

Caged... Free

BY MATT McPETRIE

As I look to the horizon,
And feel the weight of my regret,
I hate the things I've done,
I know I'll always owe a debt

As I fall asleep alone,
Holding my pillow like it's you,
I dream of a life unknown,
If only it were true

As I remember those passed on,
I say a quiet prayer,
But the words are quickly done,
As words are simply air

To all of those who've left,
I wish I had the chance once more,
My life, it feels bereft,
Without those I adore

As I sit here in my cage,
My whole world metres square,
I can choose – accept or rage,
But from the latter – just despair

I could rue lost opportunity,
Until my life is done,
But soon, back to the community,
And feel the warmth, the sun

And when that day arrives,
I vow to look instead,
To that in me that survives,
Not that laying crippled and d#@d

Life is what we make it,
Or so the pundits say,
So far it's mostly shit,
But my choices, for those I pay

I've lost many a year,
In the fog of intoxication,
Not as unhappy as I appear,
Yet I fear, a justification

Yet the drugs were good to me,
One could say my one true friend,
But not who I wanted to be,
My mind I'm left to mend

So I lost sight of real life,
In favour of a start,
To ease my pain and strife,
To patch the holes in my heart

But that state, it wasn't real,
Although at times I felt it was,
In the end I couldn't deal,
Not least of all because

Psychosis took its toll,
Reality no longer a friend,
My sanity it quickly stole,
My fragile mind did bend

Yet from the reaches of insanity,
I did claw my way back,
Best described with a profanity,
Or a quip, a cool wise crack

But the madness not a joke,
Soul destroying it became,
Well and truly under its yoke,
To serious to be a game

Yet my mind I did regain,
From the depths of my insanity,
Electronics were my bane,
My cross to bear, not vanity

I de-constructed phones,
Computers, sockets, light,
I felt fear to my bones,
Of those at me and my plight

I flirted again with violence,
It scared me given my past,
Instead I hurt myself, what sense?
It left them all aghast

To cut my flesh was not a lark,
It soothed my aching mind,
Left forever with the mark,
As my injured flesh did bind

Caged again they wouldn't listen,
To my tales of a broken heart,
So once again the blade did glisten,
With my blood, the hospital cart

100 scars on chest and arm,
I am left scarred beyond belief,
Yet now I feel only calm,
I have exorcised all of my grief

So mind and body have suffered,
Beyond bending but unbroken,
And despite never feeling heard,
Their pity never more than token

I rise in spite not because,
Of what has been done by and to,
I strike on without pause,
I know now what to do

But I won't let them win,
But that's not my only goal,
I strive now to rise above their din,
And strive now for my soul

If I can win so can you,
I never want to hear,
"It's too hard what can I do,"
Just get your arse in gear

And take a leaf out of mine,
As well as a cautionary tale,
From my existence internecine,
For I'll give you the mail

You can win if you choose,
Don't ever let them say you can't,
Anything you want, peruse,
Never let them tell you shan't

When I look now at my scars,
I see the marks of pride,
For I no longer look through the bars,
And have her at my side

So if you want what I have built,
And have suffered with me too,
Simply back yourself on tilt,
And realise there's much to do

So love yourself, because you should,
Don't leave it on the shelf,
You know now just to knock on wood,
And always believe in yourself.

