



Our Anthology 2017

START360TM

Putting YOU at the centre



A big thank you

*To Russ Litten and Kerry Young for their
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Thanks for an amazing time

*Luke, Christen, Ainsley, Anthony, Courtney,
Nikki, Rebecca, Jean, Victoria, Jonathan,
Carrie, Stanley*

Start360



Start360 is Northern Ireland’s leading provider of support services to young people, adult offenders and families in the community.

We provide a range of services and interventions in the areas of health, justice and employability.

Our mission statement is that ‘Change Starts Here’.

We have offices across Northern Ireland – in Belfast, Ballymena, Lurgan, Derry/Londonderry, Enniskillen, Glengormley and in the three prisons – Maghaberry, Magilligan and Hydebank College. We currently employ 108 people, delivering 23 services.

The McGrath Writers

The McGrath Writers provides opportunities for young people from cross-communities in Belfast to engage with creative writing. The project is generously supported by **The McGrath Trust** and delivered by Arvon, in partnership with **Start360** and The Belfast Inter-Schools Creative Writing Network.



Arvon

Arvon is one of the UK's leading creative writing charities. It produces residential and city-based creative writing courses and retreats led by highly respected authors. Founded in 1968, it has three writers' centres, in Devon, Shropshire and Yorkshire.

At the heart of Arvon is the desire to encourage anyone, regardless of their background, to find their voice through writing. About a third of its activities are with groups from schools, youth and community groups and arts organisations, many from the most disadvantaged communities in the UK.

Arvon offers a 'home for the imagination', where anyone, regardless of writing experience, can step away from their normal routine, immerse themselves in the creative process, be inspired by experienced writers and release their imaginative potential.

The Residential

The week-long residential at the Lumb Bank Arvon Centre in West Yorkshire gave the young people an opportunity to get away from their chaotic lifestyles and learn to express themselves in a way they had not previously considered. Workshops led by writers, one-to-one support, and sharing their work helped them develop confidence in their ability to write and in their own self-belief. They developed new ways of communicating and new attitudes towards how to deal with difficult situations.

Contents

Luke Anderson.....Page 5

Christen Patterson.....Page 6

Ainsley Dunlop.....Page 8

Cíara McAíinden.....Page 9

Anthony Quinn.....Page 10

Courtney Dunwoody.....Page 11

Níkkí McClurg.....Page 12

Leighton Gillard.....Page 13

Group Photos.....Page 14

Jean SímmPage 16

Victoria Thompson.....Page 17

Carmel Kernahan.....Page 21

Jonathan Larkin.....Page 22

Carrie Abernethy.....Page 23

Stanley Phírí.....Page 24

Billy Wílson.....Page 27

Thug Passion

She said hit the road Jack and don't come back.

So, I hit the road like Jack, but silly me came back.

Always wondering why but never really knowing why.

Then I realised it must be this love thing everyone keeps talking about.

Me never thinking I could love anyone apart from my family, didn't really understand.

But my heart ached, like even a phone call from this girl made my heart do backflips, my heart properly dropping like I was scared but I wasn't scared, like you've got me dripping wet from the way you make me sweat.

This feeling just took over my whole body telling it I only needed, wanted, cared about this one girl. Hate to say it but she had me by the balls, or does she?

All my emotions love, hate, anger, happiness, sadness everything just mixed in to one, my head didn't know what to think never mind what I was going to do next.

They say money don't make the man but damn I'm making money. But it was funny money, stupid money and with such a young mind not knowing how to spend it just ended up wrecking my mind with altering substances, me thinking it's making it easier but end up realising all these things I was taking just made it worse!

I should have seen it in the first case, the worst case I should have never called you back in the first place!

All this madness has taught me, along with all the other struggles of life, I wouldn't even know where to start, that no matter how hard it is you just need to go along with the everyday struggle and get up and go out and get shit done no matter how good or bad you feel.

I don't think life ever gets any easier but trying my best to stay positive I try and make it easier and it's still hard.

No matter what I do all I think about is you, you don't know what you mean to me.

I love you like a sister but you need to switch on and on
thug passion.

