



Cygnet Stevenage Poetry Book 2020



Welcome to Cygnet Stevenage's first ever poetry collection!

The idea for the poetry project came from the Recovery College tutor, Sally Brett, after the restrictions of Covid-19 meant that being together in the traditional ways changed for everyone. The theme emerged as 'we are better together' and focused on ways of connecting within the restrictions of Covid-19 and our 'ward bubbles'.

Staff and patients used lockdown to get creative and write our thoughts and feeling into poetry. The collection of poems is written by patients and staff from our hospital to express themselves and offer support and strength, using a difficult situation to connect with one another.

Congratulations to all the authors, you are amazing. You may never know how your words have helped someone else.

Laura Baker

Head Occupational Therapist



Doves fly high in the sky,
People on their way to work,
Slaves to the system,
See the doves high in the sky.

Anon

He that loves himself
Can easily love others
Show understanding of
Love and acceptance.

love

Anon



The Voices are so bad I feel like I am going mad!
All the doors are locked no way out,
Pills and injections all the time,
It is like a prison
Scars and scratched, bruises and cuts
Nurses and patients, doctors support workers everywhere
Family, friends come to visit bringing gifts and that,
Songs on repeat all day long
Groups and activities everyday but not for me as I am a
fighter and I am blessed by God! This world is crazy
This isn't a life in here. I have a better things for me to do.

Rachel McAnelly

Pattison Ward



Washed Away

The sea is eternal, beautiful and deep.
But she has many secrets to keep.
Here come the waves, there's no time to sleep.
Don't be fooled, sweet dreams are cheap.
Wake now, the last of the sun has shone.
The tide coming in can be counted on.
Those golden grains the water rushes upon.
And what you wrote in the sand, has simply gone.



Fake Smiles

Protective
Assuring
Tough
Tiring
Inclusive
Supportive
Opportunistic
Never-ending

Fake
Acting
Kind
Evanescence

Succumbing
Mind filling
Inner
Living
Evil
Secrets



Sometimes she sits there and looks. Looks for each mark,
each blemish, each dip and groove. Each one shows something.
A moment, a struggle, a point in time and she was there in every one.
Maybe succumbing, maybe halfway or completely gone.
Some may see flaws, ugliness, something to look at in disgust,
but some see strength. Because they're there but she got through it. They show signs of
a past but she sees a future and maybe just
maybe that's me.



My mood goes up and down several times a day
I am unable to regulate my emotions
It's chaos inside my mind
I feel alone
I feel empty
Sometimes I feel angry
I feel hopeless
I am constantly afraid and scared of almost everything
When I panic, I push you away but it is the time when I need you most
I put up a wall to keep people out because rejection is just too painful
The time when I harm myself are times when I fell so desperate that this is no other
solution It is not an attempt to kill myself
It is an attempt to stop the pain inside myself
Because nothing can compare to feeling total despair
Sometimes I just want to die and end the pain inside my mind
Sometimes I feel I don't deserve to live
Sometimes I hide to see who cares enough to find me
Then when no one comes, I feel forgotten and unworthy
I feel ashamed
I feel guilty
I feel worthless
When it seems like I'm not listening I'm looking away so I can't see the disappointment
in your eyes
I am extremely sensitive to criticism because I think I am not perfect and you will not
love me anymore
I think in black and white
When I'm alone I don't know who I am
I think I do not exist
I depend on people just to feel alive
I just want the pain to go away
I just want someone to love me and not let go

Tia Veysi

Tiffany ward



Happy, happy, happy me
Sitting in the garden having a quiet cup of tea
O' what a luxury
To hear the birds singing and swinging
Through the trees that are lush and green
The frogs in the pond are hopping around
The foxgloves that are popping
Where the bees are buzzing
You can smell the sweet peas
In the breeze that is slightly blowing
Near the strawberries that are growing
And the flowers are dancing in the garden
Where the breeze is slightly blowing
And the green grass is growing
O' what a luxury
Quietly having a cup of tea
Happy, happy, happy me
I have some lovely memories
Just sitting in my garden having a cup of tea

Gina
Head housekeeper



My Journey

Where is Stevenage,
A long bus ride,
Arrive to a big team,
Checking pockets, taking property,
"What's going on? Seems strict",
Onto the ward, "What's that smell?"
First night- no sleep, alarms non-stop
"I hope this was a good move."

