Charming Thoughts

Dear friends as you know I have got A deeply charming smile surprisingly Life has bad days and of- course good days Surprisingly deep in my thoughts I deeply Believe that charming thoughts are the Purpose of my life here on earth

Dear friends as you see my smile is deeply Charming deep in my heart I believe if I lose my deeply charming smile life would Be deeply sad for me

Surprisingly dear friends I have learnt To defeat the bad thought's and to fill my mind With deeply charming thoughts surprisingly on Good and bad days in my life.

I See

I see dark clouds eclipse the sun rise I see sorrow deep behind your eyes

I see your frown disguised as a smile I hear you laughing but inside you rile

You whistle a tune to hide your defeat Inside you're a mess, outside so neat

I see behind your eyes a fountain of tears Locked away inside for so many years

I sense an act you put on day after day Unspoken words you wish you could say

Like a fish out of water alone on dry land You feel your soul sinking into quicksand

Nothing comes out when for help you call Behind the closed door an ocean of tears fall

Penguins and I

We both live in extremes seeking comfort in frozen days waddling, awkwardly on ice slipping, sliding- grounding's hard But it's ok, the ocean calls Because although they said we couldn't fly No one said it had to be in the sky Instead, we knew our place to thrive Dancing, spinning, gliding high Under here, the chaos of the cold left behind And when we emerge, our bellies full We can share our love now -Because we've felt it all.

Anxiety

A feeling of worry, nervousness, or unease about something with an uncertain outcome.

A constant struggle of paranoia and stress, always messing with my head. Is today going to be the same as every other day has been?

Fighting with my mind on how safe I'll be outside, with strangers and dangers around every bend.

I never win an argument with the voice whispering in my ear

They make their points so clear on how the world is wrong and home is right.

Safety is home.

berning the closed door an occan of tears fait

You've given up on life, you see no light Your only hope is that God takes you tonight

Hindsight

In dreams I live in tainted memories, In apparitions of my former reality But with even more tonal inconsistencies in A skewed representation of my past self in an Alienating non-linear format that Pushes me into inescapable delirium where I Exist as a bystander to absurd plots and Recurring characters that have long since Departed from the real-life narrative that feels Unobtainable in this confounding dreamscape that Reminds myself of when I often opted to Pursue grand acts of hubris, and in crimson halls Innovative takes on recent mistakes premiere to the One viewer who can't ever look away From this special feature, and who must endure each bizarre Yet melancholic act in whichever Order they choose to appear in Whilst already knowing the bewildering denouement That arrives in typical anti-climactic fashion while I'm On the precipice of waking to be Rid of this routine while world stands alight Momentarily.



No rapists, terrorists or murderers reside in the confines of my home, unless I'm alone, in which I see them out of every window through paranoid filtered eyes.

Do I feel shame for my fears? Yes

But can I stop them?

The world sees anxiety as an excuse. As fake.

Take it from me when I say I don't fabricate the shakes that come from my hands, from the twitch in my neck when someone walks by.

Anxiety is not a joke or a ruse, it is the truth.

It is meeting new people and requiring a week of recovering, smothering the insecurity in my head with sleep and re-runs of old TV shows I've seen a thousand times.

It is seeing strangers laugh and focusing on the thought that they must have seen you as a joke when they probably didn't even notice you walk by

It is fear and uncertainty.

Alfie's Angel

Alfie always said I saved his life.

It was nice to be His Special Friend "Alfie's Angel".

Time and life tides drift And procrastination is king.

In the gap between My intentions and The day today Alfie died.

My regretful tears cannot bring back The boat that has sailed.

