

# JUST THE WAY IT IS



Poetry by Young Women

Youth Affairs Network  
of Qld Inc.  
30 Thomas St  
West End Q. 4101

## JUST THE WAY IT IS

A project of WAYWARD - Women Alongside Young Women for Action, Research and Development.

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Published in February 1993 by the Youth Affairs Network of Queensland Inc. (YANQ), Fortitude Valley, Brisbane, Australia.

Desktop Publishing: Rita Riedel.

WAYWARD gratefully acknowledges the assistance of the Queensland Department of Family Services and Aboriginal and Islander Affairs which provided funds for the production of this publication.

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Cover Illustration: "Yearning for Childhood Lost", by Leean Lafferty, Jan '93.

*This book is dedicated  
to all young women,  
with special thanks to*

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Tammy Brodie  
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Marlene  
Nicki  
Tamalane Petersen  
Rainbow  
Julie Rogers  
Leanne Sales  
Elizabeth Smiley  
Ruby Stone  
Karina J. Sutton  
Tanya  
T.C.  
J.L.W.  
Belinda J. Warren  
Tammy Worley

## FOR MOTHER

Everyday I see more, everyday I hear more.  
It was not love that pushed me from your womb.  
It was anger, pain, frustration and mostly jealousy.

You would not own these feelings,  
this luggage too heavy for you to hold.  
So you gave it to me and I carried it silently.  
And each year you added more, and still I carried it,  
openly thanking you for caring enough to hate!

I won't carry it now Mum.  
I open the locks straining against me.  
It is open, I take each event out, one at a time.  
I feel it again, I live it again.  
Whose pile? Yours or mine?

As I do this mother your pile is growing larger.  
There is more - it will take many years to empty.  
But this is my Journey and I will give back to you  
what is yours.

I was innocent, a child, whose only crime  
was to love her mother.  
I am a part of you, yet you despise me.  
I am sorry for you.  
You used me and manipulated me.  
You tried to kill me.

But Mum, the only thing you killed,  
was the love I had there, for you.

Tamwa

## WHO CARES

No one knows  
of all the pain and hurt inside.  
Deep in my heart I hide.  
They will never understand  
the lonely feelings that seize me.  
No one shall ever see.

My heart was turned to evil,  
my body was used for sin.  
I didn't want to be this way,  
but the devil held me in.  
No one will help me out,  
they can never hear me shout.

My dreams soon turned to nightmares,  
but who in the world cares?  
I'm left standing in the moonlight  
which fades behind the clouds.  
Soon everything will be out of sight.

There was no reflection of the blade  
As it drove into my heart.

Belinda J. Warren

## SURPRISES

I've always loved surprises,  
especially when they're for me,  
I also like to get in on the act,  
and surprise others constantly.  
At parties when there are presents to unwrap,  
I join in on the fun,  
That everyone gets when they open them up,  
and then can take the presents home.  
To spoil someone else's surprise  
is the wrong thing to do,  
Because when you receive one for yourself,  
you expect it to be a surprise too.

Tracey Callaghan

## STOP THE PRESSURE

In class I often sit at the back,  
and waste my time, that's a fact.  
I never take notes and never ask questions,  
but I do have plenty of suggestions.  
It's just that I can't express myself,  
or reveal the innermost thoughts of oneself.  
If I could relate this subject to time,  
I wouldn't be sitting here writing this rhyme.

Tracey Callaghan



## ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time  
We felt alive and free  
It was us against the world then  
It was only you and me

We shared a lot of secrets  
We shared times, good and bad  
We drove everybody crazy  
We were all we had

But that was once upon a time  
When we felt alive and free  
But it isn't you and me now  
Now it's only me

J.L.W.



What a bizarre life I've led,  
Straight out of her — — — and into a bed.

At first, I was a lump of meat,  
A couple of stubs, with a faint heart-beat.

As I got bigger, my home it shrunk,  
A few more months, my body had sunk.

Into God knows what? All squishy and warm,  
My body attached, I started to form.

Eyes like golf balls, hanging out of my head,  
And through my guts, by a cord I am fed.

Then one day, without any warning at all,  
I lose my grip, something's pushing, I fall.

After being slapped and poked, I see a huge face,  
My God it's me mum, looking a disgrace.

Now the shock's over, I reckon life's cool,  
Got a person that loves me, and her life I rule .....

*Signed: Zakary Luke*

(though I got that wonderful person my mum to write this for me,  
just because I am 4 1/2 months old)

Elizabeth Smiley

## VALENTINE

I have fallen in love  
In love with you  
My feelings are real  
They're deep, strong and true

You have opened my eyes  
My mind and heart  
To the perfect relationship  
Of which I'm proud to be a part

There is a lock to my heart  
And you have the key  
My heart suffers no more  
You have set it free

You're understanding and thoughtful  
You're sweet and you care  
My greatest dream  
Our lives to forever share

You have shown me your love  
Through your words and your touch  
Would you be my valentine?  
I love you very much

Julie Rogers

## DEAR DANNY

I wonder if you know  
You're a special friend to me  
I may not often show  
But I hope you'll always see

I try not to hurt you  
I don't want to be disappointing  
I struggle hard, really I do  
Not for what, but for who

I try to be kind, yes I do  
Not for me, but for you  
I hope this makes you comprehend  
That you are a special friend

**Luv Belinda Warren**

## GOODBYE

There may be tomorrow  
but I can't find the door.  
The broken dreams of yesterday,  
keep crashing in to shore.

