



poems:

(March, 2016)

(April, 2016)

(May, 2016)

(June, 2016)

(July, 2016)

(August, 2016)

(September, 2016)

(November, 2016)

(February, 2017)

(May, 2017)

(June, 2017)

(August, 2017)

(November, 2017)

(February, 2018)

(May, 2018)

(October, 2018)

(January, 2019)

(September, 2019)

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(December, 2019)

(January, 2020)

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With thanks to Ellen Warren for
editing these poems

Sea poems:

Time and tide wait for no man.
Watch the sea swell away from the sand.
See the way waves crash,
at the bottom of the cliff.
Hold onto yourself
try not to think.

Take me to where the water's clear,
down to edge where I have no fears.
Take me down and far away,
show me my last, my judgement day.

Take me to where there is a sea salt breeze.
Where my mind is calm and I sleep at ease.
Take me down to the wind beaten cliff.
Where my mind is empty
with no more what if's.

(July, 2016)

I stood at the sea and wondered.
Do the waves smile, as they return to the shore?
Breaking over one another
to be back with the one they adore.

As I stood upon the sand I smiled.
Watching these lovers
re-enact their reunion,
I could only think on to London.

(August, 2017)

How we collide when we meet.
Pulling each other in, till we release.
And how, much like the sea.
I cannot wait to be,
beside the the boy, who when I stand at the ocean makes me wonder.
Are the waves as lucky as me?

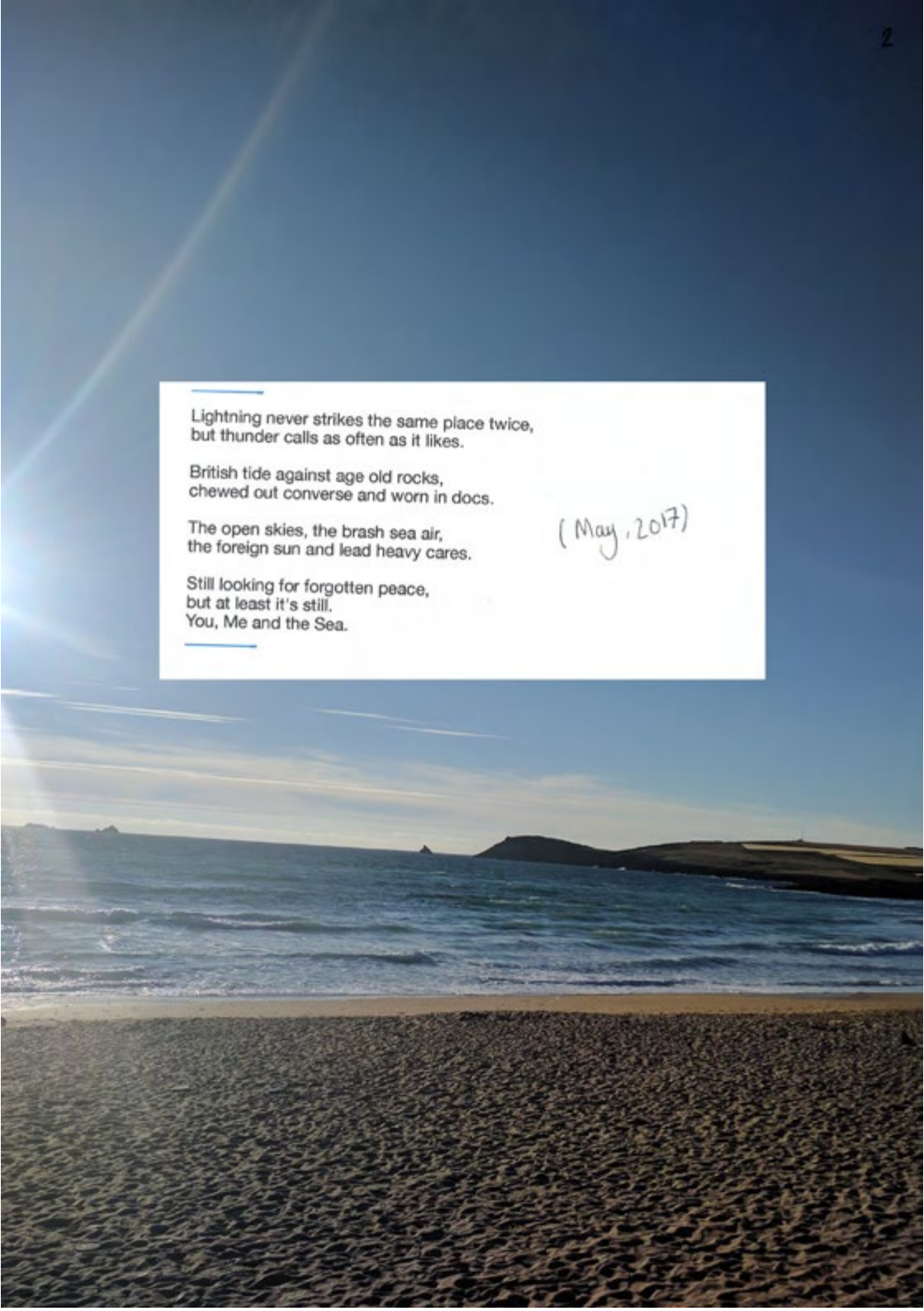
Lightning never strikes the same place twice,
but thunder calls as often as it likes.

