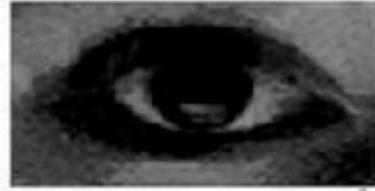


Mental
Health
Poetry



tear drops on the web

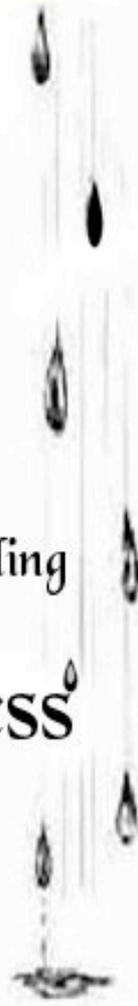


Mind

Hope

Understanding

Kindness



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Introduction

Welcome to our first poetry booklet created from the website
“**Mental Health In The UK**”- <http://www.mentalhealthintheuk.co.uk>

This booklet has come about as a result of the regular members of the **MHUK forum/message-board** getting together and writing poetry. Using their creativity and talent, they have produced some excellent material which we have decided to collaborate and distribute to anyone and everyone who wants to see just how talented they are despite everything they have been through.

“**Mental Health In The UK**” is just that, all about mental health. It's a site started by myself back in 1998 and has now grown into a thriving community of not only people who have mental health problems, but relatives and friends. The severity of just how destructive mental health problems can be is a testament to everyone who comes to the site, the problems of day to day living and the intense suffering suffered by a lot of our members is truly saddening, and yet, despite this, they show courage and determination to win back their lives.

This booklet goes a long way in showing just how determined our members are and I'd like to thank each and every one of them including the ones who have not submitted poetry this time round. I'd also like to thank my volunteers, MellowDee, KTspirit, Tee, Catriona, Miss B, Ricky, Lainey and Scorpian Laydee who work endlessly to moderate the **MHUK forum/message-board**. Without them and all my members there would be no poetry booklet!!

We hope to publish more material in the future with money used from the sale of this booklet and proceeds will also go towards running **MHUK** long into the future.

Catherine/Cazie

(January 2004)

Only Me!

Inside of me,
I know something is going on.
It's all tearing me apart,
My life, my soul, all of me!

My head is like a washing machine,
Always on a constant spin,
I want out of this misery,
But I always seem to sin.

Round and round I go,
Diets, starvation, etc, etc,
When will it all come to an end ?
Or will it not ever be...

Binging, laxatives, cutting,
On and on it goes,
Where is the end of this long haul of a road?
I wish I could see even from the tips of my toes.

There is light at the end of the tunnel I'm told,
But I keep trying to find it.
Perhaps it's just not meant for little old me.

By Alison

The Darkness

Darkness...
Creeping through my skin
Invading every inch of my soul
Tearing apart my helpless body.
I try to resist...I try to save myself
But this is a battle I cannot win easily.
The darkness always succeeds me.
Haunting, corrupting, taking over.
The voice inside my head telling me what is right,
While my body responds by saying no.
Exhausting me, wearing me out
I try to keep fighting,
Giving all I have to give.
I do not let down my guard...
Not even for a moment,
Or I will be flooded by the darkness once again.
I try to take the step, which the light will not allow.
Echoing in my head, the voice screams 'no'
My body cannot take it.
My hands begin to tremble.
I raise the blade slowly towards my skin
A voice tells me to be strong...to resist
But the darkness knows what is right.
Can I win?
Can I fend the darkness off?
Even if I could it would not be forever.
I try to be strong.
I try to be happy.
When I am happy the darkness can't hurt me.

By AngelTears

Charlotte Sometimes

I am B.B. Allen, poet named after Ginsberg, but I am not.
I am the frightened child I was before I adopted the name,
before I became wreathed in smoke and alcohol fumes,
before I lost my mind and found my soul.

I am still Charlotte, Sometimes, like the song, broken,
breaking, lost in a fantasy land where I was a Princess
with no name and rode horses all day, and sang songs
with the mermaids.