You see there's never next time,  
I only have one heart to mend.  
How I loved to love you darling,  
when you were once my friend.

The light that shines is darker now,  
the emptiness so strong.  
A thousand words set us apart,  
and none to sing a song.

You think I love to hurt you,  
I have pain enough for two.  
I've tried hard to be the strong one,  
to recognise the truth.

A world so rich with jewels and gifts  
and selfishness and spite.  
Where be the realms of true love,  
if not in our sweet souls of the night.

**Ruby Stone**

## MAD OR SOMETHING

Have you ever felt like you're going really mad?  
Everything around seems to change,  
but you just stay the same.  
Nothin' makes sense,  
nothin' goes right anymore.  
You make enemies before you've ever met them,  
your social life is fucked,  
your family life was shot down in flames a long time ago,  
and sometimes your private side of life screws up too.  
No one understands what you're on about.  
Sure, they all think they know,  
but not one of them knows the full of it.  
You're lonely even if you're with twenty people or so.  
You have to be somewhere  
but not even you knows where.  
A real uneasy feeling falls upon you.  
No matter where you are,  
you gotta be somewhere else.  
How do you explain this feeling to anyone?  
But it's not so crazy,  
when you are the one taking life like this.  
That's why you don't tell anyone at all.  
But after days that take years to get through,  
the whole years just pass away.  
You've still got your problems,  
just worse ones, and more.  
Scared to love or trust anyone fully -  
What would they think of you?

Everyone you love or trust ends up turning on you.  
They're gone,  
just like a hair fallen from an elderly man's head.  
Your body gets worse and worse.  
You can't see it, but you're slipping and you know it.  
But who really gives a damn?  
Not one person.  
What have you got to live for?  
Who are you to any one person in this human asylum?  
The days get shorter  
and the cold, dark, lonely nights come  
quicker and quicker.  
The sun never shines for me any more,  
A constant shadow following you everywhere you go,  
though never visible.  
Everyone lies - don't believe anyone.  
You shouldn't ever let people get to know you either.  
Crying gets like wiping your nose,  
it happens all of a sudden,  
and for no reason, anywhere.  
This could go on forever,  
and still no one will ever know  
exactly what was going on up there  
inside your very private brain.  
Because not even you know for sure .....  
Don't worry....  
they call us people Mad or something.

Bessy

## THINGS IN MY LIFE

My name is Marlene  
and I live with some friends  
in a hostel at New Farm.  
My life is not too good  
because I have moved too many times  
and I hate it.  
Life can be really hard some times  
and it's tough.  
We need to be strong about things in our lives.

Roses are red, violets are blue  
Sugar is sweet and so are you.

You have to face things in your life  
and deal with them.  
Life can be a pain sometimes  
if you make it hard for yourself.  
Life can be not too bad if you work on it.

Some people have been abused in their life  
and it's very painful.  
I've been the same way.

I would like to help people  
with the same experiences in their lives.

**Marlene**

## DIABETES

I've been a diabetic since I was nine,  
Oh boy, it's bin such a long time.  
Having needles twice a day,  
pricking my finger in such a way.  
Feeling high, feeling low,  
having to be careful when on the go.  
Sticking to a diet is such a drag.  
on my food they place a tag.  
Many years I have seen,  
So many more it will mean,  
To stay fit, healthy and clean.

**Myra Downing**

## I LOVE YOU

I Love you,  
is so easy to say.

I Love you,  
do you really mean it?

I Love you,  
can mean so much.

I Love you,  
can hold so little.

I Love you  
I've got condoms!

Yes, you love me,  
a lot don't you?

Tamalane Petersen

So many mistakes,  
so little time.  
So much confusion,  
is all of it mine?

So many tears,  
still want to be shed.  
So much delusion,  
going on in my head.

So many years,  
still waiting for me.  
So much pain,  
how much more can there be?

So much repression,  
where did it all go?  
So many memories,  
I don't want to know.

So much wanting,  
just to be loved.  
So many issues,  
the push and the shove.

So much music,  
hidden within.  
So many stories,  
they wait to begin.

Tamalane Petersen

With the flick of her thumb  
the ash arks straight  
into the ashtray.

The muscles move  
as she clenches her jaw, not angry  
but pensive.

Smile bright, eyes green  
hair dark, waist slim.

So neat, so perfect  
with subtle strength  
and knowing looks.