British tide against age old rocks,
chewed out converse and worn in docs.

The open skies, the brash sea air,
the foreign sun and lead heavy cares.

Still looking for forgotten peace,
but at least it's still.
You, Me and the Sea.

(May, 2017)



Love poems:

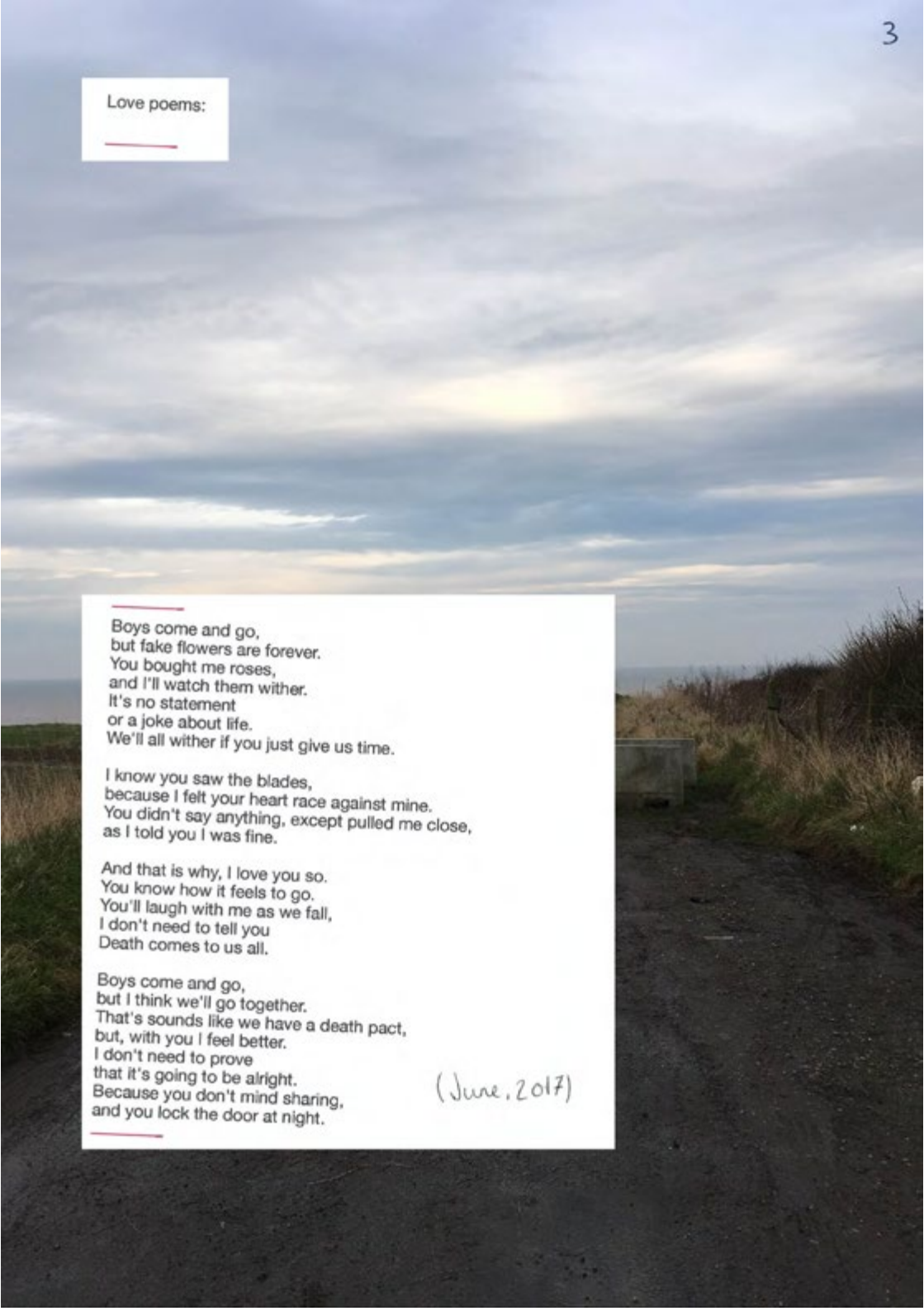
Boys come and go,
but fake flowers are forever.
You bought me roses,
and I'll watch them wither.
It's no statement
or a joke about life.
We'll all wither if you just give us time.