And I am Maria, the bad part of me who ranted and
screamed and broke things and became Charlotte in
the end.

And I am Baby Blue, smoking cigarettes in front of
computer screens and letting words fill the screen from
a source I don't know, or don't want to know. Baby
Blue hearing voices which are mine, just mine. Prophet
of my own end by cancer or hatred or madness...

Charlotte, Sometimes in the Garden lost to the world...
Baby Blue vowing never to go back, never to let
madness drag me down, but feeling it's pull in the
crowds that make me sick.

Charlotte, Sometimes... My given name. What people
still call me, a label I've had since I was born. Who I
still am... Still need to be. An identity. Baby Blue
making sense of my mess, typing it all out, loving
every second of my scarred existence. Loving the scars
which mark my past like a forgotten language, spoken
by few understood by fewer...

I am Charlotte, Sometimes, making those marks,
marking that skin... Like parchment faded with time...

Baby Blue the strength, the lover, the carrier of hatred,
the lover of everything. Me, me, me... Alive...

I am Charlotte, Sometimes, like the song...

By BB Allen

My Loft Needs Clearing

Books and toys and baby dresses,
Jigsaws, games and flower presses,
Cabin trunks and packing cases,
Boots and shoes without their laces.
Photo albums with their label,
Even dining chairs and table,
Worn out clothes that should be carted,
A lifetime's memories not yet discarded.
When I look inside and see,
This jumbled mess of history,
The sadness for a world now gone,
Seems to linger on and on.
I don't know when it's to be sorted,
Every effort is soon aborted,
Something comes along to say,
Please leave it to some other day.

By Bee

Peas

I gaze.

I gaze, and as far as I can see, I see throngs of lights;
dischordant flickering; unhappy dullness: a constant
ebbing.

She gazes.

She gazes, and sees not all the consuming darkness,
but the distant lights, pinpricks of hope;
shining bright, warm and inviting.

We gaze.

We gaze, and for the last time, our vision swims with
torment, anguish, pain and frustration.

We gaze.

We gaze, all the time watching and protecting those
we love.

We illuminate with a burning love for you.

We are the stars, we are at peace.

By bibby

Untitled

No-one knows the real me
I've put up walls so no-one can see,
How bad i really feel inside
And how my eyes have cried and cried.
With everything that's in my mind
Always there with no end to find,
No answer to end the pain in my head
That makes it hard for me to to get out of bed
It kills the point in everything
And leaves no point in anything,
It kills the point in life itself.
But i'm stuck on this hell-filled shelf
Stuck with this never ending depreesion,
Thats eating up my heart and soul
And bit by bit my life, my whole
Destroying everything inside
My will to live has long since died.
Desperation set in long ago
Down the road to self harm i go.
Cutting my arm to release the pain
I feel like doing it again and again.
Cutting my arm to releases the pressure,
So bad,off the scale,impossible to measure.
The scissors calling me again and again,
No stability of life can i ever matain.
With the call of the blades so shiny and sharp
With one quick cut maybe the pain will depart.
But when it abates its straight back again,
And all thats left to show are the scratches and pain,
but it doesn't work for long,if at all.
As i hear always the beck of suicide's call
Wanting to answer but to scared to dare,
Suicide seems the answer but still it does scare,

But it would end the torture,end the pain.
I would never have to suffer this shit again.
But however it tempts,i'm to scared to try
Andend up just wanting to scream and cry,
At the injustice and unfairness of it all
Wishing i could of answered the beck of suicide's call.

By Bouncer

A Child's Prayer

Dear God,
Why am I being sent away?
“It’s best for you.” is what they say

Was it that best glass I broke?
Or because I played a joke

Was it the writing on the wall
Or because I took that ball,

Was it because I pulled Tigger's tail?
Or because I began to wail?

Was it being sick on the bed?
Or because I stood on my head?

Was it 'cos I tore my frock?
Or because I lost my sock?

Was it 'cos I argued with Mummy?
Then I thought it was really funny

Was it because I stole those sweets?
Were they meant for others treats?

