

East End Boy West End Girl

The way they talk,
you'd think
the way I think
and feel is wrong.
That absence
makes the heart
grow heavy.

But distance is easy.

I cannot touch the sun but her beams! Blazing through space, seeping through skin, into my very bones.
At night she is too far to see but her rays shine far enough to reflect off the moon. She is constant.
Our threads run from East to West, West to East. Strong sutures, knotted tight. Secure.
They weave through the vast space in between us like it is nothing. Until it is nothing. It is nothing.

How strange
that others
cannot bear
to be apart.
How fragile
their bonds
must be.

Benjamin Wheeler

Close my eyes

Close my eyes
breathing in the 2am
quiet empty space tastes of safety
lain under cover
flat backed waiting for mental assembly
repairing the fragments of the day
that stream either side of my heart
Close my eyes
breathing in the 2am
mind racing away from this day
Stillness arms outstretched
palms face down demanding a silence

only acceptance may bring
one day but not quite not quite yet
Close my eyes
breathing in the 2am
waiting for the dinosaurs to parade
against the twilight innocence
Longing to lay stars in sight
Waiting with the patterns of nite talk
click click clicking on my mind
Close my eyes
breathing in the 2am
running the day thru multi-facet filters
did I make it clear did I make it?
Wondering will I dream or fight
Or may I master a humane act of flight
And leave on clean unfeathered wings
Close my eyes
breathing in the 2am
Wishing for an absence of morning
Only to live the same pain again
this time the wall is breached
Filled with unleashed dogs of more
Shored with hope & others words
Close my eyes
breathing in the 2am
Armed with chit chat I distract memory's
open myself to the now expectant daylight
Which predictable rushes near in timed respite
unlike my sleep playing with atonal rhythms
I drift away as subtle as a tide slips to ebb

Jon Adams

Writer

I know them.

Puppeteer
puppets
judge

scapegoat
teacher
father
child.
My friend
my enemy
hero
villain

monster.
They are me.

They react
in predictable
ways
no matter
the odd
scrapes
I put them in.

My stories
and I;
we grow
together.

Each one
has a certain colour
and tone.

My stories
are pieces of me,
making sense
of the
strangeness
of people
making sense
of the
strangeness
of me.

Benjamin Wheeler

Love Poem to a Friend

how did i find you
under arm
you're the one that wears the bra
and had taken too much
when i tell you i'm not leaving
that's a sign of love
cause every time we call you tell me how to send my wishes above and for that i make you magic chimes
you're one of the only people i can hold eyes
once it looked like you were gonna cry
because you shouted HUZDAH
and i didn't react
and i wish everyday i could take that moment back
it's a part of you i wish never lacked
you're my best friend
and other than that fact
you're divine
but you already know that
so besides
i wanna let you know what makes you so kind
so while it's on my mind
thank you for knowing how to hold me when i cry
i love the moments we get lots in each others minds
and we're not too bothered if anyone can find us
i know that you know that i am one of yours as you are one of mine energies tangled in universes difficult
to define
but here we are
probably in a dark room or another queer bar
getting all dressed up
to become a mess
as you text me sentences
that don't make sense
but here we are,
blessed,
i'll always make sure your head's safely at rest and i believe you'll always tell me i've done my best and i
know i can call you whenever i'm stressed and you'll make sure i rest
you're the best

Danni Spooner

Real Love You in the Present

I love you in the present.
You were a present,
you still are.
I love you the way you are.
Life has shaped you
in and out of me.
Such a pure soul, full of light
to me, at least, you are.
To the world, a puzzling mystery.
They couldn't see you like I did,
Your mind didn't suit their needs.
You went away for while...
Hibernating in a hard, cold, lonely winter.
Winter of sorrow, so many cries.
Then came spring...
Now I see myself in you, and you in me
On a spectrum of colours, part of an identity.
The World will learn to see us
And take us in.
Because you are a present, to whoever has a heart to see.

Caroline Oliver

Hiding in Space

Hiding in space
Fitting in with the elements
At the bottom of the mountain range
Surrounded by this mighty giant
Watching over me
I am home
There are moods, colours and inhabitants
Changing with the seasons
As the multitude of trees, breathing life in me
Dress and undress continuously
I am surrounded
Right there, the flowing stream of the river, bursting with life

It's soothing my soul and quenching my thirst
I am home

Caroline Oliver

My favourite Place Croydon

Friends was made
Romantic Relationships Was Made
My Body Transformation Was Made
Potential Jobs Was There
The Trams Was There
Staying In The Early Hours In The Morning Was There
Many late nights in the clubs was there
The 8 min fast train from Clapham Junction to East Croydon
The Trams
I Was Thinking Of Working There
The Night Buses Was There
Night Atmosphere And The Vibes Was There
The Home House Gathering Came From There
The fights Came from there
The Banter, Jokes Was There
The First feeling of emptyness and loneliness came after the club lights turned off and it's time to go home.

Jesse McQuillkin

Moths

they show up for all kinds of reasons, not always in bright light, sometimes to tickle skin - reminders of holding hands in the little flaps of air that pass between us. once in the laundrette, when my new flat didn't have a working washer and i carried almost my entire laundry basket on my back... you showed up. green and cream, i'll never forget. my spine must of been asking for a support system, because next thing i knew you were stuck behind glass. we spoke as the tumble dryer dried and you even waited when i went to buy nikkaks from the offie next door. it was daylight and you arrived. both of our chairs were wooden and probably uncomfortable. as i left i said bye, you remained still and grounded as i flew with my feet firmly on the ground. it's astonishing to think you're the one with wings. other times, in different forms, you show up. on my bathroom floor, right now. it's been months. i daren't disturb you, even past your wake. you've remained so gently; well preserved. i admire you every time.

Danni Spooner

Friends scattered

Friends
scattered
beach found
mostly round
turned by wave and tide
until perfect edged
now
in liberation
chosen
smooth to touch
with close chemistry.
like, soft green words
murmured at 3am
in your loving embrace

Friends
scattered
beach found
mostly long dry
and settled in place
without that touch of sun
habituated
twice a day.
now resting in the years
since fingers
swept her shore
to gather joy
or the collective comfort
of a walk home
with pockets full
of ancient volcano

Friends
scattered
beach found
mostly true
our honest first born
delivered with salted sands
Conversations
released miles below
belonging

in earths deep crystal heat
as unseen storytellers
yet now
living
palm placed
centred
skin covered while
still warm.
We will
I promised
one day soon
sing of honour
and dream of swimming
once more
my brothers, my sisters

Jon Adams