MY LIFE

D

My past is the reason why I’m in jail;
growing up all I knew was a life of crime –
seeing my family fade away in the background
as the cop van drives away in the sunset.
Holding drugs and moving guns from here to there
just to keep my family near,
hoping when they’re out of sight
I won’t hear they’ve been shot that night
and won’t be able to kiss me goodnight.
That’s the life we live but I run from it with my life,
getting pulled back in when it’s time to ride,
as I get pulled deeper into the world of crime
knowing that this is not a life for me or mine.
So I tell you now, steer clear of crime
or you could be looking up at the stars
as they put you in the ground
and everyone says their goodbyes to you,
and you would never know the pain your son feels
about the life you live and the only life he sees.
So I tell you now, stay away from crime
or you could be here, writing this rhyme.
FAMILY LIFE

Family life, I mean what can I say
It's the aspect that gets me through problems each day
Without them, I don't think I'd be alive
Their love and support has helped me survive
By them I mean my sister and brother
Unlike some, I still have a father and mother
I guess I've been lucky – it hasn't all been paradise
On road there's pain, but at home it's very nice
I love my family, but things can be bad
I used to argue constantly with my brother and dad
I guess we were fighting to be man of the house
So our family ties were nearly torn like a blouse
The women of the house brought peace to our home
In my house it was hard to find time alone
But the mad thing, it wasn't even a bad thing
We weren't the richest but we always had things
We made do, didn't always have the best
But on the surface it would be hard to guess
Love got us through everyday trials
Had hard times, but we came through with smiles
Life isn't fair, but my family is fair
With them, there is nothing I am afraid to share
Truthfully, I wouldn't trade them for a thing
Money, cars, mansions, islands, NOT ANYTHING!
If this place was a pub, it would be a lock-in.
If this place was a monkey, it would be hanged.
If it was a record, it would be stuck.
If it was a sample, it would be looped.
If it was a ship, it would be sunk.
If this place was made of gold, it would only be for fools.
If this place was a bladder, it would be full.
If it was a verdict, it would be guilty.
If it was a noose, I'd be strung up.
If it was a trap, it would be sprung.
If it was a wicket, it would be stumped.
If this place was a painting, it would be The Scream.
If it was a drug, I must be addicted.
If this place is right, then I am wrong.
If this place was a car, it would be clamped.
If it was a whale, it would be beached.
If it was an engine, it would be stalled.
If it was a president, it would be shot.
If it was Christmas, it would be sackless.
If this place was organised, it would be a miracle.
If this place was the world, it would be flat.
If it was a mirror, it would offer no reflection.
If it was a cave, it would give no echo.
If this place was hell, I'd be fired.
If this place was a brothel, I'd be f—ed.
If it was a haystack, I'd be a needle.
If it was a tower, it would be leaning.
If it was a boat, it would sink.
If it was snow, it would melt.
If it was a pub, I'd be sober.
If this place was a job, I'd be sacked.
If it was a movie, it would be silent.
If it was a cup of tea, it would be cold.
If it was a pen, it wouldn't write.
If it was a bike, it would have no pedals.
If it was a lift, it would be jammed.
If it was a page, it would be blank.
If it was a song, it would be out of tune.
If it was a football match, it would be nil-nil.
If it was a sunny morning, it would rain.
If it was a clock, the hands would be stuck.
If it was a pint, it would be flat.
If it was a smile, it would fade.
If it was a poem, it wouldn't rhyme.
If this place was a door, it would be locked.
A SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Some things I am sure of, yet I still feel uncertain,
it’s like I find this window, and then someone draws the curtain.
Hearing someone speak is one thing; what they say is another,
can you understand what’s written, if you only see the cover?

At times we can be so sure that we feel we want to shout,
but then our voice is smothered with a shadow of a doubt.
Did that really happen? Are you sure that’s what he said?
Suddenly a thousand questions roam around your head.

Out of faith comes certainty, out of hope comes doubt,
tomorrow may not come, so now’s the time to find it out.
When you want an answer, you must ask a question first,
you have to drink life’s water, if you want to quench life’s thirst.

Don’t let doubt defeat you; keep defeat at bay,
use it as an instrument to help you find your way.
Often doubt will creep up, challenging your sense,
like when the serpent asked of Eve, “Is that really what God meant?”

Unsure of where we come from, we’re unsure of where we’ll go,
doubt becomes a shadow in the light of what we know.
Because of all the shadows cropping up, here, left and right,
we need someone to guide us who can keep us in the light.

