


WORDSMITH
poetry performance projects

Wordsmith Secondary School

Anthology 2015



Nobody

breathes rubble

society wish

always definition look

deep streets future water raise

seen I jaz

much think

real still people

white words

skin wrong time

take just

alone feel rich look

fight peace home

heads want life eyes

chance Riots place change

day fast girl name

empty come

colour woman

filled

now save say

can

one

like

need

see

world

hear

get

tomorrow learn

child waiting person

drowning things voices

students poverty

Without family

work

keep

Team

black

don

love years

make

walk

never

stop

poor

hard

Wrong

find

School

enough

cold

must

inside

dead

used

body

great

Post

high

working

find

little

talk

great

find



THANK YOU

Young Identity
Commonword
Commappress
Manchester Literature Festival

WORDSMITH TEAM

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Foreword

This year we took on the theme of 'reflecting back and looking forward'. How has history shaped our present society and how will it alter the future we're working towards? Is it the writer's responsibility to reflect the times, as Nina Simone said and is it important to, in the words of Amiri Baraka, 'tell the truth and make it beautiful'?

Our students took it on with gusto, reminding us that our present is blessed with some extremely articulate, impassioned thinkers who believe that their pens are the most powerful weaponry in the war against the injustices of racism, poverty, homophobia, xenophobia and domestic violence. Their words and insight are evidence enough that, with the right platform, these young people can be at the forefront of a movement towards crafting a better future.

This anthology is a collection of the work created by the three slam teams (Burnage Academy, Chorlton High and Whalley Range High School for Girls) and our Sixth Form showcase team from Xaverian Sixth Form College.

Massive thanks go out to the schools and colleges, our amazing poet coaches, the teachers who have supported the process and of course the students who applied themselves so diligently.

Reece Williams
Team Wordsmith

Burnage Academy

Poet Coach

Saqib Chowdhury

Teacher

Becci Wadson

Award

Best Line "Because we will all be connected together like a string through beads".

Team

Ariful

Ijaz

Saptarshi

Ismael

Mohib

Abdul

Most Improved

Saptarshi



ARIFUL

*Young kids be alone on the streets,
Society is bringing teens down to their knees,
Asking for help, 'please',
We act as if they can't be seen.*

*Think about their naïve minds,
Some of the kids are only 9,
In just a blink of an eye
We've lost another life.*

*This world needs to wake up,
They feel like they're on a mouse trap, stuck.
What has this gen come to, it's very critical,
All these problems got me feeling lyrical.*

*The rich get rich
The poor get ignored
All these deficits
Got me feeling sore.*

EAT, SLEEP, SPEND, REPEAT
*It's hard living on the streets,
Suicidal, tired, too poor to even eat
Education is key
Knowledge is what we need.*

*Young kids be crying and shouting
"Where's my mum been",*

*Kids get kicked out for failing GCSE's
Now they be living tough on the rough streets.*

*Cameron the dirty pig
Cutting all the disability benefits
Closing down the hostels
Now it's illegal to sleep on the streets
Society, bringing teens down to their knees.*

SAPTARSHI

*Despair rushes through their lives as their future burns
They suffer unbearable damage; yet no one learns.
Nobody is bothered enough to listen to humanity's cry
Because they're too busy gathering trinkets to try.*

*Slowly their bodies turn barren and bare,
Our future is written but for them there isn't one there.
They say sharing is caring, but look around does anybody care?
Most people are too busy paying their holiday fare.*

*I have a dream that one day people will have a roof over their heads
And will have the chance to sleep in soft and fluffy bed.
People will no longer have to fight for their needs
Because we will all be connected together like a string through beads.*

*I see a future with no future crisis because everything will have affordable prices.
We can save the whole world which is our premises.
If we fail to fulfil this aim we will have lots of unfortunate demises
And that is our world right now; no surprises.*

*Because of this huge rift between the rich and the poor
Some of us end up selling fries and some of us win Oscars
and Nobel prizes.*

*Can God offer salvation and protect us from harm
Or will mankind destroy itself with its very own arms?*

ISMAEL

*Siri, will I need an umbrella?
"Yes, as usual in Manchester we will see some rain today."
iPhone, Google and Beats
Are some of the things we now class as "basic needs."*

*We require hover-boards to walk,
Texting to talk
What has our society become?*

*Imagine if we lived in a place
where we didn't have to look like a half-photo-shopped model
on the cover of a magazine.*

*Imagine instead of using copy and paste,
you had to work for an education
You could not afford to let it go to waste.*

*We just wake up,
Live our life,*

*Not caring about the little things we have.
A rich man's rubbish is a poor man's treasure,
So don't develop a craving for unproductive pleasure that*

you wish to obtain.

