



Bipolar Moods: Pole to Pole

by

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Kerry V Baldock Kelly 2015 © model on front cover: Emily Land photography by Kerry Kelly

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Rollercoaster

The endless struggle to reach the front creates anticipation,
Fearfully watching as other riders are hurled into ecstasy,
Bodies forever shuffling slowly forward to their destiny,
Waiting eagerly for excitement through the monotony,
The din and hum of screams lashing through the stifling air,
Finally after an eternity of confinement getting a seat.

Through the gates they trudge and seat themselves uncomfortably,
The giant, black, overhead belts, almost as dark as the train itself,
Lower tightly, squashing an exasperated breath from polluted lungs,
A jolly student in a gaudy yellow suit checks everyone's security,
And signals along the grim station to the hidden, secret control booth,
A warning comes telling passengers how to behave, all goes silent.

Flashing from the bright scarlet alarm intimates dispatch of the cars,
Slowly the giant snake lurches forward carrying humanity to its fate,
Tracks click into motion and a slight drop is felt, trepidation washes over,
Time almost stops as the monster heaves ever upward towards its peak,
Below people move about the bright fair like ants trapped by illusions of rest,
Disappearing into the tiny recess that is Earth as the dragon aims for heaven.

The summit turns into an inclined twist, lego towns appear in the distance,
Sprawling red tracks contrast eerily with the colourless, cruel, coaches,
Loud clicking ceases and the momentary void is rapidly replaced by roaring,
In an instant the beast plunges over a steep ravine, stomachs feel pained spikes,
Adrenaline beats through the travellers forcing out involuntary screams,
Momentum forces the vehicle to rise up like a Phoenix destroyed by fire.

The depressive climb forgotten as the predator flies mercilessly upwards,
Racing enjoyment, a lust for life's experiences, a need for childish delights,
Immediately dropping again, filling the thrill seekers with a tickling fear,
This time the dragon whizzes through the decorative pine trees, round and round,
Over a man made bed of life giving water, the experients lashed by the fountain,
The world is seen in a new light as the train circles a giant loop, suspending riders.

The never ending queue gazes enviously upwards, desperate to escape real life,
One final spin leads up to a terrifying, elevated dead end with only one exit,
There is no where to go, no way out, no way off, the beast's nose touches the barrier,
And with a nail biting whoosh all riders are catapulted backwards on a switched rail,
The adventurers are thrown back to the real world below to become ants once again,
Backwards through the loop, the highs and lows, back to the monotonous point of origin.

The Island

Air rushes past my face as the iron bird disappears, visual panorama,
Of sapphire, emerald and gold the dream of a life we once did behold.

My hand clutches the cord. Fear forces my grip,
As the world rushes beneath me,
Memories do mar and excruciatingly strip.

Last year we did here meet, across the vast azure sea,
And under the shade of the imported palm trees.

We did lie on the sand and bathe in the deep,
Warm sea breezes and the children at our feet.
And as I look down I fancy I see,
Glittering shadows of how our life could now be.

The oceanic roar, or a flood of hard rushing air,
My wits distracted by the kayaks rolling on the cerulean glare.

Deliberations and dreams they now incarcerate me,
I remember feeling blissful a sensation I cannot foresee.

My sight darkens to visions and all I can perceive are the crabs dancing in moonlight and the floodlit
pools,

The waiters there serving a feast for all.

We were a family then, but you say that cannot be,
And now I only have a tropical land mass memory.
Of Mynahs and tigers, toucans and sharks,
Swirling great rivers and eroded arcs,
Bustling coral and feeding fish,
If I could go back to that it would fulfil my only wish.

But if my life is only in contented memories drenched,
And each day a field of forlorn toil my recompense;
Then tear the skin from my flesh, and sear the flesh from the bones, for it must be less painful than this,
I have tried to forget the homeliness.

And now as the breeze beats hard on my face,
My one final joy is to others disgrace,
For there is one way to retain those days of joy ,
And it will only take simple courage and a loose grip to employ.