The day you ask for Jesus is the day your life will change,
shadows start to wither as you call upon His name.
THE ANGER

J

As the anger seeped into my skin
Searching for my soul,
It dissipated to my heart
All the love it stole

It twisted my insides
Into a double granny knot,
Then looped around my beating heart
In a crushing vice-like grip.

From the molehills to the mountains
And the straw which broke my back,
A last and most heavy brick
Has been laid upon the wall.

I’m a rollercoaster ride of torture,
I’m a negative static tide,
Flipped around life’s single corner
And catapulted from where I hide.

In the confines of my own
Surroundings,
At the limits of my own
Design,
I have found a certain
Sanctuary,
And safely made it entirely
Mine.
THE LITTLE DANCER

They call her Paahtly
Gem of the Kashmir Hills.
She sung under the mango tree,
Where the doctor bird hummed,
And the water fall spilled.
Her eyes were the shape of almonds,
Wild yet stilled.
She had orchard fragrant hair, brown and light.
And a radiant smile
The complexion of honey
Joy of any who caught a sight.
She was adorned with an orchestra of bangles
On her wrists and ankles.
And when she stamped or clapped.
To the tabla’s beat, her trinket bells
Composed a melodious sound, so sweet.
If I can turn back the time
I will like to be fifteen years old.
That is when life starts.
But some how life is complicated
With evolution and revolution.
Imagination.

When you are young you have a dream and when that dream crashes
It is a nightmare.

Everyday we as humans we worry about something.
Some how
Some way
But anything can happen in life.

What will make me happy is to win the lottery.
Just to do the things I can not afford yet.

Your best friend can be your enemy
And when that happens
He is your pure enemy.

Man makes disasters in this world,
Just for his benefit.
My secret sanctuary
Alone in the dark
You can’t touch me here
Darkness keeps me safe

Hidden from view
As still as the night
Listening to your verbal gelignite
Darkness shields me

Huddled in the corner
Fear rising up from deep within
Heart pounding like your fist
Darkness will protect me

Wrapped in its velvety cloak
I sink into its embrace
The tears silently fall
Darkness won’t betray me.
STAR

Sitting alone, in a cell
Feelings of loneliness, a living hell
Forgive me if I should sit and weep
A life so hard, so cold, no sleep
Authority and discipline, no problem to me
A living robot, I've turned out to be
Being invisible, no one to care
Just a number, a stance, a stare
No feelings in here, my heart's outside
Just feelings of guilt, that don't subside
Nightfall sets in and loves so far
I look to the sky and admire a star
One thing in common, a star so bright
We both sit alone on a dark cold night
I look to the star and make a wish
Watch over my babies, I so badly miss
A breeze so soft, whispered the star
Do not worry, your baby's not far
Don't feel lonely, don't feel blue
See this star, it shines for you
Do not weep and sit and sigh
For all this time will pass you by
In the meantime, look to me
It's your babies I can see
A love so strong that made a wish
Watch over their mom they badly miss
Never be lonely, never be blue
All your babies are waiting for you
Lunch time lock up’s nearly over,
I’m making notes, waiting for Gareth,
whilst over by the desk, the librarians
are shaking out a stack of magazines,
looking for porn. Down the road, it’s heroin
and razor blades but here it’s little girls
and little boys that flutter down
to be recorded, checked on, burnt.

Later, Gareth watches as I read his story -
a man who drinks until his life
goes on without him. You can see
his character will end in prison, just
maybe not a sex offenders’ prison.
I’ve been struck by something,
revert from reader back to writer.
I really like, she says, the shift from ‘he’
to ‘you’ the way it ends on ‘I’.

Frowning, Gareth’s reading upside down.
An orderly cranks high windows open one by one.
Someone tickers out the pieces of a chess set.
Two men join us in the seating area.
Gareth is exposed – a man undressing
on a windy beach. He’s sending signals,
begging his reader to stop talking,

but she’s gripped by this idea. It reads
she says, like a confession, almost
unconscious. Prison protocol, especially
this prison’s protocol,
does not let him sit closer or say
shut up, shut the fuck up, people are listening.
But he’s safe, she’s shut up already,
already she’s at work and writing in her head.

Very soon, she’ll realise that Gareth’s change
in person wasn’t meant and that he thinks
she’s made a fool of him. .
Just before it dawns on her,
she thinks she’s gained an insight
into inmates’ writing
and at the very moment Gareth decides
never to risk this kind of thing again,
she’s thinking of all the other times
a person might not want
to start their story using ‘I’.