

Arvon Residential Lumber Bank



START360
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A big thank you

*To Russ and Catherine for their time
and encouragement*

To our guest Ian Duhiú

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hospitality*

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Thanks for an amazing time

*Craig T, Seaneen, Craig W, Hannah, Lily
Rose, Maggi, Chris, Cathy, Natasha and
Gavin*

Contents

<i>Craig Truesdale</i>	<i>Page 4</i>
<i>Matthew English</i>	<i>Page 5</i>
<i>Chris Mitchell</i>	<i>Page 6</i>
<i>Cathy Morgan</i>	<i>Page 8</i>
<i>Billy Wilson</i>	<i>Page 9</i>
<i>Natasha McCaughey</i>	<i>Page 10</i>
<i>Jaime Yates</i>	<i>Page 11</i>
<i>Group Photos</i>	<i>Page 12</i>
<i>Seaneen Mulvenna</i>	<i>Page 14</i>
<i>Craig Wright</i>	<i>Page 15</i>
<i>Hannah Kerrigan</i>	<i>Page 17</i>
<i>Ciara McAlinden</i>	<i>Page 18</i>
<i>Lily Rose Phillips</i>	<i>Page 19</i>
<i>Margaret Ward</i>	<i>Page 20</i>
<i>Gavin Benson</i>	<i>Page 21</i>
<i>Cathy Morgan</i>	<i>Page 22</i>
<i>Group Photos</i>	<i>Page 23</i>

Dear me,

Sup kiddo it's just you,
I know how you're feeling
Don't be so blue.
Life's gonna get rough,
Gonna throw you down.
Yet here I am writing to you.
Peace through this I have found.
It may sound stupid it may sound dumb,
But your still here little chum.
You blame the world and that's fine,
Don't blame yourself it's a crime
Don't beat yourself up over what's
happened,
You see wee Dan you fucking slap him.
So there it is, just a little reminder,
The future is bright and I'm beside ya.



I am from where the shots ring out.
From where the kick of a rifle holds no
doubt.
The stench of drugs is a usual thing
Where I'm from, bad men bring
Where I'm from I used to climb
Bullets fall, they crumble and chime
Where I'm from I smell meringue
Where I'm from, my friends do hang
The smell of fire, burning hay
After the mist, a brighter day
When all is said and everything done
I thank you for all, wonderful mum

By Craig Truesdale

Let me tell you about Ben...

My wife and I couldn't have our own children and after a million discussions, we decided to adopt as we both love children, we wouldn't be complete without them... Then along came the gift of little boy named Ben. I was instantly drawn to his distinctive ginger hair... we were besotted. All our Christmases in one!

We knew Ben was a little strange from an early age, we thought it might have been something to do with the Viking blood he had in him, well that is joke about ginger people anyway...

My Wife Lisa kept assuring me that he would grow out of it but I knew deep down the story might end differently... there was a fox after him and I knew it...

At 16 he started to abuse drugs, I had suspected for a while but it was confirmed when I found the transparent bag of snow in his room and it wasn't even Christmas yet... it was then he ran away from home. We had everyone out looking for him; the locals, the Family, the Police etc...

He would send us hateful letters for the way he turned out, it was all our fault apparently... his mind-set was all over the place... I could sense his anger by looking at how heavy he had been leaning on his pen when he was writing these warped letters...

The last we heard he was living in some shit hole in Scotland, still abusing the drugs and drinking heavily...

¼ gone, ½ gone, ¾ gone...

The years passed by with the occasional vile letter from Satan then we finally got that dreaded knock on the door from the Police, the knock Lisa refused to believe would ever come...

Your son Ben has been found dead in a flat in Dundee...

I guess the fox finally caught up with him.

Haiku

The Lonely Chair Sits
Is it waiting on Ted Hughes?
Lumb Bank's Protector...

The Valley below
The Structured Mist, It's barely
opaque
I need to explore!

