

2017

Haringey

# UNCHAINED

Volume Two

*A collection of creative pieces from  
Haringey Sixth Form College and  
The University of Warwick*



## **HARINGEY UNCHAINED**

*With special guests*

The University of Warwick

Haringey Unchained is a collective of students aiming to showcase the creative talent of Haringey Sixth Form College in Tottenham, London. We think that through the promotion of our creative thoughts, we can educate our community, bringing to the foreground the critical and creative consciousness of a vibrant college in a deprived part of London. We endeavour to provide a creative platform for our community, giving space to those whose work otherwise might not be seen or read.

Since the cuffs are off, we can express ourselves through our photography, art, short fiction and poetry: what is really on our minds. We are free.

Following on from the success of last year's Volume 1, we give to you Volume 2. This year, we were proud to welcome back Haringey Unchained alumni member Khadija Ahmed, who managed the collaboration between our group and students from The University of Warwick, to produce this year's collection. Together, we chose items for publication on the blog and in the magazine, in addition to laying-out the digital files, before sending to press.

Submissions were produced by Haringey Unchained's current members, Haringey Unchained alumni, The University of Warwick English and Creative Writing students and Haringey Sixth Form College, including staff.

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To visit our blog, where all submissions have been posted in full, go to:

**[www.haringeyunchained.wordpress.com](http://www.haringeyunchained.wordpress.com)**

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Cover artwork, **BLOSSOMS 3** *Zubeyde Sezgin*

\*For the complete version of the excerpts, please visit:

[www.haringeyunchained.wordpress.com](http://www.haringeyunchained.wordpress.com)



## **NO. NO. NO.**

Stop teaching me how to say no  
when no sounds too much like go  
and I can't go on because  
my skin is now a cemetery  
for all the fingerprints that wanted to belong  
and I don't know how I can be transparent anymore  
because he's seen every pore  
and stop telling me how to say no  
because I don't think that's in his vocabulary anymore  
stop telling me how to say no and start teaching him no  
because I know how to say no but he doesn't know  
what I mean when he's too busy choking me with his own



New Friends

## REFRACTURED

My eyes look so blue in this mirror, oceanic almost, and I wonder if it's through these tides that his lunar gravity rules over me, or if it's from the saltwater that makes rivers down my ripped up rain face, flooding over, banks breaking onto my cheeks. The drought of his absence dries all the water up, so I become the surface of another moon.

I look at my naked body from third person, seeing myself the way he must see me, looking as someone from the outside. The warm light from my bedroom lamp makes my skin look a little less pale, even as my hair falls dark against it, getting so long now that it almost reaches my stomach as the fibre turns to straw. I would like to cut it closer to my shoulders, but I don't think he would want that. I comb my fingers through the brunette cascade, a tickling feeling from every thread as I trace seventeen years, the new-grown, naïve softness gradually becoming split wire. I gather it all together and let it waterfall down my back, flush against my spine, and uncover a deep stain of purple spread like infection across my ribs, maybe from where my heart tried to break free from its torture-chamber cage so it could learn to sing a better birdsong.

Sometimes I forget, lost in all the empty white space, that my skin doubles as canvas. Five little yellow suns dotted symmetrically on both sides of my waist, the daylight trajectory of a stranger's planet, perfectly the size of his handprints, so that even in my isolation I can feel his pressure against me. The blues and purples of a winter sunset too fresh to be fading around my collar bone and neck, but I can't remember, or can't tell, what comes from his kisses and what from his rage, black like starless midnight, cloud-covered, unnavigable, shipwrecks across my skin. No broken bones yet.



My reflection shows me everything stripped back to the core, the daytime make-up wiped clean so I can see that the patch around my eye is healing, an echo close enough to the sleep-deprived circles smudged along the outline of the sockets for me to wonder if it ever happened at all. A few blue stepping stones across my thighs, footsteps of an aimless wanderer with shoes dipped in paint, illuminating a safe path over the tiger-stripe stretch marks like ripples in the water. The cigarette burn on my hip that he swore was an accident.

