

The Fairytale
of my Mind

I dipped my hand in rose chocolates
I dropped flower petals around the room,
I was followed by a Prince
In light and in the gloom.

I sensed he was there, standing by my bed
To kiss my lips, and ease the hurt within my head,
But as a Cinderella, I was far away from the norm,
My charming Prince, with no mortal form.

I was I thought a damsel, I had distress to bear
I waited for my rescue, though this brought on despair,
Hands caressed my face and expectancy was in the air,
But nothing in a fantasy is ever really fair.

I tiptoed round the garden on a pillow of grass
The ecstasy of sensation was there within my grasp,
Yet as the days ensued, others began to see
It was I who was the captor of my own reality.

I held the hand of a stranger, my carriage was but a van
There was no elaborate wedding and no princely groom,
I was followed by a nurse
In light and in the gloom.

Special Needs

This is my elder son with
complex needs and strengths -
who will give short shrift
to questions on his day

if he can't recall or can't be bothered
with tedious telling
but will repeat a weather forecast with
word-for-word precision;

who travels with aplomb by bus
when the route's well-known
but needs intent support
in unfamiliar places;

who loves his little nieces,
their energy, affection -
retains avuncular disapproval
if they step out of line;

who has a warm regard for fun:
music, holidays and sport,
will even make a little speech
at parties he's enjoyed;

who has a place I cannot reach
to talk through grief
to share his pain at hurt - at loss
of father, brother.



Encampment

Squeeze yourself into my heart space
Set up camp and start your fires
Pick the carefully cultivated foliage
And feast on the berries
Kill the wildlife
Till you are rejected by the hostile environment of
your own making
My garden will grow verdant again
Nourishing my soul back to vitality
While you search for your next encampment

Bitter

I'm so tired.
Each movement I make is sluggish and slow,
Eyes drawn to anything but my intent.
Words form in my mind and stall, stick, stuck, gone.
Each synapse seems a time lapse, skips entire
Thought processes, connections. I profess
Not what I intend to simply express.
State of mind Fails me yet again and I want to cry,
Scream, shout, collapse or embrace a relapse
So I can wallow in pills to swallow
That promise relief or cure. I don't follow?!

The official advice falls on deaf ears,
Or rather numbed by the same thing for years.
I feel trapped.
My once longed for home becomes a prison.
Encouraged to simply survive, I don't feel
Alive, redundant, dead bee in a hive.
I should be busy, not just dizzy or
Face my limitations, stationary,
Stagnating, fixating on unrelenting
Bitterness.

“In-blanko signature
at gunpoint”

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Shove your shit down my throat,
I'll regurgitate it back into you.

Global Gypsy

When she arrived
She was firmly rooted
In herself belief
She belonged to the world
The world was her home
The roads, rivers and mountains
Were her landscape
She was quick to judge
She was quick to stadt back
She smelt ‘injustice’
Filtered into her life
The spirit of definance
Was forever present
Her lifestyle was being
Eroded around her
She was told she did not matter
A global gypsy she coined
Free, always free
Tied to nothing
Tied to no one.

Dear Fate

Dear Fate,

In my twenty-six years of living, which wrong have I committed?
To be punished so severely, please, when will I be acquitted?

Before taking my first breath upon waking, I am close to reaching the bottom of the grey, polluted ocean.
Struggling for breath, treading water, slowly drowning, all of this in slow motion.

I continue to grip the sharp, crumbling, stony cliff edge, slowly losing strength, with my mind in dismay.
Death continues to tease me, promising eternal peace, but fate, I will forever disobey.

Feelings of loneliness, worthlessness, pain and despair continually consume me.
As if I am in a brutal war, being held hostage by the enemy, blindfolded, isolated, hands tied, can anybody see?

This is the part that nobody sees.
While other souls dream sweet dreams, I am locked in a battleground with my demons,
pleading for peace on my hands and knees.

