

Blue Mornings

Caught in splintered light
blue ghost-trees outside
stretch across my fragmented mind.
Sleep deprived, jagged,
no words will comfort
or cross that unspoken line.
Nothing can reach me in these blue mornings,
or wake me from dreaming,
stifled, mute,
I am a whisper of myself,
longing for day.

Withdrawal

Brain-zaps wishing for fizzy laces
Stuck in our braces
But we're too young
To hold the gun
Too young to be prescribed
For the rest of our lives
(Plus we can't afford it)
Too young to feel wrinkled
Sagging like witches
Drowning in poverty
Stuck in a pit
Daniel in his debt
Hoping for a lion
To eat us alive
So we can feel alive alive alive
It'd be nice to feel a waterfall
Fall from our eyes
Than be dryer than sandpaper
Scorched in desert
We are much like cacti
Or barrels full
Waiting to burst
Wanting to burst
Soon you shall
But for now
You can't
So you'll put on a spiny smile instead



A Mind Less Tangled

No longer caged in despair
At times I feared that I would never repair
Yet hope remained...
Through the pain of tortuous thoughts, hope remained like the finest thread
And now, no more wishes to be dead
No more forced smiles, no fear of interaction, paranoia gone
No dread of the morning, no dread of the night
Enjoying life again, living fully, appreciating what I have
Empathy for those now on the path I travelled
Dancing in the sunshine, smiling in the rain
Joy restored, contented, calm, accepting of self
Able to laugh, able to cry
Glad to have travelled that dark road
Forever thankful for the lessons learnt
Wiser, humbler for the journey made
A better person, bruised not broken, with a mind less tangled

Aagh

Aagh There is colour
There is life
There is chatter
There is heat
There is love
There is forever
There is fire
There is dance
There is now.
I am all of it,
I am none of it.
I am hopeless
I am wonderful.

BPD and Me

She is not my entirety but I let her perch on the edge of my identity. Swinging her feet wildly, growing from the same malnourished seed, she is the critical, invisible child in me.

She has her own entity, building cities and towns and herself a home where happiness is temporary. She is nothing like a river that gently meandering through meadows, she's avalanches and tornadoes contriving my mental blemishes. She is my notorious nemesis, utilising my mind as a place she freely trespasses, a catalyst to my self destructive tendencies. Sometimes I am unsure if we are best friends or enemies.

She is a city that never sleeps, she is both rain and rainbows without a raincoat. She is my lack of self control and my hunger for too much control. She lives inside of me but I am not her home.

She carves words in the walls of my mind, crossing my boundaries a thousand times. She is the author of my intrusive thoughts, but tells me these are poems dedicated to you.

Dangling from my ribs, she uses my heart as her stop pit, determined that she needs to baby sit the fragility of it. She tells me she is here to stay and that pretending she doesn't exist won't make her go away.

But there's beauty in her bite, my scars are precious pieces of our history. She prematurely introduced me to integrity overflowing my being with an inner authenticity. She is the architect of my past but hands over any power to draw my final draft.

I am learning to tolerate her tantrums, tempter and built up anger, recognising that she was birthed from trauma, teaching myself that she too has her own journey and together we are the main character of this story.

She was the secret I tried to bury, the extra weight I would carry. I was tricked by the systems theory labelling my bruised mind as evil and unkind. But she is nothing like google describes because she has guided me through the layers of my mind, taught me to see colour when I am blind, she is the influence behind my grind.

So I will love her kindly, no more avoiding her name because without her I wouldn't be the same.

My Mania

When I am manic, don't tell me things, or even hint, because to me it will all link.
Everything fell into place, it was all clear, but I upset others in my cheer.
Noradrenaline and serotonin pumping through my brain, to others I had become a drain.
Capable of things I wouldn't normally do, I'm sorry it meant I lost you.
Great adventures in my head, bad times for those around me instead.
Talking fast, thinking faster, why didn't anyone spot my disaster?
I lost my job and friend, I still find it hard to comprehend.
Dark days followed, and in them I wallowed.
I thought I would kill myself in a cornfield, luckily my doctor saw the signs of bipolar and medicine he wield.
I still live with the joyful memories of ruining my life, I am one of the lucky ones who kept my wife.