I become an atlas, marking the journey from the snow-white perfection with which came my pliable naïveté to the apple with a single poisoned bite, bruised as it hits the ground. He maps his mistakes across me like confession; my body becomes my testimony, his trial. Painted in his colours, still too much empty space left to fill and never enough time, leaving me an incomplete project, a permanent work-in-progress, a symbol of infinite opportunity. It doesn't hurt, not at the moment. It's been three whole days without incident, and some of them really are accidental.

He turns eighteen before I do, but as the days count down for his adolescent freedom, so too do they count down for my captivity. I wonder, did my childhood end when I sealed my contract with him in my blood, or does it remain in-tact until I break away from his chains? The caged bird has no need to fly. Only in liberation can she be snatched from the nest.

The mirror shows me myself through his eyes. The baby-white girl metamorphoses into the woman coloured by her experiences, a black and blue butterfly kissed by the storm and stillness of the lunar light. He leaves me promises of his return in the proof of his presence, and the imprint of his touch reminds me of the warmth of his breath, the rumble of his voice, the adoration in his smile. His fire-eyes remind me how to love.

Is this how beautiful I look to him?

My fractured reflection wonders back at me.

## **AN APOLOGY TO MYSELF**

Hi 'insert name here',  
I know that you and I have been through a lot together,  
And I know I haven't always been there for you.  
For that I am sorry.

I'm sorry that you wake up in pain.  
I'm sorry that you wake up thinking you are useless.

I'm sorry you think you are nothing,  
That you don't believe in yourself,  
That you think people don't have time for you,  
That you don't like the way you look,  
That you think all your efforts are pointless,  
That you don't like your body either,  
That you care what people think, even though you say you don't,  
And that you gained so much weight.

I'm sorry you have to do things you don't want to,  
And that you would much rather stay in bed and not talk to the world for a while,  
And I'm sorry that you have to walk around pretending you're okay.

I know you wish you could cry more,  
But your tears just don't seem to want to come.  
I'm sorry that you feel numb.

## **IN THE STAND STILL**

Being with you used to be the  
most amazing thing in the world.

Now –

I feel like we are just sitting in a stand still  
waiting for the cars in front of us to move

but they don't.

And I'm looking outside of the window,  
and nothing is happening.  
We're just sitting here,  
in this empty car,  
waiting for something to change.

But it doesn't and it never will...

## **BIRTHDAY**

*Definition: Birthday (noun):*

1. The day you were brought into a world you didn't want to be a part of.
2. A brutal representation of who cares and who doesn't.
3. Fake love
4. And a reminder that you're gone.

*Synonym:*

- Suffering
- Pain
- Heartache
- Loneliness



## IDENTITY

You say lead and  
people say follow.

Everything you do, speak and wear  
will be accounted for that moment,  
any moment, despite the saying:

*“Only God and nobody else can judge you,”*

because society has constructed an ideology,  
a fixed norm from which you cannot deter.

Social stigma is attached to everything,  
insulting me about my own identity by  
fools who only make me prouder and stronger  
about the rich blood that flows through my body,  
full of the rich history, culture and language  
that my ancestors fought for by forging empires and  
great nations to mark their place in history.

Not to be mocked  
but to be feared.  
Not to be forgotten  
but to be remembered.