*Did Alan Sugar earn millions of pounds to just sit in a chair
and deliver the famous words:*

"You're fired!"

*I used to care what people thought,
I used to crave what they brought.
But don't let society put you down,
Turn that frown upside down.*

*Live life in the moment
And don't take things for granted.
Appreciate what you have
Before it turns into what you had.*

MOHIB

Nobody can live without taking one thing for granted.

*Eat food,
Grab tools,
Go to school,
Fool around with friends,
Without an end,
Write with a pen.*

*Or speak with a voice,
Hands to pick,
Legs to stick,*

Ears to hear, *Everyone knows how everything works*
Without a peer. *When one is threatened*
 We go helping.

See sights *Everyone should have a roof over their heads.*
Without questions
Yet others can't do that. *Nobody stuck on streets,*
 Rich helps poor.
 Can't walk,
 Can't talk, *But for that to happen*
 Can't pick, *We must take a step*
 Cant stick, *To start a journey*
 Can't eat. *For the utopia we hope for.*

But to survive **ABDUL**
 Plead, *Only the real eyes realize the real lies*
 Work, *Coz in the end we'll all be equal in paradise.*
 Or just die. *We're all just little souls in disguise,*
 They're feeding on our minds, paralysed.

To decide who rules
 As a nation **IJAZ**
 Yet others deal *To follow our moral compass is what we are shown*
 With dictation. *But all we see are the screens on our phones.*

Write the war to you.
 In the future **ABDUL**
 I wish for- *Their intelligence is arrogance, inheritance, extravagance*
 Playing *Screaming from the mountain tops resulting in an*
 Working *avalanche.*
 Joking
 Together
 Without discrimination.

IJAZ

*We concern ourselves with the things that we own
But in the darkness we're all alone.*

ABDUL

*Parliament's a toy to them.
Our home is now an embarrassment,
Rich and poor is nothing to them but a comparison.*

IJAZ

*What's good and what's bad is for us to judge.
We call them friends
But they're the ones that we don't trust.*

ABDUL

*The enemy is not us again-the real one is Cameron
Do we need to go on to why your nickname's Hameron?*

IJAZ

*We can learn all these lyrics and learn all these songs
But are they actually a measure of what's right or wrong?*

ABDUL

*We need to stop these ruddy politicians when they hammer
us.
They're manner less, hazardous,
More of a drug to society than even cannabis.*

IJAZ

*We set these targets and we set these goals
But to earn them we're selling our souls*

ABDUL

*Him and his hounds of justice also known as the 'feds'
We need to stop letting their BS get to our heads.*



IJAZ

*Yes, it's perfectly fine to have all your dreams
But, trust me, life's not easy as it seems*

ABDUL

*While they're at home taking their evening meds
We'll have to take actions before they're tucked into their
beds.*

IJAZ

*And as they say, we are the beginning of our time.
So why not prove that
And show miraculous signs?*

ABDUL

*I'm just a kid. I go mad when the school bells ringing,
I wanna make my mum proud, that'll mean I'm winning.*

IJAZ

*We're all quick to talk about the new technology
But can we change the ideas of philosophy?*

ABDUL

*Lift your hands up and get those thumbs clicking,
I don't hold grudges unless you be sinning.*

IJAZ

*I'm trying to change the perception of people
We're all born the same so let us be equal*

EVERYONE

Real eyes realise real lies.



