



'WRITING FOR
THERAPY'

An 8 week course on
'RECOVERY'

SPRING 2020

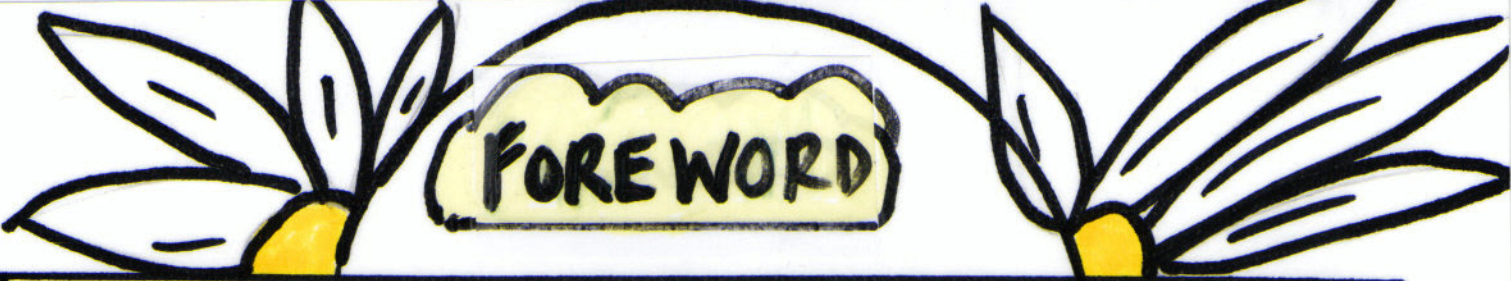
VIA ZOOM!

A collection of poems
and stories, thoughts,

Constructed, led and
delivered by :- LEIGH TAYLOR



June 2020



FOREWORD

During lockdown I was drawn towards delivery of a therapeutic writing course with focussed time to reflect on the current situation and bring together a group of like minded people who were interested in exploring the written word, with the power it can bring to support our ever busy minds and the time to place this on paper in a visual form!

It was a pleasure to write, to deliver and to receive fantastic feedback along the way. I will let the participants speak for themselves:-

"It has meant an awful lot to me, particularly during this period of lockdown and would be very happy to access a course like this in the future!"

"The ability to connect with people who share their desire to explore themselves and their worlds through therapeutic

means is my life's work! It means the world to me. I found the writing uncovered different aspects of myself to me! I felt comfortable to share with the group! This feels so important in aiding my healing process to improved well-being, as I emerge from life changes. I felt honoured and enthralled to hear what others were happy to share! I felt the delivery of the course inclusive and supportive which aids in encouraging me out of my shell! I found the increased understanding of myself through the writing increased healthy life changes! Very grateful to have had the opportunity to complete it!!!