"We're wedging ourselves through the folds of  
our bodies into each other clinking again and again  
25th [REDACTED] 1999: no. 663

Sub [REDACTED] 76

A beginning [REDACTED] 49

yes [REDACTED] number : 9337

Enveloping each other in our arms we spat in  
each other's eyes laughing "

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Our bodies were like canvasses,  
Our meat had [REDACTED] blown from the frame  
By dry desert winds we rattle together  
Our frames knotted [REDACTED] snapped  
broke into the wind with the dust  
falling from my tongue like ash

“I

love

you”

[REDACTED]

low  
by

[REDACTED]

DOB 03/10/1994

[REDACTED]

Page

Peter

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

## LETTERS BETWEEN LOVERS

Dear Wind,

You whisper words on cold winter mornings that elevate my spirit,  
as you take me on long breathtaking journeys across vast open land.  
Oh how I love when you carry me after I've fallen from my beloved tree.  
You bring me closer to my brothers and sisters as we spin  
just like when we were young.  
Our moments of laughter pass, and you gently place me on the floor,  
promising that you shall return to me once more.  
All I ask is for you not to forget me again, when summer comes along.

*Love Leaf.*

\*\*\*

Dear Leaf,

You always have a way of romanticising such simple things; do you not  
see the innocence in my acts? I just wish for us to share good times.  
Oh why do you love for us to go through this every time the seasons change?  
You change your colour from green to an auburn red, we dance and then  
it's time for me to leave.  
Our days are always numbered, and my nature doesn't allow me to stay in one place.  
I must travel, I must be free, I must provide for others.  
All I ask is for you not to make it harder for yourself than it already is.

*Love Wind.*

\*\*\*

Dear Wind,

I love you, that's why.

\*\*\*

The last letter was lost in the Wind.



## **THIS SINISTER HOUSE**

What do you think I look like?  
I was staying in this sinister house,  
The house that is now my prison.  
It is like I've been arrested for my beauty in my own castle.

All my memories are embraced by this castle.  
I'm wearing a crown instead of handcuffs in a beauty prison.  
What does he look like?  
He took everything from me when he put me in this sinister house.

He said, fall in love and you will escape from this sinister house,  
But only the rose can open the door of the prison.  
I used to be liked,  
But now I only speak to Mrs Potts, my only friend in the castle.

I can hear sounds through the walls of the castle,  
So I look out through the windows of this sinister house  
And contemplate how I had felt liked.  
Now, I am blocked in a prison.

I tried the rose to escape from this prison.  
What does the lock look like?  
The lock has to be the Prince of the castle  
He is the one who will break the spell on this sinister house.

He is the only one who will get me out of this sinister house.  
He doesn't have the rose to open the prison.  
What does freedom look like?  
Can you find love when you are trapped in a castle?

Will he stay with me in the castle?  
What does his love feel like?  
Will he want me to get out of this prison?  
My rose will wither and I will be left in this sinister house.





## **GOD BLESS YOU \***

*“Repeat what you said to Danny a few moments ago.”*

*“About what?”*

*“After Danny sneezed.”* Jonah’s interrogator grew impatient.

He smiled through a slight giggle.

*“I said God bless you, of course.”*

Jonah’s shoulders relaxed with a deep sigh of relief, but as the words meandered across the table, stumbling over fried fish and frigid mashed potatoes, he wished he hadn’t. Suddenly, he heard footsteps behind him, a slight scurrying of light feet. Turning quickly, he poked his narrow face around the back of the chair, but he saw nothing, save for the television hues reflected from the next room. The others had been asked to leave the table and by now had surely retreated to the safety of a cartoon. He wanted to join them.

Jonah turned his head back slowly, conscientiously stifling his breath so as not to disturb the silence that had now settled upon the table. His lecturer looked sternly, reproachfully back at him as if expecting something. While Jonah’s eyes focused on the table to avoid eye contact, he was suddenly startled by what he found there: a series of long, slender fingers slowly curling over the table’s edge. The muscles that lined the joints constricted with the pressure as the creature pulled himself up from under the table and sat down next to Jonah’s judge.

Jonah let out a faint cry of surprise but his distress went unnoticed. Their tardy guest turned a keen eye on Jonah, raising a lengthy index finger against his sardonic grin. He then turned to their oblivious speaker droning on unfettered by the new arrival.