The walls are ancient
How long have they been here?
They will never ever leave!

The bumble bees buzz
They float like gliders
This is their abode!



By Matthew English

Killin for a Livin

Lookin back over this life that I live
This life that's meant to be the greatest gift you can give
A picture perfect memory shoots from my mind
It's some of the sickest shit u can find
There's a story of a boy with the whole world ahead
Grows into a man pondering the dead
And finds his livin in decapitating heads
And piles them up neatly in his garden shed

2 grand a head, 1 grand alive
500 if it seems they're not gonna survive
Pickin off people, and ruinin lives
This life means u gotta duck n dive
Stayin clear of the cops and your business is your own
Carefully marked business and pleasure phones
Plenty of earphones to drown out the moans
Of your victim as you smash and break their bones.

One day he was walking down the road
Goin to pay off the some debt he owed
When he got a phone call from a neighbourhood friend
He said, "Come quick, your world's about to end
We caught the wee prick breakin into your gaff
He said he seen things and I had to laugh
We asked him what he seen but he wouldn't say
We beat him and beat him but he wouldn't play
And then he said in one deep breath-
'You're fucked, this house is full of death'."

"I'll be up in a minute", the young man said
Then he hung up his phone and got it into his head
That anyone who knows has to be dead.

Five minutes it took for him to get to his house
Everyone was sitting quiet as a mouse
Little did they know
He had a knife on his person
And there was no way he was going to prison

He quietly circled the three that where there
Creeping them out with his evil stare
Then in one sudden move grabbed his mates hair
Bent back his neck and slit from ear to ear
The others sat in shock at the blood that appeared
Then he grabbed his other friend and put his life to an end.

He sat and stared at the little house breaker
His crooked smile starting to linger
He suddenly cracked him on his head



And trailed him out to the garden shed
 And threw him in with the pile of heads
 While the boy screamed 'I wish I was dead'
 He locked him in before he could see where he was
 Then he seen the eyes and the open jaws
 He started to scream and started to cry
 He knew where he was and wanted to die
 The man then set the shed on fire
 The boy then died
 And the man retired
 He went into the house and had a little laugh
 He went up the stairs and ran a bath
 When he was in the bath he escaped to his head
 And once again he pondered the dead.



Flipped that shit

Positivity from negativity
 How?
 Well, to eat you kill a cow
 Nice isn't it- well not for the cow
 But maybe it goes to cow heaven
 And gets its hole from all the cow women
 I know there's plenty up there
 Because it was me who put them there
 But back to being positive, how do I make it relative?
 How about being festive?
 Summer is coming let's talk about that
 Frolicking about and acting a prat
 Laying in fields draped in the sun
 Spending time with friends and having fun
 Everyone sittin out till late
 With drink n drugs getting into a state
 Now don't be thinking that's me being negative
 Cos I'm not I'm actually being festive
 Why not- that what we do isn't it
 Sit about n get blocked n shit
 And roll about the floor in bits
 While passing a spliff between your mates
 You're so fucked up you miss them lock the gates
 And that's another adventure on the plate
 But maybe you go on holiday
 Because it's awesome just to get away
 Get baked in the sun or blocked all day
 With the atmosphere, there's nothing left to say
 Just soak it all in like it's your last warm day.
 I don't think that went to bad
 In fact I'm actually pretty glad
 Instead of going from good to bad
 I flipped that shit n look at the fun we had.

