



The Bridge
Poetry Pharmacy

Bridge Poetry Pharmacy...

... was devised to celebrate the increasing mental health awareness that is taking place in society, and our own students' talented creativity.

English students at The Bridge have put their hearts and souls into producing gems for 'The Bridge Poetry Pharmacy', inspired by the new Calm app feature, 'The Poetry Pharmacy'. They have been using their own experiences of challenging mental health issues and situations, the experiences of others, their creativity, wisdom and poetry skills, to craft and 'prescribe' some comforting and healing poems for each other, and anybody else who wants to read them.

Enjoy some of the fruits of their labour; there will be more to follow.

Condition:
Anxiety

Metanoia

I don't know if I remember these things, or if
I just couldn't forget

Don't be black pilled and don't become a
goner

Don't waste your breath on those who won't
share it
back

Repeated compensations are worse than
neglect

Don't put it off until tomorrow

Don't treat other people's feelings as a joke
but instead, a warning

And although I am just being dramatic

Being envious of something ordinary is sad

Poem, for those who need it

You have met me at a strange time in my life
It's been beautiful and sad
Like a graveyard on the sun
And at those moments, you're truly at peace
Just for one day

If you're beginning to see a problem you're not ready
to see
Know that these dark nights can get brighter
And with it, it'll get a bit lighter on your chest.

There's no bad goodbye
It is your choice if you choose to put the 'good'
into it
And when you feel safe
And only when,
You can come home when you are ready
We left the gate unlocked for you

Worries

Dear Diary

*How did my greatest worries go from:
Insects, clowns and heights*

*To not answering phone calls,
Drowning in the alcohol.
As all my anxieties fade away,
At least in my head space.*

*But what to expect when it gets too much
As I misjudge the actions of my touch
I lose the ones I so dearly love
As my faith in the above
Slowly destructs*

*My sweet escape, the bottle of liquor
As they turn their heads and snicker
The laughter and joy you brought me
Numbed my pain
When all I felt was the rain*

*All I needed was that one helping hand
To help me up out of this quicksand
Social media, switch it all off
And watch it all disintegrate
Into a hibernation
Of life...*

Megan Child, Lucy Scott & HD

That one friend

All on your own, except that one friend

Never feeling enough, except that one friend

Xenophobia sinks deep as I hate everyone, except that one friend

Insomnia fills my core, with no company, except that one friend

Empy with nothing, except that one friend

Time you spend by yourself, sad, except for that one friend

You say 'no', scared to say 'yes', except with that one friend

All you need is that one friend...

Sometimes all you truly need is that one friend.

Megan Child & HD

(‘Reverse Poetry’: To be read forwards and backwards)

Fighter

You’re a fighter in your mind
Look at everything you’ve overcome
Don’t give up now
It’s too much to strangle

The thoughts creep in
Slowly but surely
As my head sinks deep
I fall into a stress-filled sleep

Rocking back and forth
I fall into a trance of worry

As my hands tremble
The devil inside me repeats
“You’re a failure in advance, what a waste of a soul”

Like a pack of snakes
The night swoops in
Just like that one toothache
I couldn’t quite shake

At the beginning of my life
I want to throw it all away

I’m just a fighter in my mind...

Megan Child, Lucy Scott & HD

Breath

Take a breath, they say
When it comes to that time of day
Where my breath stops short and
I can't hold my thoughts
And the time starts running away.

I count the hours till the clock turns three,
Why doesn't the world ever wait for me?
To catch my breath and speak the words
I've locked in my mind and be as free as a bird
To live my life and see

The wonders of life, oh the wonders of life
To be able to live without feeling a fright
The wonders of life, oh how happy I'd be
To be free of my chains of anxiety

I beg the world for a solution
To do the things I dream about
I need a revolution
I need a revolution
I need to drown the thoughts out

Take a breath, they say
And I do, in and out, one two and three
Let myself be me today
And I let my thoughts run free
I break their hold over me

Find Your Answers - Bo Beck

Mysterious, strange and unexpected

The taste of cold steel,

And dirt on your tongue.

Alone in the black endless abyss and

Isolated.

A mysterious hand appears on your shoulder

A sharp whistle bursts in your ear

Fearing the end situation.

The impending doom.

Fear is coming and

Panic, worry and fear grows

Like poison ivy, clinging and clawing,

Overthinking the endless possibilities

When the fateful day arrives...

The sudden realisation,

The panic was for nothing.

You sat there, bottled up in fear

Thinking what would go south.