*“The Devil tempts us with words that pull our attention away from our responsibilities, though the words themselves would have us believe otherwise.”*

The creature shifted its legs, elegantly crossing the right over the left and resting its long, triangular chin on a closed fist. Then, it turned a piercing gaze upon Jonah and kept it there as the speaker continued.

*“The Devil is cunning and calculated, Jonah. Don’t ever let worldly customs convince you otherwise. They are worldly because they remove our focus from a life of grace.”*

Jonah was shocked, watching as the creature nodded in ironic approval yet opened its mouth in surprise. As its lips formed an oval, its cheekbones rose higher. It reacted to the speaker’s accusations as if overhearing a perfect stranger speaking about it in a most intimate way. It looked more amused than anything, listening intently.

*“He does not care what comes of us, as long as we don’t enter the Garden.”*

The creature shrugged.

*“He sets traps through our days to make us stumble, to pull us away from that which we are promised.”*

The creature winked.

*“He is evil incarnate, and to open ourselves up to him, we are made the fool.”*

The creature exhaled in boredom, leaning its elbow on the table. It put its chin on an open palm and began to drum its fingers against its cheek. The narrow tentacles slowly wove in a ripple against the leathery skin. Jonah paid close attention to their sharp fingernails.

*“Jonah, do you understand?”*

It was as if Jonah had stopped listening himself. He couldn’t shift his gaze from the enchanting new guest.

*“Are you listening to me?”*

## **DARKNESS**

It's cold.

The flames have greedily devoured the logs, their appetite satiated. I know they will die when there is nothing left to burn. This is how I feel. Burned out. Like my insides have been emptied and now, the shell that is me is sitting in a darkened room trying to make sense of it all.

But how do you make sense of betrayal? How can I make sense of all that happened before I got in here, hiding myself from every living thing in this house I used to call home? It feels like the time is passing slowly as if it were afraid that if it sped up things, I would be more confused than I am now.

Everything in my head is jumbled and the voice in my head jabbars, not letting me think clearly. Questions scurry in my mind and overfill it, making me feel giddy. As I look inside the fire, feelings gather inside my stomach.

Anger, frustration, guilt, make it harder to become rational again.

I try to calm them down, but I can't, especially because what makes me feel this way, is on the other side of the room, lying helpless on the floor.

I try to get up to see her once more. I couldn't look at her after what had happened, and I remember dragging her there, out of my sight. What I can't remember is how I was capable of such a gruesome crime. How can an honest, kind man who wouldn't hurt any soul, especially the one who he loved with all his heart, become a monster and commit such a thing? I think that's what happens when the one you loved the most betrays you and carves into your heart without you knowing.

Slowly, as I walk closer and closer, hesitatingly, I see her.

Her eyes stare coldly at me, as cold as ice, and make the pain heart-rending. I can't stand anymore, as I remember what happened. I kneel unable to bear my feelings. When I saw her lovely pale skin, stained with her own blood, I remembered her face when I caught her. I had considered her my friend, the closest one I had.

She ran away when she saw the anger in my eyes. After I had left "my friend" alone, his soul slowly leaving his body, I searched for her and found her in this very room.

I know someone has already found his cold, lifeless body in our bedroom and called the police. I've heard the scream of terror echoing through the house.

They're coming after me.

The sound of their footsteps seems like blacksmiths banging hammers against hot irons.

They finally came.

As they stared shocked, terrified, at my work of art: her body lying bleak and cold on the floor, they took me away. If someone asked me in that moment who I was, I would just stare blankly at that person, thinking and trying to consider how it would feel to know. Without knowing, I grinned and realised that all that was left inside me was darkness...





## GREYSCALE

She inhabits an empty, barren world,  
filled with vibrant greens which ripple into  
rust and violet and corn and maroon,  
and bright sunshine that reflects starlight on  
the wrinkling water, the cosmos captured  
in a wave, a star caught in a droplet.

