

DEATH SUICIDE DESPAIR POETRY



By Jason Harris

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**Second Chance
You may need it next**

I'd Once Heard it said

“You're no good”, followed by violence and more words. He grew up hearing he was no good, he even believed it, right through his working life.

One day he decided to go back to school, over 40, no qualifications, and people were laughing behind his back – they weren't laughing when he received 9 distinctions and 9 merits with his Higher National Diploma in Business information Technology.

In 2001 he graduated, degree from Southbank University, all the time memories of what he was called as a child dogged him, followed him like a bad smell. No one ever said he'd done something good, never encouragement, only pain. He was the only person I'd heard of who graduated having narcolepsy – slept throughout his course and still passed. Lost eight stone and still never thought he had done anything special.

2004 found himself at poetry group where he started to write what he felt like: death and suicide. After many attempts he found himself seeing a psychiatrist, who said, “You display a lot of signs of Asperger's Syndrome”, and he thought – just another rod for his back.

However he came to understand just what had caused his troubled life, no friends,

Isolated and always on his own, death was his only friend.

His mother who had always said the most terrible things to him, made him feel like committing suicide. If he had Asperger's, could other family members have it?

His brother said to him, out of the blue, he'd lost two kids; one would be 9 now and the other 4. He replied, "That's sad, that's something you never get over."

His brother said "He had." Later that night he told his mother what his brother had said Mum replied "That's his problem". He said in a soft voice "That's insensitive" – a short silence, and his mother replied "Yes, I already knew". He replied, "Don't worry, don't say it to him"

Then it struck him, it was not said with malice or to cause pain it was just said like you might say "Good morning Asperger's".

If you feel like jumping of Tower Block, it's said by the time you hit the bottom you have forgotten why you jumped. Don't.
If you want people to know, then don't jump. How will you know? You're dead.

If you are alone, not loved, rejected. change your life, think differently

He wrote with a smile as they said "Where's Jason gone - to join the one million?"

It is written that one million people a year commit suicide

DON'T.

17/03/08

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Extract only

Making Dream come True

I don't have a dream. My dreams are all gone. As a boy I wanted to be lots of things. Never a policeman or a lawyer. I was always on the wrong side. I know a lot about being on the wrong side. When everybody went left I went right. Always the wrong way. I guess I'm not on my own.

I grow up, became a printer, that's the past. What do I dream about? Death, I would like to be dead. The end of this life.

What's waiting for me in the next life? Who knows? Suicide they say is a call for help at the last minute someone will turn up to save the day. That's the movies for you. There'll be no one to save me - I'm all alone.

On my own, there's no one. What next? Who are my friends? I leave here, I go back to my Lock up. That's what I called home. No water, no gas or electrics and no toilet. I use the park. In the morning I go to the Manor Centre.

You can be sure to see a wealth of troubled people. you do get food and a drink. Someone I knew died.

I'd known him a long time. I'll call him John. He drank when I first met him. He was about twenty years old. Now he's dead. I did not go to the funeral, I will miss him.

We are both over fifty now and life does not have any mystery, it's still a beautiful world. I can not enjoy it, because there is no end of problems. They never go away, they just change.

When I had a stroke my left side of my body did not work. Just when I got it right. I was hit by a car then the other side did not work.

Then I was attacked by a gang of kids and beaten up. I use to live in my car, a lorry drove into the back of it. Its goes on, never ever good just bad getting worse. So why go on, my dream is to die painlessly effortlessly let it be over no more worries.

What keeps me going is I imagine a point in the month. I want to get to, just. Anything nothing major, like finishing a course I'm on.

Just something, 'til that feeling passes. It will go, sometime it persists, then I try real hard to remember point I want to reach

now I can tell you if I am there and being chase by thought of death, it time to look for another point to aim for. Christmas, the coming of good will. The shelter will be open. Hot food and drinks, never any champagne. always lots to eat. The shelter is warm and dry, the food is good.

