

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.







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.



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





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





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



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

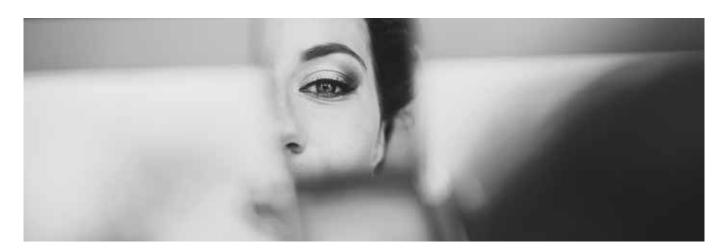
Where did the clock go It was on the wall Where did the clock go Tick tock heavy and tall Why did the clock go I don't have time Why did the clock go I can still hear the chime Follow the sound To the stairs follow it down Left right why is it here As long as I found I don't care





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!



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.



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 cant 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.

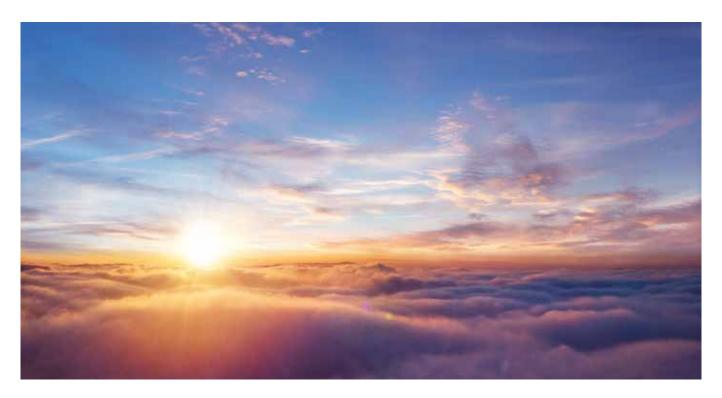
Medication you shouldn't need to take,

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





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

@cygnethealth

f /cygnethealthcare

in. /company/cygnet-health-care

www.cygnethealth.co.uk

Cygnet Health Care, Nepicar House, London Road, Wrotham Heath, Sevenoaks TN15 7PS