By Chris Mitchell

Air

Do you not like the trees and the grass?
The leaves that slowly swish right past
Do you not like the animals here?
The rabbits the sheep's cows and deer's
Do you not like the clear blue sky?
That you can see with you magnificent eyes
Do you not like the rivers and streams?
Waterfalls of beauty like visions from a dream
Do you not like when your heart skips a beat
Your lovers' strong arms sweep you off your feet
Do you not like the taste of your food?
You're nice and full you seem in a good mood
Do you not like your human design?
And how incredibly powerful is your mind
Do you not like a warm summers day
And how it makes you feel as your kids play
Do you not like the friends that you've got?
Ones that you've known from you've been in a cot
Do you not love how the moon brings light to the night?
So far out there yet so bright
I give you all this and so much more
But choked I am I don't know what for
I'm strangled, polluted now I smell real bad
Do you not think this makes me sad?
I fill up your lungs with all that you need
Yet you fill it with more, is it greed?
I'm confused I'm tortured for this brand is not my own
For what I give you is more sweeter than a heart caught
tone
If I got angry and bitter and did not give
Please tell me right now how would you live?
For I am mighty I am air, to test my patience I wouldn't
Dare!!!

*Inspired by some of the things the group has said about
Heptonstall place stayed on a writing residential*

The Group

We think inspirations why we were brought here
For a clean head no drugs no beer
Different sounds we don't hear one car
This place from home it is so far
Many paths in life from which we have come
Paths of anger, sadness, disappointment and shame
But out here in writing we can be someone new
Lost in our minds ideas aren't few
As we look out at the hills that's just out the back door
Beauty we take in a peaceful feeling in are cores
The sky is so blue the sun glistens in our eyes
Our body takes things in our soul feels alive
Just days we have left here to take in the country air
To go back to the madness sometimes doesn't feel fair
A different way of thinking this place has gave us
A safe place to express with people we trust

My answer to a poet who asked me why I stopped writing...

Pen Fear

Take some paper grab a pen
Memories come to light count to ten
Take a moment there's no rush
Don't they know I don't need a push?
Pen goes to paper thoughts go around
Not one of them happy to be found
It ain't that I've had no happy times
The bad just sometimes steals and
shines
I want to write a funny one
But other emotions have my pen begun
My thoughts run away before I know it it's
a page
Now what do I feel nothing but rage
See one time this used to help me I have
no doubt
But you see the ink ran wild as the blood
spilt out
I dug deeper and deeper until the ink ran
red
The painful places I went to the ink before
me lead
I tried and tried again to make the pen
become my friend
But the more I tried the more I cried and
never made it to the end
My arms became a canvas to stories
never to be told
The ink that tried the story the hand that
shook to fold
One day I will try again to pick up the pen
and spill
But I would need a block of file paper for
to stop could be the kill.



By Cathy Morgan

The Market

Fruit and veg for sale
Freshly grown and local
People gather to buy
Just because I am local

A smile on my face
As I give away an apple
I'm making more money than the priests
From down in the chapel

My clothes are dirty faded and grey
Hiding the fact that
Although I don't look it
I'm making a f---ing packet.

At the end of the market
I clear away the stalls
Little do they know
I've been talking balls

The government give me money
to grow things such as leeks
That I've kept in the barn
For a couple of f---ing weeks.



A day in the life of a tree.....



The mornings are the best, it is quiet, peaceful and I feel so strong as I stand erect and powerful, the king of my domain. It is cold and misty as I await the heat of the day aaahhh! The silence is shattered by that f---ing monkey again with its huge noisy mouth, look at those teeth how could anyone kiss that big scary coupon --- Oh!!!! ha ha ha the bear is here, the monkey takes off screaming like a --- well—a f----ing monkey. But why does the bear take a big f---ing crap here and then scratches himself against me, I am big and strong but I do have feelings.

The people are the worst, climbing all over me, breaking branches and carving " John loves Mary Forever" yeah f---ing dead on???? John was here last week with some other wee girl and he couldn't have picked Mary out of a f---ing line-up.

Who are these ones? Six of them with orange hats and vests. What are they doing? aaaaaaaahhhhhh

Timber!!!!!!!!!!!!

By Billy Wilson

A day in the life of...

I sit alone on a tall fire place, “is anyone there” I yell out loud, I feel the cold drifting up the left hand corner like the creepiness of death chilling a vacant room “please warm me” I cry like a cat wanting cream.

