



## Life and Hope

Jason Harris

---

**Published by William Cornelius Harris UK  
In collaboration**

**with**

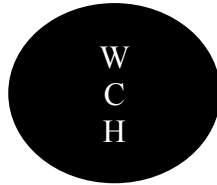
**Second Chance**

**Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts**

**ISBN 978-1-291-83489-5**

**Copyright © Jason Harris 2014  
All rights reserved**

**c/o Open Door, 224 Jamaica Road, London SE16**



**Second Chance  
You may need it next**

## Contents

Loved Now Distant Love	1
No Hope	4
Sunshine	6
Neighbour	11
Rambunctious	13
Take A Second Look	14
Ten Years	16
Good Walk	18
Under Town Clocks	20
I Need A Gentle Cry	22
Pavement Arts	24
Smiles, Gestures and Lies	26
Vulnerable Voices	29
Epilogue	31

*i.m.*  
Gordon John Silk  
&  
Gary Cornelius Harris

## Loved Now Distant Love

It's definitely better to have loved and feel the pain of longing. Sex is good, it makes me feel alive. Everything is wonderful - before, during and after. If it's really good, I feel good for weeks. The thought of what's happened, the expectation of its happening again, the wait.

Please don't ever leave me. I'm greedy for it. If only common sense would take control. It leaves me saying yes. Time just goes fast enough till our next encounter. What's going on? The very thought titillates me. Why do I deserve such luck? I just carry on as if nothing is going on.

It's a secret. Why? I ask myself. Let's not destroy a good thing. Only time allows me to enjoy soft skin, young skin, gentle eyes knowing and enjoying. Is there any shame, two willing, consenting adults, even when one is younger?

Marriage. I'm single. She's busy, busy not busy, busy excuses, busy. We're together again. I'm over the moon. It's like the sun refills me with joy.

Placate, placate, placate, placate, ephemeral. Pull my tongue out and stamp on it. My friends are not the same with their ringlet hair, bobby pins and gym shoes. They show me only the moon, no joy.

Definitely better, definitely better, definitely better, definitely better.

What's the truth? Are we together or is it just sex? Sex is good, yes good. Cannot, cannot say no. The word does not exist.

When I look in her eyes the sun's in full flow. No man holds back the sun's rays. I just cannot stop the sun filling us with joys, kisses and expected touches.

Soft curves, soft caresses fill us with joy. The sun bathes us in joy.  
Her skin's almost the colour of milk, soft and delicate, silk like, so smooth. I run my hand down her back to her bum. What a beautiful bum, such curves. Hair gentle as the night's breeze. Voice whispers and she giggles. Legs that run for miles, shaped like a champion's. A face that loves mine. For me she's my everything.

The only question is, is it true love, lust, sex? What's going on? My brain's all mushy.

Quite by chance she sees me. Finger-to-lips gesture, a whisper. It hits me: she's beautiful, even with her family. Those long legs walk away from me. Young family, do not see me. My angel looks away from me.

Placate, placate, busy bee busy, placate, ephemeral.

Man in tow, arm-in-arm, angel looks. My brain's on fire. I'm busy now, just distant love.

Placate, placate, only the truth will do. Placate, only the truth will do.

Scream, shout, scream, shout, scream, kick off your heels and shout. Bang your head on the bed with thunderous left and

right, as if you were about to knock your opponent out of the ring.

The calls to be filled with the sun and joy. I'm busy, I'm busy, I pull out my tongue, throw it on the floor, stamp on it. I'm busy, I'm busy but she still calls me there. No escape, I don't know that word.

Entwined in her bliss, the sun fills me with joy. Tomorrow is another school day. Bobby pins, ringlet curls hair, gym shoes. Only the moon's shadow brings me closer.

Sun and joy. Sun and joy. Sun. Joy.

## No Hope

No hope. That's a state of mind. It's been a long road. I'm here thinking, why me?.