The Belief Will Come

Sometimes people make it better
Sometimes people make it worse
But asking people to make it better
Only makes it worse

The darkest days of childhood

When I was six years of age, that was a very good day.
Jelly, birthday cake, and blocked ice cream,
unusual for its day,
and my friends came to play.
A new baby sister had arrived, that was a very good day
but she cried, and cried and cried, the noise would not go away.
Those were very dark days.
Mummy sat in Daddy's armchair, she held her head and cried,
I was only six and a half; she said she wanted to die.
I still remember that very dark day.
I came home from school, one bright sunny day and
looked inside the pram. Baby sister had vanished away.
My Mummy wasn't there! I was very confused that day.
Our Grandma came with doughnuts, she really saved the day.
But my mummy and baby sister?
'Both have gone away'
was all that daddy would say.
Baby and I were taken from home, to others far away.
My brothers stayed at home with dad.
'That's not fair' I say.
That was my angry dark day.
At nine years of age,
I was crying, night and day.
Post natal depression and suicide, finally took my mummy away.
Those were my darkest days.

Sanctuary

Nightfall. Beasts pounce. At every corner.
My animal body cries out in pain.
Lost fragments drenched in sweat.

In this land of ice, warm glow spreads inside.
Bubbling springs suffocate flames. Wonder
at the plucky little girl hiding hellish hauntings
for the day she could be held.

Silent blankness. White darkness.
Wind swirls, moon greets, leads us in.
Wrapped in a silver blanket,
we can breathe, I set you free.
I become you and you become me.

The LIGHT

A bridge of light
flooded across the darkness
filling the cracks in the path

As the serene apparition drew nearer,
soft voices bathed the travellers body.
She touched his beaten back,
took his trembling hand to her breast.

Stroking his troubled brow
She comforted him as the night past slowly
As the shadows receded
into the realms of their abyss
As she led him to hope's new realm



We first met in my teens
My shadow and I
An inseparable bond
Formed in early July

Whilst I lay in bed
She lay by side
Interrupting my dreams
With nowhere to hide

As I sat alone amidst all of my fears
My shadow was there
Instigating my tears

I heard her clearly as I sat and wept
As there lies facets of my mind
To which she is adept

I do not permit her to stand by my side
But without her I am unsure
Who would be there when I cried

But whilst I grow older
The more we can be
Understanding of each other
My shadow and me

She will never depart
Though I could not abandon
My cautious associate
A lifelong companion.

Borderline personality disorder

Relationships are either very intense, or very unstable, they alternate between the extremes of love or hate. People who are important to me I often under rate

My emotions can often change very quickly, I experience intense episodes of sadness, and suicidal thought. The irritability, The anxiety and panic attacks, It makes me feel I can't go on no more

My level of anger is often inappropriate, Intens e, and difficult to control. I cannot control my emotions. The edge of the cliffs is where my demons will fall

When I'm upset, I engage in recurrent suicidal behaviours. The threats, the self injuries The cutting and burning, The I'm going to end it ' gestures!

I have a significant and persistently unstable image, The image of me, myself and I No sense of myself, or of who I am.. But what I truly believe in is that I'm only worthy to die

I have very suspicious ideas, I am even paranoid at times I exper ience episodes under stress I feel suicidally depressed. Yet other people is somewhat unreal.

I engage in self damaging acts such as unsafe and inappropriate conduct, I engage in frantic efforts to avoid real people who are close to me. I suffer from ch ronic feelings of emptiness and boredom. And wish that I could be Borderline personality disorder free

Connected

Love turned to pain, suffering, and anguish
A raging inferno, hard to extinguish
Only one solution, one that remains
Split away from each other; unlinking your brains.