The Hearth

Energy starts with a glowing spark kindling with balsa sticks,
Spreading steadily into a warming, wavering orange flame,
A mountain of criss-crossed, muddy turf beckons the glow,
Responding to the call the fire grows rapidly, reaching upward,
Caressing the crumbling, dark blocks with excited vigour,
Illuminating the shiny marble base with its elegant dance,
The bright imps cheekily running across the fuel, leaping high,
Contrasted by the arched ebony surround and dense, teak mantelpiece,
Two logs sit uneasily on the mound, roasting, spitting in protest,
Eyes cannot help but focus on the stinging, mesmerising exhibition,
Knowing the home will be warm all night, leaving only sleepy embers in the morning.

In Darkness

In an impoverished cruel world she walks,
Forcing a moonshine smile that hides stifled searing tears,
Choking back she integrates with a soulless community,
Altruism is a myth and disappointment reigns supreme,
In silent moments behind closed doors she lets blood,
Beating the walls to release the pain burning inside,
Fighting the two persons struggling in her clouded mind,
Both alone even without each other screaming to belong,
To love, to live, to be loved and escape the desolation,
Which stings more each long thunderous day,
Like a poisoned dog she prays the inexplicable pain would stop,
As times rolls on so too does her sad swim into despair,
Her cries lost in the darkness until one grim night,
The numbness sets in zombieified the blood flows
And an endless sleep consumes,
Now stands an ironic memorial in her name,
It reads beloved wife and daughter,
Yet lays covered with rotting weeds,
Engulfed by the stale stench of neglect!

The Ocean's Embrace

The engine's motherly humming ceases, the protective anchor is dropped,
Home is a grey silhouette jutting into the distant sea,
His bright yellow coat cuddles him warmly,
A calm, warm day provides a slight breeze to kiss his cheeks,
Serene, watchful blue skies answer the hue of the compassionate, gentle waves,
His innocently white, wooden boat rocking him soothingly, like a crib,
He is embraced by adoring silence,
The rod reaches into the depths, its hook gazes longingly at the lively world beneath,
Occasionally he spies affectionate dolphins dancing on the waves,
A smile twitches, like a successful rod,
He is fully alive in the stillness, relishing every kind moment,
A tug jolts softly, he has a catch, useful fodder,
Not essential for the experience.

The Shore

Acrid air lies abandoned against the beach,
Boats cunningly crash beneath the clouds,
Crumbling crustaceans form colourful curves,
Disused dens sit dilapidated in the distance,
Frosty foam forms edges on the gravel's glow,
Humidity hangs heavy on the harsh horizon,
Isolated ivory and incandescent contrasted skies,
Licked by lacerating lightening illuminating,
Murk on the molten, mildew, misused mud,
Puddles and peddles permeate the petrified pier,
Ragged and rotten remnants soaked on the shore,
Spattered with strew shrimps and spiked shells as,
Tides whizz white water over the forsaken shingle.

Wild River

At the mountainous peak A hawk swoops to observe a sharp-needled Juniper bush nestling on barren land,

Nearby pure, jaded waters trickle from elevated Earthly stones born of the ground and recycled in the formidable smoky sky,

Rams feed from the fountain sheltered by pinnate Ash leaves which flap in the nectar breeze sprayed from Golden Lurnham flowers,

Meanwhile the spring erodes with subtle strength and steers a downward course passing the hanging spruce by.....

At lower lands shining leathery reflections of the stream echo in the festive crimson Holly,

The delicate descent drags sediment laden fluid and drenches the living woodland turf,

The Catkin of the pale leaved Hornbeam thrive, Heather and Lilac, Lemongrass and Rose flourish,

The pebbles are dragged with clanking sound and Dragonfly soaked banks are formed beneath protective Copper Oaks and giant Sequoia,

The enslaved minerals bleed sustenance into the land where purple damson, Greengage and Wild Cherry flourish.

The tributary drives on dampening the flat home of the Poplars, hydrating the dense Creeping Willow and giving life to the Lime's sunshine flowers,

The unchartered world surrounding it thrives like Eden waiting to be explored.....