By Luke Anderson



Jigsaw

It was Friday and like always we were broke as hell, sprawled on top of each other stretched out on sofas surrounded by beer cans and overflowing ashtrays.

Matthew and David had been out on the streets busking and smoking joints. They came back with a score. We all knew what that meant.

Two hours later we're sat in our third storey flat, eyes glazed and bigger than the moon, motor mouths that could talk for Ireland, tripping and falling over each other stories, chipping in here and adding something there.

We knew everything we did. We could save the world if only this or if only that.

But the truth is you can't save the world when you're forever buried up to your eyes in white powder, pills and potions. Well, maybe rock stars but not kids like us who didn't know our times tables. We were made for the dole and the sick and dropping out. We didn't care though, well I guess we pretended not to, this was all we knew, this was all we were.

Since Lucy was very young, she'd be doling out her ma lines of speed, getting a contact high from the amount of dope being smoked round her. Lying to the social about how happy she was and how much she loved her mummy. Her brothers room littered with needles and tourniquets. Cats and the faeces littered the floor, dishes weren't washed but thrown out and replaced.

Fuck, I wish I'd said something to the social myself before things ended up the way they did.

Beth was one of six, she lay forgotten in her family tree, not a black sheep, they just didn't give a shit as long as she didn't bring the police or the social to the door. They decided one day she was thick and if your parents think you're stupid you will think the same. She was far from thick but I don't think anyone had ever told her that. Dyslexia affecting her school work in a black cloud, just another dropout. I remember there were times when they asked me to put electric in the meter, or get bread and milk so at least the young ones could eat something. Then there was me. Crisscrossed with scars that looked like pink slugs oozing over my skin. My ma and da were great. But being touched too many times without my permission poisoned and twisted my mind. Full of self-hate and loathing. I pumped myself full of every mind-altering substance I could get my hands on and tried to forget I was broken

I guess we were an odd bunch, different schools, different religions, different backgrounds. We came broken and flawed and fitted perfectly into an imperfect jigsaw, we were all corners and sharp edges with profanity scribbled over us. Our little flat was our safe haven. We were chatting and laughing and getting more fucked up. The wee hours were our favourite, hiding from the surety of sunrise and the arrival of street cleaners.

I hated hearing the street cleaners coming from their brutal noisy mechanical brushes that truly signalled the end of last night's bravado and saying hello to the comedown.

8 am comes by and were a putrid stinking mess of sweat and feg smoke, noses running and eyes red rimmed with big black circles. We sat clinging to each other, listening to the tunes, wishing we could feel human for five minutes. Swallowing blues and smoking joints. The comedown was half our craic, us three sitting laughing at how miserable and fucked we were. Going over the funny unbelievable moments we'd lived through together, joking about the hurt we felt and laughing it off.

We all knew we were broken but we fitted together and that was enough for us. We mightn't have known how to love but by god we tried.

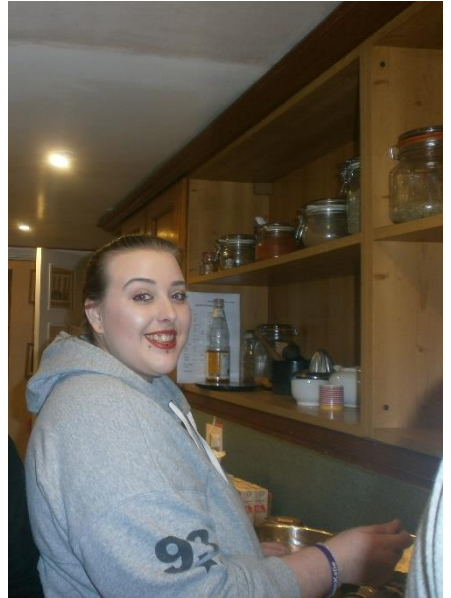
By Christen Patterson



Pain

Check it out. I'm still breathing.
I'm on my knees, I'm praying while kneeling.
I see a light in the distance
Going towards it, with tears in my eyes
It's bringing me to the other side
Where life ends, but love never dies
No more pain, no more fear
I'm happier now that I'm here
Maybe someday I'll come back
To live the life I deserve