TANIA

*If today we preach anger then
tomorrow it will be war.
If today I don't listen then
tomorrow it will be the same .*

INNAYA

*If today we start an army,
tomorrow we'll conquer the world.
If today we preach happiness,
tomorrow there will be joy.*

MORGAN

*If today we had a fight,
Tomorrow we will face the consequences.
If today the wars all stopped,
Tomorrow will bring peace.*

ANTHONY

*If today we stop seeing colour,
tomorrow we will live equally.
If today I say this speech then
tomorrow there may be peace.*

EVERYONE

*If today I say this speech then tomorrow there may be
peace.
From America to Pakistan from Syria to Afghanistan.
From the slums of Brazil to the ghetto of the hill.*

*If today I say this speech then tomorrow there may be peace.
If today there we stop violence then tomorrow there will be less
sirens.
If today we stop seeing colour then tomorrow we will live equally.
If today I say this speech then tomorrow there may be peace.*

JAKE

*Car fumes, people's tombs-this is the world we live in now.
I don't know how it came to this
some people are just too lazy to speak,
exhausted from people moaning.*

*Since grass turned in to rubble
like an evil spell;
this is a world transforming into hell.*

MUNA

*If today there was education,
Tomorrow there will be graduation.
If today we plant trees
Then tomorrow there will be forests.*

ABDI

*If today we save a child
tomorrow we save the world,
If today we raise our voices
tomorrow we will be heard*

JAKE

*If today we buy bricks,
Tomorrow we build a house.
If today we provide food,
Tomorrow we feed a mouth.*

MUNA

*If today we plant more trees
Then tomorrow there will be forests.
If today there was less illness
Then tomorrow everyone will be more active.*

*If today there was cancer
Then tomorrow there will be death.
If today there was less poverty,
Then tomorrow there will be more smiles.*

*If today there was education,
Tomorrow there will be graduation.*

*If today we plant trees
Then tomorrow there will be forests.*

ABDI

*If today we got rid of guns,
tomorrow we'd have less violence,
if today we got rid of crime,
tomorrow there'd be less sirens.*

*If today we save a child
tomorrow we save the world,
if today we raise our voices,
tomorrow we will be heard.*

*The world is going backwards
we're destroying what we once built;
Society is rotting-
It's corroding with filth.*

*If today we save a child tomorrow
we save the world,
if today we raise our voices
tomorrow we will be heard.*

*If today we got rid of terrorism
the world would be a safer place,
if today there were fewer phones
tomorrow we'd talk face to face.*

*If today we save a child
tomorrow we save the world,
if today we raise our voices
tomorrow we will be heard.*

KEIGHLEY

*If today I work hard
Then tomorrow I'll succeed,
If today we stopped eating bare fatty foods,
tomorrow people won't be obese.*



KAYLEE

*if today I make someone smile
tomorrow they might have the confidence to run a mile
if today we stop setting off bombs
tomorrow we might become one.*

*If today we think about tomorrow,
Then there will be nothing you'll need to borrow
Snapbacks and tattoos?
Nah, just great jobs and nice suits.*

JAFAR

*If today we all recycle
Then tomorrow there would be less pollution.
If today we checked food and water.
Then tomorrow there would be no hunger.*

*If today we think about tomorrow,
Your life won't be so hollow.
The bugattis 'n' maybachs 'n' lambos you can afford,
You don't need to worry about riding in an old Ford.*

*If today we think about tomorrow,
You won't be in so much sorrow.*

*If today we think about tomorrow,
You won't be in so much sorrow.
If today we find a solution
then tomorrow there won't be any pollution.*