Yes, it's my mind, always looking for death but not finding the way out, failing. I read even kids manage to do it but I fail time and time again. I think, if I'm not meant to die then why do I feel this way, why won't it leave me alone? But it's there in my head all the time.

I hide it, but it won't let go. I don't let on, just waiting. What's next? Anxiety. It's in my ear again saying, did you do this, turn that off, go back, check it again. It's like a children's game of hide and seek. I think the whole lot will go up in flames but each time I return it's all okay.

You should do that. No, you can't do that, you're only going to look foolish. They'll laugh at you, don't be a fool. On it goes, never going away.

I do find it easy to lie. Lots of lies, my life is full of lies. Even to say I have a partner is a lie.

What makes me feel the lies better than my life? I ask myself all the time and still no answers. I fool everybody even myself. But I'm alone, especially at night. No warm body to comfort me. It's just me and my fantasy that pleases me. More lies. I would like this life of mine to end.

Anxiety keeps whispering in my ear and fear shouts so loud it stops me functioning. Only the lies keep me going. The constant checking I disguise with another lie and still I fail in my suicide attempt. It only makes me feel worse and the lies keep coming.



And still there's no hope and the anxiety keeps lying to me, makes me feel worse. How is that possible? I'm so busy cleaning and checking so nobody knows and still I feel worthless. I try to tell the anxiety to clear off but it digs its heels in and all the time I tell myself it's not true and I wrestle the sound in my ear. In my other ear it says, "why do you listen? You know it's not true", and we wrestle. I know it lies all the time. I never come back to a house burnt down. It's a constant call. I know it's a lie. I call out for the relief of the big sleep, but I know it's a lie.

## Sunshine

I feel much better, only one suicide attempt. There have been many. I pretend to be dead. What must it be like, to be no one, in just a cold body? No problems, no rent, no need for money, no anxieties, relieved of all my worries. No worries, the tiny things that drive me crazy. Yipee, no more worries! It's like winning the lottery.

The sun is out, it looks beautiful. My birthday's coming, the kids are coming, the cake's been bought. It's a fresh cream cake decorated with Happy Birthday Bruv, Great Uncle Jason, with Tigger the Tiger in colour, covered with strawberries. Lots of good food I don't have to cook.

I will be playing 'Catch Me' with my niece, football with the boys. And this word I get wrong - I've been calling it 'noodle'. I said to the boys, "I've noodled you". They just laughed. "It's 'nutmeg'", they said. It's a simple thing. The kids use the term nutmeg. It's when you are playing football and you have the ball and your opponent wants the ball, he tries to get it away from you but you take him on and kick the ball through his legs and get past him.

As we play, the boys nutmeg me and they think it's so funny, one says "I've nutmegged you four times". Right, I think, I'll show you. After a considerable chase, I've now got the ball and I call out "Noodle you again", with the words, "Fancy letting a 64-year-old beat you".

Back at home now we play rough and tumble. Time moves on. I'm now playing Chase Me with my niece and the boys look on. More rough and tumble. There's so much laughter in the air my anxieties have left in disgust but I don't care, I'm free of them.

The sun's shining and we're heading back to the beach so I can nutmeg the boys, not noodle them. Swingball now and my 100-

year-old mum is hitting the ball, saying "I used to play badminton", not realising they are hitting the ball to her gently. Nanny's still winning the game.

We're still playing Chase Me but I'm chasing the incoming tide, not keeping my feet dry. I don't believe it, we're all in the sea with our clothes on. Mum and dad are not so keen but Great Uncle Jason is up to his tricks again. Mum and dad look on, what's he doing now!

This is not a day to die. The sun is full of joy.

# Product Details

ISBN 9781291834895

Copyright Jason Harris (Standard Copyright Licence)

Edition First

Publisher William Cornelius Harris

Published 25 November 2014

Language English

Pages 33

Binding Perfect-bound Paperback

Interior Ink Black & white

Weight 0.1 kg

Dimensions (centimetres) 14.81 wide x 20.98 tall