It will not be easy but it mightn't be hard
It saves your heart and prevents mental scars.
And now you are free, free like a bird
No longer cooped up, like cows in a heard,
Escape the toxicity, free your mind
And your discontentment will be hard to find.

Big place, small person

The world is a big place
Easy to get lost in
Easy to feel small in
There are moments of pain
There are moments of happiness
There are moments of stalling
There are moments of finding myself
There are moments of losing myself
There are moments of finding myself
Somewhere along the way
This is how it is
A journey of many twists and turns
A journey that carries on

Everybody hates you

And you'll never be loved.
I long for you to shut up
But you never bite your tongue.
I tell you you're wrong,
And that I'm not alone.
Fact vs feeling,
But the feeling
Stays strong.
Your vicious words cut,
The wounds leave me reeling.
You're my cruelest critic,
My persistent mental drum.
Loser,
Pathetic

Someone Died

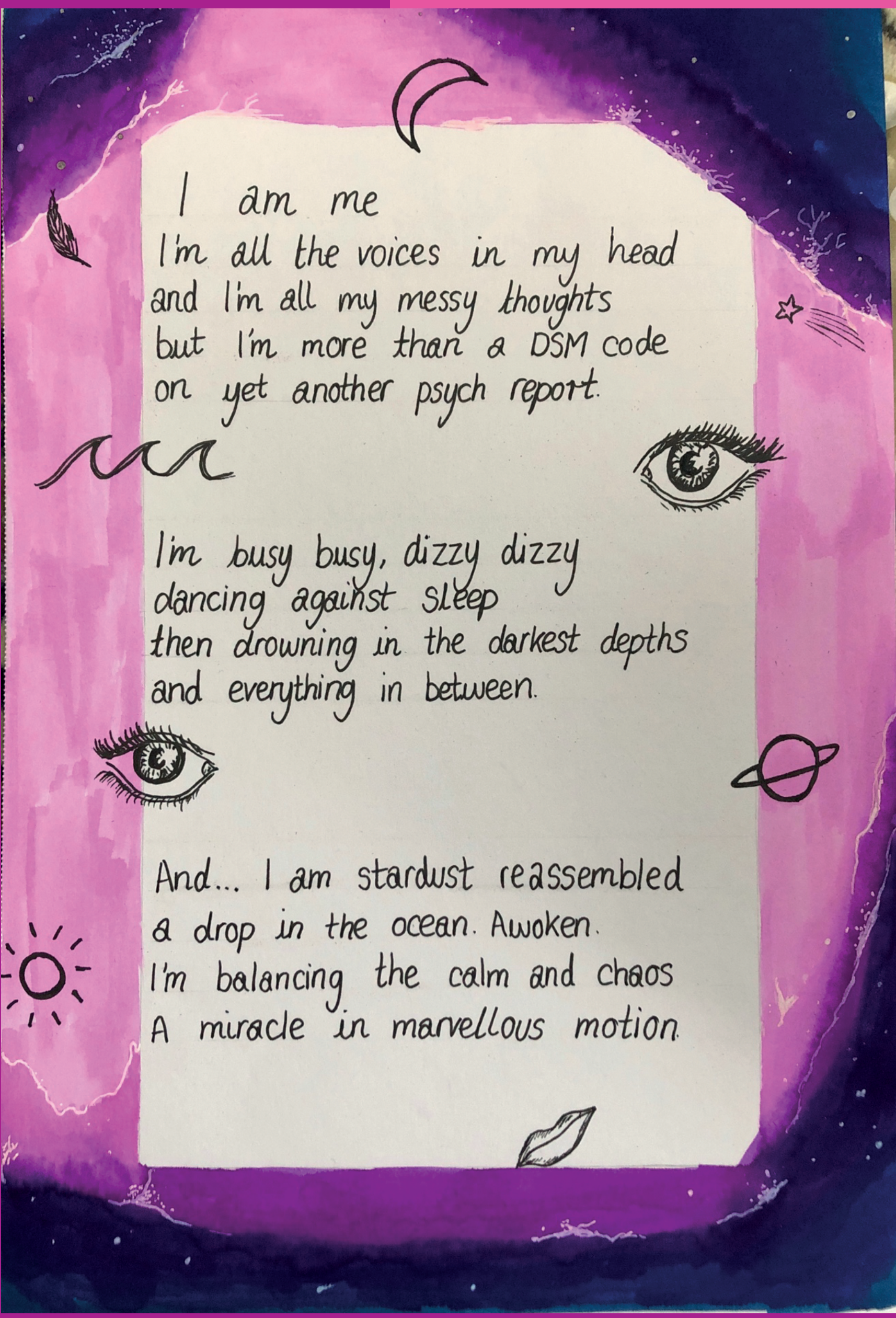
Someone died in my arms today,
I couldn't see his face
or anticipate we'd meet
beneath the sheen of sun
bursting light along the street.