Good,  
because she says she is bad  
for the same.

Soft, warm, sweet smelling,  
gentle, committed and loyal,  
beautiful, dangerous, angry,  
confused and revolted.

Get this woman  
out  
of  
your  
Mind !

Tamalane Petersen



## FEELINGS

People have all types of feelings,  
whether they be sad, happy, or morbid.  
But the feelings I hold inside  
can't make up their mind.  
One minute I'm happy, then sad,  
and then depressed.  
At the moment I am morbid and depressed  
because I feel that everyone  
around me,  
hates me.

Dianne Buckle

## DEATH

Death is a flower.  
Once the flower is cut  
the petals start to fall off.  
Death is exciting  
because you go on  
to a new and exciting  
life.

Dianne Buckle

## WHAT IS IT?

Dingy, very quiet,  
stale, cool, slight breeze,  
musty.  
My best friend's funeral.

Dianne Buckle

## SADNESS

Sadness is a thing we feel  
when everything bad seems quite real.  
Like when your best friend dies  
or like when your dog dies.  
For sadness is a controlling emotion  
in everyone.

Dianne Buckle

Life is pathetically boring,  
Death is the afterlife  
and is the most important part of our being.  
The afterlife is exciting - you may do what you wish.  
You float around and experience  
a most fascinating thing.

Dianne Buckle



Looking out my window  
I see a garden of broken glass.  
Each shard is a mirror image  
of my shattered dreams.

Looking out my window  
I see a pool of flowing water.  
Each drop is a symbol  
of my tears.

**Tamalane Petersen**

## UNRECOGNISABLE FACE

I step out into the bright light  
I wonder where I am  
I've never seen this place  
I see people everywhere  
People I love and care for  
But there's one unrecognisable face.  
This face knows me well  
It's lifted me up to heaven  
Then put me through to hell  
The face is always hoping and watching  
It's waiting for me and it's always on alert  
I hope I can show this face  
What its expecting to see.  
I wonder what this face is looking for  
I wonder what it wants to know  
I want to keep this face  
But at times I need it to go.  
I see the colours of the rainbow  
I see them shining down on me  
And I can see an unrecognisable face  
Seeing right through me  
Has it found what it's looking for?  
Does it know what it wanted to know?  
We all have a face that will stay with us for years  
And our unrecognisable face  
Is a love that won't ever let us go.

**K. J. Sutton**

## IT'S TIME TO LEAVE

There were only clouds in sight  
as I stared at the sky.  
I stood through the day,  
and stood through the night.  
I was ready to die,  
and I knew this was right.

The clouds pass on by,  
and the world goes around.  
There was no place for me.  
Yet no one could see,  
I was never all right.  
So I get set for my flight.

**Belinda J. Warren**

## RUNNING SCARED

I ran away from everything,  
but you, you're running scared.  
Running from your own family,  
you couldn't stand there and face us,  
you couldn't look us in the eyes,  
and see the pain you put us through.

You're running scared,  
running from reality,  
running from the past.  
You're too scared to remember  
the good times we all shared,  
the love we had,  
and shared together.

You're only thinking of yourself again.  
So until you wake up  
to the things you have done,  
and all the people you've hurt,  
you're no longer a part of me.

I just wish you'd stop  
running scared.

**Meica Gray**

## LIES

To be truthful you must be honest,  
and to be honest you must say what you feel.  
Don't try to hide your feelings,  
because people can tell you what's not real.

Of all the indecencies,  
a lie is worst of all.  
It tends to create a sense of guilt,  
and takes control of your soul.

A view not to be missed,  
is to tell the truth all the time.  
And if you choose to ignore the advice,  
much unpleasantness you will find.

Tracey Callaghan

## REPERCUSSIONS

I feel pain on the inside,  
and all that is outside feels numb.  
I need to be with people,  
but I don't want to be spoken to.

I curl up and watch life revolve around me.  
What's happening now is already a memory.  
Everything has a blurry outline,  
although on the outside I am not crying.

I have a feeling of watching myself - the pain belongs  
to someone else - all that I feel is nothing.  
I have no urge to feel or see reality.  
The lake of pain and thought are comforting.

My movements are automatic.  
I walk and live without feeling or thinking.  
Oh yes, I do feel pain on the inside,  
but now it's part of me, like an arm or a leg.

The shell outside laughs sometimes, to keep face,  
but the hollow within has no mirth.  
Smiles fleet across the surface,  
but are too fragile to compete with the negative interior.

I don't wallow in self pity, I do swim in tears.  
These tears aren't seen by people outside -  
ONLY BY ME.