She enters the room through the creek of the arch “I’m over here” I yelp but I get no glance “I was better before I came here, I had family, I had friends and it smelt so much nicer!” She passes me like I don’t exist like I am a mere dust freckle in the wind. She goes into the top drawer where she lift’s the small box of excitement, and spark, I hear the rasp of the head rubbing against the strip of rough paper on the side of the box. The sudden excitement fulfils me and I cannot contain myself as she glides closer to me with the elegance from a swan. She lifts her wrinkled worn out fingers close to me, I feel the heat and I suddenly burst with a flickering flame “YES!!” I sit proud lighting the dim room brighter. I am filled with happiness and joy like a new mother doting over her newly born baby. I feel fantastic! I suddenly feel a pleasant warm trickle roll down my straight back, I cannot see though. I start to feel dizzy, my light is fading and my life is flashing before my eyes “Ohh wait I’m melting I’m melting! Someone help! Blow me out now!!!” She doesn’t listen as she sits relaxed on the sofa with a steaming hot cup of tea, I flicker and slowly burn out and before I know it my life is over in just 20 short minutes. I now lie in a hardened puddle of a mess upon the charcoal covered mantel piece, I am devastated as she scrapes me with a knife and turfs me into the bin without a care in the world. I yell “fuck you” as I plunge into the smelly bag of terror. I am a candle and I suppose my job is done.



By Natasha McCaughey

Mirrors

Here I stand polished and new
come on over, I'm ready to view.

Take your look, what do you see
is it what your meant to be?

I watch as you judge, this image I reflect
It makes me wonder, do they know the impact?

The media circus, you call reality
But open your eyes, seek some clarity

You pinch at fat that isn't there
often ask How is it fair?

Turn to your left and now to your right
Thinking again are these jeans to tight

Many years upon your wall
I slowly watch your confidence fall

Images that cause burning pain
Tears that flow like acid rain

These are the things you keep for me
So I'll ask again, what do you see?

*

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Is it what your meant to be?
Take your look, what do you see

come on over, I'm ready to view.
Here I stand polished and new



Where I'm from

I'm from the sea blue in my father's eyes
and the gentle voice of my mother's
advice

I'm from the joyest laughter at Granny's
or Granda's Elvis moves

I'm the navy with bright yellow and red of
my school badge
and the crowded chatter of a busy
hallway

I'm the clicking of nanny's knitting
needles
and the soothing smell of fresh baked
cakes

I'm the crushing blow of my first
heartbreak
and the healing touch of vanilla ice cream
and Aladdin

I'm the bitter tang of orange that flood my
thoughts with Troy

I'm the warmth of all the people that got
me here today

By Jaime Yates





Chloe

Chloe lived in Clady, with her step mum and two evil twisted bitchy so called sisters. Ya see it all happened when her dad walked out on her, she was six years old. Then her step mum started treating her like she was something trafficked from India. Oh the shit that she was put through.

Chloe's granny was like her fairy god mother, it was as if her granny was blood. She got spoiled and got all the love she needed from just the one big soul. There was a big session going on round in the local pub. Her granny told her be back before dawn or your mum inflicts the pain where she would feel the prick of every thorn. So Chloe goes and gets dressed kisses her granny and sets of.

Down til the pub she goes to get a glass of vod and lime. The games and fun has begun she meets someone called Robin, love at 1st sight or so what Chloe thought. That constant voice in her head you are ugly, nothing but unworthy, your dirty, nothing but a skivvy. He treated her special like she had never experienced before. They partied on til the crack of dawn.

The sun is near rose and she beats on home, feeling all the glass and stones in her toes for her Nike 95's were left lying on the road. He feels dead confused about the disappearing act. Robin is determined to find this unanimous girl that he hadn't even caught her name. Robin and the boys set out to find her, they find a hidden lane and follow, in front of them there was a house. Chloe was kept in the basement at the bottom of the house. What an arse it is tumble dryers banging and wash machines clanging.

