

Read the latest selection of Tim's poems.

Child's play

At heart, like many people, I am still very much a child. Very small and naïve who gets pleasure from the silliest of things, the littlest of things. As an addict, with that child's desire to play, I look back and I want to be that small, naïve and innocent again. I want my childhood back so that the adult part of me can look after and talk to that small boy who was lost, confused and in pain. I want to tell him it will be OK, that it may be painful along the way but at the end he will survive and be OK. It just might take some time.

There's a small child
Inside this crazy head
It's always going on
Trying to break out
Trapped by the mayhem
Held mostly in check.

Would it be chaos
To let it escape
Just for one hour
To play for awhile
Let it run free
And with it, take me?

Is it to remind me
Of that happy place
When things were simple
And love was free
All I ever wanted
Was live and let be?

Years took my naivety
And left it broken
Like my favourite toys
Its gone and forgotten
But that small child
Still wants his day.

Words from an angel

I think this is as much as a carry over on the theme from the poem above. The realisation that I am that child as well as the adult; that I always have been and always will be. To care for the child I have to care for the adult as they are one and the same. The first two lines of the poem just came to my head and it carried on from there. Many of them do and I write them down and go back, adding or taking as my mood dictates. This may explain why some start of in a certain place and end up somewhere far removed from its beginning. I am not someone who has studied poetry and the different styles and formats I can only write from my feelings and thoughts but it helps me uncover stuff inside myself that I never knew existed until it appears in words.

An angel spoke to me
Told me I was dead
Destiny had clearly changed
So I hurried back to bed.
As I lay in thought
Trying to count pink sheep
My fears slowly lifted
And I vanished into sleep.

Here sweet dreams were hidden
As if I were awake
I simply couldn't settle
To all that was now fake.
Stepping up, I walked out
And left others to fret
Onto desolate streets
To find the child I met.

The angel caught me up
Asked to come along
I whispered "Why not"
She felt my favourite song.
How did she really know
That was in my head
Said she picked it up
From my sleeping bed.

As night began to give
I moved up in pace
Then it finally dawned
I'd missed the obvious place
The child was here and there
Wherever I was, so's he
Coz you know its simple
That child lives on, in me.

Shapes

To be honest I'm not to sure what this one is about! It could be one of those where I just put some lines together, mix them up and they seemed to fit.

When it happens
It falls inside
The shattered picture
Of my mind.

There it's bound
In immoral thoughts
That have a price
When each is bought.

It has no pattern
Holds no shape
Twists and turns
In red tape.

Shouts out loud
Shrinks in fright
All I possess
Gone from sight.

Beauty

In my dreams and fantasies the places I go the things I see are always perfect and un-spoilt and there simply for me, no one else... and then I see something either in real life or on the TV and its not how I pictured it originally or how I want it to be. Someone else has been there and trampled all over my dreams and it's lost, spoilt and dead.

If I could capture beauty
And store it one day
I'd fill it with innocence
As a child at play.

Make myself a promise
Like a reason to give
Snow flaked icy rivers
As a present to give.

Sweeping down the valley
The breeze in tow
Wrapped all together
In a box with a bow.

That thought does exist
In parts of my head
I remember it now
When it was said.

In hope or belief
A dream or a wish
It's viewed daily now
Via a satellite dish.

But that's not it
Its all shown wrong
The scene looks empty
That's not the song.

Simply leave it alone
Just let it be
Who is it for
Is it you or me?

So even my dreams
You now take away
What is then left
At end of each day?

Suppose there's me
Wherever I sleep
Moon and the stars
In a pocket to keep.

That's all I want
Its all I need
Maybe given time
YOUR sunflower seeds!

Eyes on high

Because I no longer take drugs, I no longer think that I am God and all knowing (well most of the time anyway!). Part of my recovery is having a belief in a higher power that is watching over me and looking after me. But that power can only do so much, I also have a responsibility and that's to put the action in. It's no longer about being the best but doing my best and it's that simple. As is my concept of a higher power. When I look up I see the beauty of the sky's colour as it turns from day to night and back to day again; I know I am not alone and its not man made.

When I look up...

I like to feel that

Peace inside
When my heads empty
Past left behind
And to see how small
I really am
When I look up.

Know its old fashioned
But I like to think
There's soul's up there
In love with sync
It makes me happy
To be like this
When I look up.

Sometimes it just seems
Far too much
To feel so big
Yet not in touch
Makes me restless
And want to change
When I look up.

But truly I know
Inside I'm small
Where there's beauty
I'm less than tall
Can't begin to explain
Where I go

When I look up.....

Tide's come in

I have a picture of my sister and I when we were small. I was about 7 or 8 and have long blonde hair (natural!) and I look angelic, so I have been told. I look at that picture sometimes and say, 'That boy ain't no angel, he is an imposter'. You could say I was the golden boy who failed to realise his potential. These three poems reflect that feeling I have about myself sometimes. They represent how I feel about the addict in me. They are not positive... sorry!

Dreams without realism
Choke in the throat
Of forgotten memory's
And a boyhood coat.

They chill the air
And negate the shape

As a golden boy
Pulls on his cape.

Hero for nobody
A clown to some
There's little of nothing
Of where his come.

Clues in life
Shout out in death
As he forgets
To in-hale a breath.

It's all so crowded
And all so fake
In the water
That fills his lake.

Now's not the time
For hide and seek
Or lifting a head
Above the peak.

He long's for love
And fills with hate
Hopes for serenity
But its much too late.

Time's run out
Clock's shut down
He puts on make up
Becomes the clown.

That's the story
End of this play
The tide's come in
He walks away.

Heartless

Going back, looking back
Would U, could U
Change all, see all.

Self abuse, controlled abuse
Stoking fires, fanning flames
Inner pain, others pain.
Move away, run away
Open heart, broken heart

The sunrise, this son dies.

U C Me

What is it U see
When U look at me?
How can I be
What I don't C?

Maybe what U C
Is parts of me
Only you can C
What's hidden from me.

Can I really B
All that U C
Is the real me
What U don't C?

You and me both

This is like a conversation I am having inside my head, with a person who I knew before I got clean. I'm having the conversation now but it contains references to what I was like before and how they remember me as being. They don't know what I am like now. Then again is it how I would like to think I am now but am not? Or how I want to be in the future but as yet am not or may never be?

One thing I do know is that the more I know the more I don't know, that's a fact.

Don't look in here
For what's not there
Anymore.

There was an essence
But now its gone
Flown this place.

There maybe traces
A residue left
Somewhere.

Most of its gone
As indeed
So have you.

I like me better
Ever than I loved

You.

But what of now
How did it come
So far to this?

It's somewhat crazy
To think of us
Together.

Surreal the word
To best describe
Paths we crossed.

Can't be healed
This deep rift
Ever.

Maybe when it's over
When all's passed
Maybe then...
Maybe.

Today

Towards the end of last year I went through a difficult few months where I just felt very down and lacking in passion and energy; and at times very claustrophobic. It was as if I was in a room where the walls were closing in and as the room got smaller I was shrinking but a huge spotlight in that room got bigger and bigger and made sure however small I got I could still be seen to all. Explanations as to what this may mean? Answers on a postcard please... plenty of work for a therapist there me thinks!

So fragile today
Feeling very small
So very small
Don't know why
But I am
All of this.

Hard to explain
What's going on
In this head
Within my heart
But I am
All of this

If I cry
Or hit out

Will it ease
Does it help
But I am
All of this.

For the time
I am lost
It seems hard
To just sit
But I am
All of this

What's the truth
Of all this
Why it hurts
Its fragile today
As am I
Today.