

A COLLECTION OF POEMS FROM MAKING SPACE

With poems from colleagues, people we
support and friends of our charity

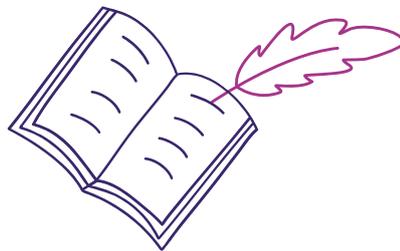


WELCOME TO THE MAKING SPACE POETRY BOOK!

To celebrate World Poetry Day 2022 we wanted to make something with the help of our Making Space family. We know that we have some very creative people at Making Space, so what better way to show their talents than by releasing our very own Making Space poetry book?

Within this book are 16 poems, focusing on a range of different subjects, including mental health, the seasons, being out in nature, and the fear and loneliness felt during the COVID-19 pandemic.

We would like to thank everyone who contributed to this book and who have expressed their feelings whilst writing their poems. Thank you.



Making Space will turn 40 in 2022, so we're holding 40 fun-filled events across the year!

So why not get involved and join the rest of our #40for40 celebrations?

For more information please read the brochure at your service.



IN THE RIGHT PLACE

Living at Making Space
Is a very good place
They work with you at your pace
The care they provide is ace
They help you so that you win your race
And how to do it with such grace
I embrace the care and support
Living life at Making Space!

By Bunty



THE FALLING OF SNOW

The falling of snow

Pitter-patter of snowdrops
Pitter-patter of snowflakes

The icy paths
The icy paths
Those love snow
Those of us choose not to like snow

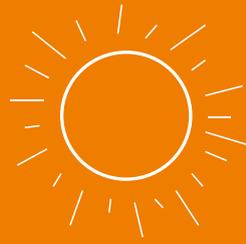
Christmas the falling of snow
On the sudden ground

Pitter-patter of snowflakes
Pitter-patter of snowflakes

By Nigel



MID SUMMER MUSE



Hot Summer days remune June's darling mid
Whose got rotund is bid in time's acclaim
Which dines plump gain in kemel's loving hid
To ripe to fullest knell in season's reign.

Here bountiest in verdant floral green
The radiant Fleurs dream in a raise display
And sway like orange sturtiums climbing ween
Er red in bright and yellow in array.

Yet in a garden dell the cornflowers bloom
In royal daisy hue strewn streamed abound
While gaura pinks found in Beeblossoms fume
Buzz black eyed Susan in a sunglow round.

This is the muse of colour bound in lease
When summer memories are ground in peace

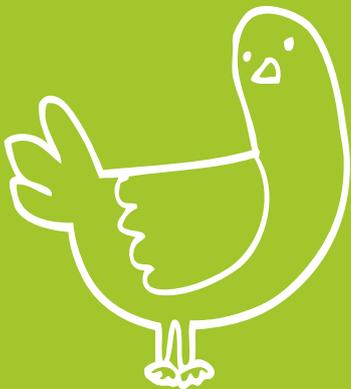
By Barry



DOWN BY THE ESTUARY...

An ever changing scene
Sometimes glittering light on the water
Or misty, enveloped in cloud
It empties and fills
The ebb and flow of the tide
A constant in these ever changing times
I forget my worries they disappear like the tide
Washed out to sea
Washing away my cares
Washing away my troubles
Easing the pain

By Catherine



ALL THE PIGEONS

All the pigeons look for seed
They think it's very good indeed
If there's none to be found
They'll pretend there is
And keep on pecking
So please don't worry
They're only checking

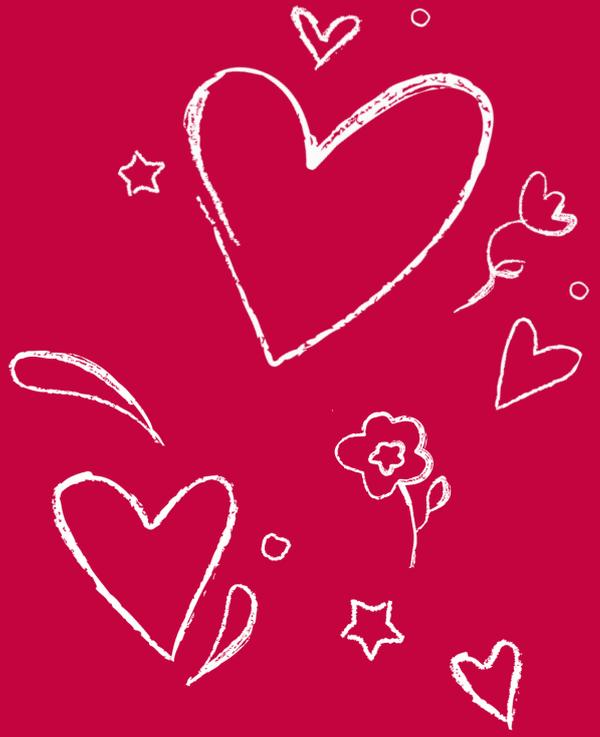
By Lee



YOU

Did you know that lies can kill
Or do you even care?
Yes you can jump if you want
But really is that fair?
You're not on your own
I feel your pain too
I'm like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz
I think I lost my shoe
That tornado raised me up
And threw me to the ground
Left in the darkness on my own
With no one else around
I feel your tears
Running down my cheeks
How long have you cried for now?
I'd say it has now been weeks
You're not on your own
You know that now, right?
Your heart is searching
For the light that shines so bright
Look deeper my love
It's there within your soul
I promise you this,
You will begin to feel more whole
Don't give up
It's not an easy task
But for now stop them tears from falling
That is all I ask.