Fate, why must you insist I reside in the land of no existence?
I am yet to surrender, my white flag half-mast, but in response to your plan for me, I will forever show resistance.

Fate, day by day I battle the raging storms in a fight for who I should be.
In the hope, one day, I will stand tall and say, 'I am a survivor, I am strong and this is me.'

I have yet no understanding of what we call living but one continues to survive.
You continue to throw grenades and fire repetitive shots, but pause, and listen, as I am still breathing,
still fighting and still alive.

The Blast Radius of a Love Bomb

With warmth and wit of charm elite,
And words that dripped with poison sweet,
His toxic love suffused her core
And captured her in dreamlike awe.

Without a word, away he fled,
And left her shattered soul for dead.
What did she do? Where did he go?
Would this pain end? She could not know.

Each night, in depths of haunted sleep,
Her memories festered, buried deep.
He plagued her darkest nightmares yet,
Refused to just let her forget.

A dull miasma cloaked her sight
With not one glimpse of distant light.
“All hope is lost. I cannot see!
This dismal fog has blinded me!”

Great walls rose up, hid her within
A mental cage, a screaming din
Of cries against her, hateful slurs,
Whose words were they? Why, they were hers.

As all the world dispersed to dust,
She knew – quick, quick! – she must adjust.
Exams and grades eclipsed mere grief,
One decade later, no relief.

Constant Fear

All my life I have lived in fears
Which have caused a lot of tears

I'm always told you can't do this
Sometimes it honestly took the piss

You shouldn't go out
Which put me in doubt

They always tried to protect me
Harsh realities of the world killed me

I just wanted to be a normal human being
But I guess that can only happen in dreams
As it has dampened my mental wellbeing

Restricted by life itself
How will I ever find myself?

Always told to care what people think
Which made me scared to even blink?

Now I find it difficult to gasp for air
I ask myself do they honestly care?

Ashes To Glass

I wake up fighting, open my eyes into a day, that doesn't greet me, and wishes I wasn't here, loud, and bright, and hard, staring me down, laying weights against my legs, my arms, my chest.

I sit up, push myself into the morning, lifting against gravity, aiming towards the realms of hope, dredging deep, hoisting what strength is left, willing it to the surface, holding it between my teeth.

I bite down, remembering the words, the writing, the language gifted to me, calling to arms my truth, my knowledge, my heart, preparing for what I face, every moment, every second, battling not to be strangled, by the tight weave of the world.

The universe hemmed neat and close, blocking my way, keeping me here, outside, unwanted and alone, but I know now, I see what I want, all that matters is to meet myself, re-find my dreams, my plans, my passion,

I must cut my outline, define my edge, not let it be blunted, by the grinding turn of the earth, and blistering winds, press my shoulder into the fear, the hate, the looks, push back, not relent, keep resisting, until I crawl into bed, and sleep tonight.

I am my very own torture chamber

My body aches,
my mind is trying to heal,
whilst every part of my body feels
like it's being ripped apart,
torn to pieces,
then put back together,
then that process repeats itself again,
you say recovery is gradual & difficult,
but I say recovery doesn't exist,
I am still me,
I just want to fly,
but my wings have been cut down & destroyed,
maybe this is my punishment,
maybe me being alive is my punishment,
But sooner rather than later I am going
to give up.
I don't know how much of this torture
I can endure,
But hopefully it won't be for much
longer.

A Rouge Wave

A rogue wave crashes from the blindside,
the world tips...
a rush of air and then cold shock slipping sinking silently.
Break the surface, the sounds of rescue.
Friends, colleagues, lovers pulling each other to safety.
Reaching hoping failing in the strength sapping cold
The weight of being inexorably pulling down
Shades of the familiar drift by unseeing
Pressure finally released the inky black irresistible.
Is there still hope?