I know you saw the blades,
because I felt your heart race against mine.
You didn't say anything, except pulled me close,
as I told you I was fine.

And that is why, I love you so.
You know how it feels to go.
You'll laugh with me as we fall,
I don't need to tell you
Death comes to us all.

Boys come and go,
but I think we'll go together.
That's sounds like we have a death pact,
but, with you I feel better.
I don't need to prove
that it's going to be alright.
Because you don't mind sharing,
and you lock the door at night.

(June, 2017)



When I go home, back to a town that made me sick.
It's you I'm trying not to think about.
Because I found a love.
In a smoggy, smoky, station.
All the way down south.

And when I'm home, on the tarmac streets of Tallaght.
It's you I try not to think about.
Because I found a love.
And it's a love that they find holy,
I sit and try to keep it down.

And if I dared to make a sound,
if I shut the fuckers down.
Do you think they'd call it love?
And as I sit here on my bed,
thinking about how this might end.
Do you think they'll call it love?

(October, 2019)

And if I dared to make a sound,
if I shut the fuckers down.
Do you think they'd call it love?
And if dared to make a stand.
To settle down without a man.
Do you think they'll call it love?

I'll love you till the stars go out.
I'll love you till the stars fall from the sky.
And as they do, we can wish,
for more time,
for more joy.
And I?
I will wish that I'll be in your arms,
when the stars
go out.

(November, 2017)

Poems from home:

Sheep, sloes and shit weather.
Wellies on, we trudge together.
Through the mizzle, midges and mud.
Up to where the sloes are good.

(October, 2019)

Through the thorns we find the fruit.
Pulling branches, filling bags.
Back pass the cows, hopping private land.

And as the rain begins to settle.
We pull off our boots and fill the kettle.
Flumped on the sofa, we all squeeze in.

See you again at Christmas
To try the gin.

Upon the sodden grass she ran,
she leapt, and sang, and tore.
With gleeful wit and fleeing whim,
until she could no more.

Through trees and dampen leaves she danced,
no puddle was left spare.
Laughing to herself she drank,
the sweet crisp Yorkshire air.

(November, 2016)

Thick mud against her black school shoes.
Twigs adorned her twisted hair.
Back to dinner and the fireside.

