you in the same way
'Hey, how are you?'
They ask with a smile
And you reply as me
'Yes, I'm fine thank you'

I've lost people because
They think you are me
I tell them it isn't
But it's too late
Your actions have cost me

You're so different to me
You're paranoid and neurotic
So fucking insecure
You've stolen my identity
And now no one knows me

Hard Times

I wake up in the morning dreading my day.
Nothing seems to go my way.
I try to think positive it's hard sometimes.
I tic I shout Explicit words out.
Tourette's mark I hear them say.
Please call me by my name.
Addictions anxiety I hit my self regularly.
my mother I love her unconditionally.
She's helped me through my darkest days.
My father and my sisters to.
I've hit rock bottom and picked my self up.
I think about how id be without a tic.
Shouting and swearing punching my chest.
The urges I can't not resist.
School was hard kids made remarks.
Only memories remain it's in the past.
Teachers thinking I was on drugs.
Getting told of for not doing work.
To tired to focus my head always hurt.
Suppressing my tics everyday of my life.
It's worth the pain it's better then laughs.
Finding someone to love is hard.
May be one day the opportunity will come.
I pray for the day that I'm better again.
And realise all this was just a dream.

The Broken Spirit

Conflict, which gives little respite
Which life's circumstances increase
Raw, unfettered emotions
From which there is little release
Pain, and anguish and suffering
The misery of endless despair
Can there ever be a way forward?
Can broken minds ever repair?

And every day brings a fresh challenge
And every night brings many tears
If only my world could be different
Ameliorating my fears
And positive outcomes could lift me
From this bottomless pit of despair
But trapped in the well of depression
It's impossible to even care

One day this will be just a memory
One day all my suffering will end
I will join all the loved ones I lost
And my spirit will hopefully mend
But til then, it is torment, anxiety
Feeling broken, and bruised and alone
O death, you cannot come too quickly
Take me now, I just want to go home.

Single love single bed

(On Alzheimers and rheumatism)

Calmly he tells me the bed they shared is gone.
Since she is no longer here no longer shared,
gone some time ago to another place unshared.
Though her body stayed a while, the woman inside
faded away, till there was little left to share.
Finding caring without sharing too hard to bear,
he let her go to a place where care can be bought,
shared among many, also lost along the way,
who now share one collective amnesia.
His share of the care one visit a day,
she not aware why he comes, who he is.
Finding arthritis a new thing to bear
he goes for the single bed to care for his back,
in which there is no empty space at his side
to remind him of the care they once shared.

Keep that hunger

I was told
To keep that hunger
To feel that hunger
To breed that hunger

To allow it to grow
Give it all the spices of life
Guide it through the difficulties
To allow it to run wild
To find solutions
To keep that hunger growing
Allowed that sparkle
Allowed the potential to grow.

MY DOMAIN

The world is my domain
All the big oceans are mine
SO if I sound crazy
Doesn't matter it's fine