The first time in a long time I'm safe, the bad news - my body rejects the good food I am so very ill My body wonders what's happening. It's getting all this well cooked food but rejects it; for it knows 7 days after Christmas I'm back on the road again, looking round for another place to sleep. Strange I'd should be so ill when the food is so good one way or another food comes back out.

I know I must find another focus or my dream will come and call. That's when I look for another point to reach.

life has many twist and turns. I found my self at a train station, a major station with a wooden bench like the one in the park. I just sit there watching the people hurriedly go out about their business.

While I am sitting there I start to peel an orange, I had in my pocket and as I peel it, I notice something.

We all must have peel an orange at some time, so you all know what I mean. I peel it like an apple, with a knife. With one long peel then it breaks and I pull out a segment.

I realise it came apart like a chocolate orange you'd seen it on the telly one tap and it comes apart. If it comes apart then it can go back together. It can go back together and I thought about my life just when it fell apart and if it can come apart then it can go back together.

I stood up looked around with new purpose.

Authority

Where ever I go there is always someone in charge.

I don't go to many places 'cause I've got no money.

I was in prison on one occasion.

I sat quietly and watched three Irishmen make lots of noise.

They really did make a nuisance of themselves.

The first thing they did was get toilet paper.

I watched.

Then food.

I watched.

I could see they wanted sugar.

They looked like brothers.

I watched.

The guard opened the door and they sat down.

Never a word from them.

another man suddenly started to act like the brothers.

I watched.

I knew what was about to happen.

I thought.

This must be your first time, it not school.

I did not say anything.

the guards came in, and in force, in a word.

they rolls over this man who should have remained quiet.

I watch them carry him out.

do as they do, sit quite

The powers that be will always out-gun, out-manoeuvre,

Out think the man on his own.

The only way to win is to play their game with their rules.

Power can be good. It's in your hands.

Vote and make a difference and stay out of trouble

Secrets

It is now time to tell, I hate the double life I lead

It's hard I do have a double life

I look just like anyone else

When I can get away to do the thing I like.

It called to me, I want to do it I can't

I don't want anyone to know, it is my big secret

If they knew, what it is, they don't

I hear them laugh at the very suggestion of it.

I never let on.

If they only knew what I did when no one's around

Sometime I go where like-minded people meet

Then we all do it together

never letting on where we are doing it.

Strange how people would think it, not the norm

if they knew how it called me.

I can remember the junkie telling me how the drugs

called to him

Well this thing not only calls I do it with joy.

I love to do it try as I might I just cannot stop

I do this mainly early evening, some time during the
day if I find a wood

Where I and like minded people can do the thing we
love

I'm not saying what, I don't want to give it away.

But I just,....

No I am going to continue

To do what we like minded people do in secret

And all you others will never know what we do

Guess what ?

Answers Catch Buttery

Lost

When you're down it can be really bad
Suicide bad
Let's not dream of death, but of love that was lost
One day it will be found
Love, desire, pumping heart, aching joy
Longing, remember how it felt
now it's gone
I only remember how happy I was
Love gone, love lost, where is my love
I long to know that feeling of love, to be loved
To feel high on love
all I can remember is the pain of loss
The good news is it's a joy to love and be in love
The soft skin next to mine
The smile that warms my heart and soul
My whole body even my toes tingle
The glorious feeling of being in love
How sad, when all the joy is gone
There is no one to blame
Not even the one I lost

Gone

I'm always searching for love, never finding
What I find is the despair of loneliness
Waiting, now I've given up
I have a fantasy lover
How sad is that
Why do I want people to know I've gone?

I know lots of people they're not my friends
Just on the outside, where I am.
I'd always feel alone
If I was not here
I would not be noticed or miss
Strange how any one can be on your own
In a city that's crowded

Stop and look That I can do.
The job I do - there's always gossip
no friends. The drink on a Friday

I'm there because I always stand the first and last
round

They'll drink your drinks, on Saturday

I'm always alone

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