the great escape

An anthology of poetry by prisoners at HMP Forest Bank
Cell Secrets
The only friend
The only friend I have, is the other me,
We look the same, if you saw him you would think it was me.
   His style is a bit wacky,
   And his confidence is sky high
Oh what would it be like to be like me.
   Bet he doesn’t feel my hatred,
Feel my pain, suffer the same torture.
   They don’t understand us,
   The way they look at me,
I can see the fear I some
   Yet such pitty in others.
How are we so invisable?
Speaking, pleasing, hurting hatred rising,
   The fire burning,
They don’t see us, don’t hear us,
   Who are we?
   Who am I?
Give up, fight on or die.
I can fool most of the wing all of the time,
    But increasingly, I’m beginning to find,
    That I can’t fool me, none of the time,
    The door is shut, the cell is 12 by 8,
    And I feel crushed by the weight,
Of the things I’ve done the choices I have taken,
The life I’ve lived, the love I have forsaken,
    One of the secrets about my cell,
Is how alone, vulnerable and scared I feel all by myself,
    There’s no audience to play up to,
    Just me, myself and I,
It’s not big or clever to wipe tears from my eye,
    So I stifle the sob, choke back the pain,
    It will be soon quarter past seven,
    The door will open again,
    The games afoot, start a new,
    But we know different, me and you,
That the secret of my cell, my 12 by 8,
    Isn’t its length - it’s the weight.
Just a Note To Say
Me and my life

My life is the best,
At times there have been.
But the reason for that,
is because the drugs make me keen.

They make me a man, of courage and rage,
But the reality of drugs have left me to be caged.

My life is a journey of 2 paths and 1 road,
The path that I’m on now, could lead me to home.
Sucking on self-pity
Sucking on self – pity’s sweet treat,
Quietly indulging in my self-defeat,
Using laughter as my camouflage,
Deflection dressed as sabotage,
Weirdly enjoying plumbing the depth,
Smiling even as I wept.
Mental Health
Chill Out

Sit,
Stare,
Aware.
Emotions Flowing
Always Knowing,
What lurks inside,
Sometimes it hides.
Just underneath,
Like an itch in the teeth.
The trigger awaits,
At the starting gates.
Please go away,
To yourself you can say.
So is it just me,
Or are there more?
I’m asking myself,
As I lie on the floor.

Trying to keep back what wants to get out,
Resisting the urge to lash out and shout.
The urges subside and the shakes fade away,
You’re fighting them back long day after day.
So please don’t despair,
It isn’t just you.
There’s plenty of people in which to talk to.
One – two up to ten,
Get on those feet again.

Every day is a new start
The road not taken

The road not taken,
The wonderful path.
Endless solution,
The greenest of grass.
For the road not taken,
An illustrious route.
Timeless regret,
Following suit.
Along the road not taken,
Trace the way.
Regressive fantasy,
Joker at play.
On the road not taken,
Determinate course.
Signposted ‘should’,
Emotional force.
In the road not taken,
Directional lies.
Distorted present.
Reality dies!
The road not taken for a reason!
The door slams shut behind you, 
Echo’s through time, Tortures your mind 
Windows and bars, can see your scars 
Walls closing in 
Stop, please stop. 
Screams out loud, with no sound. 
Help please, 
There’s no one around.
Curled up on a cold stone floor, 
Hand on ears 
Can’t take no more, 
Who’s are these voices I hear, 
Screams from afar 
Stop please cannot take no more. 
Bang bang bang on the cold metal door. 
Picks up the blade, 
Releases the pain, 
Stops the voices once again 
Crimson tear drops, all around.

Curl up now on blood red ground. 
No one comes, no ones there 
Please Please, someone care. 
My last heart beat, 
Still no one’s there 
In the morning, they find him there 
Covered in red, on that cold stone floor, 
Was his last bed 
Crimson red tears everywhere 
It’s too late now to even care.
Pipe Dreams and Tortured Minds

Help to free me, free my mind
Pipe dreams and tortured minds.
Its all around me, day in day out.
Makes me wanna scream and shout.
Shout it from the roof tops, make it stop.
My very own ground hog day.
Don’t listen to what others say.
Trust me, see for yourself, don’t listen to the lies,
See the truth in my non lying eyes,
See my pipe dreams, my tortured mind.
New ones come others leave,
Try might some, yet only a few succeed.
Do it for you, not just to please.
Dealing with demons down memory lane,
The things we’ve seen, past deeds done,
Deal with your demons or face the gun.

Take off those red tinted glasses,
Get your head out the clouds
Plant your feet upon the ground.
Open your eyes, free my mind.
STOP living the pipe dream,
The pipe isn’t as nice as it seems.
Wake up, listen to your screams.
Let go the pipe dreams.
She’s worse than anything you’ve even known or ever seen.
She’ll leave you homeless, black or blue,
Nowhere left to go, who are you?
Lost years and many tears
Broken homes shattered hearts
Prayers unanswered, so many roads, run,
One last chance, take it ! Don’t run!
Face the bullet – beat the gun.
Regret
The number you’ve dialled has not been recognised!
I was naïve when I met you
Life was so fast…..
A meeting by chance
You topped up my glass…
We toasted our friendship
And connected our lips…..
How was I to know?
I was only a kid!

I HATE WHAT YOU’VE DONE
YOU BROUGHT NOTHING BUT PAIN
I PROMISE YOU THIS….
IT WON’T HAPPEN AGAIN!

I was drawn straight to you
When my life it imploded…
The supports that you offered
Were bent and corroded…
The hand you held out
Dragged me into hell…
You syphoned my soul
Left my body a shell!!

I NOW SEE WHAT YOU BRING
AND HOW YOU LOVE SHAME
WELL WE’RE OVER, IT’S FINAL
DON’T CALL ME AGAIN!

I let you take over
Put my heart in your care…
Taught me your lesson
But made it unfair…
Well I see through your plan
And I owe it to some…
To make amends for my actions
And what I’d become!

I HATE WHAT YOU’VE DONE
YOU BROUGHT NOTHING BUT PAIN
I PROMISE YOU THIS….
IT WON’T HAPPEN AGAIN!

No more will you rule
Or tell me your lies….!
With the shame that you cause
It should be no surprise…
I don’t need your fake help
Or your phoney effects
From now on my life
Is based on respect!

I NOW SEE WHAT YOU BRING
AND HOW YOU LOVE SHAME
WELL WE’RE OVER, IT’S FINAL
DON’T CALL ME AGAIN!
Regret, loss, wounded
It’s quiet hard to come to acceptance,
Of the key to a touch of repentance.

Let the key do the work for me,
Of letting go to the inner Lee.

They say a rolling stone gathers no moss,
Let the rock be the weight of loss,
Bouncing over the river bed of regret,
Taking it with it the negative set,
Of emotions that weigh like heavy chains,
Swapping them over for positive gains!