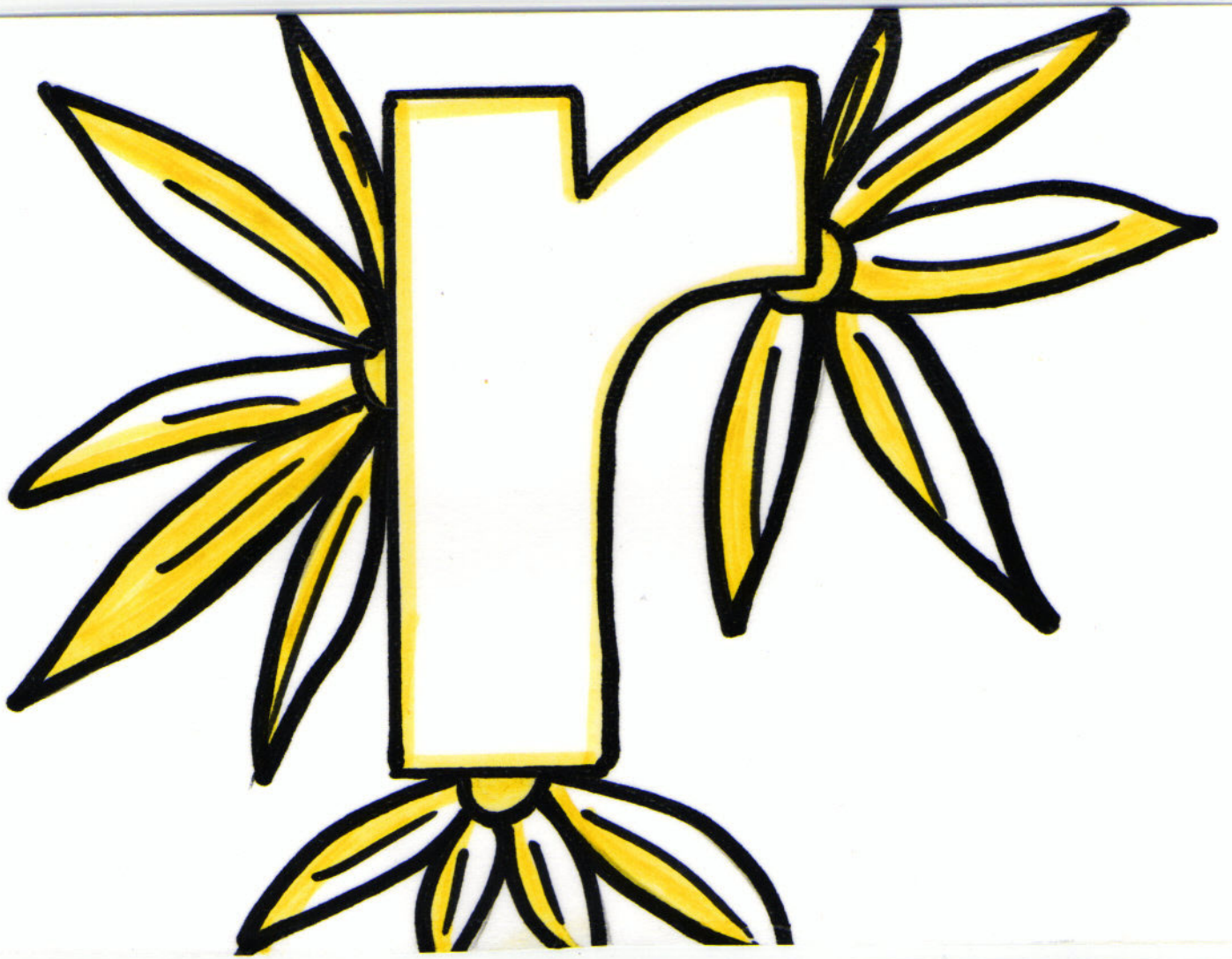
RECOVERY


R
E
C
O
V
E
R
Y

recognise
explore
connect
overcome
value
energy
reflect
you!


June 2020







SHE!




She stood at the Kitchen Window
wondering how she could escape this trap she
had created for herself.. her Mum had been so
difficult to manage and it was only 9.45am!
It had already been one of those mornings,
dementia is such a nightmare! The summer
house looked so inviting, almost, as if it is
calling her name! Just an hr down there,
relaxing would be good, she thought to herself.
Fifteen minutes later, Gill was off, having
told them she would be back for lunch,
hubby said he would make the sandwiches,
Bless him! She had packed her bag, book,
lippy, tissues, water and for some reason she
also had a lemon!

As she entered the summerhouse the
atmosphere was strange, she could sense
someone calling her name; over here, look
behind the picture 'Gill'. Which she did and
there it was, a door, slightly ajar, and
opening it, Gill could see a long pathway
stretching into the sunlight, there were

2.





SHE!



lots of tropical plants and trees along the way, bananas, oranges, olives galore! 'Wow' thought Gill, 'wherever I am going, she was so excited'. Little people started to appear, with big warm smiles, beckoning Gill to follow, the sound of the sea was coming closer and closer as she hurried along the path and then it appeared, a beautiful beach, which seemed to stretch for miles. Gill was drawn towards the wooden hut and there inside was everything she would need to enjoy her time on the beach: swimsuit, towel, sunscreen, Raybans, and a long glass of something and ice! She quickly got changed, turned back to find her lemon had been sliced and some added to the glass, a perfect GTT!

Gill settled onto a sunbed, listening to the gentle scramble of the sea on the shingles, feeling the heat of the sun on her face and body, she sighed in relief





SHE!

not believing for one moment, this could be real! but it was and she was certainly going to enjoy every moment! No way was she going to be hurrying back to the house for lunch today!

There was an iPad on the table where her G + I sat, she glanced at the online newspaper, it was dated 9th May 2035, surely it was a misprint thought Gill, the headline spoke of King Lillian and Queen Kate's visit to Norwich, the previous day. 'Wow' thought Gill, something very strange going on here! She beckoned to a young waiter and organised another drink! nonchalantly she mentioned to him about the King's visit, 'Yes' he said, I saw them myself yesterday. Gill had a lovely swim and a snooze before setting back home; ready to pick up again at the Kitchen Window and the challenges of the day ahead!





MUM

I am a Mum, daughter,
sister, Aunt,
But I, am valued as any of
these?

I feel a valued member of 'DAISY',
helping where I can..

Inputting my strengths and
learning as I go!