Tamalane Petersen

## EXPERIENCES WITH THE POLICE

One day I had a funny experience .....  
In the city I ran into a few police  
who were making funny stirs about me.  
I got 'em back for it .....  
After that day onwards  
they seemed to be doing it all the time,  
trying to match me up with the guys.  
Sometimes that makes me feel a bit upset,  
but eventually we make up.  
I seem to hang around them all the time,  
especially on Friday nights.  
I happen to know one policeman  
who works in the watch-house.  
He comes down sometimes.  
I usually talk with him and we usually have a laugh.  
I've been through a lot of stress  
and I talk about it with him,  
'cause he's one of the few I can trust.  
One night I was in town  
and the police were being nasty to some street kids,  
using their horses and making them jump up,  
especially towards the kids with some problems.  
Sometimes I get really upset and it makes me mad,  
like it makes me want to do something about it.  
They should realise what they are doing,  
because it's starting to get dangerous.

Leanne Sales

Too big to believe,  
too small to ignore.  
I've stopped climbing walls,  
and now stand at the door.

Tell me the truth,  
make it hard, make it fast.  
I want to hear about passion,  
about love, about lust.

Sing me a lullaby,  
begin with a lie.  
And I'll tell you a story,  
about why not to cry.

Tamalane Petersen

## CRYING TO GET OUT

I'm stuck on the inside,  
crying to get out.  
But nobody can hear me,  
all of my desperate shouts.

I don't know if I can take it,  
for very much longer.  
I'm stuck on the inside,  
crying to get out.

Everything is such a blur,  
I can barely see.  
Tears sting my eyes,  
crying to get out.

The burdens of my past,  
are always on my mind.  
Emotions come at me fast,  
crying to get out.

It's like a raging fire,  
burning deep down inside.  
Or even a rusty barbed wire fence,  
piercing my skin deep inside.

Emotions, confusion,  
happiness, sadness.  
Anger, hatred,  
crying to get out.

My body is like a prisoner,  
being trapped by feelings.  
Fear, confusion and thoughts of suicide,  
crying to get out.

I've found the key,  
by letting it out.

Tanya

Youth Affairs Network  
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## QUESTIONS BUT NO ANSWERS

Why do people have to destroy others?  
Why isn't this world full of love?  
Why isn't it full of peace?  
Why is it all push and shove?

Why can't all people be equal?  
Why do men have hearts of stone?  
Why can't we all be joyful?  
And why do people have to keep alone?

The answers to the questions  
Are answers we may never know  
I just hope that one day,  
The world isn't just for show.

M.G.

## WHY?

You were my summer,  
You were my spring,  
You were my lover,  
You were my friend.  
But now you're gone,  
and things have changed.  
Will nothing ever be the same?

Although it's been a year now,  
since the day you passed away,  
my body and mind still grieve for you,  
as my brain just ticks away.  
But somehow I feel responsible,  
although I was not there.  
If only I could tell you  
just how much I really care.

Why you? I ask repeatedly.  
Why not somebody else?  
I need you more than he does,  
I need you for myself.  
But I hear you say "don't worry",  
and that you understand,  
'cause soon your time will come,  
and we'll be lovers once again.

Tammy Brodie

## EMOTION

In a room surrounded by darkness,  
with only a dim light reflecting on.  
A single rose weeps of loneliness,  
and bleeds of reflection.

No windows, no doors,  
but a breeze rushes in.  
Rustling around the white, silky cloth of purity  
which the rose lays helpless on.

Julie Rogers

## NOTHING

I watch you watch me  
I see you with them  
I catch your eye  
Now our glance means nothing.

I want you to want me  
I see you want them  
I catch your eye  
Now our glance means nothing.

Tamalane Petersen

## THE WEEKEND AWAY

A group of us went to Boonah for a conference  
to learn about living independently at C.L.P.

All of us got on together and talked about things,  
about each other and in a group sometimes.

All of us did activities in the group  
and some of the things we did  
were a night walk at Mt French  
and the low ropes course was very good.

I had a look at the horses  
They were good looking animals.  
All of it was good to do.

We all had fun together in Boonah.

Anne Coates

## INSANITIES OF WAR

Fighting and killing  
is senseless as can be.  
It only ruins the land and the people,  
it hurts constantly.

If the whole world could unite,  
and come to some agreement,  
there would be no need for guns and knives,  
or even a regiment.

The land and people are priceless,  
in every possible way.  
So come on everyone, let's come together as one,  
we have an important role to play.

If you stand up for what you believe,  
you are not doing wrong.  
Just don't use violence - talk about it,  
and the symbol of peace will be strong.

Tracey Callaghan

## STAYED ON AND OFF

(AT ROSEBERRY HOUSE - 1988)

I lived a happy life here  
from November 1986 to 1988.  
In my time of two years,  
many people came and went in my life -  
people who I loved and who I disliked.  
I am dependent on the people, who looked after me.  
They helped me through the good and the bad.  
Now I am afraid if I leave,  
because it seems like home.  
In a way, it is,  
and was like the home I wanted.  
Now that I've gone,  
I have nothing to be afraid of,  
but to be pleased.  
If it wasn't for them,  
I wouldn't have survived alone.