When youth was still in my care.

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There is a garden,
with roses pinned to the wall,
and lavender lining the path.

Cracked stones create a causeway to the centre,
as water slips throughout its own little street to the beds of lilacs and forget-me-nots,
the air is sweet and damp as the English summer prevails.

I'm crumbling compost around my cosmos and flattening the rich soft soil
the leaves tick to the sound of the shower and,
with a dull crunch I put down my watering can.

I sit back on my heels,
fingers muddy
hair pulled back.
Just my garden and me.

(July, 2016)

We're going to war in a watering can.
Because growing food is all I can do,
to stop the planet I'll inherit from dying.
And some fucking adviser,
to a political disaster,
has murdered a high profile general.

(January, 2020)

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Fear so often defines me.
It shapes me, shakes me.
Makes me think, I cannot be.

And even after it's said and done.
When the DJ packs up and lights come on.
Fear follows me.
Stalks me, lays down in my bed beside me.
Makes me think what else will I be.

(May, 2017)

After a day of rest,
of sitting down and playing dead.
Thinking of friends and my farewells.
I stepped out of my head,
and look down at what I'd found.
I'm coming home.
I'm London bound.

Towards the bridge and under the trains
away from beds and into the streets.
Falling between high rises.
Trapped in tube tunnels.
The Yorkshire wind sinks into the London smog.

(September, 2016)

Poems from the road:

You cannot whisper to a god.
There is no subtlety.
Just
what there is.
And what there is yet to see.

(September, 2019)

Divine by right, a holy sight.
Yet, I can't look for fear, of losing my eyes.
Oh Christ!
Oh Christ!
I am alive.

I thought I was a wonder.
To behold, to be held,
to be told I was worth the world.
And it's a wonder I ever thought,
I was worth something, myself.

(May, 2018)

Divine by right, a holy sight.
I can't look for fear, of losing my eyes.
Oh Christ!
Oh Christ!
I truly am alive.

Divine by right, a holy sight.
I can't look for fear, of losing my eyes.
Oh Christ!
Oh Christ!
I truly am alive.

Today I learned I have a mountain beneath my skin.
With alpine breeze,
and time washed trees.
Trapped by veins within.

(May, 2017)

Ashen sun amongst my blood,
clouds of pine lining my lungs.
Breathless and beating.
Breath-taking and healing.

Today I learned I have a mountain shaped hole in my heart.

Be still,
and be sure.
Be stubborn and be stuck.
Because you are a breaking point,
and let all bow beneath your beauty.

(May, 2017)

Breath in and break, it's okay to be beaten.
Breath in and believe that by tomorrow,
you won't be broken.

Call me up, whilst you're dreaming.
 Only girl in the world worth stealing.
 That bloke doesn't know what he's got
 with you.

(January, 2020)

I told the truth the last time we kissed,
 call me when all goes to shit.
 A subtle implication.
 You're too good for him.

Poems for your head:

There is not much noise sweeter than this.
 A bunch of kids, screaming into the abyss.
 And, God, I was afraid. Dear lord, I was terrified.
 But that karaoke booth kept me alive.

(January, 2019)

And if Bowie was a drunk bitch,
 then I hope he was satisfied.
 And though I was afraid, I'm glad I made out,
 still alive.
 And even though I'm not proud of the state that it's left me in,
 I'm proud to be a queer kid,
 passing out in East Berlin.

It's hard to raise hell,
 while we still live here.
 So let's go to the bar and get a couple of beers.

Can we talk through problems,
 that maybe don't exist.
 Till we get so wasted that we kiss.

It's another night. It's another life. It's another bottle
 left to sink.

It's another night. It's another life. It's another shot
 to see sunlight.

Then in the morning,
 the moment we've been dreading.
 To reflect on the vomit-stained tops
 I seem to be collecting.

I've been here, for a couple of years now.
 So I know my way around,
 and that way is:

down,
 down,
 down.