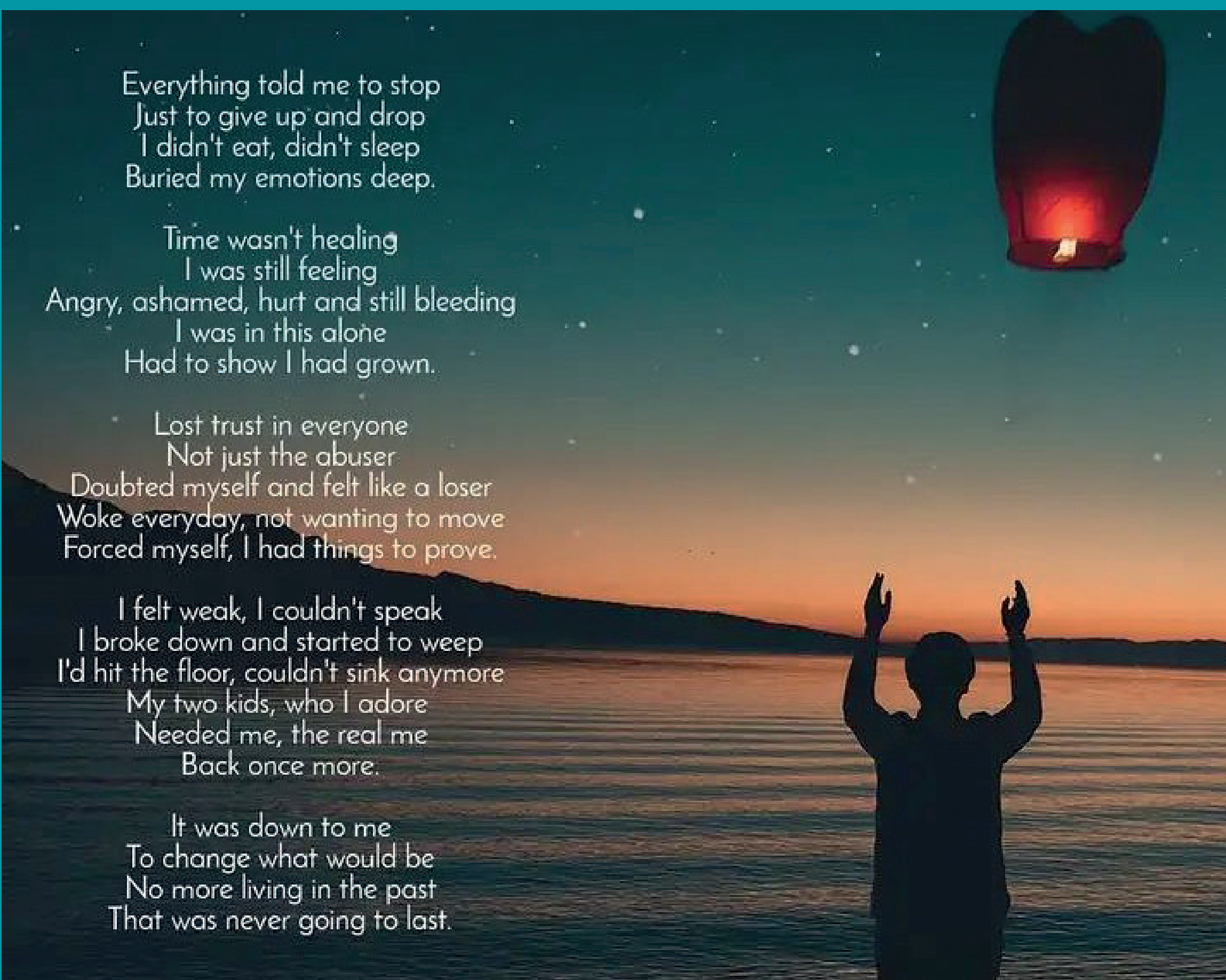
They call it “Grandueur”
For people that think BIG.
Maybe we could be judges
And wear a WIG

We couldn't be Napoleon
Or be Hitler, never
They ruled the world
They believed they were clever.

You end up in a secure hospital
Maybe in a straight jacket
You can do loads of noise
They tell you Stop that Racket.

Maybe you get arrested
And done for assault
They will tell you “You are Mad”
And it's all your fault

You may think Big
But you get locked instead
You believe what you believe.
But it's all in your head!!!!



April is the cruellest month

Sometimes it feels as if there's no escaping
the full on, cheery metaphor of spring;
woodpigeons' constant cooing, courting, mating
robin's incessant trilling, twittering.

He struts his scarlet stuff upon the lawn
while blackbirds hammer, chisel out their song;
wrens in the ivy, not to be outdone,
chattering, racketing, cranking up the volume.

Like a child's drawing, with a smily face
and rays in stripes, a lemon- yellow sun
beams like a cheerleader at a race
as daisies thrust and shoulder for position.
Sometimes if feels as if there's no escaping
the full on, cheery metaphor of spring.