WUFF

Warmth and friend
the dog we call our friend
Man's friend
to move in tota
a-lined through
Good nature
and
Harmony

February

An old man tries to sell me salvation every day on my walk to work. His face is a ghost; gaunt cheeks and haunted eyes, a perfectly costumed character actor. Every day I smile at him, say 'no thank you' as he offers me a leaflet. For a moment, a storm passes over his face; grey clouds darkening his pallid features, his anger strange and unsettling, a cold breeze around my neck.

I am being worn down by all of the immovable objects around me: work and my colleagues and the news and my future. I am eroding like a pebble on the beach- one day I will be sand, indistinguishable from every other piece; insignificant.

As the month drew in, the weather became a main character in my life. The world turned white and snow hung in the air, each flake a creature, an animate being waiting to meet me. For a few days we inhabited a beautiful science fiction.

The clouds blanketed the sky in grey as if an old duvet had been placed upon the world. I was tired, every glance upwards was a reminder to sleep. When the covers were finally pushed back, the sky felt more than blue; it tugged at my heart, magnetised to lift my iron spirits.

Two weeks of annual leave gave me space to grow moss. A hotel room made me feel bigger than myself; I had space to stretch out my arms, space to imagine more; to see a future in which I could finally bloom, like a plant brought out of a dark cupboard.

Blank Canvas

I see the blank canvas you used to be
Black or white, big or small,
Lots or nothing decorating the walls.
But the rain came, and with it the slashes
An inward punishment that came in lashes
You see an improvement, I just see pain
You say it helps, I see no gain
You know you're not fine, I know too
Tell me how I can help, what I can do
Because I've never felt so useless before
And every new gash is like slamming the door
You're an artist, in a cruel sense
Your tool might be different, your medium too
And art's not meant to hurt like it does with you
You're not blank anymore, you're broken and split
You're worn and torn now, but just a little bit
I'll mend you now
You see if I don't
I don't know how
But I'll die if I don't
You can't be blank anymore
But maybe, just maybe,
You can be better than before

This is the Goddess Poem

These arms or no arms.
These breasts or no breasts.
These legs or no legs.
Embrace them.
These arms have earned money.
These words have earned money.
It's these words or no words.
Embrace them.

Costly Survival

She lost so much on the road to sanity.
Once fearful of losing her mind,
strove so hard to maintain
the semblance of normalcy -
but she grew tired and ended up
letting go.
She descended into the deepness of the void;
drawing on imagery from her disease
with which to clothe the hole.
Formed a storyline that took the pains of her past, aiming to make sense of the wounds inflicted on her soul.
This struggle formulated an exit strategy -
wove a rescue ladder by which she clambered out of the void.
But now she found herself half-formed and old.

I don't want to write

I don't want to write because I can only write about things
I don't want to write about.

I want to write about kittens and puppies and trees.
I don't want to write about being on my knees
with my face somewhere I don't want it to be.
I don't want to write about always being drunk
and glued to my bed and stupidly numb.
I don't want to write about sleepless nights,
missed lectures and shifts and drunken fights.
I don't want to write about lost confidence
and losing my friends, and losing all sense
of what it means to be okay and not obsessing,
obsessing, obsessing over what I didn't do right,
and all of these things about which
I don't want to write.

I don't want to write about losing everything in one night.
I don't want to write, I don't want to write.

Mask of Happiness

It isn't the dark days or the pending gloom
It's those folks around us, we're the elephant in the room
They don't speak they don't ask, they make preconceptions
So, we put on the mask and we make exceptions
We don't challenge or tell, we have self-respect!
It protects us from those that judge and reject
Why don't you speak, why don't you ask?
We know that you know it's a happiness mask
We smile, we laugh, we pretend it's okay
But we know that you know, so please..just say

Be Brave

Yesterday is history, let it go
Today is present, enjoy it
Tomorrow is mystery, let it unfold

Don't choose what you should do
Do what make you feel alive
Take a bit of risk
What is the worst going to happen?
Can you handle it?
If your answer is yes, go for it
You only have one life

People come into your life give you two things
To lift you up or to teach you a lesson
Either way you gain a life experience
You become wiser too

