Young Writers Collective Week 3

Our ignorance to the world outside this city by Harvey

I don’t know much about the world away from my home.
I know there are cities with blocks of flats that could house my entire estate.
Looking at them still fill me with wonder at how they made them without a blunder.
I also know that it is filled with people who don’t smile back, those who scowl and spit and make the world a hellish pit.

Nobody comes around here no more by Kelsey

The future you planned that became nothing more than the fine lines of words that disappeared…

That smile that now lights up the wrinkles on your face, the people that once cared they’re no longer on your case.

You decided to take life at your own pace.

Once you’re gone you won’t even be remembered.

Visitors that were district nurses become distant nurses once a week.

Nobody comes around here no more.

Grandparents warned us never get old,

you’re capable of doing things when you’re young is great,

you’re a spring chicken hold onto your youth,

you’ll become old weak and frail like me one day.

Being young when they got old and no one went around anymore until it was too late.

Vulnerable is now what I have become.

Those things that were once said that was a distant memory now have become true. Nobody comes around here no more.

I have lived my life stuck in my ways now.

I’m too old and certainly won’t change.

Cigarettes and brandy fill my day nobody comes round here no more but when they do all I can say is don’t get stuck in your ways no good bye and happy days

Visitors Sprinkled Sadness by Aaron

The days I long for are when they visit,

The days I dread are when they visit.

They come and go with stories and a smile,

But then I remember I won’t see them again for a while.

The joy I feel when they arrive with flowers or a birthday card,

then every time they say goodbye leaves me scarred.

Maybe I should just give up and stay in my own little bubble,

and not let anyone in emotionally,

than keep feeling sad and left by the ones I love.

They make me happy,

but I then feel sad.

This isn’t right,

to have visitors, I should be glad.

If this is to last,

I don’t want to see them.

Everything is fine,

Until they say goodbye.

Lungs of a different life by Jayme

In response to Charlie’s poem –

*“we wanted to see ourselves*

*Breathing in*

*Through the lungs of a different life”*

Led here in my bed,

Feeling my chest rise and full.

Wondering what it would be like,

To breath through the lungs of a different life.

I hope it would be happy,

Yet again it might not be.

But still I can’t help but wonder,

What it would be like to be somebody else that’s not me,

Even for a day at least.

Yes I might regret it,

Or maybe I won’t.

Would my heart be kind and pure

Or full of darkness and hate,

I could have a mixture of them all.

Would my body be nice and slim,

Or would I have to go to the Gym.

Would I have a well paid job,

Or would I have to go on the dole.

Would I have to go through pain,

Or would I be as right as rain.

Would I have a family of my own,

Or would I be all alone.

Would I free to live in peace,

Or would I have to go through some torment.

Would I have a smile on my face,

Or would I have tears trickling down my face.

Would I live by the rules,

Or would I break the law

And stand up in court.

Now that I have thought about it a bit more,

I am happy to be me.

As I have come so far,

From the girl I once was.

I have blossomed and bloomed,

Into a woman I now love,

This is something I could only dream of.

But from time to Time,

I lay here and wonder.

What it would be like,

To breathe through the lungs of a different life.

You cannot choose where you belong by Jess

I was born in the eyes of people who had me to supply their drug habit

Drug trafficking before I was born

Stealing before I came into the world

Unloved, but unforgettable

Black eyes; bloody knees were what defined me

It later became scars across my body and handcuffs around my wrists

Trapped in the shadow of what I was born in to

No matter where I go, the shadows will follow

Eating everything positive in its path

Until I’m the only thing left to their touch

Addiction is in my blood

Everything that hurt me became an addiction

I couldn’t let go

Bruised kidneys, bloody hands

I despised it; loved it more than the world

The dispirited depression locked me in

I was trapped, I am trapped

The blackness weaves in and out of every pore

Dances on every hair follicle until I am unrecognisable

The blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees

Fearing it will get taken by the darkness

You cannot choose where you belong

Or who you have relationships with

The darkness feeds until everything around you is the same

I was born to supply drug habits

But now my life is a drug habit.

Annoying Bastard by Sophie

She looks over at him

The rise and fall of his chest

A halo of light surrounding him

He looks like an angel, sleeping so peacefully

But she knows what’s lurking underneath

Beneath the angelic exterior is a man

Who knows how to rile her

And he does it knowingly every day

She knows he finds it funny

Which angers her even more

But she wouldn’t have him any other way

She would never change her best friend

Her soul mate

He may be an annoying bastard

But he’s her annoying bastard