Thirteen Minutes

I'll never know what happened during those thirteen minutes.
Pounding on his chest with nothing but might, hope and disbelief, auto-piloting an unrehearsed attempt at saving my hero.
That was before my unconscious counterpart snatched me away to a place of blind safety.
Perhaps my brain crashed like a computer trying to process an overload of alien information.
Maybe a water pipe burst, stampeding a lifetime of flawless memories through my mind like a numbing bullet.
Maybe I was taken away to create a mechanism allowing me to act rather than think.
Or perhaps I was taken out of compassion, preserving me from a lifetime of absolute torture.
Maybe I simply could not process what I could not fathom and erased it entirely.
What happened while we waited for the chopper blades to throb overhead, absent and dismayed?
Who knows? Never had I disappeared before. But know that whoever's responsible for ridding me of those thirteen short minutes,
I sleep easier at night knowing you're there to guide me through the impossible.

Raw

I used to be good at playing the sick girl, a role I couldn't fill the costume of.
I swell, wax and wane in time with the moon, in time with my own breaths.
Life hands me a knife passed blade first and my hand wraps around it a little too eagerly.

Googling the calories of my own fingernails, I swig from a glass of diet desperation
and the one thing I've swallowed in three days is a panic attack.

Call my body a blank canvas, a lump of clay to be moulded.
I didn't realise that I was not born incomplete, just raw around the edges.

I slide in and out of conciousness; my dream, plagued by numbers I cannot count to.

I undo my childhood in one sentence.

"No thanks, I'm not hungry."

I am...

I am not the fireworks within my mind,
nor I am the darkness underneath my eyes.

I am not the brightness of my childhood,
nor am I the angst of my teens.

I am not the tears of growing up,
nor am I the pain of my very first heartbreak.

I am the wings of a bird,
soaring through the sky;
gasping for breath,
learning to fly.

What am I?
I am the pebble in the river, which has fallen from a small child's pocket.
Small, yet mighty, making a ripple.

I am not my confusion,
My questioning or doubt.

I close my eyes,
I count to ten.
I think I am ready to begin again.

Depression

When the sky is shrouded by dark, black clouds,

When it is impossible to see a silver lining,

When I am deep 'down in the dumps,'

I ask my heart "Why do you despair?"

This is a part of life.

God grants joy and sorrow to everyone in equal measure.

If you set out seeking for joy you are bound to find sorrow as well.

This is an eternal truth!

But remember this; even after the darkest of nights, the Sun must shine

And a new day must be born.

In the same way, at the end of these dark, miserable days

Fate will smile upon you.

Therefore, O Heart, do not despair!

Instead, fill yourself with hope and belief!"

The Problem In My Mind

My body is infested with thoughts: toxic and feared.
If anyone were to see them, they never could be geared
to fully understand the wrath, so loud, gory and evil,
impossible it then would be to cope with the upheaval.

Uprooted are my norms, which I barely recall,
I forget where my normality lay, which helped cushion my fall.
I've fallen many times before because of things I took,
a few pills here, a few pills there, I barely care to look.

The infestation still shoots through each cell within my veins,
I cease to care enough to try to rid myself of chains.
I'd rather lie in chains, my dear, than struggle with the rest
of battling inside my mind and remain as this pest.

YOU ARE

In the darkness you stand
feeling helpless and weak
The clouds turn grey.
Your spirit falls.
The shadows dark and grim.

Turn away sweet friend
from those dark thoughts
and seek the person within.

You are an oyster
in which contains a precious pearl.
A rainbow
aglow with splendiferous lights.

A cloud
dancing in the sweet redolent breeze.
A night sky ablaze with coruscating stars.

Someone's changed the flowers

Someone's changed the flowers
in front of the gilded mirror,
the reflection they make
looks orderly.

Someone's changed the flowers,
perhaps it was a carer,
the orchids are trained
into shape.

Someone's changed the flowers,
it's a different picture now –
the stories you build of life
through the looking glass.

Someone's changed the flowers:
to you the mirror on the wall shows
the same queen of the drawing room
holding court in her gown.

Someone's changed the flowers,
like you changed the story of my role,
and my exits and entrances
into pantomime villain.