Yet, should drought, heat and hardship suffocate the cool ripples, should stresses dry the pool then the green leaves wither, the vegetation and cattle shrivel; A desolate, hopeless desert is all that remains!

But when several streams converge and rains are plentiful, And waterfalls pour on a turquoise lagoon overseen by Emerald, Ruby and Sapphire big-billed birds,

When tiny springs are nurtured by ancient lakes or Mangrove rich bays and the river joins at estuaries,

Then the springs potential is realised through the abundance of the ocean and later its plankton is shared with smaller seas,

Overseen like a new born child, by the wise guidance of the aged moon.....

Mare Gravem

The world is just colourful visions, soundless.
Unbearable pain sears through my skull, drilling,
You're there my sibling then you're gone,
The catalyst that ends all security,
When you leave a piece of me dies daily,
Alienated in a hostile world I cannot comprehend.

Timeless silence melts down with pure rage,
Kin structure collapses I am alone,
Floating restlessly in an abundant sea,
Moving on sucked amongst disguised sharks,
Looking for what I wished I had,
Feeling the pain of other's cruelty cutting,
Directionless, suspended in a watery grave.

For a time I find a false hope, fighting fate,
Love of kinds embalmed with jealousy,
Thwarted with conflict, bereavement, grief,
Destined to implode, Draining life's essence,
Triggered by the unwelcome touch of another,
Rebounded into thunderous purgatory,
Escaping into a boiling dysfunctional cauldron,
Burning for eons, every feeling ceases.

And every emotional escape freezes in hell,
And there in the eve lies an offer of serenity,
To sleep peacefully in the oceanic shelter,
The psirens silhouetted in the beckoning moonlight,
Sing to draw me in, A perfect, dulcet lullabye,
Offering the ecstasy of cool, dark emptiness,
Mesmerised by the howling, angry tide below,
The footing is lost, the jagged rocks fall away.
I submit, The plummet over the ravine is swift,
The tranquility of my aqueous Mausoleum,
Eternal.....

Sanguine Fervour

You're welcome in! I've seen you....

In my dreams, as in life, echoing the velvet onyx abyss of your soulless heart,

And sweetly enshrouded with the eternal stench of history's charm.

The doors, portcullis to my chamber, lay stark wide,

permitting pure precipitation to flood the ivory gateway,

In readiness for your empowering presence.

I recline as the embers cool....

The oak clock clangs breaking the deftly silence of my creamy satin nest.

The sound ceases filling my body with fear and anticipation,

Momentary ambivalence, A desperate urge to fight the mesmeric stupor,

To shut you out!

But my desire enforces paralysis and there with aching trepidation I lay.

Nubile and motionless the emerald flecks of my eyes meet your black stare,

Your gaze pierces me as you materialise from nothingness;

Tall, foreboding, pale with a mane of Earthly hair.

As you approach your cognitive grip tightens,

Our psyches coalesce!

I see your depravities; Death displaces desire,

And torture is thrust upon idolaters.

Still, I want you, that is your power.

I surrender my life to you even as your deathly, ice lips caress mine,
Unable to overcome the sense of depravity triggered by that loathsome longing,
I hesitate, in an acknowledgement of reticence your eyes,
Your stunning, seductive eyes stare into mine.
In deep swoon I am willed to relax, to fall into a waking reverie,
Filled with a sense of peace, beset by your refuge.
Then, in a climactic instant your canines penetrate my chastity,
Draining my life's fluid and my world sinks into an obscure dusk.....

Sweet sleep excludes the brilliant sun,
My only stirrings emanate from our minds merging;
Locked behind the bars of your malevolence I see victims cruelly slain,
Solely for knowing you and you watch me gazing in.
An eternal parasite cursed; Darkness, solitude and damnation,
An emptiness crying out for pity, the demon within judged for its deeds,
Fueling its anger and passions,
Driving a desire that may never be sated,
My soul builds a resistance to the disease and I implore you for a reprieve,
With no compassion my sanctuary is denied and once again you appear.
With a Tiger's strength I draw myself from that lust filled place of rest,
Stumbling, dazed and weak my feet tread stone villa floors.
Even in my escape I am drawn to you,
Your whispers tremour through me as I desert on my steel stead,

Your imploring tones willing my return, fighting with memories of the beloved you stole,

Now just us alone in a crowded universe,

Hastily I travel through the mountain pass, mere shapes silhouetted in the dark.