At least someone had the consideration to care.  
I was of an early age then - now I am 18.  
I've grown to be an independent person,  
able to live alone.  
But also able to remember those days of  
HAPPINESS,  
which they brought to me ....

Nicki



## WHOEVER

I sit and wonder what to do,  
'specially when I am feeling blue.  
Fearful my struggle in life,  
will never end.  
Sometimes it's hard,  
to make things clear  
to me ..... to you .....  
to whoever.

If I run or if I stay,  
I'm scared of what I might see.  
Knowing that if I look deep  
inside the wounds,  
that have been hurting me for so long,  
I will no longer  
be able to ignore them,  
for me ..... for you .....  
for whoever.

And even though I dream,  
pain is all I see and feel.  
Yes, it hurts me.  
Yes, this fear turns me.  
But sometimes I just stand  
and stare,  
hoping for a brighter day  
for me ..... for you .....  
for whoever.

It's easy to tell myself another lie,  
but the time has come  
to open my eyes.  
I don't want to run anymore,  
and I don't want to lose my head,  
and I don't want to hurt no more.  
I try to bury it deep inside,  
but I can't let it go,  
knowing one day,  
it will come back.  
So now is the time to handle it,  
for me ..... for you .....  
for whoever.

Christine

His hands are subtle as they sculpt and mould  
twist and distort her mind, obsession born.  
Pure poison spreads, the sculpture takes form,  
master of his craft, his visions unfold.

His cruelty under cunning hands, she screams.  
No sounds are heard, his tools grow sharper,  
manipulative hands working faster,  
obsessively striving towards his dreams.

Standards are set, but requirements not met.  
Dissatisfied, his vicious hands are stilled,  
head spinning, severed nerves, her spirit killed,  
butchered, battered, bruised, love her last request.

Sun shines as she wakes, she feels it no more.  
Cold steel in her hands, "I told you not to snore."

**Kelly Jones**

## MISSING YOU

Loving you always,  
I shall never forget.  
We shared good times,  
we shared the bad.  
I wanted to help you,  
but you thought  
you could manage.  
You fell on your arse,  
and thought I'd forget you.  
But I still love you.  
You, I shall never forget.  
I hope when it's over,  
you'll come back to just me.  
Forget all the past,  
and start over again.  
I really do miss you,  
you don't understand,  
the love I am holding,  
is yours for eternity.

**Anonymous**



## LIFE

I was addicted at the age of fifteen,  
Yes I was stupid I loved the drug scene.

I'd pop a pill or two or three,  
I loved drugs, and they loved me.

Most nights I'd snort or shoot some speed,  
and later on I'd smoke some weed.

Yep, I'd shoot and snort and smoke,  
until my best mate died on coke.

Since then I leave it all alone,  
It took that much for me to be shown.

That drugs are bad, they make you dream,  
And life is not as drugs make it seem.

So if you're on drugs, take my advice,  
they're not worth the price. The price is  
..... life.

Bessy

## UNCERTAINTY

In love with you,  
in love with me.  
What is this four letter word we speak?

Too cold to exist,  
too hot to embrace.  
Is it my reflection I see in your face?

Take me, leave me,  
the questions "why?"  
We talk and talk, yet cannot to cry.

A world of plenty,  
with hearts so few.  
Can we steal each other and still be true?

**Ruby Stone**

## MY PRETTY DRESS

I sit here in my pretty dress,  
a piece of meat for sale.  
Boys glance at me, then the rest,  
Hmmm, what will I have tonight?

I sit here in my pretty dress,  
I'm showing enough of my anatomy.  
Boys glance to see who has more breast,  
Hmmm, what do you like, a bit of rump?

I sit here in my pretty dress,  
made in a way that says "going cheap".  
Boys glance at me and snigger,  
Hmmm, all the guys have tasted that!

**Tamalane Petersen**

## ALL MY LIFE

'1989' when meeting my natural Mother (adopted)

All my life  
I asked questions  
Whether you were dead or alive  
If I could see you  
What it would be like  
Whether you thought of me  
Loved me  
Because all I ever wanted  
Was love  
I searched  
Through sex, drugs  
And alcohol  
For love

I never found love  
But distrusted all my life  
I wanted to finish life  
Not go on  
But I knew I had to continue  
As I knew there was more  
To life  
Than broken hearts, tears  
And suicide  
All I have ever wanted  
was someone to hug me  
And say  
They loved me

Instead of being moved  
Here to there  
And always finding  
Dead ends  
Always my problems  
Were still there  
I have always tried  
My hardest in life  
I tried to show everyone  
I could do it  
Survive  
In this crazy world of ours

I struggled  
But survived everything  
For once in life I know  
If you have a dream  
And believe it  
In your heart  
To never give in  
Because  
It will come true  
It happens in its timing  
Not ours

All good things happen  
To those who wait!!

Nicki

## BUS AND PRAM RAPS

We want more buses  
its a real mess  
at Tingalpa, Wynnum  
and Wynnum West.