The daffodils on the bank, swaying  
in the breeze flowing down from the mountains,  
blown forth by Zephyrus, perched of the pass  
between mighty peaks, snow-capped in winter,  
attainable by those who dare to test  
their skills, and return fulfilled, a story  
to tell to all they meet when they return  
Home. For those who may leave, it is a dream,  
a glorious paradise, an Eden.

She walks along the grassy banks,  
sees the daffodils and the waves  
and the sky, mottled with clouds  
like clumps of flour not yet folded  
into cake batter, which she cooks mindlessly  
and then eats the tastelessness mindlessly  
for something to take her mind off the fact  
that she lives in a world of colour  
and all she sees is grey.



## TIME

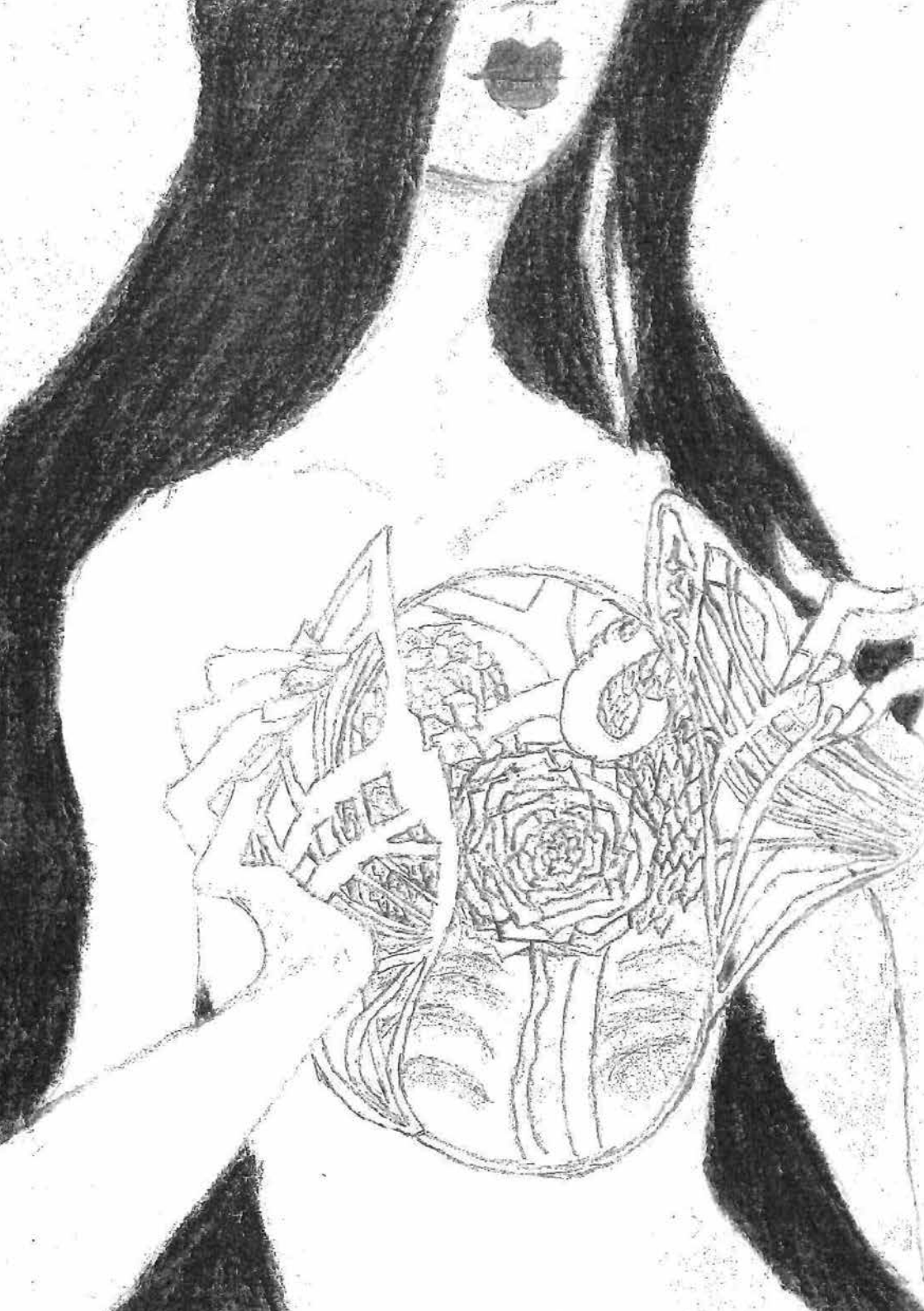
I told myself it was time  
Time to let go  
Time to move on.