Alfie died Alone and in mystery I assumed there were other people He was always so bright, lively, engaging! How can someone be so alone? they say the night is darkest before the dawn, and mines been dark for a long time. i try to say stop, i try to say no but my thoughts of illness, and dying don't go. the moon is out, shinning bright - what a comfort to know someones listening at night as i lay myself down to sleep, i only pray i wake up alright. the day is new and im full of hope, the smell of morning dew never gets old. there's so much to live for, there's so much to see but before long the hopeless fear sets in on me, i see smiles, hear laughter, and want to try but im constantly overwhelmed by the thoughts inside. when will i die? how will i go? and these variables and there's no way to know. i die everyday in my own thoughts, afraid to live life in case it stops. but heres my takeaway from how i write, the days are short and so is life, fill your mornings with dew and your nights with the moon, write away the pain and one day you just might be okay.

Panic Disorder

Imagine what it's like to see a spider, or a mouse, To walk down an unlit alley at night, Your heart races, you want to be safe in your house. This fear response is called fight or flight, My mind can get stuck in this mode, On high alert day and night, Irrational thoughts, adrenaline surges, Obsessive thinking and upsetting urges. The longer it goes on my mood becomes subdued,

There are tears that run deeper than the sea.

A mind that is fragile, A heart that is broken, Scars that you cannot see.

You will never know the real me, Will never understand the emotions that I hide. You would only understand them if I told you. Or if you looked deep enough into my eyes.

> I have Daddy issues, Mother and brother ones too let's not forget: Depression Anxiety Oh and Narcolepsy too.

Take a good look into my eyes Now tell me can you see them now?

Chameleon

I used to think to myself on a saddened day How similar we are to chameleons How our minds work parallel to their traits We mold our self into the world A defense system when we feel at threat Yet we convince our mind that's our true self When the real identity behind us Is the one who doesn't change its colors When approached by the terror We call society I used to think to myself on a saddened day Trapped in my mind parallel with society traits Succumbed to sink into the chameleon way When I pretend I'm not myself It stops me feeling this way Between my best of intentions And my tears today The council gave him a pauper's funeral And put his life in a skip. No enjoyment from friends, activities or food. You want it to stop, to "snap out of it" and feel yourself once more. It leaves you exhausted, a hopeless wreck on the floor. Then you think of the people effected around you, You rub your eyes, peer at the curtains for an elusive chink the sun might shine through.

Singer

Don't fear the reaper I'm watching out for you. Come take my hand I will guide you through. I love you from a distance, Since I was taken away When you hear that song I'm with you, You cry, but let it play. I'll help good things to come to you, I'll help you to dance in the rain. Bad things are part of life now, sis, But to feel joy, there must be pain. I see my nephew smiling He calls you by your new name, You are a loving 'ma-ma-ma...' I'm so proud of who you became. Tell him Uncle G says 'hello', Tell him rock is in his blood. Tell him I like his dancing, Please tell him, He is loved.

My Old Room

Those that looked in remarked on its silence.

The only sound the turning

A Rogue 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.

A RETURN

Passage of bright days, the clouds are like royalty passing overhead. Fine comedy of chimneys, aerials... might a crow hopping foot to foot change the channel, bring relief from the misery of Brexit? Heath-Robinson where are you? I'm passing from dark to light and humour - resting at home. A blunder with my meds likely mine, or a pituitary gland past its best; nudge to the poet's brain, tap-dance of demon crow

of a page from a nursery book left open on the floor. Even items you supposed would make a din: the jack-in-the-box, the spinning top, remained dumb. O but when the house was empty the box snapped open, the trapped bird practiced its calling, my tiny world attempted to rhyme.

and it's head-over-heels into hell.

Happiness of returning to friends bearing flowers, neither sweet-pea nor iris, their own radiant faces.

Eat your heart out Tuesdays

There's a condom vendor who'll thank me tomorrow. 37 is too hot for 600 calories. Nana says my hands look thin. Nana says the hands are how to tell. I tell him he's too hot for the fat suit I'm glued to. There's a basket of fruit in my brain. I've fed him everything but the strawberries. The stupid romantic strawberries. I'm not sure which one of us is the fuckboy. I'm wading through a homeless river holding £50 of lingerie. Wouldn't mother be proud? I call her mam. It's a love thing. He tells me I'll be begging to fuck him. It's an ego thing. Mam tells me I'm too emotional. I'll never be in love. I'm a skeleton already. Death in flesh blankets. Merry Fucking Christmas. I waltz around in the nude. I'm glistening like a pink donut. A fat, pink donut.