Was it 'cos my shoes were muddy?
Then I went in Daddy's study.

Is it 'cos I'm “the brat from hell”?
Or because I wasn't well?

Was it 'cos I told a lie?
“Cross my heart and hope to die”

Is it because they want another?
Am I getting a baby brother?

Am I really very bad?
Have I made them really mad?

Or is it because they don't really care?
Whether or not I'm even there.

Dear God
Don't let them send me away
I have truly tried to be good today

By Trina

Home

Delicate scents of country flowers,
Smoke billows from cooling towers.
Cattle graze in open pastures,
Playground kids just filled with laughter.
The sharp wind chills across my cheeks,
It has drizzled, poured, been soaking for weeks.
The lanes are flawed, narrow and twisty,
Every inch is steeped in history.
The humour is dry, so quick and smart,
The landscape; a horizon of art.

The many glories of this fair land,
It rules my heart and holds my hand.

By Cel

Flowers

I am laying in a field full of flowers.
The time is early morning, my mind
is finally slowing down.
The colours tear at my soul,
their stems are smothering me.
Their petals fall onto my body
fresh, clean and serene.

My body lays as still as the skies
My mind slows right down, the
flowers cry at me.
I sleep.
During this time I dream,
it's too late for this now.

The flowers are floating over me,
I open my eyes; I'm in my dream,
I'm trapped.
The flowers fall unattached from their stems
They cover my bare skin:
The colours contrast me.

The petals fade away,
they will never be seen again.
The stems are now naked.
Alone in my dream, I am dead.
The flower has passed away.

By Ellie

Echoes of Youth

Remember days when we were young,
when youth's fresh dawning first had sprung,
and life's corruption held no sway,
nor smeared it's stain or lured astray.

The summer's endless, shimmering haze,
with camps to build and knees to graze,
the boy who romped through wooded glade,
and slumbered beneath it's languid shade.

With make believe to fashion his world,
and conjured imagination unfurled,
the castles shining through cotton wool cloud,
battlements gleaming and turrets proud.

Through trembling nights when shadows reigned,
that claimed the walls and prowled unchained,
he cowered and clutched the pillow tight,
and prayed for morning's exiled light.

But time's unending, infinite pace,
measured by the clock's indifferent face,
has watched the boy become the man,
and cast the frame of destiny's plan.

By Andy Green

Someone's watching

The anger grows stronger, the pain builds inside,
Losing count of the number of times you have cried.
An answer is needed, the options unclear,
No more can you take this - you've cried your last tear!
The future uncertain, your heart filled with doubt,
You question and wonder what life's all about.
The struggle is over, no hills left to climb,
Exhausted with trying - you'll end it this time!
You stand on the edge of that cliff looking down,
As you weigh up the options, your face wears a frown.
You know someone's watching, and that person's near,
But they're urging you forwards - increasing the fear.
As death seems the answer - that last step you take,
Towards endless peace, from this nightmare you'll wake.
You know someone's watching, you'd hope that they'd care,
But too late you're falling, too late you despair!
A hand reaches out as your feet start to slide,
They pull you to safety, they act as your guide.
Confiding in someone, you're filled with new hope,
A new path is chosen, a new way to cope.
You know someone's watching, they stand by your side,
The options are clearer - no more must you hide.
For now life's the answer, you're finding your way,
For now someone's helping you live for the day...

By Gill

Untitled

I am a young man who's depressed
I sit with a bare hairy chest
I get colder and colder
Until I get bolder
And decide to put on a vest

* * * * *

My life is so full of stress
And salads are so full of cress
I roll a dice
And if the weather is nice
Then I feel like wearing a dress

By Andy

The Rock.

Diamond thirst and a cutting edge
Glides down my ruby throat.
Engulf yourself in that insane knowledge
That pain flows like water
And anguished trees
Too are tainted with blood.

A nightmare terrain
Rocks thrashing and
Contorting
In irate sorrow.
A charcoal sun casts its
Powdery whimsical stare
And I cower beneath the waterfall.