Little did I know my heart would refuse,  
Pounding at my chest  
Clawing its way out to meet you.  
Our eyes would meet.  
Being me, I'd turn away coyly  
While your gaze stood still  
Seeing right through my facade.

I thought what we had was powerful  
We could destroy the gods if we wanted to  
although maybe it was all in my head.  
Maybe I was deceived by my own needs  
Because I struggle even still to understand  
Why you did the things you did,  
Said the things you said.  
It contradicted everything I knew about love  
But then again, what did I know?

I told myself it was time  
Time to let go  
Time to move on.

Because as moments passed  
Your gaze began trailing away,  
your eyes began meeting hers.  
If only you would have said from the beginning  
You had no interest from the start  
Maybe then my heart would stop pounding  
Knowing its already torn apart.



## IN LOVE WITH THE ABSENCE OF A MAN

Those eyes made of steel  
were once full of holiness you were baptised in,  
the bleakness within her veins would scream out  
for the ones who dared say her name.  
She was once a being with air that was untouched,  
a gentle grip would mould into a mark of love.  
She loved no more than herself,  
but with eyes like fire and hair full of liars,  
she would become one with what is left of a molten wire.  
Skin that was as fair as freshly falling snow,  
would quickly melt into a pile of vile dread,  
lips that resembled a rose would quickly die  
into the sharp edges of a tongue that  
only knew how to spit out words.  
Her reflection grew colder with the passing days,  
days that were full of rejection of herself,  
the mirror no longer a companion but  
a nightmare that wore white silk to tempt her longing stares.  
Her look so wild she froze those around her to stone  
with one flick of an eyelash that was barely holding on.  
They whisper about self-love and  
how it heals the rot within torn bones,  
how it has the magic to cure an illness that  
found a home within your soul.  
But when faced with one's love to themselves  
they forget how to cherish it within veins  
that were once screaming out for them to only love themselves.  
She was ripped apart with a curse  
that had sharp nails and teeth to match  
because she knew her self-worth without the need of a man  
whose voice only echoed within the needs of his own hollow bones.

#### 4:11 \*

It was Halloween of 86' that my brother died.

We lived and grew up in a small town surrounded by fox tail pines and tall mountains. There was an old coal mine that had been shut down for safety reasons when we were young, causing a lot of families to move out of town, but we stuck around. We couldn't afford to move.

On the night my brother died, we had been drinking at Noah's house with a bunch of his friends. It was getting late. Noah's mom was a nurse and wouldn't be getting home till morning, so we had a place to go. But some of the guys were getting restless and wanted to go outside. A lot of the people there were my brother's friends, but I knew Noah.

I remember looking up to him quite a bit when we were younger; he isn't that much older than me but there was something about him that I admired. He didn't talk too much - he was different - unlike most teenagers, you know the ones that try too hard. One of the main things that I hated about people, not just teenagers, was that everyone took themselves way too seriously. Noah wasn't like that.

When we were younger, he would show up to school some days with a black eye or a busted lip. My brother and I wouldn't say anything though cos we didn't want to make things awkward. We knew that it was his dad that beat him - news travels fast in a small town like ours - especially bad news. So when his dad died in the mine one winter, as dark as it may sound, my brother and I were kind of happy about it. Although Noah didn't admit it, he was happy about it too.