The image

The image
Overloaded my senses
The image
Heightened my senses of anxiety
Played on my mind
The image
Reinforced
What I thought
Confirmed
The rumours of the day
The rumours cannot be silenced
For I still feel the pain years after the event.

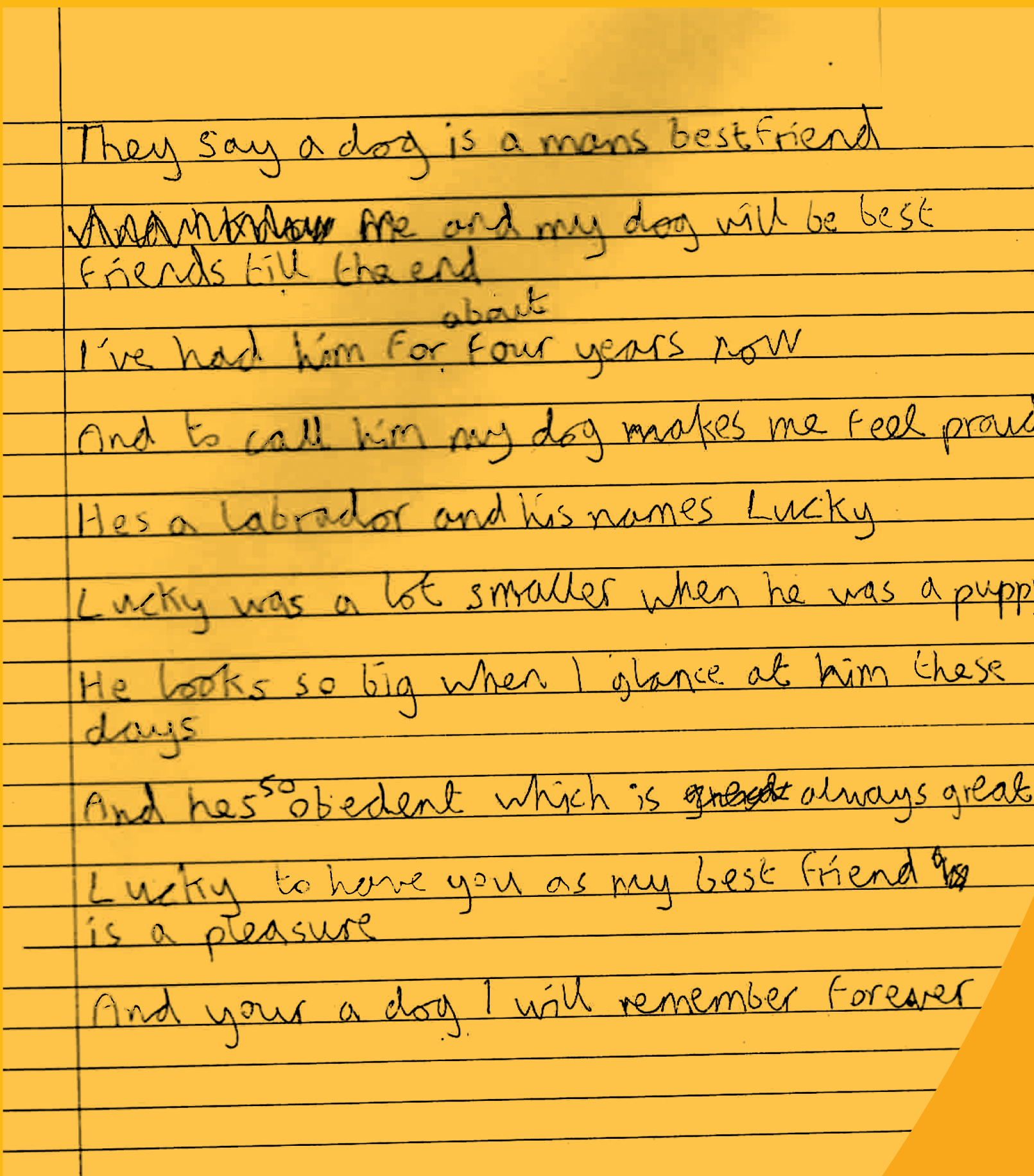
...flapjacks

.....crisps

.....more flapjacks

I paused whilst at the self check out

"Do you want to continue?"; it said
In a tone of voice
like it understood



Gardening

Glowing in Autumn sunshine, we set to work.
'All crops out, except for the Rainbow chard.'
Runner beans, sealed in shrivelled pods, are disentangled from their high wire.
Diligent marigolds, brassily beautiful. 'They'll stay.'
Entwined around canes, floppy nasturtiums are cleared.
New mushrooms poke up pristine from the earthy clutter.
Into the trug goes honesty, paper-thin circles of beauty on proud stems.
Netting folded, tools gathered, discarded harvest to the compost.
'Good job', she says. A robin sings.

Wishful Thinking

What would I be like if I was born in a different house?
And what would my life be like if I wasn't riddled with self-doubt?
I wonder would my house feel more like home,
If I'd feel less alone.

Maybe mother could show me love like she does for my brother,
Or dad could be around more; maybe we'd finally all be together.

At 5 years old I spent my time wishful thinking,
And then wishing to think less.
"When you're older, you'll be stronger" I'd tell myself.
And on the darker days: "It's ok, one day you'll be in a better place."
Wise for my age but lost and waiting for a hero who never came.

Maybe next time I'll come back to a better life;
One where every day doesn't feel like a fight,
Where I don't dampen my pillow with tears every night,
And every deep conversation feels like they have a gun and I a knife.

At 23, I can finally see; I can set myself free, let myself heal, hold myself when I cry
and stop living this lie.

No more hoping, wishing, praying for things to change, dreaming for better days, or
believing the unexplained,
'cause good things may come to those who wait,
But greater things come to those who don't.

Questions to myself

Have you ever been sad but don't know why?
Have you ever said you're okay but still want to die?
Have you ever faked a smile when you really want to cry?