No station at Tingalpa  
or Belmont.  
Its a four hour wait,  
for the bus you want.

How come the other suburbs,  
have them each half hour?  
Without us,  
they wouldn't have the power.

We're waiting and waiting -  
in the end we turn sour.

Delina

People pushing precious parcels  
on the street, but not on buses.

We catch a bus to get somewhere,  
but all we get is a dirty stare.

Bus drivers won't help us with prams,  
we have to juggle with our own two hands.

Compulsory seating before the bus moves,  
to help us stop getting bumps and grooves.

Extra timetables on the bus,  
would stop us being in such a rush.

2 in every 12 treat us with respect,  
It's only a few, but at least we connect.

Laurie

Mothers struggling with full hands,  
nobody really gives a damn.  
They all just sit and stare,  
and won't even help you with your pram.  
You drive off so quickly, before we sit down,  
all we want is a day in town.  
We're having a hard time, can't you see?  
All we need's a bit of courtesy.

Joanne

## FALSE ILLUSIONS

We sit under the sky  
of deep blue  
together at last  
together as two.

The mountains overhang  
with great enchantment  
It's all around,  
a romantic scent.

We sit facing  
the raging flames of passion.  
Under the stars he's gazing into my eyes  
with sensual impressions.

The moonlight fades behind the clouds.  
The air is calm around his body.  
He whispers "I LOVE YOU" into my eye.  
Now there is no longer any fear.

His strong body,  
his soft touch on my skin.  
He holds me tight,  
he rips my dress of planning sin.

He's just about to kiss my lips,  
we're in limits of immense extreme.  
Then I awake, to find  
it's only a dream.

Belinda J. Warren

## IT WON'T GO AWAY

The pain grows stronger,  
it stabs me deeper,  
and tears me apart.  
It's ruined my life,  
and shattered my heart.  
I can't handle it any longer.

It's there every night,  
and won't go away.  
It's in my body,  
here to stay.

Darkness comes,  
loneliness fills the room.  
There's a lonely girl in the corner,  
with a terrifying stare.

Belinda J. Warren

## OVER DOSE

Why is the wall talking to me?  
Cries, screams,  
pleads of freedom.  
The sounds  
drive you to madness.  
(Scream) You!  
What was that?  
Hands forming from the wall,  
fingers crawling up your shoulder blades,  
like spiders hunting for flesh.  
Your heart races hard and fast,  
"My heart, stay in my body."  
Mind overload of madness,  
hallucination,  
screams, piercing, sharp,  
painful cries of help.  
"Should I look?"  
Look -  
nothing, no sound.  
Hand me another taste,  
under my skin.  
Prick of death,  
peace now.

Julie Rogers

## DIE DIE DIE

You make my life a misery.  
Yet she would disagree.  
You make me look bad  
and get me very mad.

You are the lying scum  
and I'm the innocent one.  
You told me to get out,  
no one wants me about.

I really hope you die  
or maybe I'll do it for you.  
But don't think I'll say goodbye,  
before you go to hell.

Belinda J. Warren



## GATES OF HEAVEN

I want to reach the gates of heaven,  
I want to find a way.  
I want to be able to live my life,  
and live it day by day.

I need to find a way out,  
and heaven seems the best.  
I want to sit upon the world,  
and put each man to the test.

No man has the right,  
the right to destroy anyone.  
So while I'm up there, if he does,  
I'll shoot him with a gun.

M.G.

## DON'T LEAVE

You did not want to hurt me,  
but it happened anyway.  
You didn't want to leave me,  
but you didn't want to stay.

I sit behind the window,  
in the deadness of the night,  
looking at the stars glow,  
wishing everything was alright.

I know you've left for good,  
I knew you someday would.  
Well I miss you very much,  
would you still keep in touch?

Belinda J. Warren



## EYE FOR AN EYE

An eye for an eye  
I hide as I cry  
I give and you take  
I made a mistake

I yell while you stare  
You no longer care  
I love and you don't  
You stand back and gloat

I have pain that runs deep  
I pretend I don't weep  
You stand off amused  
I feel I've been used

Tamalane Petersen

## HOME

Home - a place to cry  
Home - a place to laugh  
Home - a place to share  
Home - a place to be

It is where the heart is  
But where is my heart  
It isn't where my chattels lie

Here it is  
Here is my home  
I am my home  
And home is me

I am alone  
So therefore my home is alone  
Together we are  
No need to go further  
No need to seek  
Yet always needing to explain  
Always needing to say  
They don't listen with hearts  
Only with ears  
If they stopped to listen  
They would see  
Home is me

Tammy Worley

## REVENGE IS SWEET

I search my heart,  
I search my soul.  
Looking for something,  
that BASTARD stole.

He left my life, so incomplete,  
he stripped me of my heart.  
I wish there was something I could have done,  
to have stopped him from the start.