It's another night. It's another life. It's another bottle
 left to sink.

It's another night. It's another life. It's another shot
 to see sunlight

(November, 2019)

Give me shots, give me death.
Give me a Bloody Mary, in my bed.

It gets so hard to explain,
the constant pounding in my brain.
Gets so hard to explain,
the constant drinking and the pain.

And if you need me in the morning,
don't come calling cause I'll be hanging.
From the rafters of a building
that I founded in my sleep.

It gets so hard to explain,
the constant pounding in my brain.
Gets so hard to explain,
the constant drinking and the pain.

Give me shots, give me death.
Give me a Bloody Mary, in my bed.

Give me shots, give me death.
Give me a Bloody Mary, in my bed.

You called me up at 3am.
Just to say that you just need a friend.
But, you called me up last night
just to see if I survived.
On that lonely night bus home
that I had to take, all on my own.
Cause no one came out, yet again.
I don't think they're hurting in the head.

Give me shots, give me death.
Give me a Bloody Mary, in my bed.

(December, 2019)

You know I don't give much thought to life beyond the grave.
And, I don't really care enough
to waste time being afraid.
My funeral will be a party, and the dress code will be black.
You can pretend I was some icon,
and drink till you cardiac.
You better shout a little louder, to get over the loudspeaker.
You better, scream, cheer and roar.
And get your arse on the dance floor.
My funeral will be a party, and if you shed a tear.
Then I'm sorry to inform you,
you won't be invited back next year.

(December, 2019)

And when you're dreaming on the ride home, waiting at the traffic lights.
I hope that you're thinking about, the best night of your life.
And when the police pull you over, for drink driving, you can say:
I'm sorry officer but we buried my best friend today.
You see she took her own life, because she was always so afraid.
And she didn't know how to tell people, that she was not ok.
Her funeral was a party, and the dress code was all black.
And she told us to get wasted
'cause she's never coming back.
Her funeral was this party
we did what we had to do.
And I'm terrified officer, because it's happening to me too.
And I don't like to go to parties, and we always dress in black.
Because you're never going to know, which day will be your last.

Poems from the end

In this blood runs;
a rapist, a sexist, several racists.
And they raised me, beat me, made me.
Told me I'd have to be hard to survive this world.
Told me I'm not like the other girls.
And I tried to die,
I tried to die.

(October, 2018)

With a shock at 2am.
I found hard femme is dead.
Laying in my bed,
a razor in her left, a necklace in her right,
and on her chest she wrote.

Tonight we go home,
softer than the average individual.

In this heart burns a rage
A bitterness, and borderline hate.
And it tells me, punch him, kick her.
Scream. Scream. Scream.
It tells me I'd have to be hard to survive this world.
Tells me I'm not like the other girls.
And that I should die,
that I should die.

With a shock at 2am.
I found hard femme is dead.
Laying in my bed,
a razor in her left, a necklace in her right,
and on her chest she wrote.

Tonight we go home,
softer than the average individual.

Tonight we go home,
softer than the average individual.

It's warm
It was so warm
I'm shaking
I was trying not to shake
And I'm alone
When I learned just how alone I was.

(July, 2016)

And then I was awake too long,
and all the nice things you said to me were wrong.
And he's back behind my eyes,
and I'm clawing at my insides.
And I'm trying to make sure, no one, lets on.

I wish that I could move on.
Leave it all behind.

(February, 2017)

But then I was awake too long,
and all the nice things for me were gone.
And I can feel his hands against my skin,
and the facade is wearing thin.
And I'm trying to make sure
no one
lets on.

floating through grey helpless days
sinking into a duvet lined grave.
I thought I was a goner,
I thought that I was dead.
I thought I was a ghost,
and that was why I was in your bed.


(May, 2016)

"SHE WAS A CHILD"
well now she's dead,
and you have to live with the voice in your head.

(March, 2016)

"DON'T BE SO HARSH"
don't be so kind,
It's not very hard when you can't trust your own mind.