The mother and sisters acted all innocent when they got a knock at the front door, there was no sign of Chloe anywhere until one of the boys seen that there she was in the window at the bottom of the house. Chloe was released and the step mum was caught. No more slavery for Chloe as he holds her, kisses her, and giver her back her Nike 95. Looks her in the eye and knows that she is the best thing since sliced bread. Chloe is free and lives a life she'll never forget; whispers to herself fuck dreams can come true as she watches the oul boot of a step ma scrub her shoes.

Window

Her hands held on to his fingerprints
on the other side of the glass window that divided them.

Left her longing for a moment to grasp,
Cherish him and her and what they never were.

Whiles she watched his back turn to her
She conquered the familiar sense of holding back.

With her fingers she wrote in the dust he left on the window
She whispered "Look back and see I love you".



By Seaneen Mulvenna

The Wee Man.

A mother called Nicole lives with her son on a dank housing estate in Belfast Northern Ireland 2015. The mother is an unassuming, self-respecting woman who doesn't take pity nor help from no one. The poor woman has worked herself to the bone to try and provide for her and the wee man.

The wee man is a bright but troublesome kid with a lot of potential though there's always someone at the door for him paramilitaries, police, drug dealers. Trouble just follows this kid.

His mum is in so much debt due to her son's drug addictions she's working two jobs jus to try keep food on the table for them both.

One day he decides to start working for this drug dealer called Bones. He's getting a turn and paying off a bit of his debt but he is still consumed with this debt and it's a constant weight upon his shoulders.

He knows were Bones keeps his stash and decides to dust him, he says to himself fuck why not he's put me in this hole this move can get me and my mum out of here.

He approaches the house, breaks in finds more than he could ever imagine. There's about ten grand in small bills and what looks like two bars of coke.

He pays off Bones the 1500 pound coke debt he's in and says he's finished. Bones is curious where he's came up with this money he said he robbed a business man in the Malone road dusted his house Bones it was a great touch, are we sweet now mate??

Bones said yes kid, don't worry about it there's more stuff there if ya want it? The wee man said it's sweet big man I'm aff it.

The wee man keeps the head down for a bit. Then starts knocking out his own coke, uncut better than Bones, people are hoovering it up.

Bones realises his house was dusted and starts joining up the dots, he catches on that the wee man dusted him. He's furious he wants him dead. Bones sends two goons round to his mums, they trash her house, burn her car and take everything valuable. They tell her the wee man needs to get the doe out.

The wee man's terrified his partied the ten grand away, tried to throw his mum a few pounds but she never took it she was always too proud.

He has no money left and living dangerously; he's ducking and diving and sofa surfing. He manages to rob a bottle of vodka an sits up an ally way trying to keep out a sight, but the peelers pull up, pull him in "what do yous want scumbags?" the officer tells him "you know you're not allowed to drink in the street son". He said "so fuck yous" he hates cops spits at the feet and tells them to feck aff. He's arrested for disorderly behaviour, but the officer sees something in this kid strangely familiar. When he sobers up he decides to have a chat with him he said "what's up wee man why you down in the gutter fuck sake kid pick yourself up I used da be from round your way it's not nice get yourself outta there. Look at me I was no angel now am a peeler for fuck sake. Though I was never involved in drugs or crime, I was mischievous though and I know how easy it is to get in to bother round your way".

They're about to release him but he wants to phone his mom see how she is, when he phones her phone one of Bones' goons answers and said "you're dead wee man".

He tries to get to his mums knowing them scum have been round. He arrives at her house, with a scorch mark where they burnt the car in the drive way.

He's furious but he knows he needs to lie low. He calls into Dorothy's next door, nice women always trying to buy Nicole food and fegs but Nicole never takes it she'd rather go without; she's a soldier.