MOHAMMED

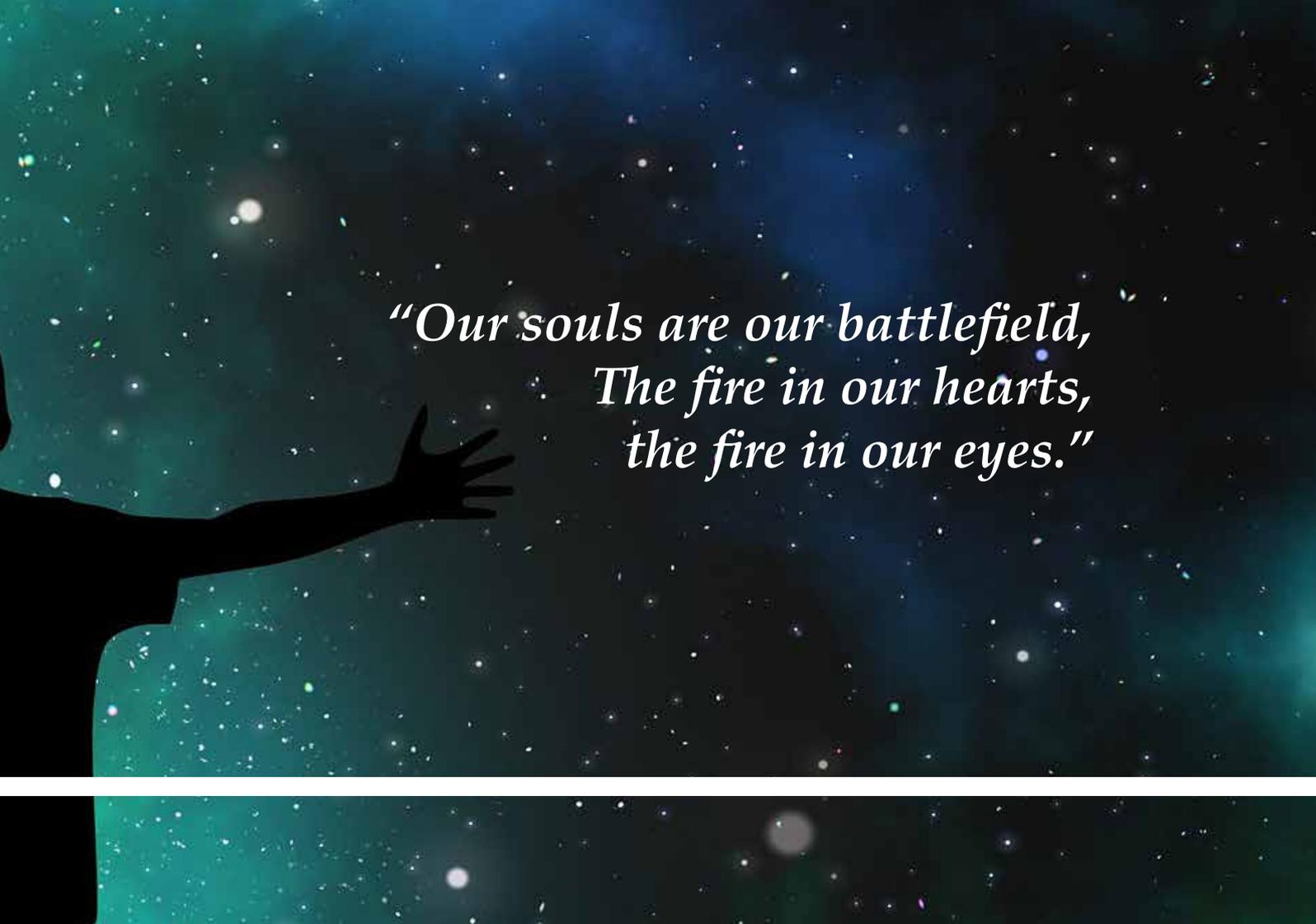
*If today we find a solution
then tomorrow there wont be any pollution.
If today we think about tomorrow,
We won't be in so much sorrow.*

*Whatever you do today,
then tomorrow you'll always find
there's a consequence to pay.*



*“If today there was education,
Tomorrow there will be graduation.
If today we plant trees
Then tomorrow there will be forests.”*





*"Our souls are our battlefield,
The fire in our hearts,
the fire in our eyes."*

HOME

JUMEIRA

I walk in and the warmth entices me.

AMALANJI:

*I walk in and the aggression abuses me,
I scream but it falls upon deaf ears.*

ALL

The noise must be white because no one can hear her.

JUMEIRA

*I walk in and I'm engulfed in an embrace,
eyes filled with love,
ears patiently waiting to hear about my day.*

AMALANJI

*I walk in and my body is defiled,
fist cold, face blank, eyes filled with an emotion
so deep no one could decipher.*

JUMEIRA

I took a bath, submerging my form into the heat of the water

AMALANJI

*I took a dip into the ocean-I had sailed it for years,
shoulders staying slumped
as I waited for the iceberg to come.
Sinking deeper and further until I could finally breathe.*

JUMEIRA

*I squeezed my stress ball hard, fast,
thinking of the A* students who always passed.*

AMALANJI

*My problems remained an enigma,
no one knew I was dead inside,
waiting for my soul to leave too.*

JUMEIRA

I walk in and my worries are homework and a few pet peeves.