I thought I had left this valley
Carried away by greater things that
I think I thought
Could lift me up.

And I know now why I can not leave.

I am a rock.

And I belong
Here.

By h2whoa

Tell Me (a plea for hope)

Tell me I'm not the only one
Lost between here and there
Tell me that my eyes will one day hold more
Than a sad unblinking stare

Tell me there's a reason why I can have faith and believe
That there's more to life than anger and sadness
And endless reasons to grieve

Tell me there's a point to life
A reason to stay alive
Tell me there's things I need to do
Some goals for which to strive

Tell me there's something I can do
That will really and truly count
Something measured in humanity
Not time, cost, and amount

Tell me there's a purpose
Some reason for my birth
Tell me that one day I'll experience
True laughter, joy, and mirth

Tell me I'm not not a hopeless case, a person gone too far,
a nameless face
Tell me I'm not lost in the shadows, stuck in the dark
That one day I'll succeed
Make a positive mark

Tell me all of these things and persuade me to believe

By Joanne

A Flower for my Teacher

To my Teacher
I'm not the girl bud waiting to blossom...
I already have blossomed
and people have used me to do something.....
as useless as
she loves me,
she loves me not,
slowly their taking away my petals
and theirs nothing I can do about it until I flower again.
Thank you for letting me be ill
and not make me feel crazy.
Thank you for your wisdom,
giving me understanding.
Thank you for having faith in me,
you gave me back hope,
I will have a future!! I will break free,
You made me feel so colorful,
even though I knew I had no beautiful petals.
You gave me one of your own petals to wrap around me
you kept me safe,
warm, loved.
When I'm ready to flower again....
I want to show you all my new petals!!
I hope I make you proud.

By Kerrie-Anne

The Kid

The kid is huddled
on the floor
Waiting, watching
pleading 'no more'

The kid is naked
Crying in pain
Don't move a muscle
They'll come again

The kid is tired
Red, black, blue
Why won't you listen
She's calling you

The kid is angry
Screaming, rage
Open your eyes
This isn't a stage

The kid goes quiet
What has she done
She opened her mouth
But you didn't come

The kid broke the rule
Punishment, pain
Quietly dying
Begin the game

The kid is me
could even be you
Shut down all systems
All you can do

By TJSpirit

Monsters

Their mark is blood on battered skin and so I stand
torn raw
My very breath stalked and my heart a blistered sore
Standing safe in shallows your blessed eyes fail to see
The reality of these monsters and their refusal to escape
me
My bleeding screams gnawed, my shaken mind scorched
to frail
Haunted through all suns all moons my hope they drank
stale

My skin ripples to sharpened scales my heart was burnt
cold
Punishment is my only saviour as to a monster I do
mould
My core fuels claws of fire, I a creature cursed to the
bone
I surrender to the monster my queen bee, I her feeble
drone
Such depth, such hatred, such thirst for self-slaughter
drives
Inflicted spit corrodes my blood joining them master and
wife

My foul hollow trunk squats, rioting taunts infest to tear
and rip
Thoughts of fire and thoughts of silken ice; to burn, to
bow to fight to slip
Words so harsh my heart bleeds and my blazing tears
tattoo my skin
I itch to clasp to their cling I can't be beaten anymore
for I wish them to win

Endless rhymes echoed reasons; I hate me too I have
not hands but claws
Hatred 'gainst my battered corpse howls through my
blood; I hate me more

In my crowded isolation the monsters are in my mouth,
in my heart in my eyes
They lurk in my ears in my every breath and limb filling
my stomach and my cries
Burrowing beneath the skin and dancing in the veins,
only I prevent my flee
Grip's too strong for human sight & strength. I'm the
parasite, the intruder is me
Please let me go, please let it take me. I need what it
wants- I bleed for its goals
Their thirst is never quenched; the battle never done
until they have me whole.