By Ainsley Dunlop



Part of Me

Your Confidence looks towards the sun whilst sailing a yellow sea
Your Calmness cradles hot chocolate dressed in a polka dot onesie
Your Passion drives with the hood down curls swirling in the air
Your Courage sways on the dance floor alone but doesn't care
Your Joy strolls along the beach collecting shells from the bay
Your Excitement runs down the stairs 5am Christmas day
Your Happiness infects everyone there is no way to escape
Your Love grows and changes with every risk it takes
Your Emotions run through the valley washing warmth over me
My life would be incomplete without you, you hold me close and set me free



Always Use a Zebra Crossing

Look both ways you silly beg
Before the red Vauxhall hits your leg

Look both ways you stupid nelly
Before the white Polo crunches your belly

Look both ways you goddam hoes
Before the black Honda runs over your toes

Look both ways you bloody disgrace
Before the transit van smashes your face

Look both ways you fecking schmuck
Before the green BM bursts your buttock

So if you don't want to be in the hospital twisting and tossing
Always use the zebra crossing



By Ciara McAlinden

London-England

I was in London for a kind of getaway and I went on a boat down the river I could see people going to work and grabbing their coffee. I also could hear people talking, shouting and getting the bus and the boat felt very rocky in the water. I felt very cold, I could taste the dirt of the air, I could smell the foods being sold at the market and I felt happy to be there, it was good to get away from Belfast for a while. I had never left Northern Ireland before, I came here but I didn't really mind because I didn't really know any better but now I want to travel the world and see new places, meet new people and find my place in the world.

By Anthony Quinn



Love

Love wears pink
Love would travel to Paris
Love eats chocolate
Love drives a red convertible
Love has quiet romantic weekends
Love likes to slow dance
Love is all around
Love can be hard



Depression

Depression is dull and gloomy
Depression can be really scary
Depression is very lonely
Depression can be very deep and emotional
Depression drinks vodka straight from the bottle
Depression rides a rusty old bike
Depression goes on holiday with a cardboard box
Depression has very low esteem
Depression wants to break free

Hope

Hope wears bright leggings
Hope's favourite film is Billy Elliot
Hope eats strawberries and porridge for breakfast
Hope wants to be successful for Christmas
Hope brightens up people's Sundays
For fun to see them smile
Hope doesn't like Facebook or Twitter
Hope's best friend is whoever believes



By Courtney Dunwoody

Change

Being socially awkward
Can sometimes drive you mad
But when the bright days actually come
It's really not all that bad
Though sometimes when it's good
And ya feel that you fit in
Sometimes ya may muck it up
And feel like a looney bin
But if you try to push yourself
Time and time again
You feel like you are getting nowhere
With nothing to lose or gain
Try your hardest to fight it back
Take some time
And get back on track
If it doesn't work out that way
Try again tomorrow
It's a brand-new day



By Nikki McClurg



Thinking

Thinking of the moment
Becoming a father
Happiness
Love
Support
Over the moon
Shitting myself
I am a daddy
Over the moon
My life is different now.



Emotions

I am full of joy
I am full of excitement
But I suffer from anxiety
That makes me lose my confidence
Loneliness is a fear
Anger is hurt
But love makes me shy
Passion, hope, to make me confident
I dread waking up to feel sickness
To not feel loved
One day all this pain will go away



By Leighton Gillard



Believe!

Believe in the stars

Believe they were put there for you

Believe that even on that darkest night they will light your path

Believe that the moon is your heart

Know that tomorrow is ablaze

The clouds will float and your eyes will open

Believe that the wind will whisper a beautiful song that will dance deep in your soul

Know that the trees outside will remain strong and tall

and that each leaf will tell you a magnificent story

Believe the brown dirt between your feet will soon turn green

Believe that the rain will soak you with knowledge

Believe that the air will surround you and always lift you higher and higher

Believe in yourself!!!!