AMALANJI

I didn't mean to ring my family shame.

ALL

Our definition of home will never be the same.

HELEN

*Home.
Why is my home a place where I am told I am wrong?
The wrong age,
Wrong gender,
Wrong person.*

*All I can see is hate
As their words pierce me
Like burning ice.
I am constantly reminded I am wrong,
That I am not who I am.*

*My name is Helen,
Wrong.
I feel pain blossom in my cheek,
As I learn to agree.*

*but it's no use, she's suddenly made of jelly not bone.
Her school tie on the wooden floor of her bedroom,
purple, nearly the colour of her face BOOM!
Head bangs on the metal of her bed and now the love is gone,
instead
She is bound by abuse she might as well be dead.*

*"My name is James",
Simply because
My parents think that I am not the person I am.*

WASAN

*ALL
Our definition of home will never be the same.*

*REMSHA
"Daddy, please!"
She cries as he pushes her to her knees,
tears rolling down her cheeks, apologies on a loop,
repeat.*

*Yet she looks up to her father with hope in her eyes
that between each scream he will realize,
That the young girl he is beating
is the same one he soothed while she was teething.*

*"Dad, please, I beg of you! I'm scared and hurt and I didn't
mean to!"
She pleads as he slaps her.*

*Each fist to her stomach,
as if she's not his daughter,
He has no remorse like a sheep to the slaughter.*

SANA

*"No shame!" he screams,
"your existence brings the family name down!"
She used to be his Princess, now
she wears a ring of thorns instead of a crown.*

*There's no escape for her she will always be in captivity,
Always be the puppet and he the puppeteer
that controls her with the strings of enforceability.
Beaten and thrown like an inanimate object
as if she does not have a heartbeat,
but is simply seen as excrement.*

*AMMAL
Within 60 seconds she is bleeding, reaches for the phone.*

*She looks for an escape but time is not on her side,
It took only minutes to forever change her life.
From a girl who grew up too fast because of her father's wrath*

*and now will always feel the sense of disclosure.
Disclosure, one fist at a time that demolished her pride.
Only minutes to forever change her life.*

ALL

Our definition of home will never be the same

AMMAL

*I witnessed the blaze of mortars devouring our houses-
The only shield we had.
I watched peoples' names slowly fade from their family trees,
The sound of families' howling from grief
was on repeat in my mind without permission,
I saw families praying and grasping holy books tightly in their
frail hands,
The only way to escape this insanity was to evade in to a new
land.*

TASFIA

*England was painted with vibrant colours,
Skyscrapers that I've never seen before,
The smell of fresh bread
The aroma of tea continuously circling the air
The mellifluous footsteps of mass walking to their 9-5
6-10
Shifts,
I don't feel as lonely as I used to.*

WASAN

*We all had great expectations of the future,
No resentment,
But we were all so painfully naïve.
As the piercing breeze hits me,
I realised that I have found refuge but with no one beside me.*

ALL

*I don't want a house,
A house is only made out of bricks, steel frames and cement.
I want a home.*

JUMEIRA

*I want a home
Where friendly souls, hopes and dreams lay,
I want to feel secure as if I have never had to worry about peril
before,
I wish that this is what a home means here as well,
I wish.*

AMMAL

*As the landscapes of my homeland linger in my thoughts,
I will never be able to observe the beauty of my country again.
I wish.*

ALL

Our definition of home will never be the same



A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's leg in a red and white sneaker running on a grey track. The background is a dark, blurred fence. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

*“I walk in and I’m engulfed in an embrace,
eyes filled with love,
ears patiently waiting to hear about my day.”*

JUMEIRA

I walk in and the warmth entices me.

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*I walk in and the aggression abuses me,
I scream but it falls upon deaf ears.*

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The noise must be white because no one can hear her.

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Fist cold, face blank, eyes filled with an emotion
So deep no one could decipher.*

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*I took a dip into the ocean-I had sailed it for years,
shoulders staying slumped
as I waited for the iceberg to come.
Sinking deeper and further until I could finally breathe.*

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*I squeezed my stress ball hard, fast,
thinking of the A* students who always passed.*

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*My problems remained an enigma,
no one knew I was dead inside,
waiting for my soul to leave too.*

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I walk in and my worries are homework and a few pet peeves.