I'm a good Mum and deep down the
boys must value me'

I'm always there for my friends, so
they to, hopefully value my friendship'

But, alas, I don't value myself
I must know, I will work on
this!!

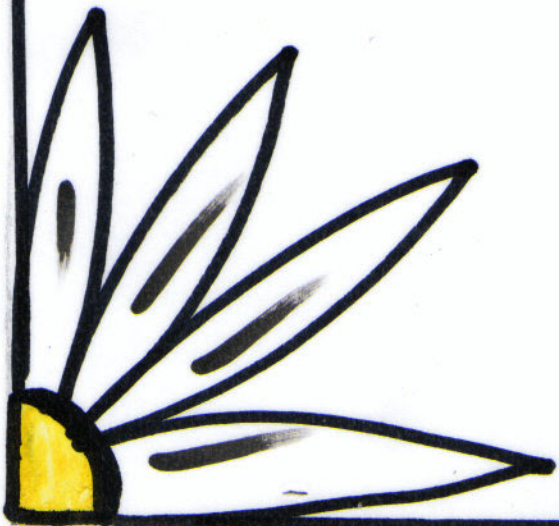




Suffocating alone,
Need to escape from myself,
Outside, a place I can't go!
Walking - something I want to
be able to do!

Beginning to accept my isolation,
Only myself to rely on,
Understanding that I can do
this alone,

Never give up!
Dawn of a new self!





SORROW

Wave of sorrow,
Often here,
Often there,
Often watching, listening, without
care!

But, I will know it will get better,
it did get better before!
I tell them often, it will get
better,

But..
to make it stay away,
I must, we must, everyone must,
Work at it, care about it,
— Love it!!




A

I give myself an 'A' for courage!

To see the real me that no one cd see,
Deep down in my heart, I knew it was me!
Who needed to be, just me!
To walk away before I became,
unclassified, redundant, dead!
Dead inside, lifeless and lost,
To live now a life of truth, of love,
To be heard and counted and
rise above,
The shame of learning to be me!









YOUNGER

There are so many things that I wish I could have told you, that's so frustrating!

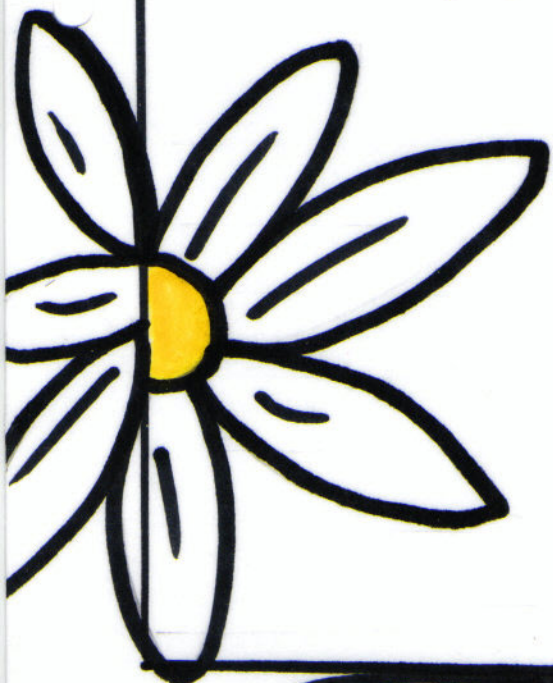
When you were younger, you were frightened of ever doing anything wrong, Never pushed the boundaries and you led a safe and solid life, If only you had been more adventurous and less of a pleaser, You would never have married so young and had a child.



You were a unique individual but you didn't realise it, too caught up toting the line and choosing the natural progression of things and marrying someone who was totally unsuitable!, for you, just because you lived together. You would have loved to have gone travelling, been out with more people, Lived a little more, instead of being safe. You were much brighter than you realised, you had the world at your feet, You didn't know it !!

BROOK

A babbling brook, bubbling with ideas.
gentle flow of words,
trickling onto the page,
Each word like the bubbles,
perfectly formed,
Heard as if it's babbling,
over the rocks, thru the corridors of
the mind!
One word at a time, if you don't mind!
No said, the wise man, keep them
coming
all of the time,
It's now like the marvels of my mind!








I PRETEND

I pretend to be okay,
By my humour,
By my smiles.

In my life I have travelled miles,
Emotionally, physically, often a strain,
But let's make more sunshine, less rain.
Miles, do not mean smiles,
They go with you always,
To stay with you. To rid of those
You have to be honest, be true,
You can only do what you can do!
So, travel your miles and
make your own smiles!







