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Abstract :

A collection of poems:

Just a half, When I allow myself, Anything, Contrasting, Being me, Ability to Change, Alien nation, What is Normal?

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Just a Half

Half a wish to be free, simply allowed to just be me.
Half a desire to live life, instead of on the edge.
Half a cupful of hopes and dreams, muffling my inner screams.
Half an ounce of self respect, needed to fight my battles.
Half of nothing bringing some, allowing further thoughts to come.
Half a jot of inquisition, of what real life could be.

When I allow myself

I can see my love and reach it - when I allow myself.
I can display my love to others - when I allow myself.
I can embrace the word happiness - when I allow myself.
I can smile free from pain - when I allow myself.
I can sing along to the music - when I allow myself.
I can hear the good instead of not - when I allow myself.
I can embrace the warmth of others - when I allow myself.
I can truly truly live - when I allow myself.
Please Lord tell me when will I allow myself?
When will enough be enough?
When will I deserve to allow me?
When will I be free to live?

Anything?

You could bend me, strip me, peel me, mould me, take me, claim me, use me,
comfort me, hate me, snap me, twist me, distort me, lie, cheat, undermine,
overtake. I'm lost within a broken mould with my identity floating loosely. I
could be anything, yet I'm this. Why?

Contrasting

The blackest of days, the clearest night sky,
The loneliest of hours, the happiest cry.
The empty hollow pit, the explorable jar,
The greyest of moments, the wonders that are.
The strangeness of the present, the wondering awe of change,
The wavering of uncertainty, the embracing of the strange.
The pain in earthly being, the opportunity to make it past,
The richness in all our lives enlightened by contrast.

Being me

Reach within, pull me out, don't lose sight of who I'm about.

What I say, what I do, not necessarily mirror true.

Touch my soul, make me see, don't let me lose sight of me.

See the person, understand their ways, gone with the harsh judgmental days.

Don't give into false provoke, seize life's rich pure yoke.

Grab the day, grab the hour, spend some time to sniff a flower.

Be you, embrace change, scary emotions no longer then strange.

Touch and feel, lose the sorrow, life is lived now and not tomorrow.

Keep reaching out, keep holding on, give up worrying forever upon.

This moment is here and yes it will go, but thankfully soon another will show.

Open your heart, embrace what you feel, validating your life to be real.

See the person, set you free, embrace your own individuality.

Ability to Change

When will my head turn that corner?
When will my light switch flick back on?
When will my lowest be clear to me?
When will my badness be gone?
Too many questions, with too little time.
Too many answers, that I'm needed to find.
Reality's harsh and staring me in the face.
Yet I'm choosing to retreat to my safety place.
I want to change, but I'm scared I don't know how.
So I'm running towards my false sense of safety for now.
Until I gain strength and new ability to cope.
Until I find instilled in me a profession of new hope.
My ability remains stilted, yet my desire to win holds strong.
One day these battles will be over, with right replacing wrong.
I'm waiting for that day when I have in me the strength to change.
When life can be comfortably familiar, instead of painfully strange.

Alien nation

Alone in my distant space craft,
Amongst the stars that are untouchable.

The moon is so close, yet too far,
I feel alone here on planet 'Nothing'.

I want to feel the sunlight from Earth,
To feel the warmth of human contact.

My soul feels empty and unheard,
Distance keeps me separate.

If I could edge a little closer,
I can see the human race.
To feel amongst the living,
Without my space ship bubble.

The aliens on my planet are nasty,
I know them and they are safe.
I hate them and they hate me,
Earth isn't like that.

What if I try and get some of what they have,
Am I allowed to be among the people down below?
I will try to move my space craft on a little,
This Alien nation needs to go.

What is Normal?

I often question the meaning of this word.

What does it mean? I know I'm not.

But then who is? What am I striving for?

The meaning of normality when I don't know what it is?

I do then I stop, try and then stop.

Why can't I be normal?

Think normal? Be normal?

If I knew what it was and who it was.

I'd know the answer to the question.