By Kylie

Twisted and Reclusive

Time is running away like sand
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
I sit rocking in my chair.....listening
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
Eyes oblivious to anything....except your face....
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
Twisted and reclusive
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
Sanity slipping away....getting colder....drowning in decay
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
My soul begins to break....finally accepting I've lost....
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
The golden chariot in the sky begins to leave me...
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
Alone in the darkness...rotting, insane...silhouetted in shadows....
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
Can't you see this worlds destroyed me?
Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Tick
What?
CHIME
Now?
CHIME
My eyes bleed to see your face
CHIME
....times up....and I quietly slip away...
Leaving behind my shell...
and a pile of empty pill jars.
And time continues...silent and unforgiving.....

By Mandi

Quiet

It's so quiet in here,
I miss all the noise,
The background thoughts,
The sad's and the joy's.

My meds have it quiet,
I feel so alone,
It's scary to realise,
I'm here on my own.

I must have been used to,
Them all chatting inside,
Now they've all gone,
My meds made them hide.

Where do I go now,
What now should I do,
The old was my habit,
No comfort in new.

Strange it must seem,
That this cure has a cost,
My whole life is altered,
My identity lost.

No one prepares you,
No adjusting, no time,
No practice or compromise,
Just this quiet that's mine....

I don't know what to do with it.

By MellowDee

My Body

My body's my temple,
It's falling apart.
The wall are now crumbling
Unveiling my heart.
A heart that is empty,
It's hollow and wanting.
Tap; hear the echo
Of the one needing something.

My body's my temple,
It's breaking you'll find.
The part that is vulnerable:
An agonized mind.
A mind that is full
Of bad thoughts that torture
My day and my night,
They ruin my future!

My body's my temple
It used to be whole.
I think it's now missing
The life and the soul.
Too stressed to continue,
Don't want to give up!
I can't fight this battle
I'm stuck in this rut!

My body's my temple,
But what fills me is vital
To keep it all standing

Yet I've gained the titles:
"Mentally ill",
"Anorexic", "Depressed",
Meaning nothing to me
So I'll hope for the best.

Will my temple stay standing?
Will I get through this all?
My hope's running low!
There's a crack in the wall!
The dark clouds have gathered,
Will I get through the rain?
Will surviving the storm
Make me happy again?

By Miss B

One Day At A Time

Trembling shaking world upturned
The more I listen the more I learn
Setting strong a goal in mind
Get through today you'll do just fine
Give me back a center calm and still
Help me push to have the will
Should I fall and hit the ground
Back up I'll stand courage found
When hope seems lost on knees I'll bend
Trust in God give it all to him
I will survive will win the fight
No one shall cover up my light

By Nicole

Lying In Wait

Were you always there
Biding your time
Waiting to claim me
Somewhere down the line?

Lurking in the shadows
Until you saw fit
Then revealing yourself
Bit by bit

Fleeting visits at first
The odd day at a time
Then taking up residence
Here in my mind

Without invitation
Or even a care
That I opposed your presence
And you weren't welcome there

You've stamped on my heart
And stolen my dreams
'Till there's barely an echo
Of the girl I'd once been

Is this how I'm destined
To live out my days?
Haunted and broken
By your cruel, and twisted ways.

By Dawn

My Insanity

Walking alone amongst my insanity
Nobody seems to recognize me
Am I crazy to think I am sane?
Am I sane enough to live my life?
Nothing is what it seems
Nothing is my right or wrong
I shall never see my self
I am nothing
Or am I?
My mind snaps
It bleeds over my thoughts
I am deadened
I am me, a damned man
Curse the morning and evening star!
For I am gone in my insanity

By Christopher

**** Trigger****

I need you more
When I am sad
And I feel lost
Crazy and Mad.

In times of trouble
You will be there
My forever friend
Who will always care.

What would I have done
You have helped me so
But the time has come
Please let me go.

I know in time
You will see
All the freedom that you
gave to me
Came at a price
Thats too high to pay
So you have to go, far away.

So my heart will fight on
But my soul you will raid
Because you'll always be
My razor blade.