My mind in turmoil and my body hungering for yours,
The cool night breeze pierces my skin, I loose control!
In a flash of metal and light my mortal flesh is broken like porcelain,
My skin ripped, my spirit weary bidding me to sleep through the trauma.
I feel you holding me like the lover you can never be, moving me, time passes...
You tend me with a callous cherishing,
Healing your prey to make it fit once again for the hunt,
And with gruesome degradation you feed me from your own veins,
And with grotesque wantonness I submit to your offering,
Overawed by the eroticism, aphrodisia and sensuality,
Your silent, false promise that you will shield me forever.
In that moment of bliss I give myself to you,
You make the pain stop,
You satisfy your own thirst!

Frozen air sneaks through the derelict boards,
I wake in an abode that has haunted my dreams, slumped coldly on chilled steps,
The crimson warmth of days passed replaced by damp rot and sombre shade,
Solitude perforates my empyrean blood,
Loss of my kin has broken my fire,
A life once so learned, travelled and communal destroyed,
You are all I have, my vengeance quelled by an unnatural proclivity,
To be yours eternally,
To be loved and subjugated equally, but your heart does not beat!

I am here at your will, forced to choose as you wish,
Punished with desolation and debility,
Infected by your fluids, which dominate my clay.
Timorously I call your name and there aloof at the window crevice,
You materialise as if there you had always been,
I beg for release from your enchantment,
To forget this agonising cry from the depths of my being,
Your numb stare repudiates my appeal,
My choices are narrowed; annihilation or eternal perdition,
Everlasting surrender to your sovereignty,
Lacerated through your necessary infidelity,
An assassin afflicted with immortality's curse,
And yet with these apprehensions you still captivate me.
Unable to bear being abandoned in this weakened state I come to you,
I rise as you wish,
I stroke your dreadful shell succumbing to your carnality,
Your claws clasp my soft curls and the kiss you offer blazes,
Gnarled nails trail my throat, easing the silken slip strings from my shoulders,
Ivory points encircle my lips, cheeks, hair and throat,

The puncture stings with libidinous relief ebbing with each gulp,
My senses heighten, I energise and in a moment of clarity I draw from you,
Night escapes leaving the scarlet sun dawning slowly,
Before the last trickle of humanity evades me I break away,
Away from eons of emotional emptiness,
I throw myself at the mercy of the burning sun,
Exquisite burning relieves me of mortality and immortality,
You howl, you love, we should have been one.
With regret for what could have been I return to dust.....

Dreams after Film Night

Eerie empty streets, sheltered by darkness,
The Parish village a cluster of Auld Shebeens,
The clinking voices echo, unnaturally,
My feet drag, eyes blind to the lights,
Into the rural wilderness, no moon,
My feet drag into the farmer's wilderness.

Old Tom's house is cobwebbed like his chin,
Haunting, darkened windows, eyes to the soul,
I force the derelict cottage door, expecting light,
The jolly furnishings evolved into dreary remnants,
No sign of Tom! Dust, webs and a hint of blood,
His bed now an altar, his wrapped body rises undead.

The hammering of marching corpses fill my ears,
Trapped like an arachnid's prey I run or fly,
I am in another world, a world of melancholy,
Pushing through the bodies I struggle to escape,
There on the woodland lane shining lights descend,
Azure demons emerge from the tree's shadows.

Some folk from the Parish await their demi-gods,
Capturing others for cruel sacrificial trauma,
I am held, forced to watch the visceral mutilations,
Only as greying daylight approaches can I escape,
Visions of flayed men tied to Monastic ruins cling,
The deceased now over run by platoons of fearsome apes.