SECRETS

It used to be a secret Now everybody knows You can only hide so much While covering with clothes

It used to be a secret Just between her and me Now Ana has escaped Now everyone can see

It used to be a secret But then it went too far The bones beneath my flesh Now visible as scars

Rockabye

Silver rings rattle on slender fingers, as ghosts' hands are shaken, Reflections are no longer dead-ringers, as true selves are taken. Haunted faces stare back in the broken mirror, pallid complexions sheen with sweat, Their vacant vacuous eyes are full of terror, as they are not beaten yet. So they witness violent hate crimes, watch moonlight suffocate throats; They plead this is the last time that they will watch souls float Into the abyss of absence, into voids of vicious cycles; Pain had never been so present, insanity never so likeable. The glutinous grip of demons takes hold, darkness now feels welcoming, Taking cracked hearts into its folds. This is the art of un-becoming And turning to the cold. Skeletal figures dance in dreams, Fond memories, long gone and old; nightmarish nebulas and ultraviolet beams Gorge on them in greed and gluttony, storms brew in sickened stomachs, Minds break out in mutiny, as logic becomes flummoxed. Feathers fill dry contorted mouths, as sordid screams try to escape, In reality nothing comes out and lungs shrivel into lifeless shapes. Blood burns in twisted veins, as bodies start to decay And feel nothing but pain. While caressed in demons' arms Shell-shocked victims rock from side to side, serenaded with evil charms And spoon-fed spiteful lies, as a spine-chilling melody Curdles blood and traumatises brains. Shackled up in failure and felony, it sounds mildly insane... "Rock-a-bye baby, no one can save me, "Rock-a-bye baby, rock-a-Bye..."

Ocean Ballad

I was ready when it happened; that final slip into the abyss, Ready to surrender, I was afraid; *so afraid*, of being missed (Or worse-forgotten) as the tides stole the whole of me away to th<u>e bottom.</u>

I must impress I'd learned to ride the rising tides; I'd become a skilled surfer of the stress, -of the tensionsof our modern-day inventions.

I had to counterfeit, day by day but your voices fell further away: yet **LOUDER AND LOUDER** Inevitably, I foundered

The weight of my soul pulled me through The horizon of my wearied self to *the majestic quiet,* and the end of my internal riot

But I survived. Notwithstanding all efforts contrived

To keep me from drowning; falling through What's defined as 'safe' and 'right' *for you*

I'm getting to know myself again – new definitions Of what feels healthy for me – new permissions To be me Learning to swim free, in new oceans

It's no longer a secret I'm reaching out for help Can't take these shaky hands anymore Hair falling from my scalp

It NEEDS to stay a secret Says a voice inside my head Or you will never be my perfect girl It's Ana seeing red

Now we have kept our secret And I'm still skipping dinner But at least when I am perfect My coffin will be thinner.

Coffee writing friends (enjoy achieve connect)

in my break in a bright shining space under empty blue a baby sucks from a bottle his father leans over the cradle his left arm makes the childs hands grasp and ungrasp a finger and air a womans talk of lunch passes the white noise of a van a golden straw hat another womans voice alad i thought id lost you a mustard purse fed the baby starts to cry his large shavenheaded father bends closer and soothes.

i drink and note alone apart.