By Siobhian



NATURE

Nature is a beautiful sight.

The four seasons give us many beautiful sights.
The rejuvenation of the Spring water falling down
cascading the white top hills in the distance.

The sweet smell of grass and wind on your face.
The moss and the pheasants dancing on the moorlands.
Spring is only one of the greatest!

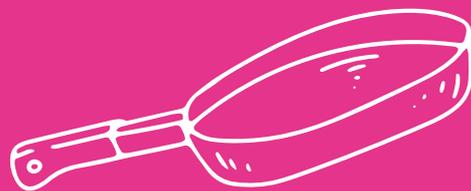
By Derrick



EGGS AND BACON

Eggs and bacon on a Sunday morning
Really helps with all that yawning
The smell of the bacon makes me feel sober
But baste my eggs, don't turn them over.
I like to dip fried bread in the yolks,
And bacon that's not crispy is just a joke.

By Lee



LONELINESS

Lonely as I don't know what
Only me to watch the clock
Nobody here but the cats
Looking at me oh so cute
Inside me I'm so sad
Nothing to do but sit and cry
Eyes all red from tears of dread
Sitting staring feeling sad
Sons come home time to smile

By Amanda

WINTER POEM

Winter is here,
It is bitter cold,
A cold wind.
The ground is slippery, and there is a bitter wind,
The noise of the wind, and the draughty cold air,
Against your neck.
The trees are still and frosty
Silent too frozen to move.
Brown trees on hedges, on the side of the grass and gardens,
The quiet atmosphere, silently and heavenly.
Slippery and people astonished,
In their homes and houses.
The sun shining, the ice melting,
The melting of the ice in the bushes, and at the road side.
This is in the middle of winter.
The traffic is getting noisier before summer comes,
Everyone is getting aware of the weather,
Coming near to the end of the bitter cold winter,
Which everyone dreads,
Melting away the rain and the wind
For spring to begin,
This is what the weather is about everywhere.

By Loretta



FEAR

Fear is like a cloud that hangs around me head
I can't seem to make it go even when in bed
I want to turn the fear to cheer
But my mind is too blind to want me to cheer
I try to distract my mind but the fear lingers inside my head
Pecking away night and day
Life before lockdown was really quite pretty
Seeing my friends who were really quite witty
Now it's all different we stuck in our homes scared and bored and
really quite glum
Wondering what happened to all that fun
I wish I could just turn back the clock
But instead I just have to turn to zoom with my friends
Who help me forget those thoughts just for a while

By Amanda



FREEDOM

FREEDOM. What is freedom?
The feeling of self worth and to be yourself.
Free to speak and discuss with friends and family what you truly feel.
The freedom to show the world and society.
This without prejudice not depending on race, sexuality and ethnicity,
so that your actions don't have an effect on other people.

By Derrick

AND DID HORUS WEEP

Thus as Osiris sailed from sleep's unbound,
The lotus sun rose veiled as Horus wept,
Amid a palette spectrum sight now crowned,
With unkept darkness by lights fountain swept,
And as the haze of dawn blessed solemn night,
The fulgent stars in height made worn in blaze,
For moon's bright harvest phase shone o'er delight,
As sunglow's soon did trip in gentle raise.
Yet in this cast of over dark's array,
Sol's lover kissed in rays of sleep's confound,
To dense in bright bound cover clouds display,
And team in beams of should to globe's astound.
Thus now did Horus weep in days rebirth,
To sun morn's death in due lights sparkling mirth!

By Barry



THE SHOW CARRIES ON

The show is coming to an end
The mask is wearing thin
Soul-less vessel fails to ascend
You wear it with a grin.
An award winning actor
Erupting from the pit
Wounds wide open yet do not bleed
A comedian without the wit.

All that vanishes is not lost
Today I hold the key
A cage that can no longer close nor lock
You are you and I am me.
A puppet master without the strings
Lyrics so full of hate
Foretelling myths of words untrue
A fantasy you create.

A missing piece of a puzzle
A story with no end
A hole that only I can fill
With courage I defend.
Hold tight to your belongings
To the thoughts inside your head
You're not the path to the great unknown
I chose this way instead.

Can you define a crazy mind
Or will you go crazy trying
to define
A song without lyrics
A poem without words
Science without logic
A sky without the birds.
A mind that is but never was
Tiny fragments of shattered glass
Reflection of the broken self
A storm I didn't forecast.

By Siobhian



THE REAL NORTHERN LIGHTS

Illuminations light the sky
Can you see them from the moon?
Twinkling bulbs and neon lights
displaying pictures and cartoons.

Reflections on the Northern sea
Cascading waves aglow
Displaying multiple colours
Changing as they go.

From Starr Gate to Bispham
The promenades a glitter
With an array of shining colours
Nothing could be better.

Multi coloured trams
A rocket, train and ship
Sparkle in the darkened night
It's well worth the trip.

So from September to November
Really you should go
To experience the illuminations
And enjoy the show.

By Jacquie



UP IN THE HILLS

Up in the hills there aren't many thrills,
Apart from a few animals
Rambling sheep and birds fly away
You get great views from up so high
And hear the sound of water in streams flowing by,
It's very exhausting walking up there
But you'll bump into someone else so why care?

By Lee



Did you know that poetry can provide comfort and boost mood during periods of stress, trauma and grief?

Why not give it a go yourself and see how writing or reading poetry can help you?



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