I realise now, it wasn't my fault,  
but there is nothing I can do to fully recover.  
Except, to leave this world,  
and start from scratch in another.

M.G.

## ALL THE WAY

Should I? Could I?

What will mum say?

What will dad say?

What will friends say?

What will I say?

Go all the way -

I shouldn't

I couldn't

I should

I could

I'm too young - I will

I'm too old - I won't

Can I, will I, should I

I can, no I can't

I won't

But should I go

All the way?

Meica Gray

## THINKING OF YOU ON MOTHER'S DAY

Thoughts of you just seem to be  
a part of mother's day.

For you're so kind and thoughtful,  
and so sweet in every way.

Sending you good wishes  
is a natural thing to do.  
For if anyone deserves them,  
it certainly is you.

HAPPY MOTHERS' DAY

Anonymous

## SWEETNESS

The room it blossoms  
where the flowers bloom  
sunshine or shower outside

You walk in the room  
and so my heart pounds  
long after your footsteps have died

I long for your fragrance  
I long for your love  
inside

Ruby Stone

## LET ME BE

I wish I could just spread my wings  
and fly away  
You and I both know  
I cannot stay

I wish they'd try and see  
That I just want to be me  
I want to be the person they love  
But I wish they wouldn't push and shove

I just want to be me  
So I'll just have to spread my wings  
and set myself free  
But I wish they'd just let me be

**Meica Gray**

## SORRY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH

When you say you love me,  
I wonder if you do?  
When you say it's forever,  
I wonder if it's true?

Love isn't meant to be this way,  
it's not something you regret.  
You should be happy to be together,  
not wishing you never met.

You shouldn't have to scare me,  
the way you always do.  
To prove you are a man - you see,  
I love you because you're you.

When you raise your fist at me,  
and I feel that powerful sting,  
it doesn't prove you're right you know,  
it doesn't prove a thing.

It doesn't make me love you,  
and it will not make me stay,  
because the real pain on the inside  
will never go away.

**J.L.W.**

## OPEN UP THE DOOR

Feelings trying to find a door,  
hiding away inside myself.  
People knocking at my door,  
trying to get into me.

My heart is breaking  
Into a million pieces.  
My feelings are like a Roller Coaster,  
up and down, up and down.

I need to speak  
but no words come out.  
The memories of my past  
seem to haunt all my days.

It feels like a knife  
cutting away at my heart.  
Rejection stops me  
from Opening Up The Door.

My mind is like a volcano,  
when I talk about my feelings,  
spilling its guts over the side.  
People saying "Open Up The Door."

I'm like a dam  
bursting its banks.  
Dreams come and dreams go.  
People knocking, knocking at my door.

I feel like I'm drowning at sea.  
I can't find a way to escape.  
All my efforts are in vain,  
to release my pain.

I need to share my innermost thoughts  
that all my pain has brought.  
I just want someone to hold me tight  
and keep my feelings within my sight.

They'd say "Open Up The Door"  
and let me in.  
Just "Open Up The Door"  
and let me in.

Tanya



## DEAR MISS PRISSY

You tried to repress my feelings,  
but I wasn't surprised.  
After all,  
daddy's a capitalist.  
You stood there pregnant,  
while in the same breath,  
preached "sexual morality"!  
You freaked when I told you  
I was gay.  
And now  
you expect me to listen  
to your unjustly  
oppression.  
The fact is,  
I don't like homophobic bigots  
So next time,  
If we have a "friendly" chat,  
I hope you don't mind me asking,  
(without offence of course),  
why you exist,  
as a blatantly, boring  
heterosexual?

Anonymous

## SO LITTLE COMPROMISING

Waiting for love,  
hurting because it's over.  
Feeling lonely,  
just wanting to be loved.

The blues play hauntingly  
in the background.  
My body aches of memories  
of when you were around.

You're gone, it's over,  
the decision finally made.  
But sometimes I feel hollow,  
alone and afraid.

Do you know that I still love you  
and wish that it could work?  
Only there's too many negatives,  
and too much hurt.

There never was a time of love  
in all its Glory.  
There were arguments and stand-offs  
behind the outside story.

We're both so young  
and have held onto each other so long,  
that it's hard to break the habit,  
and admit something was wrong.

I fear life without you,  
but life with you cannot be.  
I need to sort through my challenges  
and find the real me.

When love's turned into dependence,  
then into mistrust,  
and the relationship revolves around habit,  
the ending is a must

Jealousy and yearning  
still burning side by side.  
When I know you're seeing other people,  
I find it hard to hide.

I don't know where to go from here,  
but it doesn't look too promising.  
I was wrong when I thought it could be amicable,  
there's so little compromising.

Tamalane Petersen



## I'M SMARTER THAN YOU DRINK

I won't allow you to use me.  
I'm not ready, that's right, I said "no".  
As soon as no sex is uttered, you flee.

Well good, though I'm sorry to see you go.  
Did you know I could be a friend?  
I see through your farcical show.