CROSSED WIRES WHEN I WAS MADE THEY DID IT IN A HURRY-THE FLANS WERE UPSIDE-POWN & BITS WERE LOST! THAT'S WAY MY LINNER CIRCUITO KEEP GOING WRONG-ALL MY CONNEETING WIRED HAVE BEEN CROSSED! WHEN I SHOULD BE AG COOL AG A CUCUMBER WHILE TRAVELLING F CANNOT STAND DELBY-THE BUG STOPS AT A' "PONET BLOCK THE ROBO JUST GET OUT OF MY WAY! THE LAW SAYS YOU DO NOT STOP ON A REP ROUTE SO TAKE THOSE USELEDO LIGHTS & BIN THEM NOW! CROSSED WIRES MEAN I PON'T BECEPT EXCUSES - \rightarrow

DONT 570P, WE QUGHT TO HOVE BEEN THERE - A ROW ERUPTE BECHUSE F'VE JUST KICKED UP & FUOS! THE LAW SAYS YOY MUST NOT

Loss

It's tough to mend a broken soul no matter how you weld the splits the invisible pain of loneliness that shattered a life to bits

Life took a crowbar to your spirit a hammer to your head which describes a young life ended early and another 'shouldn't be dead'

People left to ponder why, while left with unspent years what caused your sudden exit leaving behind a thousand tears

No more crew-cut moments no more fishing by the sea no more chasing crabs from under rocks no more dropping in for tea

No good seeking those to blame or deciding what went wrong what's done is done is done no good looking back too long

Fragments of existence now are scattered memories to inspect they're left to those to patch and fix with the glue of their respect

Escape

She sits and wonders what it'd be like If all her dreams came true And if she was to escape from her Could she start of new?

She sits and thinks for hours and hours Trying to work life out But she can't and she knows

He Crumbled

He crumbled before me No warning No signs Just a broken man Who needed fixing Who needed repairing It took time It took patience It took medication It took a range of health professionals To fix him Patch him up To monitor him To make him who he was again I know what I lost I know what I gained back.

Dawn

For once the waters are still Not even a ripple Or a gentle lapping At the lake's edge

As if posing for a picture Or owing itself a rest

PELBY A BUE! I FIND THE FUMAN BACE MOST AHNOY MUS, WON'T DBEY ORDERG, WHAT A BIG PIGGRACE! THEY RE MAPERFOOT & IN THE WAY AT ALL TIMES -HOW COME THEY NEVER SEEM TO KNOW THEIR PLACE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH POING BE THE ROADSIGNE TELL YOU? JUST THINK OF ALL THOOF MINUTES YOU HAVE LOST) I'M NOT THE ONGE THAT 19NORES THE TIME TABLE YET THEY TELL ME MY WIRED ARE ALL CROSSEDI

"From victim to victor"

At first it all seemed hopeless, I spent my days buried in despair, I could not bring myself to believe, That life had cruelly transformed me, Once an exalted doctor, now a crippled patient.

Shackled with thirty-one years of silence, I must now break my chains, Slowly, painfully, each one by one, Rebuilding myself, transforming myself, And rise from the debris of indignity and injustice.

And now, the still small voice of hope, Begins to stir, deep inside me, For I know, that this too shall pass. I choose to fight, till the very end.

Bruised, bleeding, battered and broken,

That her dreams are in doubt.

She sits along and feels so lonely Cries her silent tears Cries until her eyes are dry But she can't escape her fears

She writes her thoughts down on a page To free the thoughts in her mind She searches for a part of her That she cannot find.



The lake holds its breath And all turn to marvel

Eagle plumage shimmers As they strain to see Gossamer highlights twinkle As the spiders draw close

Admiring with reverence The snakes cease to slither Gazing above with awe The fish cease to swim

A yawning chasm of orange The sun wants to see too Soothing the landscape into contrast Illuminating the view Yet I choose to persevere, For I know, that the darkest hour of the night, Comes just before the dawn.

Facing my darkest fears, Each day I keep moving forward, For I know, That the brave woman is not she who does not feel fear, The brave woman is she, who goes ahead in spite of it. And now, she is free.

Parafunctional uses of the mouth can be a sign of something worse

home-made bruxism caused by guilt-pains, exacerbated by high-altitude pressure. it damages the bone structure leaving you hyper-sensitive.

i try my best to ignore the fracture, but an extraction will soon be necessary if i stay like this i don't think i can ever be happy.