Dorothy tells the wee man that his mum Nicole is down in Lidl. He needs to see her, see what they have done to her. As he arrives at the supermarket he rushes in and looks around and around, he finally finds his mum she's got a black eye. She's frantic "you need to get out of here son" they phone a taxi. With her last bit of money he gets a taxi to an old "so called" friend who he doesn't really bother with no more, he's into his skag now; the wee mans just a coke head.

He has to stay at his for a while keep out of sight until his mum comes up with some money to get him over to Manchester to his uncles.

But that rat of a mate of his, Hugo, is clucking. Needs a fix decides to phone Bones and said he knows where the wee man is but will only give him up for a bag of skag. Bones jumps at the chance he wants the wee man dead!

Hugo and Bones come up with the plan to set him up, the sick fucker wants to shoot him in front of Nicole to make an example of him.

They conceive a plan to get the wee man with his mother, ya see it's the wee man's birthday but he doesn't want to do nothing he's in hiding he's, in fear of his life.

They get the wee mans ex girlfriend, he's never stopped loving her but she fucked him about she's just a coke head she never loved him. They tempt her with an ounce of pure to convince the wee man to come to Knavery's and gets his mum down too, she's nervous god love her. After a few drinks he starts to let himself go, Lauren the coke head who set him up texts Hugo. Bingo that was the code word for the hit is ready to be carried out.

Lauren coaxes him downstairs with a bag of coke its mostly quiet people drinking down stairs, solicitors barristers, cops and that. They sneak into the men's toilet have two cracking lines each an begin to kiss. He fucks her in the toilet like the skank she is.

After they come out of the toilets two masked men barge in shoot him 3 times in the torso but there is an off-duty police officer in the lounge downstairs. He manages to pull out his personal protection weapon and kill one of them but one gets away. His mum hears the gun shots and frantically runs downstairs "my son" she's shouting "my son". She gets to him and the police officer is giving him CPR she's saying "stay with us son your gunna make it" he looks at his mum and with his last breath he said "sorry mum".

Nicole's crying, hysterical, her only son taken in an instant. As the paramedics arrive he's pronounced dead on arrival. She clings to this cop, beating him screaming "do something, do something" "calm down Nicole he's gone, he's gone". The cop has tears in his eyes as he realises his been meeting up with Nicole for the last four months and Nicole doesn't even notice Gregg. She's just lost her son she's devastated heart ripped out of her, it's a shame he was no angle but did not deserve this ending.

As Nicole gains back some of her awareness she grips Gregg. Gregg holds her in his embrace feeling helpless but reassuring her he'll solve this crime!

Gregg take a month off work to help Nicole with funeral arrangements. They drink a lot, they cry a lot and ironically they laugh a lot. Nicole would always tell this story about how when it came to Easter and she scraped by to buy him some Easter eggs. the wee man would sneakily take them out of the box an gently take the foil off eat the Easter eggs then mould the foil back in to make it look as if it had of been touched. Crafty wee shit he was she laughs then she would just cry god love her. Gregg always held back his tears because he knew he had to be strong for her.

At the funeral Nicole was hallow she looked dead herself they killed a big part of her when the killed the wee man it's such a shame. Gregg always regretting not facing the bar when they came in and he should have got there faster for CPR but the honest truth is he didn't, the wee man's dead an there's nothing anyone can do to bring him back.

Gregg took Nicole out of Belfast to Millisle by the sea more calming for her try get her out of the hustle and bustle of city life she's, never been the same though.

With all the trauma and hysteria going on she didn't realise she was late it's a year from the wee man's murder and her an Gregg are living a quiet peacefully life, well as much peace as you can get with a toddler. Nicole never puts him down for one second she dotes on him you call him the wee man.



By Craig Wright

My Haiku

Greenhouse with tools
I can see in
But nobody's home

Pheasant sitting alone
Sunbathing looking at the sun
Walking away home

House stands still
Everybody's home
Smiles all around

Stomachs are rumbling
No food in sight
How long to dinner?