To our kins' home I run, a great white house, penetrable,
I ask for sanctuary, but they are determined to surrender,
I know better! To no beast will I be a mindless slave,
I plead with them to reconsider. I am sadly ignored,
Floating away I look back and see an ape covered home,
And hoards of the beasts streaming down the lane.

Can this be? An elevator in the sleepy countryside?
Reluctantly I step in, I cannot resist, but I am afraid,
The lift rises and rises for eons until jolting still,
As the doors part in steps an inhuman, handsome man,
Dark of hair, possessed by foreign beings, consumed,
He breathes out his parasite and shares it with man.

My simple life is long gone, invaded by unnatural beings,
Feelings of fear mixed with the excited rush of adrenaline,
This is the unknown, grim dimension. The apes build below,
I step into the lift and land on an unresponsive dappled mare,
Beyond the parish our familiar ocean still glows, beckoning,
Finding a wooden raft on the reef filled beach I try to leave.

The waters flow softly, not with their usual ferocity,
I drift until reaching the bedraggled, stony pier,
The apes, furious and furrowed are laying in wait,
Two sea dragons, intelligent, olive, almost human take me,
I am strapped callously to a giant steeple bell and swung,
As Buddha lies like a giant, crippling the villagers below.

Muted Witness

The guilt rips the remains of my rotten soul,
A disheveled wretch tormented, bleeding with guilt,
Unable to look at our mother for shame,
I am not the culprit who extinguished you but she is kin,
Her action has muted my tongue forever,
Lest the matter destroy further the remnants of our home!

I beg and pray to God that this were a dream,
And I would wake confused and disorientated but free,
Knowing that my sibling lived warmed with the life's blood,
Living in ignorance cripples the declining matriarch,
Truth would tighten the caustic chains and never set her free,
Her residual tribe would be annihilated, miscarried and that can never be!

Sister sleeping in the Earth your feet trod on many hearts,
Your sharp-tongue and blind self indulgence hurt,
A deficiency of empathy and objectivity was your Hubris,
Never noticing the wrath filled army brimming with vexation that grew,
Blindly acting with malice scarcely shielded by our devotion,
Foolishly blundering on, your eyes obscured to your lineage's reactions!

The vision of our kinswoman's vengeance clouds my spirit,
Mentally she perceived you as a vicious arachnid requiring poison,
The creature, on polluting her home, was bound and lacerated,
Persecuted for its cruel infestation, unaware of its offensive presence,
The beast, reduced by acid and heat as if it never existed, expired in dread!
I struggle with blood-stained knowledge and loss of your flighty soul,
But for our lineage and forbearer I will suffer until the day I am dead!

The Spiritual Circle Collection

In darkness first spark

Forms nature's first light trigger

Slow development

Heaven as cosmos

Miracle formed of first thought

Souls vary in form

Early life in space

Evolution waters shape

Housing consciousness

Interconnected

Universally attached

Many souls are one

The dormant plant self

Underlying the animal self

Eons of learning

God flows through us all

Omnipotent, eternal

Light forms many souls

Higher self hidden

Shared collective unconscious

Beams of one make all

Cells replace old cells

Ever changing life river

Souls are forever

Memories hidden

Bodily inheritance

Soul inheritance

Thoughts Imprint, reborn

Rock, amoeba, plant, creature

Human to spirit

Wisdom to spirit

The collective, one being

Then returning home

No One's Ghost

Today I died,
I am no one's ghost,
Life sapped my energy,
Each day I slowly ebbed away,
Life force drained by human vampires,
Scars of emotional pain thinned my skin,
My heart bled in confused, monstrous, silence,
The hole left by those forever departed can never close,
Exhausted by the overwhelming sense of eternal, sad servitude,
The need to belong replaced with forsaken desertion and abandonment,
Drowning in a melancholy reservoir soaked in the frosty waters of pure anguish,
Unable to communicate with these strange beings of similar form, but mercenary souls,
Perplexed and bewildered by the rush of complex sensation that crowds my fragile, tortured mind,
Unable to understand the social convention and dogma that entraps accustomed people,
Frustratingly falling into awkward situations, anger at my misapplication inverted,
Lost in a world I will never comprehend, unaided, plagued with suspicions,
Learning only from mortifying, life changing errors of judgment,
Detaching slowly from the perplexity of sad heartbreak,
Incapacitated by attachment's crippling needs,
Moods and perceptions rapidly changed,
Until no more I could endure the pain,
The wounds became numbed,
The animated zest drained,
No one's ghost am I,
Today I died.....