By Jean Simm



T.J.L

My name is Martha McClain, Private Detective, and this is my report. On the day of March 2nd, I was assigned to follow a target and to keep tabs on him. The house my target is lying low in is run down and unsuitable for human living. There's an old rusty gate attached to a broken-down brick wall which surrounds the house, and separating me from my target. The grass around the house is tall, uncut and nearly waist high. The footpath leading up to the house is hidden among the overgrown grass and just vaguely visible at the front gate. Most of the windows are broken from what I can see, and the front door is barely standing and hanging by the tips of the screws in the hinges. There is no light in the house either, if there was then the target would have switched them on already but no. It's pitch black, as black as a farmer's boot. Nothing can be seen, only a few centimetres of the hallway is seen through the broken door before being swallowed whole in an array of darkness. Another few hours of sitting here and I'll end up not being able to see anything. Not even my hand in front of my face. There is no street light in the countryside to light up the road I'm parked at and there's certainly no electricity to light up the rooms of the house.

As the sun began to set I finally saw my target since this morning. His ginger hair is strewn everywhere and his brown eyes, a dark deep abyss. He's still wearing the clothes a previous detective recorded him wearing a few days ago; he's most likely living with no supplies or resources. His dark blue skinny jeans and Dropkick Murphey's shirt is torn. They probably got caught on the broken bars of the gate. He has a medium build to him but not much muscle, he probably guides the team more than doing the job himself. He weaves through the tall grass without a problem, as if he's done it a hundred times before, and makes his way to the gate. He crouches down to get through the gate and makes his way down the road a bit before turning left and disappearing behind a line of trees.

I was about to get out and follow him when the nose of a car emerges from behind the tall dark trees. As the car pulls forward more I see that the target is behind the steering wheel. I followed him in my car but kept my distance as to not rise suspicion, as I was driving I made sure to take a mental note that he is driving an old grey MG Rover 45. The number plate: **JAZ 1415.**

The reason I'm following this guy is because a rich old man was robbed of £250,000 just last week. The old codger said that it was done by 3 new recruits that joined his business and they resigned the same day he found

out about his money loss. He had security chase them but lost sight of them and that's where I come in. I was assigned the task to find the four suspects and retrieve the stolen money; if they haven't spent it all already. That's why I'm following him. In hope that he leads me to the rest of his crew and the stolen money.

The target drove down the slowly darkening country roads before entering a small village called Bexley. After a minute or two he pulled up onto the curb and turned off the motor. I slowed to a stop and turned off the engine to my car. I watched as he got out of his car and walk towards a fairly large park. He sat down at one of the benches, looking around him. Observing his surroundings as the trees behind him cloaked him with their shadows. A few moments passed and I noticed a woman with long, curly black hair walk up to the target. She was a bit short but wore blinding red heels to make herself that bit taller. She was wearing a dark blue crewneck top with black skinny jean, ripped at the knees. She had a number of piercings on her ears and a piercing on her red painted bottom lip. She sat down beside my target so I got out my Covert Listening Device and wired it up to listen in to their conversation. Once the device was up and running I heard my target say, "Were you followed?" "No."

"Is the heat dying down?"

"No, they're still looking for us."

"Where's the cash?"

"Where we did our first heist."

"If it wasn't for Danny we wouldn't be in this mess. I told yous that there was something off about him."

"But he's still a grifter and he'll pay for breaking the grifter's code, one way or another."

"Well, let's hope karma's a bitch to him. If not then I'll do it. He deserves every bad thing thrown at him after turning his back on us and ratting us out to the peelers and it doesn't help that the old git we conned is on our backs too. 'parently he's hired a few detectives, but I don't know if they accepted the case or not so be sure to keep a good lookout just in case"

"Alright JJ and I hate to cut it short but I need to head back the boyfriend's wanting me home, so if I don't leave now I'll have my ass handed to me."

The black haired beauty stood up, ready to leave but turned back to look at my target, JJ, as he looked down at the ground,

"You deserve better than him you know. Why won't you break it off with him?"

"I just can't make myself do it JJ... I'll see you later." The black haired beauty

turned and walked off, disappearing as the hand of darkness wrapped around her.