After a long walk, the group decided that they wanted to go and sit in the graveyard; what better place to hang out on Halloween? The air was cold and it was raining a little. There was a subtle mist in the air, which made everything look dreamy and made the streetlights soft and fuzzy. I remember feeling so fresh and light. I don't know if it was the cold or the drugs, maybe it was a mix of the two, but my face was numb.

The drugs were definitely kicking in because I remember being close to tears over how good I felt. I remember just staring at the streetlights, and that happiness turned to sadness. I looked around, and that's when I realised, on that cold, dark street, I finally understood that I was alone. Even among all those people. Even with my brother by my side, I was alone. And then I did cry, only a little, but I don't think anyone noticed.

When we reached the graveyard, we all sat in a circle. Noah was sitting to my left with my brother sitting next to him, and to my right was a fat guy whose heavy breathing made me really uncomfortable.

While we were at the graveyard, we finished the rest of the alcohol, which wasn't much. Some of the group ended up passing out there among the dead, and others threw up behind a tree or a headstone, which I imagine isn't the most respectful thing you could do.

After a while, I realised that it was just me, my brother and Noah left. It had stopped raining and the pale, autumnal moon was casting long shadows. The odours of the mould, vegetation and dirt were mixed together in the misty air.

*"So...what should we do now?"* asked Noah.

My brother wanted to go to the lake, and I was down for whatever. I didn't really want to go home and now that it was just my brother and Noah, I didn't feel as alienated as before. So we headed to the lake.

On our way to the lake, we walked passed the yellow house, what we called the old library, which had closed down when I was younger. It was barely even yellow anymore. All but two of its windows were broken, and we took turns throwing rocks at them from across the street, as some kind of game. It took a while but Noah managed to get one, and a black and white cat bolted out of the building and squeezed under a wooden fence leading into someone's back yard. Then my brother got the other. I felt kind of sad that all the windows were broken, but I don't know why...





## **THE FALL**

I fell for the boy whose small, kind eyes were the warmest shade of chocolate - that seemed to have flecks of an earthy green in some lights, but managed to engulf me in its captivating gaze nonetheless. Whose smile was not dazzling or perfect, but had the ability to cause my heart to flutter when appearing on his pensive, but youthful face. The boy with a deep voice that carried a slow melodious tune that managed to not only soothe my ears but also set my cheeks ablaze when those watchful eyes stared intently at me, and words fell from his pierced tongue. I fell for the boy whose large, seemingly clumsy hands carelessly weaved their way through his feather-soft locks instinctively throughout the day- completely unaware of how I longed to replace his hands with my own. The boy who could envelop me in both a bone-crushing embrace and a soft and gentle one, and still leave me with a warm feeling of comfort and safety. I fell for the way he bashfully ducked his head when embarrassed - a movement so innocent and sweet, an oxymoron to his bad-boy demeanour. And how my mind struggled to form coherent thoughts when his fingers delicately traced the curves of my face, his tentative touch resulting in my breath getting caught and my tongue knotting itself. I fell for the boy who had a heart of gold, that had been battered and bruised by life, but still glowed like the end of his cigarette.

## **FAVOURITE**

He was my favourite poem –  
not the smooth words printed onto a crisp, clean sheet of paper  
but the messy splotches of ink, words and emotion  
that painted the flawed surface of the page with an image of  
iridescent colour under the black and white contrast of ink and paper.

While initially slow, I soon fell in love with the hidden meanings of the words,  
the beauty they held and how at times  
it reflected thoughts from my own mind and  
its emotion resonated within my soul.

## **BIPOLAR FEELINGS**

There is something brewing, deep down  
under all the pretending and *"I'm alrights"*.  
It submerges with and hides behind the  
manners and the social norms.

Maybe everyone's got it?  
Some worse than others.  
So let me tell you about mine.

It hibernates during winter and  
slowly creeps throughout summer.  
It haunts me even when it's not there;  
it likes to play games, dangerous games  
that even you couldn't win.