REFUEL


A time to refuel yourself.
Be in my own space,
Aim for good health,
All the thoughts and feelings I face,

Each day
The looks and feelings of judgement.
I don't know what to do or say,
Anxiety takes over, a day well
spent,

I freeze!

I put on a show to the world!

I beg it all, to stop please.





TIME TO REFUEL!

How do I give to me what I do
not know I need,

I need nature, to be outside to get
in touch with me,

Through nature at it's best and worst
I can touch my soul.

To ask what it needs

Then the answer for me, is within.

To ask my body what it needs!

To hear my soul speak,

To truly heal I need to listen

and to trust myself.


Give up control and let all the
parts of me, speak in tune..

In celebration that we are now one,

I am being,

Now I can trust my inner voice, no
longer fearful of it's words,





ADRIFT


Where has this come from. Who could know
this feeling of 'adrift' and lost!
Thoughts are jumbled, horizons bleak,
lonely, tired, frustrated and bored of
the sea..

Bobbing along like a rusty old boat,
battered, weightless and just staying
afloat!

No landmarks in sight, seeking a
lighthouse to give guidance in this
relentless sea!


What is wrong with me, something or
what do others see? nothing
feel like I need a guiding light to
show me the way -

Perhaps, in the distance to see!
To give an aiming point or maybe
a large obstacle will be ahead in the sea,
but how can this be?



Looking for an anchor in this
relentless sea to guide this ship
in it's hour of need!





THE TIME!

Maybe the time has come to
say goodbye.

To stop, living a lie!

Cannot deal with addictions, anymore!

Cannot control it on my own,

But cannot seek help

No commitment on my part!

No self discipline!

No aim to stop!

No reason to stop!

Will make sure my 'boy cat' is okay!

Will sort it tomorrow..


Not today!

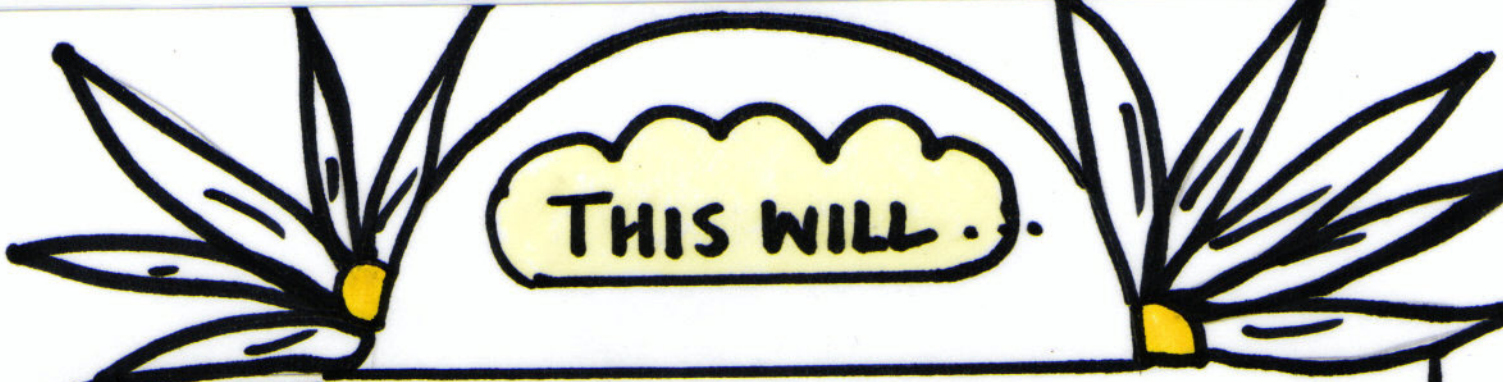
Cannot face up to it,

As yet!

Not just yet!


Lonely, very alone, can't get past my
'past'!!





THIS WILL...

I say to goodbye to insecurity, fear
and dread,
of being a something, a someone with
nothing to say.
To fill that page with nothing to say,
To lack the passion with nothing to believe,
In myself and all that I can give,
I say hello, to me, to me, yes,
say hello to me:
The me who welcomes all to join on this
journey,
of self discovery, who empowers those to
show whose light so often is hidden
to be small, lifeless, dull..
To bring those lives to the fore, to the
spotlight,
To share and explore,
This will be me!!



LOCKDOWN

Therapeutic writing has been a
godsend!

During lockdown 2020!

I've reconnected my love of english.

Learnt new skills a plenty,

There's so many I've been asked to do,
Way out of my comfort zone,
Opening wounds that have longed been
sealed,

To lots of tears, I've been prone

Putting your thoughts and feelings on a
page,

Leaving you emotionally wide open, laid bare,

Using techniques I've never tried,

Proving once more, that Leigh and 'Daisy'
they care!