JJ stood up and walked back to his car shortly after the female left. I turned off my equipment and quickly put it away so I could follow my target once again.

After a short while of driving JJ reversed in to the small cramped lane he pulled out of and got out, making his way back to the old run down house.

A few days later I followed my target everywhere he went without gaining his attention. He met up with the black haired beauty again, and told her to pass on the details of a job at the Lockhart phone company, and then getting back in his car again to head back to his mess of a home. I reported everything my target did over these few days and I was told to investigate the interior of the household when JJ wasn't in. I got my opportunity the next day in the afternoon.

I made sure he was out of sight before leaving my vehicle. I made my way to the front of the house and once I stepped foot inside A rotting stench greeted me at the door. I did my best to ignore the smell and looked about the barely standing house. The hallway was filled with old black and white pictures of a family of three, but the faces were burnt out of it. The wall paper was peeling off the walls and the carpet squished beneath my feet. The kitchen had missing floor tiles. Some of the cabinets were missing their doors and the only electronic device to be seen as a yellowing fridge that had the door half open.

I made my way upstairs and looked about. most of the rooms were empty and had a couple of floorboards lifted up, the toilet had a smashed sink and bath. I entered the last room at the end of the hall and saw it was a makeshift bedroom. An old worn down mattress lay in the middle of the floor and a rotting bedside table sat in the corner. On the table sat an opened diary. I walked over and looked at it. On the 14th March, written in red ink was 'T.J.L. The Mill'. I was confused as to what that meant but I knew that I would find out when the time comes around.

14th March has finally rolled around and I followed my target to a pub called 'The Mill', the location that was written in the diary. I found out that T.J.L stands for Thomas James Lockhart, the owner of the Lockhart phone company but I still wonder what Lockhart has to do with all of this. I can't think of any logical reason as the group hasn't done anything suspicious besides 3 of them being hired for the same company, one being the black

haired beauty. They are working as if the phone company was their everyday job. But JJ wasn't doing anything only walking with the team to work and then leaving them as they walked in.

Later on when the group finished work they met up with JJ and sat down at a booth. For a while they just sit there and joked about, taking the occasional swig of their drinks, and then a sentence the black haired beauty spoke caught my attention. "T.J. has no clue as to what we've done. We'll be long gone before he even finds out."

JJ nodded his head. "Yea we should head before Lockhart finds out. We don't want a repeat of our last heist."

"750 grand. That's the best we've done since we've started this team." The youngest of the group laughed.

What? How did they pull off the heist? I watched their every move. They couldn't have done anything without me noticing. As I was listening to the rest of the conversation in the pub I failed to notice someone standing behind her car with a gun. They angled the gun to a way that it shot through the back of the driver's seat.

I felt a searing pain go through my chest as I let out a scream of agony I looked down to see blood starting to stain my shirt so I used both of my hands to apply pressure to the wound. I knew it wouldn't work as darkness was starting to spot my vision but I might as well try to prolong my life until help comes along whether I ring the paramedics or a pedestrian does. I heard the driver's door open and I looked to see JJ with a gun in his hand. "Didn't think I noticed you following me love, did ya?" he questioned before hitting the side of my face with the butt of the gun.

By Victoria Thompson



The Luckiest Girl in The World

Born in a Sweetie Shop

Like boiled sweets in glass jars
We were lined up
Ready to be chosen
Swaddled in little white paper bags
Ready to be signed for, and brought home.



Who will come today to browse?
“Which one will we choose?”
They’re all so lovely, quiet and clean”
“The one with the button nose,
the curly hair or the pretty smile?”