"WHAT CAN I DO?"
what can I say?
I'll just fester and rot
and die and decay.



I'm sick of being tired,
and I'm tired of feeling sick.
And that's about the time I stepped off the bridge.
Because life is full of troubles,
and life is full of shit.
But there's more to it than 4am.
So fuck it.
Fuck it.
Fuck it!

(May, 2018)

Cigarettes.
So much easier to accept, there is no hiding.
No one is asking.

Filth.
It sits on the hands, and replaces a scream.
It's not like up home, where the air is still clean.

(February, 2018)

Smoke.
It helps when there's death in my head.
When it's all I have left.

It's never really unexpected.

But a constant,
a constant presence.
Like the sound of rain,
only when it lifts do you hear the calm
and the quiet,
and stop.
How long has it been raining?

(August, 2016)

My sun will set,
and you will cry.
The dust will gather
and the flowers will dry.
But, there is always the moon
not as bright as the day.
But, still a light to guide the way.

(April, 2016)

In London where nobody is strange.
Cold and bright rainy days, perfectly emulate.

It's hard to describe,
how grey London skies,
wrap thousands of people in one overcast embrace.

And as I stretched my arms out wide,
I too was the London sky.
Grey and vast, I began to rain.

(October, 2018)

London, where nobody is strange.
Not even girls, with black mascara tear stains.
Raining in the street, ordinary, and unseen.

London and its silver sky,
take me from my coloured life.
Make me feel sane again.
Let me feel that embraced again.

Green is the most mournful colour.
I hear it in budding leaves,
how they grow just to
decay,
and fall.

Green is the most violent colour.
See it in the way he screams,
tears out his voice,
just so we'll hear him call.

(November, 2017)

And throughout it all,
I sit and wish
to leave this mood,
this spoilt dish.
Send it back to a time when we were well.

Green is the most subtle colour.
It creeps through the time we sink
into these grey hued
days of ours.

Green is the most violent colour.
I hear it in the way he screams.

She came to me one afternoon with a cup and a kiss.
Tea and honey. To sooth that red throat of yours.
It's no wonder you're always ill.
Sat in electric light,
living out an electric life.
Drawn curtains and drooping eyes.

I sat up in my bed and pushed the laptop away.
The tea was sweet and warm.

(February, 2017)

I make myself tea now,
here in our damp empty kitchen.
There are no kisses for me here.
My electric life stretches through the coldest nights.
And I can think of only one.

I sit down on unmade bed,
my curtains kept open a fraction.
I draw myself in,
and I scream and sob and shout.

Tea and honey
To sooth this red throat of mine.

Here I stand on solid ground
away from what's before me.
November stings,
as blackbirds sing,
To remind me that I'm falling.

Adorning red we remember,
those who gave their lives, gave their health.
Listening to them I can't help but feel joined,
in our sickness, in our illness.

They saw horrors I cannot dream,
but, both alike
we cannot dream.

Their poems tell of their shame,
my poems tell of just the same.
They fought for country,
Whilst I simply sit and deteriorate.

(November, 2016)

Silence, so soft, so sweet.
In the *silence*, I can make ends meet.
Silence, so smooth like glass.
In the *silence*, I can rest at last.

You shuffle your feet and it shatters.
You sob just once and it cracks.
Holding your breath till you can't breathe,
because you need the *silence* to last.

Silence, so gentle so kind.
The *silence* calms my frantic mind.
Silence, like a blanket in the dark.
The *silence* numbs my trembling heart.

(March, 2016)

You sigh your last breath and it shatters.
You say your last prayer and it snaps.
You hold back the tears and quiet your fears,
because you know that these sounds are your last.

Silence, the trees don't make a sound.
In the *silence*, I might at last be found.
Silence, so soft so sweet.
In the *silence*, I will finally sleep.

You hum a tune and it shatters.
You laugh just to make a sound.
You rustle your feet under the sheets because, the *silence* is too loud.

Silence once my only friend .
In the *silence*, I sing just so it will end.

Thank you for reading

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