Bath in a field
Sitting alone
Rabbit getting a wash

Daffodils so bright
Beauty that's right
Pointing to the sun

Streams are flowing
Nature is bright
The sun is just right



The Bank

A journey that wasn't so good; started off in the dock and ended up in a 6 by 12 cell, you have a bed- well I wouldn't call it a bed, more like a slab of concrete held up by more concrete as legs, a toilet, a sink and to top it all off a 19 inch TV- with Free view, that's your basic living conditions and your home for as long as you are there.

At lock ups, all you can hear are the screws jiggling their keys and saying "fill flasks and lighters", then they come behind you and close that big, green, heavy door with a big smile on their face before looking into the flap, then closing it when they have checked on you, you feel like saying "would you fuck off and stop doing my head in?". All you can smell is an old stale scent coming from the landing. See all sorts of girls coming in the doors and all you can touch are bars. No life for anyone.....

So basically doing time, feeling fine, no cars, just bars, fuck bail, just jail, always remember they can lock the locks but they can't stop the clocks, you're not going to be there forever.



By Hannah Kerrigan

He Created Me

I'm from the strength of my brothers as
they lifted his coffin

I'm from the warmth of the embraces
that dried my tears

I'm from the politeness of strangers who
said farewell

I'm from the light of the candles that
surrounded his body

I'm from the calm that the priest brought
down upon me

I'm from the saltiness of the tears that
ran down my cheeks

I'm from the heartbreak of my final
goodbye

I'm from the giggles his memory
evokes

I'm from the fear that his absence has
caused

I'm from the love that he surrounds me
with.



The Judge's Chair

The injustices I see occur
The lives I see destroyed
"It's time you grow up and mature"
"Your time could be better employed"

The prejudices that exist
As sentences are handed down
The fall of the angry red mist
"NO" they cry and pound

They say he is impartial
They say he is fair and true
His gavel calls the Marshal
"It's time to pay your due"

I feel the pain he causes
The mothers wail and moan
The victims sport their gauzes
The husbands leave alone

People share their stories
Hoping for a small reprieve
Asking to forgive their atrocities
They need the chance to grieve

If I were him I'd forgive the sin
I'd look for other ways
To help and heal our bloody kin
And return the future to our days.



By Ciara McAlinden

Listen

Intoxicated in your own self-pity.
Just because you thought she was
pretty.

Don't listen to me; I am only your
daughter.

Let these pretty women take you to
slaughter.

Watching you do this again is
exhausting.

But the thought of finding you dead is
too haunting.

I love you. It's why I thought I should
stay.

But like me being there mattered
anyway.

You choose your poison and would
stare at a wall.

Daddy listen she's not the fairest of
them all.

I can't sit here and watch such a loving
man fall.

and crawl,

after falling down the stairs.

Then looking at his reflection and
saying it's not theirs.

I can't still be the only one who cares.



A Healing

You say you're stuck in a prison of her
kindness.

And smothering love.

To this she is blind.

You are scared she will find another.

Yet you still seek your cheap thrills.

Shattered promises and dinners growing
cold.

Did you forget your son,

Who is nearly three years old?

At least let her know how you feel.

Better to end it that way.

Instead of us watching your relationship
decay.

If only she knew.

What would she say?

Better to end it now, cut off the limb
and let the wound heal.



By Lily-Rose Phillips

The Burning Grass

I am the grass, one point of the year I
dread,
When the bonfires come, my moisture is
dead.
On one night, fierce heat will come,
I'm one with the ground, so for that I can't
run.
As I wish for rain, only dread in fear,
No longer will the stars, mass smoke
appear.
What might look like fireflies only comes
from destruction,
Peace, what peace? Humans are the
corruption.

Haiku

Butterfly's so pure,
They give the beauty,
A moving picture.

The walls are sad,
Held in one place,
They desire freedom.