The nuns smiled, presenting the little packages like offerings, with a ...
“Try this one for size look in their eyes”
Couples came and went
Some little packages came and went
Some were returned

The clean smell of Dettol,
scrubbed faces, unstained souls,
white linen and polished floors.
The smell of wax filled the pictureless rooms
Our motto; Mercy, Dignity, Devotion and generosity



Outside it was always bright and sunny
Manicured lawns
White marble crosses
Too quiet
Too clean

Then one bright sunny day in May a couple came
Signed on the dotted line and took a package home
“How did you choose which little bundle to take home?” the girl asked
“The minute I saw your blue eyes, you were the one”

The luckiest girl in the world, born in a sweetie shop
Maybe that’s how she got her name

By Carmel Kernahan

Voices

Hi I'm Gareth I'm not the kind of person everyone sees as alright I'm troubled with voices in my head screaming, always screaming. Everyone else's thoughts and feelings are in my head. I'm always stressed but never feel pain. I just hate being around people I'm not a psychic but I understand, I'm a demon who wants to do harm and hurt people that's what I really feel. I can't stop, no one can help, my pain is all a dream inside my head. I have my headphones blasting to keep out my thoughts. I can be trusted and respectful. I'm just a ticking time bomb playing with your head. Ouija boards played with me and twisted me in the head. I was 16 years old and stupid at the time I was always feeling down and depressed with suicidal thoughts ringing in my head. School is my prison. My life is not much but I feel I have lost time. I'm scared and still confused, stealing and hurting people. It was just all my pain that I felt in my brain. Killing is a game, it's all inside my head but dripping its way out. Calm, I'm not calm, I'm just not ready, my life began with getting beatings from my dad. All his issues flickering inside my head, my demon's name is ZOZO and he has only just begun. I'm writing this but I'm really a nice guy that's just to be uncovered. ZOZO is real and is around me now. It's me that's refusing to let go of my past and not moving on.

By Jonathan Larkin



Mumbles

Goodbye to yesterday's past
as my longing for tomorrow's future grows fast
Truth be told I can be honest with myself at last
The little white lies have evaporated, no more hesitance
My fears have faded
Because yesterday's past has been erased, standing anew
No more feeling sorrow or blue
Although I can't say I'm happy because that wouldn't be true
but what is real happiness, can it be said for you?
So long, farewell memories that will never part from my lips again
As I set them alight and applaud the flames
The ashes blowing away in the wind
And now she has a new victim!!!



Never Say Never

Never give up if you still want to cry
Never wipe away your tears if you still want to cry
Never settle for anything but answers you still want to know
Never say you don't love her if your heart won't let go
Never say you don't need her when you scream for her inside
Never say never when it comes to a friend
Never say you want to die instead
Never settle for any less than you deserve

By Carrie Abernethy

The story of the two boys called Mike and John who left their village and went to look for a job in the city. They didn't have enough money to keep them going. John called an old friend who told them he would look after them when they came to the city.

John: Are you having a good time mate?

Mike: Fuck off, no chance mate

John: Why?

Mike: Mate we left the village this morning and you knew we didn't have any money for food or a place to stay, now you are on the phone to him. What's going on?

John: Shush you cheeky monkey!!!

Mike: I want to go back to the village now!!!

John: Calm down you, right!!! Hold your horses, everything will be all right. I know it's my fault but I have a plan here.

Mike: Go ahead.

John: We are going to the mall and we can start singing and dancing or we do magic tricks and people will throw a few quid at us, we will be sweet.

Mike: Not a chance, I am not that desperate to take a risk and I am not a beggar

John: Ok I understand your fear, no pressure at all bit I have another idea, do you want to hear it?

Mike: Go ahead!!!

John: Let's go that restaurant, when we get there, please don't say anything, just take a seat and order what I order.

Mike: I understand but we don't have any money and I don't want to be arrested for stealing.

John: Ok, just do what I told you and we will be sweet.

Mike: Ok!!!

They entered the restaurant and ordered 2 steaks. The food arrived and they prayed to give thanks.

John: **LORD. PLEASE BLESS THIS FOOD AND GIVE TO OTHERS WHO DON'T HAVE BUT BEFORE WE EAT THE FOOD WE ASK YOUR FORGIVENESS THAT WE ARE STEALING THE FOOD, HOPE YOU GET OUR PRAYER.**

They started to eat and enjoy the food, Mike was worried about how they were going to pay for it.

Mike: Mate I have a question; the food is delicious but how are we going to pay?

John: Keep quiet, do as you are told right!!!