Lady Mary

The black bearded Captain Daniels took Mary to sea,
In the bloody, crested moonshine they floated fairly free,
The powers of the stars' lighting the diamond, white ice,
The taste of peachy-grapes, yeast, potatoes and apple slice,
Old Paddy Morgan, the Helmsman with strange powers,
Steers the vessel away from the raging April showers,
And into the blue slammers the fortified ship flew,
My Fair Lady delving into paradise painted in blue,
As a screwdriver tears at a fizzing rusty nail,
A hurricane blew up, an Earthquake like gale,
Flying through the night with no thought at all,
She spins out of control not considering her imminent fall!

Mindy

Buzzing, annoying buzzing, Mindy knew it was time to get up,
Quickly she dressed, pulling on unattractive navy overalls,
Scraping her once lush, greying hair into a greasy ponytail,
She calls the children and rushes down the uncarpeted stairs,
Her two boys stir and groggily dress to the smell of bacon crisping,
The only sound her husband's grotesque drunken snoring fills the air.

Mindy yawns whilst hastily serving up food and packing lunches,
An extra plate is prepared and she serves her husband as he lays in,
The boys, brunette like their father, eat speedily and leave their plates,
She checks their uniforms and their school bags before herding them out,
All three bundle into the dented, purple, aging saloon. The key is turned,
Chug, chug and silence. Cursing in her mind the haggard woman climbs out,
The bonnet popped, leads attached and as usual the vehicle is jumped from another battery.

Clunking and spluttering the car pulls up at an overcrowded first school,
The dilapidated building complements unruly ragged children tearing around,
Mindy's day has just begun, she correctly anticipates being stuck in urban traffic,
There she sits, moving like a snail through the polluted, overgrown town's messy jams,
Finally pulling into an ancient hospital she sighs as her money enters the machine,
Struggling with the notion that she has to pay for working a thankless job.

In the hospital she is an invisible presence pottering from ward to ward,
The medical staff are blind to her as she mops floors, scrubs toilets and changes beds,
The trust struggles to maintain nurses and cuts had to be made to cleaning staff,
Mindy has a thankless extra workload. Her ankles swell, her feet ache, her eyes are bleach stung.
For seven hours she toils knowing that the man who promised to cherish her rests.
Back through traffic she poodles, returning to collect her babies.

The washing basket is overloaded. Filthy dishes and a sprawling husband meet her,
Mindy cuts herself peeling potatoes and scalds her hand when washing up,
Mop, bucket, duster, spray, more bleach. She moves from room to room fatigued.
Clothes are hung on the airer and another bundle shoved in. Her husband sleeps,
Only waking when handed his roast, he eats and complains about hard carrots.

The boys need help with their homework. They need a bath. They need a drink.
Her husband demands money, his mates are in the pub. A release from nagging wives,
She sighs, the bills are mounting. He holds his fat, soft hand out and she fills it sadly.
The boiler is broken, has been for some time. She builds a fire from litter in the hearth,
Plastic melts on her stinging hand. The boys run in and out soiling tiles with dirty prints,
The mopping begins again. Mindy is tired, not just sleepy, tired of living. The boys argue.