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I didn't mean to ring my family shame.

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Home.

*Why is my home a place where I am told I am wrong?
The wrong age,
Wrong gender,
Wrong person.*

*All I can see is hate
As their words pierce me
Like burning ice.
I am constantly reminded I am wrong,
That I am not who I am.*

*My name is Helen,
Wrong.
I feel pain blossom in my cheek,
As I learn to agree.*

AMALANJI

*We see a girl in a skimpy crop top and short skirt
Our mind works fast-
She's a slut*

*"My name is James",
Simply because
My parents think that I am not the person I am.*

TASFIA

*We see a man walking jaggedly
He's drunk, we think
He must be alcoholic
Escaping reality.*

ALL
*Our definition of home will never be the same.
Riots*

ALL

*Riots, rubble and ruins,
We are the ones ruining the world.*

ALL
*Riots, rubble and ruins,
We are the ones ruining the world.*

REMSHA

*This is just the way we think
Automatic cogs turning in our brain
Finding labels,
Like a beast with no limit clawing.
Our words don't only travel through ears,
But pay a visit to our hearts and scar them relentlessly,
The strongest weapon a human can possess is their mouth.*

SANA
*Our souls are our battlefield,
The fire in our hearts,
the fire in our eyes.
Intoxicated on fear.*

JUMEIRA

*We see a guy in a hoodie and trackie.
Guns and arrows aren't fired,
But we cross the road automatically.*

ALL

*Riots, rubble and ruins,
We are the ones ruining the world.*

Broken, Broken Chains

*but you have to pay for the right of empty wrists.
yelling out: black lives matter
American police
machine-gunning
down
empty handed children
still paying for their chains
in words, brutality and bullets
those uncomfortable and white like to forget the past
pretend white privilege isn't real
and "reverse racism" actually exists
because we don't like to think we have an advantage.
like to think that
misunderstanding "black lives matter" doesn't means "only
black lives matter"
and that there was no*

*economic dehumanisation
and no- 500 year holocaust
the slave owners
thought they were doing favours
religious favours.
blood favours.
rape favours.
slave compensation sent
"Eaton" boys to school
so they learn shorthand for immigration law
prep school to follow the footsteps
of their ancestors
that breathe down our necks
still reaping benefits from
inhumanity in past lives*

When a Black Woman Walks

*When a black woman walks it tells you she's beautiful
An elegance and grace that clings for days to the streets she's
marched
With a fire in her belly that has brought forth a new people
We have come from a people that have undergone the worst*

*We have come from a people that have bled for progress and
given last breaths to articulate
the dream of change
Then blissfully lost in that dream
We have come from a people that have prepared a path*

So when a black woman walks
Listen carefully
Can you hear the thud of her heart, as it rises in her throat then
drops to the pit her stomach?
Her heart beats on
For every lash her mother and grandmother and great grand-
mother endured
That sliced through them as though their skin, was not skin
The blood that seeped from their very cores
Did it not leave history with a regretful sting?
The deafening quiet of submission
It became their thing
Branded them like the promise ring
They wore to pass down the message of how a black woman,
will never be good enough

And like an honourable black woman they kept their word
Fed their daughters self-deprecation
Every time they tried to appreciate themselves
Fed them lies, when they cried for a truth to nibble on

She's been told to keep her legs private
She's been told to keep her tone hushed
To keep it modest
Keep it hidden
Little black girls should be seen and not heard

Admired for their bodies but held to no level of respect
Her curves have been silenced
So when a black woman walks
Remember that she talks
Trying to squeeze out years of trapped words through the none
existent space between her thighs
She tries to make up for all the lies she's told
All the promises she made to a master who took her control
All the self-hatred she's instilled into her daughter
She's apologising for all the times she's kicked her down
So hard she can still taste her toes.

She is the best of her people when they were not at their best
Her lips shall be lined with all their breathes

ALL

Once you've messed up at monopoly,
There's no going back.
Hotels grow taller on park lane,
While those with hardly pennies to their name,
Hope for a lucky roll of the dice to earn another turn.
Spare change in car parks becomes the daily bread,
For those who's only resting place is on community chest
Super tax rolls of the off the back of the richest,
As money flows in from privatized train lines.
But the monopoly box is waiting for the content to be put away.
Maybe in the next game, the fate might have changed.