The weeks and months pass.
Meeting people, doing OT groups, having a laugh.
Being nudged in the right direction,
"What would you like to do?"
Building confidence, thinking about the future,
A real surprise- psychology is short and specific treatments.
Surrounded by keen optimism, it's starting to rub off.
"I can do this."

Nearing the end.
"We are all supporting your discharge."
I can't thank everyone enough,
Skilled up, right mood, right meds.
A team of dozens working for 1,
Part of me is sad to leave, "It's not all bad."
This was my journey- Good luck with yours.
I just wish those bloody alarms were quieter.

RM

Saunders



Ode to Cygnet

Oh the joys of my Cygnet Family,
I've appreciated the support and the laughs,
Although we should be boundaried,
It is sometimes fun when we are not.
Once I was drenched by the hose.
And although that was not fun,
It was good to see and hear the on looking service users response.
I've had a lot of fun at Cygnet overall, and I will be sad to say good-bye.
But I am glad that I have something that makes saying good-bye so difficult.

Innocent of Mental health

Modern day slavery here we go again
Things are being done wrong, can we not comprehend
Doctors and lawyers will always be friends
Conspire together just for you not to make trends
Mental health is science fiction can't you see the truth
Let me loose from these chains, I ain't no busy moose
Forget Babylonian countries, I want to be free in Zion
Can't you see that I'm desperate and I want to be a free lion
More hungry than a tiger and more hungry than a wolf
I'll rip anybody apart if they try to stop me seeking the truth
Free from these invisible shackles and chains is what I want to be
Come and let us get together and free ourself from mental slavery
Prison may be tough and hard to get by every everyday
But do not seek sanctuary in mental health is where you more become a medication slave
HM Prison is the evil brother, while mental health is the evil sister
When will we ever realise that the system is there to snare us
Harvesting prisoners in prison for mental health funding
Is a nature and degree of fat cats unlawful in it's own dungeon
Stop punishing people to mental health for life funding
Sick and tired of being around these meds worth patients
Somebody get me out of here I ain't got patience
Sick and tired of these damn kangaroo tribunals
Am I the one confuse, or they trying to rule me
Remember when you under a curse or a spell
Always seek help abroad, never seek sanctuary in a UK hotel they call mental health



Aaron Moore
Peplau Ward



There once was a lad
That thought he was a chav
And realises he is also quite bad
Got involved with the wrong crowd and ended up in jail
He did the time but committed no crime
I don't think he knew the sort of crew he was involved with

Mystery of the Grand Clock

Where did the clock go
It was on the wall
Where did the clock go
Tick tock heavy and tall
Why did the clock go
I don't have time
Why did the clock go
I can still hear the chime
Follow the sound
To the stairs follow it down
Left right why is it here
As long as I found I don't care



Food Allergy

Food allergies and intolerances
Am I or am I not obliged
I'm told I cant or cannot
So I reply with so what



You.

You are a wonderful person.

Yes, you.

Don't give me that look

And say, "who?"

I know there are off days,

But there are also good ones.

We can't be on a high all the time,

Otherwise we'd be like the sun.

Saying that, you,

Yes you, are a star.

Now keep that in mind

And you will go far.

I hear you say "are you crazy?"

"I'm not that special!"

But you don't need to be special to matter,

Or to matter to be essential.

Point aside, you either read this aloud

Or inside your head.

So technically all these nice things

I didn't say, you said.

So read this poem again,

But this time in front of a mirror.

Now it looks to me like you've got

A secret admirer!

Anna Smith

OTA

Summer Storm

Waves crash upon a sandy shore,
Rushing and lapping towards lands door.
Breaking waves over rocks,
Mist shrouding high above cliff tops.

The wind picked up as waves grew higher,
Lightening flashed like streaks of fire.
Sounds of thunder all around,
A storm broke lose like a pack of
hell hounds.