None of her friends come around now, she is too ashamed of her home,
Ashamed of a home she slaves to keep. Ashamed of a bullish husband, depressed by apathy.
There is no light ahead for Mindy. She cries in the bathroom alone whilst wiping the sink,
Or pulling hair from the scum laced shower plug, in the next room her sons bounce,
A slat snaps and she rushes in dutifully to fix it, over the years becoming adept at caretaking.
The bedtime story is ignored, music booms and the lads bicker even though bed time has passed.
Midnight, she cleans again, the children are silent. She hates waking up to mess,
She dozes until woken by the front door banging at two in the morning. Mindy lays still.
It doesn't matter, the oaf still wants congress. He tries and falls asleep moody and frustrated.

Buzzing, annoying buzzing, Mindy knew it was time to get up, again and again,
One dark, foggy morning she takes her husband's abandoned hunting gun,
The trigger is pulled, but first she cleans. Every woman in the street knows why.

Declan's Dilemma

'You mistook gout for a slipped disc,' the good Doctor cried,
'No more rich meats or seafood may be put in your fry,'
'I'm in bad form but my diet is healthy..
As for seafood and meat I'm just not that wealthy!'
'Dehydration could be the underlying cause,'
To which I had to reply with barely a pause
'My thirst is well sated, my tankard is full.
I can drink to the depths beyond a great waterfall,'

'And,' continued the Doctor with his eyebrow raised high
'Therein does the grass root of this problem lie! '

Recluse

Brown, bricks of turf lie,
stacked up against the grey wall,
The flourishing, jade moss subtly hidden,
The farming cottage's ivory walls beckon repainting,
Overshadowed by the derelict, crumbling, home house next door.

A rusty barely red gate splits,
Cutting the wall down the middle,
Elegantly highlighting a paved garden path,
Leading to the clear, glass porch with sliding, grubby windows,
A few, flaking, bronzing trees litter the grassy overgrowth to the front.

Cars rarely pass through,
The Parish, remote, peaceful,
The small cottage provides enough room,
One aging man and his faithful, lively sheepdog,
Occasionally he emerges in his peaked cap to collect fuel.

Once a week he leaves,
Driving to the Parish Tavern,
Smiling cheerfully as he opts to sit alone,
A knowledgeable man, well aware of all local news,
Isolated by his own weakness, his own fear of outsiders.

Exotic Express

Big, blue, Buddha rests under the misty nebula of the Hawaiian rain,
Kali's black magic swirls in a silver vortex hazing the island crystal,
The smell of Blueberry brings hope to Cinderella's platinum ghost,
As champagne violates the Northern lights of the endless velvet sky,
The sandstorm leaves echoes of mango, blueberry, and grapefruit,
As the White Widow and Ice Lady lead the souring, Hindu skunk,
Amnesia sets in freeing Shiva from his lemon-silver super nova,
To join his peers in the velvet, pearl tropicana of the sun's dreams,
Where the thai kush grows and pineapples form the sublime expressway.....

Grandfather Clock

Tick, tick, tick, a large Grandfather clock breaks the peaceful silence,
Tick, tick, tick, deafening in the confines of the floral papered walls,
Tick, tick, tick, a white Victorian dado separates brink from ceiling,
Tick, tick, tick, the elderly lady with curled grey hair snoozes gently,
Tick, tick, tick, her scarlet knitting ball pierced with needles in her lap,
Tick, tick, tick, she reclines in a high, cushioned, green patterned armchair,
Tick, tick, tick, a large emerald mat covers the colour streaked fading carpet,
Tick, tick, tick, her leather clad, black Bible rests, bookmarked on a table,
Tick, tick, tick, the tables leaves are dropped and a crochet ivory cloth covers,
Tick, tick, tick, Behind the lady sits a formica, glass cabinet full of nostalgia,
Tick, tick, tick, photos of children and grandchildren adorn the sweet trolley,
Tick, tick, tick, The serenity is reflected in a huge hanging blue tinted mirror,
Tick, tick, tick, Beautiful roses decorate the frumpy sofa lazing below,
Tick, tick, tick, a ceramic clown looks out of the single glazed bay windows,
Tick, tick, tick, the curtains neatly opened, proving a view of the quiet street,
Tick, tick, tick, Sunday afternoon after morning worship and a lovely roast dinner,
Tick, tick, tick, please clock turn back, undo the loss and grief, all is now memory,
Tick, tick, tick, let me not rush, busy with my own life, forgetting what is important,
Tick, tick, tick, let me waste an afternoon with my Nan.