Passion doesn't last, it comes to an end.  
Don't you ever wish for something more,  
than a lustful, shallow fuck?

How degrading, that's for sure.  
Well honey, this time you've run out of luck.  
Mr "Got it Together" didn't score.

Tell me something before we part.  
Are you scared of being alone?  
Yet you didn't want me being too smart!

Rainbow

## CRAZY

Up, down and around,  
my mind boggles.  
Looking here,  
looking there,  
what does it see?  
Things that I don't notice.  
No matter how important,  
I always look elsewhere.  
Crazy, I must be crazy.  
But really, I'm all alone.

T.C.

## DEAR GOD

Could you tell me why  
you made me a woman?  
I'm not ashamed,  
I just don't understand.  
On the outside I look woman  
but inside I feel man.

How do I tell her my feelings?  
Easy - I love you.  
When I met her,  
she made me feel special.

God, why is this hard?  
Why does this have to be so hard?  
I think you know that I cry,  
because I know  
she'll never be mine.

Dear God,  
you've created such insensitivity  
amongst your people.

What is so wrong with love?  
I long for the day she feels the same,  
and I wait.

Perhaps if I lose ten kilos  
and mention I'm gay - casually.  
Will she hate me?

Maybe I should shut up  
and say nothing.  
I could deny my feelings.  
I could use people  
to look straight.

I know nothing's wrong with me.  
Understand, I'm in love with a woman.  
And if you can't accept this,  
could we still be friends?

Anonymous

## ABORTION

Mummy keep me safe,  
mummy keep me warm,  
mummy within your heart,  
mummy let me form.

I'm six months old today.  
A birthday gift for me,  
is a pair of bright blue eyes,  
that some day you will see.

I've already got my arms  
and tiny button nose,  
and at the end of my feet,  
are little things called toes.

I'm looking forward to my life.  
Ice-cream, cocktails,  
parties late at night,  
a cuddly teddy bear and fairy tales.

Where are we going mummy?  
A bath and a bus ride far away.

Why are we laying down,  
being pushed on four wheels?  
This usually doesn't happen.  
Oh, how funny it feels.

BANG - through the door,  
people all dressed in green.  
If they hurt you mummy,  
just run away and scream.

Mummy where's daddy?  
For in my dying moment,  
I don't want you here.

Mummy they are hurting me,  
they are tearing me apart.  
First my tiny legs and arms,  
and now my tiny heart.

Good-bye Mummy,  
mummy good-bye.  
Thank you for trying Mummy.

But I will never hear the birds  
singing in the trees.  
I'll never hear the sweet things  
or feel the nice cool breeze.

Mummy I love you,  
mummy I do.  
And please tell Daddy,  
I love him too.

Anonymous

## WOULD YOU BE IMPRESSED?

If I gave you red roses  
would you be impressed?

If I said I'd give my life for you  
would you be impressed?

If I offered you the shirt from my back  
would you be impressed?

If I knelt before you  
would you be impressed?

No, you'd say  
"While you're down there"

You're just so romantic

**Tamalane Petersen**

## THE LOVE WE MAKE

We are rich in spirit,  
rich in love,  
free as the birds,  
that soar up above.

Innocent as children,  
full of delight,  
the future is ours,  
night after night.

The words unspoken,  
the eyes reveal,  
the depths of our souls,  
the desires we conceal.

Our bodies dance,  
as free as the wind,  
as sweet as honey,  
high on a spin.

Flying like angels,  
wrapped in a song,  
our hearts on fire,  
here I belong.

I feel you inside me,  
every breath that I take.  
I love  
the love we make.

**Ruby Stone**

## HAUNTING MEMORIES

My tears are falling to the ground,  
as I sit alone and weep,  
with the suffering of the memories,  
which wounded very deep.

In my visions I can see  
the man who had destroyed me.  
Now he's gone, gone forever,  
deep into the earth and into the flame.  
I shall never see him again.

Belinda J. Warren

## LETTING IT OUT

My family's saying, what's happened to her?  
She used to be so nice,  
always smiling, eager to please.  
We don't understand.  
Maybe it's the lack of meat,  
too much tofu, beans and rice.  
We're so worried - her life is getting out of hand.  
Well here am I talking to you.  
Since the car crash  
I've been an emotional mess.  
The time to face the truth and anger  
is long overdue.  
I've always been so proud.  
No, I don't hate anyone.  
Deep inside the level of resentment  
wasn't getting any less.  
For years I've been shut down.  
Fun? There was none.  
It took an unexpected trauma  
to show me that I'm strong.  
With this discovery  
I've started dealing with the pain.  
Such freedom to know,  
that getting angry isn't wrong.  
No longer must I fight the thought,  
that maybe I'm insane.  
Finally, I'm free to be, I am me!

Rainbow

## LOVE

Sweet, romance,  
love, flowers.  
How deceiving,  
how mistaken.  
Love isn't this.  
Love is being you.

T.C.

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