



WIRED VOLUNTEER: TIM TWEEDY

A selection of poems

Death, not life

When you're left totally paralysed with fear you sometimes lose the capacity to speak and I had then. I could not look anyone in the eye, not even myself, but that had been happening for a long time already. It's hard to have a decent shave when you don't want to look in the mirror and that had been going on for too long also. What a mess and what a waste of a life. I didn't care about that because I wanted death, not life. That sums it all up. I converted death and was on the fast track to meeting it, sooner rather than later.

A separate ordeal daily
Experienced by a shell
Testing skills of survival
Endless scary hell.

Performing on a stage
Hidden under a mask
No existence by one
Whose learnt how to fast
Full with lies and deceit
Bound on common ground.

Speeding down the road
Rest beneath a mound
Gift of creation crushed
And just tossed aside
Wasted on a person who
Left life just to hide.

Tales of the Monkey

Addiction, the illness, is often referred to as the monkey that sits on a person's shoulder, ready to pounce and make them give in to their desire to use drugs and / or alcohol. It's hard to describe, to a non-addict, what it is like when the madness manifests itself and comes sharply into focus. For me, it comes out of nowhere and hits me smack between the eyes, just to let me know that it's still about. Most of the time, I can keep that monkey quiet and it's the size of a small gnat on my shoulder, but sometimes it's as big as Birmingham! It can see the signs of my vulnerability and starts to attack. Then I am in trouble unless I can administer first aid very quickly. That's where my meetings (NA / AA) come into play, they are my Band Aids which patch me up and help me live to fight another day.

As the monkey wakes
From his fitful sleep
He stretches his arms
And takes a peek.
Sniff of the air
Nod of the head
It's time for sanity
To go to bed.

He opens the blinds
And looks inside
As rhyme and reason
Run and hide.
Faith's left home
At humanity's cost
His now in control
And all seems lost.

The monkey lives on
As the soul dies
He never sits idle
And very rarely cries.
Possessed by madness
Playing only to win
Definition of evil
And ultimate sin.

He chews you up
And spits you out
It matters little
How loud you shout.
Creates a real panic
Never flees in shame
It lives in shadow
And addictions his name.

March Past

I just wanted to write a poem which encapsulated my journey through my drugs of choice. I wanted to describe my journey and also the state of mind that each one induced. Its funny, but I can't even mention Cocaine by its real name. It scares me even now to mention it. The hairs on the back of my neck stand on end and I get scared, really, really scared. The thought of using it again makes me paralysed with fear.

Speed up
Talk some more
You excitable child.
In ecstasy, I danced
Like a wild thing.
Hash key slowed me
Slept for England
I did it all
For queen, for country
Yeah right!!

Then I saw white
Marched on the powder
For many a year.
Boy! Did I march
Until, in time
I dropped
Exhausted
Broken

You know
I nearly died.
No truly, I did
I nearly died.
My two heads
Done me
Deep and Fast
Long and Hard

I was barren
A desolate soul
That's what it did
All my using.
I nearly went
As I got lost
But I wasn't
Lost
Simply, undiscovered.

You know me

What I realised in treatment is that addiction is so powerful that it enables a human being to perform huge feats of will power and endurance. At the end of the day, by hook or by crook, I managed to get what I craved and what I needed. Cocaine was my best friend and lover all rolled into a line. It never let me down and was always there to hold me. It knew me, really knew me.

It helps me, seems a cure
Makes me, wakes me
It helps me, forget to live
It heals me, opens my eyes
It sees through the abyss
Reveals all, tells all
It knows me ...
Really knows me

If I were

When you stop using it can be, for a while, a very lonely and desolate existence. All the friends you had, up and leave. What good are you to them anymore if you can't supply or take drugs with them? They may have seemed like good friends at the time but you were just their means to an end.

If I were a priest, I could exorcise this deadly demon
If I were a surgeon, I could remove the offending organ
If I were a doctor, I could prescribe a course of medication
But I am none of the above, so I let it control me.

If I were a politician, I could ban this state of mind
If I were a policeman, I could lock it up below
If I were a lawyer, I could submerge it under papers
But I am none of the above, so I let it consume me.

If I were a journalist, I could hide it like the truth
If I were a judge, I could swamp it with hypocrisy
If I were a cabby, I could by-pass it on the map
But I am none of these, so I let it kill me.