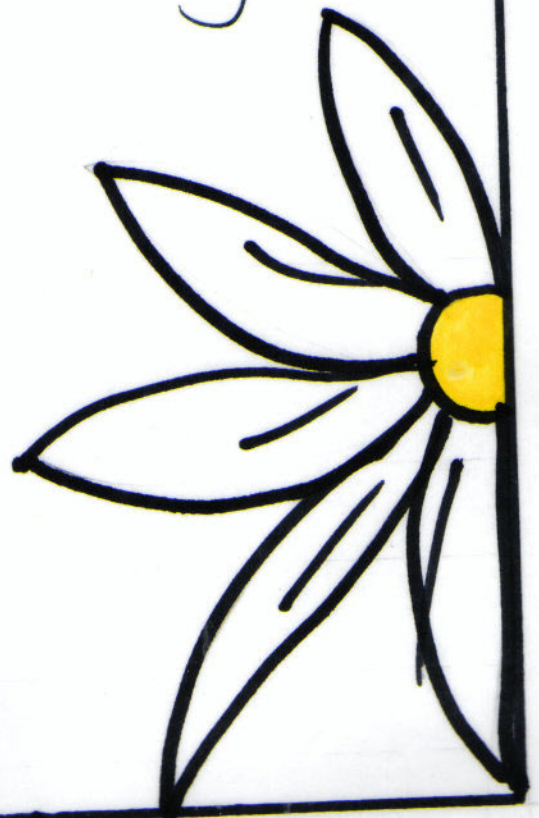
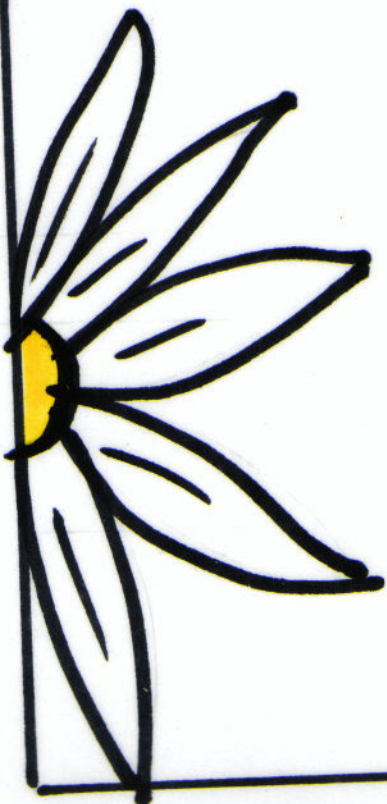
Listening to others, some known and some new.

Taking on board what they have to say,

With all best intentions to help and

guide you,
Moving towards a brighter tomorrow, today!

That child within I can now heal with
the tender care I give to others!
Now I will give that to her, allow her to
grow, to play, to move, to trust,
The journeys I now do with drums
are alive, visual, potent and true,
As I reach down into lower world and
embrace Mother Earth and learn,
From all my power animals and guides.
And, realize what is there has
always there
Just waiting for me to be in my soul!



NEVER

I was never someone popular at school.
I was more likely in the library than,
breaking any rule!

I never had a chance with my NUS glasses.
And, also being top of my classes!

I always wanted to be one of them
whose hair always looked 10/10.

The one you always wanted to sit next to,
The one that everyone aspired to be you!

I was never first to be picked in P.E.

No one ever chose to sit with me!

I wanted to not be so painfully shy -

I didn't want to wish my school days
fly by.

I always seemed to have a bully in tow,
Every lesson, every break time, every
place I tried to go.

With their jibes and their words always
making me cry

Wanting it to stop, always wondering why?

Yet, here we are all, these years later,
Needing to be liked, wishing I was



NEVER

greater!

Still seeking approval, always that nervous girl!

Forever wanting people to see her,
acting to unfurl.

Into a beautiful butterfly, admired by
one and all.

Always looking for the sunlight,
never waiting for that fall!"

LOCKDOWN

We want to write, we want to write,
we want to speak,
To share, explore and feel the need,
To say so much that we cannot say,
In the quiet of night or in a cavernous
mind,
that tells us so much,
of who we think we are!
Who we are, and who we would like to
be..

The things unsaid, buried, deep within
The written word so powerful and free,
So, write that course, express my mind!
Share with others, so, they too can see,
That words are words.
That cause such pain, in our heads and heart,
Let's work to be free, let's explore
of making a difference in some small way,
To begin to heal, to grow, to be free!
To just be WHO WE WANT TO BE!!