

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

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.

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?

Between my best of intentions
And my tears today
The council gave him a pauper's funeral
And put his life in a skip.

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.

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.

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,
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.

A Rogue Wave

A rogue wave crashes from the blindside,
the world tips...
a rush of air and then cold shock slipping sinking silently.

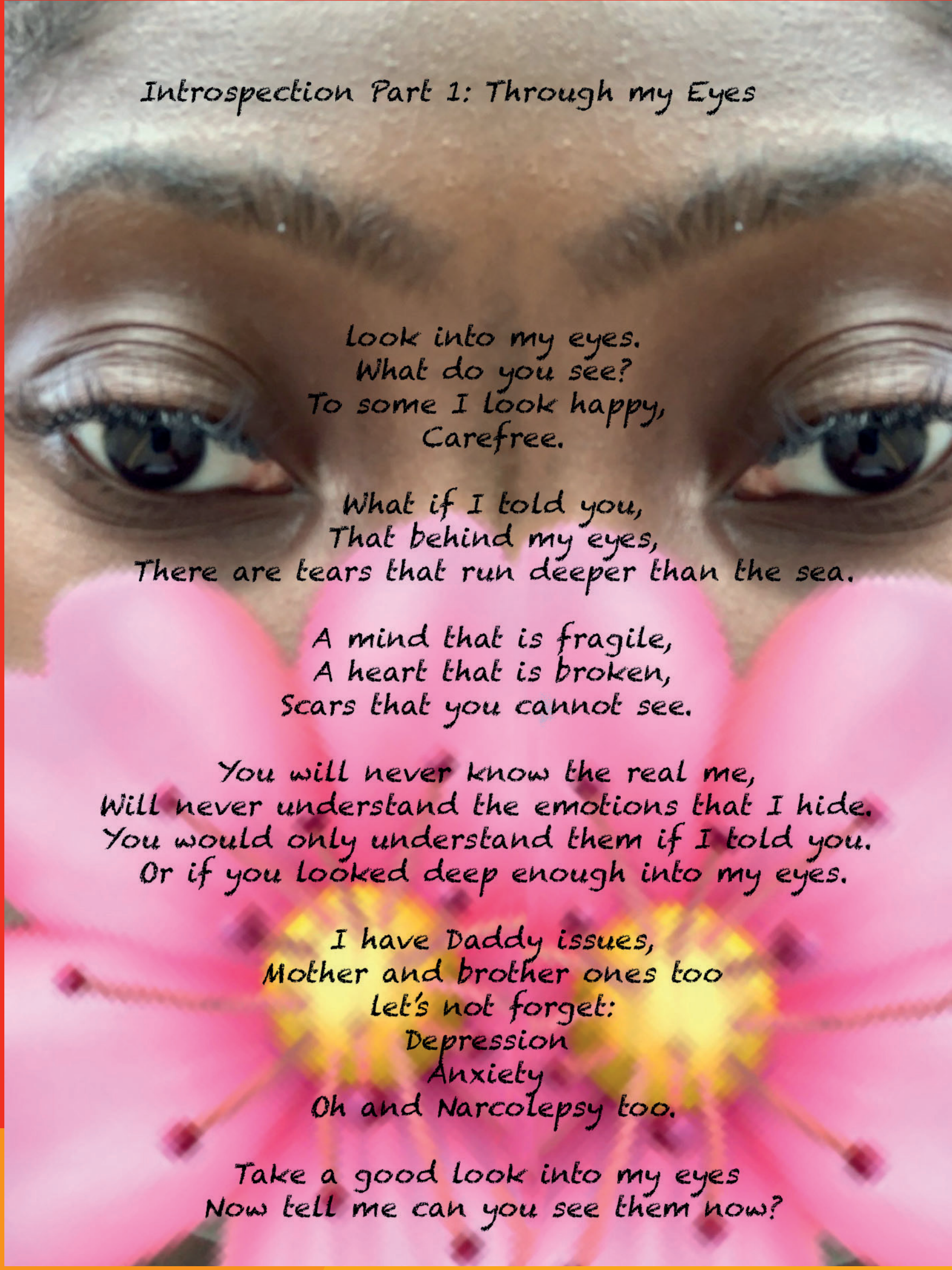
Break the surface, the sounds of rescue.
Friends, colleagues, lovers pulling each other to safety.
Reaching hoping failing in the strength sapping cold

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

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



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

My Old Room

Those that looked in remarked
on its silence.

The only sound the turning
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.

