Young Writer’s Collective 27 May 2020

Pungent smell of cigarettes: Jayme

It’s 3 am,

I am sat on my bed.

With a cloud of smoke,

Around my head.

It fills the room,

It has nowhere to escape.

Its trapped

And covers me like a cape.

Why did I let the pain get to me?

I am the only one to blame.

These cigarettes make me feel okay,

I am mesmerised by the naked flame.

That lights another fag,

My room is starting to smell.

With every drag I take,

But I won’t release it for this cell.

I want it to know,

How I feel within my mind.

Every day is the same,

Feeling stuck, used and confined.

Just like this smoke in my room,

With nowhere to go.

So the blanket gets thicker and thicker,

I think it’s time to open a window.

It rushes out of the only exit,

Leaving behind a pungent stench.

Which I am now starting to regret,

As my chest starts to clench.

I am the only one to blame,

Like I said before.

But I feel better now,

I told you these cigarettes are my cure.

It 6 am,

The smoke has lifted.

The smell still sits heavily in the room,

It has also drifted.

All through my flat,

Reminding me of the pain.

I went through that night,

Oh well – I had nothing to lose or gain.

She has no choice : Jayme

Two roads for her to travel,

Two roads completely untouched.

Two different directions,

Two different journeys.

One could be happy,

One could be sad.

One could be easy,

One could be hard.

She stands there,

Not knowing which way to go.

She could go left,

She could go right.

She thinks she has a choice,

But in reality she doesn’t.

She weighs up the possibilities,

Realising she only has one choice.

She takes her first step,

Into the world of the unknown.

But she knows,

Left is the right way to go.

She knows it will be hard,

She knows it will be exhausting.

There’s no turning back now,

The other road has gone.

She had no choice,

She had to do what was right.

She had to leave everything behind,

But don’t worry she will be alright.

She will be back,

The paths will meet up again.

She will be stronger,

Nothing like she was before.

She will be able to hold her own,

When the time comes.

You will see,

Just how far she has come.

Please don’t be angry,

She really had no choice.

She would never leave,

The ones she loves lightly.

**A Mountain of Flesh by Jayme and Aaron**

Pacing through the past

All that is left is sorrow and memories.

The time of hatred and deceive

A shower they thought – would

Be their last

Young children and mothers

Separated from love.

Little did they know

They would lay lifeless in a pit

Full of others

Their families and friends

Stacked up one by one.

With no regard

To the lives they once lead.

Scared of who would be next,

They prayed to their God.

That they would be spared,

From the men who threw their

lives away.

The survivors live to the tell the tale,

Of a prayer they made to the God

Above

Being hated was never easy,

Forever they tell the story slowly

Going pale

Of all the times

They’ve been murdered and

Tortured

By those who think,

That they are superior.

Our generation wrapped up in

the gossip

Almost forgot the truth.

Chase your dreams and stay true

to your heart

as some people never got the

chance

Sunshine by Ellie

Something we all probably associate with good times and laughter,

But none of us think of what could come after.

That ball of flames sits in the sky and watches us,

Until we crack and peel and ooze with puss.

It puts teeny tiny bubbles under our skin,

Some big and not small, some thick and not thin.

These bubbles are something most don’t want to think about,

And some people try to warn, so they scream and they shout.

And if those bubbles start to eat you alive,

You think ‘maybe if I stayed inside, I would’ve survived’.

So here I am inside and afraid,

In case I go outside and my welcome has been outstayed.

So is it I who is too afraid of fun and games?

Or is it you who may be okay to be engulfed by the flames?

Sophie

He looks in the mirror

And sees not a man

But just the distant memory

Of someone he can’t stand

His reflection stares back at him

With all its incessant taunting

He tries so hard

But that ghost just keeps on haunting

The shining silver catches his eye

His hand reaches out, a reflex

That ghost has pushed too hard

And he knows what’s coming next

With a swipe of the blade

He feels the familiar bitter sting

He keeps digging deep

Until he can’t feel a thing

The mirror shoots his image back

His torso, a unique style of branding

He fires back at the glass a satisfied smile

Because he knows that he’ll stay standing

He looks down at the sound of a drip

Crimson red droplets, shining white sink, a contrast

He frowns at the fact this isn’t the first time

And it certainly won’t be the last

He patches himself up

The metallic scent of blood so strong

He thought this was the best option

Boy, had he been wrong

He takes his time cleaning up

Why didn’t he stop and think?

He curses himself, knowing he’ll have to lie

He wishes he reached for the drink

Kelsey

The Malodorous scent had to be coming from her veins

the toxins of each breath that she inhaled now navigates through the circulatory system.

Her body is slowly starting to decay she didn't wish for her body to be the coffin that could be so easily lit.

The aroma of blood and the stains between her legs are still visible as she lies restrained to the bed.

The ropes around her wrist she wishes were around her neck and the ripped up pillowcase stuffed in her month with the duct tape covering her lips muffles the scream for help.

From the inside of her vagina a match was lit.

Pain, friction burns and cuts as she struggled to fight for her life but her coffin was being weakened by the force of the flame and the heat she couldn't put out.

The aroma of blood and the stains between her legs are still visible as she lies restrained to the bed.

The bruises covering her body shows the true colours of the man who burnt her while she was still alive.

Now she lies there terrified, burnt and wishing to be buried she questions herself, what if I was built different and did I add fuel to the fire but now the tears roll down her cheeks and she blames herself

now she is weak and the aroma of blood and the stains between her legs are still visible as she lies restrained to the bed.