Birdcage

*I am trapped
By invisible boundaries
That lie outside my own head
And do not exist.
A cage of guilt and anxiety-
Not mine to carry
But mine to shoulder all the same.
Imprisoned by absence
A slave to petty want,
Irresponsibility.
Freedom breaks greater than love
Psychological shackles
Rattling the ribcage.
Bones tense, muscles fracture
Heart to hurt to scream.
Logical illogicality,
Snapping sparrow's wings
Flightless, fightless
Torn asunder and bound together.
Shut with glue and sticky tape
Forever enclosed*

*A heartfelt plea for help
Salvation
Free me.*

*'Put a little of your colour aside darling'
Save it for a rainy day
Then please forget where you kept it
To make sure it was safe
Put a bit of yourself away
When we ordered a black to be placed into the 'diverse'
We didn't expect you to be so . . .
Black
Dark
Boldly underlined like coffee stained teeth on a good looking
teen
You're bitter
Stand out yet blend in
Too in tune with the earth
It's confusing . . .
Midnight child
Please return to where you belong
Next time we'll order a coffee that hasn't stayed out in the sun
so long its gone cold*

See the Light

*Check my phone but find no change,
Look up
To see the worlds the same.*

*People are fighting to stay alive
Our nation fights to keep people outside of our borders
Who decides, who deserves to stay alive?
We know what should be everyone's answer
But I'm not leaving it down to chance.*

*We have to keep up with the fight
I can't do much but I can write,
Soon they'll have to see the light,
Look up
To see that it's not right.*

*Children drowning out at sea
While we all sit here drinking tea
In our homes, in our beds
Refugees, worried they'll lose their heads.*

*Running from guns and bombs and slaughter
Ending up face down in the water
There must be something we can do
It doesn't take a genius to.*

*Know just what we have to do
Stop the wars so people there
Can live in peace and safety
It shouldn't have to take a baby
drowned and washed up all alone
On a beach lay in the foam.*

*These people are so desperate
They want somewhere quiet they can stay
No more need to pray each day
That this war will go away.*

*No need to be careful where they tread
For fear that they might end up dead
Instead I'm sat here in despair, seeing red
Thousands of thoughts inside my head.*

*Tonight I promise I'll say a prayer
Give all I have that I can spare
In an effort to show I care
I can't do much but I can write
We have to keep up with the fight
Look up
To see that it's not right
Soon we'll have to see the light.*

The Fig

*The fig hung on the tree.
The sun beamed merrily on the thick skin of the fig.
The helpless fig hung on the tree.*

*The farmer arose for a spot to eat.
The abandoned fig hung on the tree.*

*Needless to say, as one would expect,
the insignificant fig still hung on the tree.*

*Passers-by, one by one all seize an opportunity to make a monkey of the fig,
the precious fig, that is now no more than a shrivelled up piece of matter.*

Back to the Earth it goes, back to the dust.

Ellie's Man-rant

*I can't hear.
for your whitewashed rights rally
can't see. over your
trans exclusionary body positivity
can't understand your straight agenda
is intersectionality so hard?
girl power to break the barricade of patriarchy
but I won't do it alone
a white girl win is an empty victory
if we leave other sisters behind
never turn away a recruit in this war
diversity drives me
because I'm plain tired of cis straight white men
they take our jobs and our wives*