It's kingdom is waste;  
once you enter, you must bow  
down to its cruel rules.

The only way out is unknown  
because no one has ever come back from it...  
neither sane nor sound.

Perhaps you think you have...not really, because it's  
always waiting to strike again.

You cannot see it unless you pay attention,  
because it's just as invisible as it is invincible,  
shackling and binding my soul where I can't reach it.

It binds me so that I can't see anything else,  
but its one dimensional mist in high definition.  
It covers me like a blanket made of stuff, stinging,  
stone-hard metal wire and it  
squeezes me until I can't breathe.

It is futile to cry for help, because no one  
will truly hear you unless they live in the same  
wasteland of a realm.

Some say it's like drowning, slowly dying,  
being tortured and even living in hell.

For me it's very different because it's simply indescribable.

It is so painful that I would rather drown,  
slowly die, be tortured and live in hell  
to get away from it.

But it won't let me. It doesn't let you.  
It's a thief, a master class of its art, a one of a kind.

It knows what it's doing.

So it robs you of everything, your energy,  
your will to get up.  
Once it's done, and tired of having fun  
with your misery, it leaves –  
to hibernate, regenerate and accumulate  
until the next summer.

An endless cycle of eternity.

## A PERFECT, PALE BLUE

My mother once told me that hearts open only when broken,  
And that truest courage is born from a coward's battle cry.  
I did not recognise blood when my father's lips ran like war, all  
Because my mother spoke in stuttering pinks and lullaby blues.  
Now these walls pray at night with their palms bent skywards,  
In hopes that the empty sky does not forgive as easily as us.

He believed that difficult times birth heroes but tragedy lives in all of us.  
Much like this city of dust, the sun hides everything that is broken  
Until the wolves grow quiet and search for our moon, edging skywards  
Like skyscrapers scraping the floor of heaven. In silence, we'll cry.  
In wonder, she'll die. With dirt in her teeth. And I'll remember her river-red blues  
And the lullaby hues that bent light to shine a different holiness upon us all.

But when his fist left craters in our sky, stars became blind and we died for all  
The heroes who did not worship the same gods. Eyes shut to prayer, to us  
It was a different kind of worship—one that burned above in sunset blues.  
Though we saw the same sky, we found a different truth, bent to look broken.  
Her loss did not belong to us, but we grieved as though it did. We had to cry  
Because it was easier to let rain fall than to ask our hope to climb skywards.

And when the river floods his banks, we'll bend our crooked palms skywards,  
Begging for forgiveness though we have not sinned. Clouds hover over all  
Who dare to walk this cemetery, but books have been burned to make heroes cry  
To emptier skies. We will not stop her rain. Black roses shall bloom between us  
Like funeral goers and her echo will summon a dawn that has been split and broken  
Since our oceans could never reflect the blood in her eyes. Only his broken perfect, pale blue.

His burn does not show on our skin. But it is felt by her. His sky is still a perfect blue  
But when the sun dips, blood will fall like stars. "Tilt your clasped palms skywards."  
She did not ask for more sunlight, just a little less darkness for she did not come broken.  
A new moon will arc overhead and wolves will teach our hero that endurance is all  
She'll ever need to survive the night. A broken ribcage does not always lead us  
To a broken heart we may fall like the mighty but this is not the same. I still cry

For a better morning because she has no stomach to swallow his sky. Let me cry  
For the other mothers who did not come home from a long night of lullaby blues.  
When they hit the pavement did they keep falling because gravity summons us  
To our graves? Do you wonder why she begged us to bend our palms skywards?  
It was so that we would not feel his burn below. His morning light blinds all.  
But her truth is different. He should have known not to fix what was never broken.

Now that his gravity has collapsed, she will seek a new moon, falling skywards.  
It's a different type of falling but we'll sleep so she can raise a better morning in us all.  
And if stars must die to stay alive then maybe her sky was never the only one broken.







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