The wind communicates,
It cools the surroundings,
The sand dunes say thanks.



On The Way to Yorkshire

On the way here, I visualized only
green, an escape for my mind to
have a break, a chance to get other
inspirations from the nature.
When I arrived the sudden fresh air
was like I suddenly got a new pair of
lungs, I hadn't felt so fresh inside for
a long time.
The scenery was beautiful and when
the sun hit my face, it was like **the
sun had wrapped its heat around
my soul.**



By Margaret Ward

A Day in the Life of the Earth

Ten billion years of existence, my existence, our existence. The neighbouring world's housing their own children, the gardens of stars pollinating the quiet vacuum that we all call 'home'.

The distant, watery streams of flowing and foreign galaxies with clouds of celestial stardust, cruising through the nebula – waiting for their star to be born.

The ambient stillness and solitude of the bright orange world of fire and gas, to which we are daughters of glory and beauty.

Though one – beautiful and tranquil, waltzing across the starlit floor, sinking, falls through orbit. Slowly drifting apart from the peaceful and loving family of red, blue, yellow and purple, whispering her last song as her symphony reaches its last chorus.

My children know they are killing; their efforts to save me are just as great as their efforts to destroy me.

I am on my last bar, not much music left to play; I shall say my goodbye today and let my children decide my end concerto.



Some Things

No day, no night, no time.

No time to reflect.

No day to take back the things I've done.

No night where I sleep and don't die a little inside.

No day where I don't think of what could happen and make what's wrong right.

Quiet now as I stare into a soulless reflection,

As I hold the bottle in one hand the gun in the other.

Waiting, wanting, whining inside.

No day, no night, no time...



Monologue

How many times have we been here?
How many times must you fill me with fear?
How do your words do this to me?
You're only a voice, you're only a voice now fuck off!

I am more than a voice,
I am more than a bad dream,
I am the darkness that haunts your mind,
I am the demon who can drag you to hell at any moment,
I am the shadow that defies all light.
Do not silence me; for silencing me is silencing yourself!

By Gavin Benson

Arvon Peoples

Well first off we have Hannah ask her what about ye she will say sweet
She never thought she could write now she's rhyming to a beat
Next off its Seaneen, she's a fighter and she's fought flames
She never thought a writer was she until she heard and came
Now Natasha she's like lightening she sparks up any place
For she's a story teller from her mouth to the expressions on her face
Then there's Maggie wow she inspires all of us here
She's an up and coming rapper who speaks fast loud and clear
Well Lily Rose's passion the way she takes you into the time
She needs to know that with her pen she could soulfully climb
Now we get to Craig T he's an explorer an intelligent guy
With his intellect describing things in life he will but fly
Craig W known as Craigy he will just give anything a go
He should know his detailed script writing makes his stories really flow
Chris is a friendly lad who twists and moulds his stories into shape
His stories work like glue he's no need for sticky tape
Now Gavin he's deep everything comes from within
He speaking his lines just captivates you in
Ciara she's amazing makes sure were all up in time
Her words picked carefully from memories spoken they shine
Jaime always lets you know she's there if you need a chat
Her words are defo up there it good to know where you're at
Matthew gets the craic going with his husky music by his side
As sentence after sentence his lines glide by
Oh Billy is so funny his humour reels everyone in
He stands up and takes a breath I can't wait for him to begin
Russ is one of the writers here what you see is what you get
Advice, encouragement and experience he gives that you won't forget
Cathrine another writer here her expressions on her face when reading her creations
Brings all of us listening to her from all different nations
Jack is loving he is a welcoming man
He's a poet, for when asked to rhyme he never ran
Jill makes sure the kitchen always runs with much less fuss
She's a lovely gentle kind women who's never in a rush
Last but not least Charlotte her first group she's been with here
Listen up, this girl and all are writers loud and clear.
And I'm your story teller poet Cathy is my name
I like finding rhyming words in this writer's game.

By Cathy Morgan