Have you ever just wanted to pack your bags and say goodbye?
Have you ever been so anxious you can't leave the house?
Have you ever been loud one minute then suddenly as quiet as a mouse?
Have you ever pretended to be asleep so you didn't have to talk?
Have you ever just left and gone for a walk?
Have you ever felt so numb that you can barely even move?
Have you ever felt like you've got something to prove?
Have you ever cut yourself just to see yourself bleed?
Have you ever refused to talk because a hug is all you need?
Have you ever thought about what it would be like if you weren't around?
Have you ever just wanted to fall to the ground?
Have you ever just ignored someone when they've said hi?
Have you ever been asked if you're okay and answered with a lie?

25

I'm 25 and I want to die.
The first time it entered my mind,
I didn't dwell on it.
It was masked
as a fact,
an objective truth.

The next time I thought it,
I was climbing stairs.
I was up
from where I could easily fall.

But it would hurt
and I didn't want it,
I didn't want it to hurt.

So I thought

what if somebody held up
white pill in one hand –
nothing in the other;
the pill would bring
easy death,
the empty hand –
going on.
And you would have to choose:
would you ?

one day
blooms will flourish from me again
weeds will sew my broken tissues
and mend them all in a silent kiss

wait for the time
when failure will be buried
and its flesh will find new light
in the crisp wind of fresh success

i will embrace my refound self
and hug her tight and kiss her scars
i will undress her til she remembers
that there is no shame in pleasure

i'll rejoice at the sight of trees
that will have ripened
from my burnt ashes ;
the heaviness of fruits
won't make them
slip back by the roots
for the sky is just too high
not to allow us
from time to time
to rise above
our sun beloved

— the road to healing is already here
and she's awaiting to be travelled across

Rebuild

3400 lines of enquiry purused
340 interviews undertaken
1542 statements taken
1471 exhibits seized
14 cars seized
400 phones and SIM cards taken and examined
107 computers and peripherals taken and examined
Resulted in
2 convictions
18 acquitted - lack of evidence
Trauma relived
A life trying to rebuild
Amongst the horror of the abused endured.