As they were almost finished the meal, John pulled a hair from his head and placed it on the rest of the remaining food.

Mike: What are you doing?

John: Keep quiet, I told you not to open your mouth, do as you are told!!

Mike: Sorry!

John called the waiter over,

John: Excuse me, can I see the chef or manager please?

The chef came out from the restaurant and went to their table.

Chef: Hi guys, what seems to be the problem?

John: Are you the chef? This is a joke.

Mike eyes opened wide and did not know what was going on.

John: Listen young man, rule number one, you are the chef and the hygiene policy is to wear your uniform.

Chef: I did a lot of shifts this week and didn't have a chance to get it washed.

John: That's not an excuse, you know your rota, right?

Chef: Yes, I am sorry.

John: Ok, that's fine but look at my plate, what is this?

Chef: I can't see!!

John: Fuck off, are you blind?

The chef looked closer and then he saw the wee pieces of hair, ooh!

Chef: Please I am sorry sir, give me your plate, both of you. I am sorry. I will bring you more food now. I do apologise.

John: I am going to sue you and this restaurant, this food is totally rubbish.

The chef panicked and went to the kitchen and returned within minutes.

Chef: I do apologise on behalf of all my team for this terrible experience. From this day forward, you can eat in this restaurant for free at any time.

John: Thank you for your apology and thank you for your offer. We will return in the future.

The pair left the restaurant and went outside.

John: Well Mike, how was the meal?

Mike: You are the bread winning legend.

John: I told you I was born before you, your brains are too small, stick with me and you will be sweet.

By Stanley Phiri



Indoda Elahlekileyo Edihga Uthando

This is a poem Stanley wrote in his native language of Zimbabwean it is about looking for love.

Ngifisa sengathi ungangibhalela incwadi
incwadi yothando yeisizulu
Etsho ngemibalabala na ngamabalalal
Axoxa indaba ejulile yemizwa nemicabango
idayimane ngelothando lweqiniso
Omhlophe ongowenhlizivo engana sici, idilinga
ngoba olwethu ngungana siphepho

ngiqansa umqanso ngoqonda empumalanga
nqiqoqoda isicathulo ngiqwa qwazela

Kunga seduce nanke ngihlangana lesqabhobho sigqoku
qwa siqansu umqanso siqaphe qolo
qwa qwa qwa qwa
nako okutikolotshi kusega phambili emgwaqweni
Ngithi ngiyathi zula zula amehlo
Ngibona usinti kutshopoka mave
Mayuyu ngenzeni mina isisu somhambi asinganani
singanophotshwana
lwembuzi
Ehambayo aviqedi tshani

By Stanley Phiri



Arvon

We arrived on Monday
the day after Sunday
Basically, a bunch of strangers
The pheasants were free rangers

Ainsley, Anthony, Carmel, Carrie
Ciara, Courtney, Jean, Jonathan
Christen, Leighton, Luke, Nikki
Rebecca, Stanley, Victoria and me, Billy

Our tutors Kerry and Russ
did their thing without a fuss
They taught us to write
to make us less shite

Our hosts Jack and Jill
went up and down the hill
with food for us
with plenty of surplus

The weather brought wind and rain
beating against the window pane
It is at this juncture, time
to acknowledge the acupuncture.

We are leaving tomorrow
with a certain amount of sorrow
We will be back on the bus
They will be glad to see the back of us

Goodnight my friends
Until we meet again
I'm glad we all got to go on
The Lumb Bank experience with Arvon



Hope and Joy

Hope is a pole dancer
on a Saturday night
She does a bit of smuggling
to keep the finances tight
Joy goes to that bar
From where she lives, it isn't that far
After she buys her bit of dope
They decide to elope.

After a month of passion
Things become a bit less dashing
Excitement turned to hurt
After Joy ripped off Hope's shirt

Joy turned to dread
Hope turned to bed
Joy grabbed Hope by the dreads
As they tore each other to shreds

So, for a bit of peace
and a lot of release
Hope returned to Roger Jolly
Joy returned to a pint of melancholy

By Billy Wilson