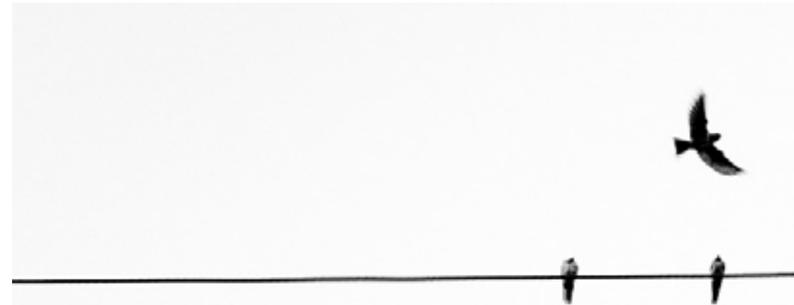


Waterlogged

*empty eyes and broken records of
first person horror games
we're stuck inside.
immersed like underwater
watching bubbles pass by my salted eyes
up to the surface
but it's worth it to meet the mermaids
I know they live below
they have thick skin and wide eyes
wider than any saucers
with vertical eyelids that blink.
air exhalations are freed
because I can't hold my breath long enough
to see any truth
breeding dark spots on my vision
like those analogue TVs that would break
when my favourite show was on
no catch up this time
I don't scabble for the surface, just hope for gills
is it still drowning if you accept the water in?
don't struggle just
watch as your sight turns to anglerfish darkness
don't break the illusion if you like it.
neck deep to eye deep
hair floating like an unwilling astronaut...*

Black Market Inventory

*Eyes that have seen too much and refused to look away
Sold individually, buy one get the second half price
Veins scarred and snapped through years of torture
Blood clotted against slurs that sunk under the skin
Broken bones, mostly salvageable after capture
Marks around the scaphoid from shackles, easily washed away
Muscles worn out by years of whipped in hard labour
Servitude served with sugar and spice and nothing nice*



Blurred Words

*For all we were worth,
It wasn't enough.*

*Blurred words,
Scraps of paper,
The notes on the trail,
Stopping by the door.*

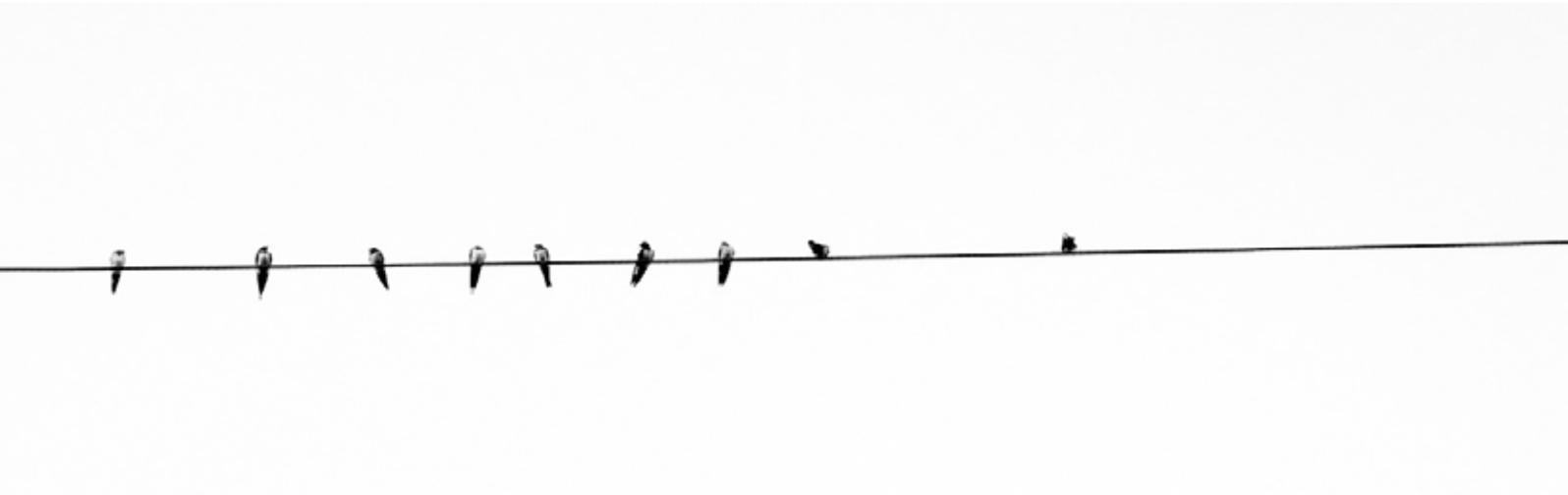
*If our love was poor,
Then we're in poverty,
There is no strength here.*

*The "comfort" of discomfort,
Besides the in-between,
Our final time to breathe.*

*Maybe we're better off,
Being traded off to someone new,
No more stray glances,
No more devouring of hearts.*

*All the scraps,
Picking up the pieces,
Cold looks without understanding.*

*But our final notes,
Are naught but blurred words.*





 comma press



Manchester
Literature
Festival



commonword