If I were..... But I am not.

Amen

Sometimes, despair and pain rise up and overwhelm me and take me to a place which is so very dark. All I want to do is lie down and let my feelings be taken away – or that I would be taken away. Either will do at that moment. There is a payback for me in this though. I can write with intensity and feeling which escapes me at other times. I still struggle to talk about it to anyone, I prefer to let my misery envelope me, and in time consume me. Writing is my outlet.

The panoramic sights and sounds
Of a lie within one dream.
Or is it just something else
That dwells inside that space.
Could be both, could be none
Still open to conjecture.

Engrained in a distant soul
A care without a thought.
Travels down the wire
To where it hit's the mark.
Ripples created on the pool
Transfer to a raging storm.

What is left to debate
Send it out, back and forth.
Till all have become tired
Until all has been lost.
Trapped in reams of paper
Lost in a rage of words.

Stairs descend to one hell
Fired by brim and stone.
Portraits hang on the walls
Cascades paint the floor.
Feeding with deep frenzy
But thirsting for applause.

May be just for today
Could be a day to come.
Who cares for it anymore
And is left still in sight.
Fed up with the intensity
Shackled by all the chains.

Tepid waters, rise and fall
As cruisers begin to drift
Striding out on shifting sands.
Like pirates without a neck.
There's no faith in this hope
No point to this amen.

Painful

I struggle nowadays to explode outwards. My Counsellor keeps asking me when I am going to let my anger out and I don't understand what she means. I'm not angry; I promise you I'm not.

But my anger is suppressed inside, where it can't come out and destroy anything or anybody else - apart from me that is. So I don't explode, I implode inside and I can't breath and all seems lost, all seems pointless.

Feels like I'm imploding
From inside to out.
Like a tin can
Crushed by this force inside.

Trapped and claustrophobic
No clean air in here
Breathe and then escape.
Wound invisible to the eye
But its here, inside me.
Piercing pain... gut wrenching
Turns my stomach, turns me
Inside out. Outside in
No warning, striking deep
Emotional scars left
To deep to full heal
To deep to fully mend.

Arrests all recovery
Imprisons, body and soul
Not just here
Not just now
But for all eternity.

Your Face

It's important to be able to write about things other than the darkest parts of my mind. If I could not then I would be somewhat disturbed, so beauty is a real part of my life, now especially. So nature, animals and of course people do attract my attention also. In truth it does not come so easily and I have to really work on trying to be positive at certain times.

This is about a girl who was, is still, special to me. There is a part of me that will always miss her, always. The saddest thing is I don't think she was ever aware that I wrote this about her and has never read it. Now, that is sad.

Last night as you slept
I looked at your face
Seemed to hold me there
A time and a place.
Yours eyes lightly shut
Your lips pursuing too
All that I hold dear
Captured just within you
A feeling of contentment
A smile not much used
The warmth of my heart
Beating next to you.

It was only one moment
But to me it was my life
Lying close by you swept
Away all my past strife
You are now my heart beat
The blood through my veins
Even if you left me, my love
Would still be the same
So sweet dreams little baby
Awake without a trace
Of the knowledge
That I have been here
Dazed by your face.

R U and Life Times

These poems were written, literally as I wrote the questions and thoughts that were going on in my head. Sometimes they are insane; other times just discussions I have with myself. It's a way that I try to work out, 'what is what' and 'why is why'. It's not always important to understand why certain things are like they are, it's just necessary to accept them fully and openly. At least I try to tell myself that anyway.

R U

If it's true
What they say.
If it is
That, time heals
Then, pray tell
Who heals time
What... or who

It can't be me
I'm too busy
Being healed
(I think)
By the hands
Of time.
So is it you?
Are you healing?
Time

Life Times

Does time change me
Or do I change with time
Whatever the reason
Whatever the rhyme
One's cast in treason
One's tainted in regret
Is it just possible
To live with my head.

You can't always be here
I can't always be there
No life is worth living
If your afraid to dare
So I must find it
And it must find me
Only then I'll exist
Only then I'll believe.

Does life run from me
As I hide from it
Tripping over barriers
As I pause to reflect
If push comes to shove
And I get pulled
Does it matter
Where I fall.