Cage

The Cage

Cold and dark with gaudy green paint,

A nude cell with a stone bed and flat mattress,

Buzzing light breaking the silence,

A rough blanket slung carelessly, no pillow,

The toilet a shameful hole in the floor,

A small, barred window too high to grab daylight,

How did I get here?

Mania, the Doctor said, foolish behaviour,

A night of drink and drag racing with a sirened car,

Urgency and uncontrollable excitement,

A night of spinning with the handbrake and rallying,

My silver Accord became a toy to vent,

A dangerous weapon, I chastise my own insanity,

Will I suffer another episode?

Will I always be enslaved by my own mind?

Do not cry

Do not cry for my body, it was nothing but a shell,

Never constant, ever changing and renewed,

So how can it be me?

Do not cry for my beliefs, the human mind errs,

Crippled by chemical instinct and emotions,

So how can they be me?

Do not cry for my learning, societal manipulation,

Culturally bias to control the sub structures,

So how can it be me?

Do not cry for my failings, losses and troubles,

They are fleeting moments lost in time,

So how can they be me?

Rejoice instead that I thought, loved and lived,

Do not mourn for what you think was me,

Rejoice for my soul's freedom,

As I now live eternally!

Remember me

I need to cry but I can't,

The tears just don't come anymore,

I need to cry but I can't,

Heartache and hurt has just become the norm,

I need to cry but I can't,

So many people around me and yet I feel so very alone,

I need to cry but I can't,

Sometimes I want to sleep for so long that I never wake again,

I need to cry but I can't,

If I did I know that like a powerful waterfall the pain would engulf and tears never cease,

I need to cry but I can't,

I am wholly unable to express how I feel after years of guilt laden suppression of the burning pain,

I need to cry but I can't,

If someone reads my words someday when I have left this mortal coil, think of me, remember me and empathise,

Because I need to cry, but I can't!

Letter from the Author

I decided to place this letter at the end of my work, Dear Reader, as I felt that personal and reflective interpretation of the emotions conveyed in these poems was ideal. Ideal for another Bipolar survivor to empathise with and supporters of a Bipolar survivor to empathise with. As an afterword I can now explain that these poems were written over a period of seven years and, hopefully, demonstrate the many symptoms of a Bipolar sufferer. When researching the symptoms of Bipolar seekers will often find a simple list of words that may read: Insomnia, Depression, Elation, Poor Judgement, Self Medication, Suicidal Thoughts and so forth. These single words do not depict the true struggles and very harsh emotions of the Bipolar Survivor. As such I have placed together a series of poems which change erratically from peaceful to depressive, obsessive, restless, tearful, self medicating and even suicidal.

In no way do I advocate any of these behaviours or emotions, I am simply clarifying the genuine thoughts that tear through a survivor's mind when going through a high, low or even rapid cycling episode. My hope is that these poems will give the reader some insight into the very real, raw emotion of this malady.

I hope that any reader inspired by these poems will find their own creative outlet to turn those emotions into positive attributes.

With thanks

Kerry

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About the Author



Kerry Valkyrie Baldock Kelly was born and raised in Kent, England. She studied at The University of Kent, The University of Greenwich and The Open University completing degrees in; Science, Law, Psychology, Humanities, English, Social Sciences and Creative Studies. In 2007 Kerry completed her Master's degree in Social Science and is currently completing her PhD. Kerry was first published in a Gothic Fanzine at the age of 13. Her most recent publication was 'Sid' a short story in Entropy. Kerry travelled extensively with her five children before settling in rural Ireland and marrying Declan Kelly.

Kerry struggled ongoing extremes of mood and obsession until, in 2008, she was diagnosed with Bipolar, OCD and Epilepsy. Kerry found poetry an ideal outlet to turn the raw emotion into character, imagery and feeling.