Ships sailed projects towards the bay,
For calmer waters to spend the day.
The skies turn grey from a dark pitch black,
The sun tries desperately to fight back.

A distant streak of a yellow gold glow,
Sunshine beyond began to show.
It shone straight out above the bay,
As the black storm clouds drifted away.



Winters arrival

Leaves scatter across the forest floor,
Summers green remains no more.
Cold wind breathed from the cold
far north,
As winter knocked on autumns door.

Branches cracked young and old,
As winters wind began to take hold.
The wind it breathed al little more,
Autumns colours began to fall.

The moon was full this winters night,
Stars stood out like beads of light.
Rabbits jumped up down and over,
While eating veg between the clover.

Badgers grunted under the trees,
Looking for food beneath the leaves.
Deer drinking beside the stream,
Adding tranquillity to winters dream.

Mark Gray

Peplau



Anger

Voices all around me
Telling me to let go
But the anger inside
Me needs to flow
I can't let my anger turn
Into rage
Its making me feel like I'm in a cage
Angels from above
Please come to me
And take my anger
And set me free



Finding the light

There's nowhere you can run and hide,
From your thoughts and feelings that are buried deep inside.
That feeling of emptiness can come back in a flash.
Every thought, every feeling, too much to handle.
You crash!!
They say there's a light at the end of the tunnel,
But finding that tunnel can be a real struggle.
The weight of the world hastily comes back,
Too much to handle when the world seems black.
You don't want to do anything,
You don't want to talk—
But on the days you can't avoid,
You put on the front and walk the walk.
The blackness gets darker, you struggle to cope.
You think of tying your neck with a rope.
But instead you keep on searching for the tunnel in the dark,
Hoping that you'll find a way to come back to your heart.
And when you find that tunnel, you have a little more care,
Because once you find that tunnel the light already there.
It may seem like it's a journey far away,
But learning to cope with your feelings,
Will get you closer to the light everyday.

C Rayer

Tiffany ward



Insomnia

Those sleepless nights,
 Those night-time frights,
 Those demons that come when you turn off the lights.
 Takes your insomnia to new heights.
 The laying down for hours on end,
 When sleep doesn't want to become your friend,
 The lying awake, your sleep, pretend.
 The days and night,
 No beginning, no end.
 The restless body,
 The heavy eyes,
 In your mind all you hear is cries,
 For the sleep you wish for, but never comes,
 No surprise.
 Sleep only wants to come when your body dies.
 Your mind awake, knowing sleeping should
 Be a piece of cake.
 Medication you shouldn't need to take,
 But a natural sleep has had its wake.
 And insomnia stays, which you can't celebrate.



The sun badly stares down,
His emotions scorching, as he reads the sands of time,
With pride he boasts masculine energy,
Serenading rays of his glorious majesty.
The tress, the grass, the lowly sea weeds,
All in a stance hypnotised by his gaze,
As they accept and connect beyond consciousness.
The jealous moon blows kisses,
That ride a cool breeze.
Peacefully violent, conducting water in the oceans,
Playing a symphony that softly creeps up to the shores,
Slowly eroding away a carcass of fear.
Making way for new potential and possibilities.
Spitting out all its swallowed
Swallowing all in the past
If you looked closely enough
You can see the secrets in the beginning,
The secrets in the end,
Hidden in the sands of time.



Mental Health

Making a difference
Exceeding expectations
Never giving up
Teaching new skills
Achieving new goals
Listening to one another

Helping each other
Exceptional people
Achieving greatness together
Life long learning
Through tough times together
Having a safe space

Amy Evans
Housekeeper



Walking in the woods

An adventure through emotions
Beating heart of excitement
Curiosity around the bend
Dreams and things
Existing – is it enough?
Feeling – new, nervous, wanting to explore
Gaining another memory
Happiness in the wonderful wandering
Incredible moments, memories that last for life
Just a walk in the wood
Kindness, respecting life balances
Lifelong learning curves – always happening
Maslow – having the safety but wanting to climb
Nature is giving everything life

Sally Brett

Tutor

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