Heard him rumble in the town,
spitting cynically and biting
at the liquid talk of other folks,
with half his spirit but twice his life,
tongues in circles as they spoke.

Spirit means something to most,
whilst flatly birthed is life to all.
Hands submersed in screens would tap,
in character his spirit spoke
as he, in real words, was trapped.

I'd noticed him across the street,
in windows clean reflected neatly,
or by canals near water still,
or in the shadows that at dusk,
in gaping yawns his form would fill.

Once he'd loved with every drip of blood,
with mouthfuls of air propelled from a chest,
that couldn't keep its breather's mess inside,
that couldn't bare the stress,
I held my arms and someone died.



In Memoriam

I wish I was in days gone by
Dancing on the green
Swirling skirts around a camp fire
We gather round unseen.

For we are bound to journey on tomorrow
And mountains may form and wear away
So long so slow our journey.

We shall not see such times again
So many many years must pass between
Before our children may dance
Upon the green again.

We will not set the empty places
That share our every meal
We shall find joy in many places
Tho strangers we always feel to be

And always will our faces
Smile bravely on our young
For whom the world has Just begun
So when they come to know whats going on
They will remember their places at home
And find someone to smile upon

Life lies

It's hard wanting to live and to die
Taking time from my mind
I want to give silence a try
But I don't want my family to cry
So I push the darkness aside
My true feelings I hide
Ask me how I am and I'll lie
See me out and think I'm fine
When anxieties are by myside
The complexities of my life
That are lived outside of your eyes
Judged I know, I don't mind
You think it's easy, that's fine
Your narrow thoughts are not mine
And understanding takes time
If you think I choose this your blind
You'd struggle with the voices I find
Nights without sleep, when I've cried
Everything I've done and I've tried
Vet happiness is denied
I never want to write my goodbyes
Yet I understand why them lines
Are written down during times
When there's no change in the tide
You feel your a burden inside
But I'll carry on with my ride
Hoping one day that I find
Within storm clouds of my mind
A clear day with sunshine

The best medicine

For six long years we tried. I dreamt of you, but my body failed.
Finally, your spark took hold. My world grew black with fear.

My mind swam in anxiety; my body out of my control.
Then, I hear your heart beat. I see you, tiny, but warm within me. You are thriving.

Weeks tick by. My belly swells, my mind begins to calm as "B-day" approaches.
I finish work. I finally begin to relax and think it will all be ok, you're almost here.

A veil falls. You haven't turned. My organs are failing.
Instead of rest, I must make myself a sacrifice to fear, for the sake of you.

For days, I have to confront irrational fear to take a step closer to freeing myself from my greatest one, forever.
I'm manic in my delirium.

My Everest is here. I've reached its peak, but can I live to get back down, bearing you?
Yes. You are starving, but you are strong enough for both of us.

The wind drops. The air stills. My mind clears.
You are here, baby boy, you are here. I start to heal, body and soul.

Each night grows dark again with new anxieties, but now, when I wake in fear, you are here.
In your sleep you reach out to me, your safety and your home; my mind returns a little more.

You, my dearest love, my baby boy, are the best medicine.