When you plant an orange seed, you will reap oranges, not apples
When you think positive, you will live a positive life
Change your thinking, change your life
Train your mind to look for the good
We humans make mistakes
No one is perfectly perfect
You are Imperfectly perfect
Be brave

Oh Blunderous Heart

1. Oh blunderous heart, how far we are from where once started, a source of existential longing.
But how the lonely frailty of youth, that bends and twists the will,
The tree of life bows and sighs heavily, so unnaturally, under the hollow frame of death.
2. How foolishly my waning soul longed, for some sleight of hand to spark alight,
A sequence of events that would carry my spirit far, to some existential pause from the toil of life.
For my whole flesh and bones ache, they broke so wistfully, no longer bearing the burden.
3. So with vague and regretful longing, with haste, I tipped my cap towards the great divide,
I made plans, oft, to journey forwards, thither, to some place bright amongst my thoughts,
A land that may bedight my soul with eternal rest.
4. In truth, my desire to abide within a creation, a being not of my wanting, forsaken by the endless drain of existence.
Thwarted was my will; I was scared, afraid and alone; wizened, I forswore my life.
5. But oh, how my sight was dampened, my vision shrivelled by the endless drip of life,
For I did not know, the very ending I had hoped for would come to be,
My desire for death would soon begin to be quenched by the feeble creeping of time.
6. And so, my fallible body partook, nay, sipped from the cup of fatality
In some great eradication of my being, dissolution of cells, obliteration of life...my downfall
I met at least halfway, the darkness and demise I so fatuously yearned for.
7. When I at last stepped toe-to-toe with the ugly beast, some great aching arose within me, my heart longed for life.
In some great cataclysmic conjuncture, I found myself desperately clinging to any form of light and hope.
In its most simple form, the great adventure of life bedighted my spirit with light.
Though small, and painfully hampered, though idle and abundantly feeble from the drudgery of time,
Nevertheless, the light did grow.
Here I am, prostrate before my future, with no assurance of certainty,
Though mightily flawed and marvellously capsized, marred and blemished I am bestowed to travel,
At least several more footsteps along life's boundaries.

When all hope is gone

What if you woke one day
To find your Hope had gone away?

Replaced by something indescribably dark
Where you feel you've lost your inner spark.

Can Hope pack it's bags and leave through your roof?
If you told people the truth would they ask you for proof?

How long can someone live like this?
I remember brighter days and reminisce

The only people who live without Hope
Are those on death row and are struggling to cope

Without Hope can you ever really be free?
No mental escape, the end of dreams for me

My tears are all used up
I think I have to give up

But here is one thought that gives me Hope,
Which pulls me away from the slippery slope

Hope can be sown like the tiniest seed
With more sun and water it can grow at speed

Our minds are amazing and with this grain
We can re-learn and our brains retrain

Which tells me that light is not out of sight
Dawn of day can follow the longest night

Find your peace

Live deep
Love unconditionally
Pray silently
Care unsparingly
Sit peacefully
Grieve safely
Connect to the unconnected
With this list
You will find your own peace

Depression

I wander along slowly, watching for something to grab onto
A moment is all I need to catch hold
Yet there is no place for me, no moment available
I look into the faces around me, I smile
I laugh uncontrollably at their stupid jokes
The sparkle has escaped from my eyes, yet no one can see this
I'm under control of my emotions, my actions remain the same
I'm an actress in amongst this sea of turmoil
If I was asked to describe myself, I would say
'I am like an egg, I have a hard exterior that with one touch in the right place
My insides will burst through and extreme mess will explode every where'.
So I hold it together, whilst screaming inside
I have become the rock that everyone looks to for support
They don't understand how I am so calm, normal on the face of it
Little do they know, the sea is crashing into this rock
This rock is being swallowed by the stormiest ocean
As each wave hits this rock, it's turning it into sand
That will eventually be blow away on the wind.