By Sall

It's Funny How Life Shapes Us

It's funny how life shapes us
Into what we are today
All the things that have happened
Have turned me out this way

I suppose I should be grateful
For all that has been done
It's just a shame I couldn't have done it
With a little bit more fun

Instead the taunts and bullying
The name calling the hurt
I've now become a know it all
Mental abuse expert

Sticks and stones they said one time
Will hurt but names? You won't feel a thing
Well I've been scarred for life you see
Inside I'm always crying

Still I try to stay quite positive
Considering my new role
As a mother, mentor and giver of love
A carer of the soul

Determined now to give as much
As I possibly can
To turn the tables and make things right
Humiliation I will ban

So next time you will see me
And maybe want to tease
Please remember what I have said
And don't say it, please

I have a new life now I do
A future not a past
And every day is an achievement
This is one life that's going to last

By Sallybear

A Wish Away

I see you scraps and walls of waste
you blocked the golden path in haste
a young girl cried out quite in pain
you saw her tears roll down in vain
and so it came to pass that you
went searching for a world anew
where little girl could run and play
and count her wishes, one each day.
One, I want to float in air
and feel the wind blow through my hair.
Two, I wish for lots of friends,
well one is what we got instead.
Three, I pray I'm always loved
and never pinched or squeezed or shoved
but little did the young girl know
that prayers and wishes come and go
and wishes never come for free
especially when they come in three.
She floated in the air it seems,
but not by any pleasant means.
A creature made of flesh and mud
came crashing top her with a thud
The fright was far too much to bear
and so she found herself in air
floating in the ceiling til
the creatures body lay quite still.
And as for friends she wished she had..
the one she got was friend called dad.
At first she thought it pretty neat
He'd buy her things that tasted sweet
And if she wanted somthing done,
well here comes daddy on the run

He can fix whatever's wrong
so long as she would play along
Daddy had some funny games
and some she found were really strange!
And what was strangest of it all?
She couldn't tell or he would fall
He told her he would get "real hurt"
and end up buried in the dirt.
From that day on her lips were sealed.
She never cried nor whined or squealed
She got the love for which she wished
it came from daddy's candy dish
but pinched and squeezed and shoved she was
cause that was how the daddy loved
and for a while it seemed okay
she floated more and more each day,
til something popped inside her head.
At first she thought that she was dead!
but no she was alive and well
not quite convinced this wasn't Hell
She tried to play like yesterday
but thoughts kept getting in the way
Things just didn't seem quite right
and scary things came out all night!
And so she went back in her head
to live her dreamlike world instead.
There's just one thing she'd never do
is wish again for something new.
By and by her hope went Black
she swore then she would not come back.

For Dot...

By Tamara

Screaming Conflicts

Screaming Conflicts going around in my head,
When I know I should really be sound asleep in my bed.
I would go and seek some help,
 But frightened it will be seen as a cry or a yelp
Or just another abandonment and rejection
Or even my big fear being put under section

So I sit here at wits end but still trying
And end up sat in a heap crying
As I don't know which way to turn
As I seem to make so many mistakes in return I burn
I try so hard to make and keep Friends
But so many times I just get hurt and it ends.
I don't understand
Why, when I sit and support and hold there hand

I wish I could end this pain and feeling of POO
And of course the pain you lot suffers endure too,

I wish I could sleep,
Just like normal peeps,
but it seems like these screaming thoughts
will just sit there and give me the haunts

By Tee

No One

No one can see the emptiness inside.
No one can hear your silent crys.
No one can feel the hurt that you feel,
It doesn't meen it's not real.

No one can see all the tears that you cry.
No one can hear what's inside your head.
No one can feel the loneliness inside you,
It doesn't meen it's not true.

No one can see the nightmares you dream.
No one can hear your secret screams.
No one can feel how deep you despair,
It doesn't meen it's not there.

By Evon

Panic Attack

My mind buzzes with so much insecurity,
The world detached, unsafe.
The sun will fall, as will the sky,
When my pitiful shelter falls to ruin.
My breath is evaporated,
The clear stream of breath trickles my life away.
I can't
Live with this
Pain, this detachment.
I hit the ground, and feel blank.
No one notices me, and I am glad.
Life continues as normal, and lights return,
But I will never do so again.

By Sue