Reality is, it wouldn't go wrong

If you slip, you shouldn't fear,

Don't be scared to shed a tear,

Make sure to keep help near.

Don't give up, there's still a chance.

Find someone to tell, find someone to trust

Find someone to help.

But don't rely

They might be gone

Find your answers and be that "someone".

Go Green

Orange, not that bad and people can cope

Red, when it is bad and hard
Like when you just don't know the answer.

If anxiety was a season,
It is winter, dark, cold and rainy.
If anxiety had a taste,
It is pickled onions.
If anxiety had a smell
It is the smell of damp clothes.
If anxiety had a sound,
It is a deafening noise.

Anxiety feels like being winded.

But time to catch your breath

Take up a hobby
Sports or music,
Get fit and
Be a part of a football team.
Let the happy hormones take over

Your body is a temple.
You will be socialising with more people,
Possibly friends for life.

Give yourself a break ...

Kadie

I Am Unsafe

The persistent feeling of being unsafe

Surrounded, my head never empty

It feels loud, stuck inside of me

I am unsafe

A tight squeeze around my thoughts

Infected with troubles and worries

I am unsafe

A grey storm

Putting pressure on my every action

Its need to take control of my head

I am unsafe

White noise yelling at me from every angle

Wrapping itself around me

I am unsafe

Mould growing in my subconscious

Feels soggy and damp heavy on

My spirits, my skull

I am unsafe

I will hide myself away in a slumber

And let the night flood in

I am safe

- Eleanor Rothman

Pain to Delight

Alienated from society, left alone from the fun
You appear dull and gloomy, staying away from
the sun

Craving the comfort as you get filled with doubt
You stop yourself from going out,

As the light turns to dark and your head turns to
the stars,

You try to be hopeful taking another puff on your
cigar,

I don't sleep at night and always wake,

So, my head will always ache,

The pain I feel in my head is self-inflicted

So maybe one day the pain in my heart will be
evicted,

I now begin to run at night

So, my feelings of pain have turned into delight

Lily B

Blue to Green

I see the dark blue anxiety burning my eyes
I can't see anything else as it fills my vision
My mouth feels dry and I can't get my breath
The taste of salty sick lingers in my mouth

The autumn weather chills me to the bone
Everything around me is dying, fading away
There's no light in my life
I can't see a way out

Sounds of screaming echo in my ears
I'm panicking, what do I do?
I hear myself breathing heavily
As I try to run away from this feeling

I can feel sandpaper everywhere I go
I'm in constant discomfort
Always in pain
It's too much for me

I can smell bitter smoke filling my lungs
I can't breathe as the walls close in

My brain is like Hitler
Trying to control everything I do
I'm a prisoner of my own thoughts
It's torture

Crushed and defeated to a pulp
By a boulder

Hands insisting on covering my ears
Muffling the harsh sounds of reality
My lungs burst into a shattering shriek

At last I gather the strength
I venture outside into nature
Colourful trees surround me
And birds sing songs sweetly

I can finally see a way out
Animals living freely
No worries, no stress
I've escaped from this prison I put myself in
My head feels clear
My thoughts are my own

I feel happy
I'm relaxed
I feel calm
All thanks
To nature

Ben Townsend

Take Away My Tears

Feeling low
Reluctant to go places
Do you worry and overthink?

A bad day
Anxiety builds up
Tightness and waves of
Nausea strangles and
Cuts off my oxygen of
Happiness.

But anxiety continues like a sour sweet

You never know when you're
going to overcome the sourness
It smells like something dead,
A potent odour that won't go away.

It is like autumn
Everything falls apart
Like the leaves falling from the trees

It feels like razor blades
Sharp and painful
When caught in situations

But
To stop it from becoming worse
I stop and sing a verse
I get in the bath
Try to make myself laugh
Sweet songs fill my ears
And take away my tears.

Lillie Guidotti

Happiness Floods

Black stands for depression, sad and

Deep

Red stands for heart, anger and

Pressure

The taste of anxiety

Is like hard candy

It gets hard to get through things

Going through hard times

Is like winter as it's cold and hard

The smell of anxiety is earthy

Pungent and full of ground and soil

Senses

Horrible and strong.

Thunder and lightning fill my ears with

Powerful control

It's a bumpy and rough ride

A poor person

Nothing left to live for

Torn apart

But sometimes, the ride is smoothed

By soft, soothing songs

And safe, serene slumbers

A walk in the woods
Awakening me from
This nightmare.

The sun shines
As happiness finally floods my body...

Maisy Willis

Condition: Living with Difference

Autism

The uncontrollable feeling
Of not being able to know what is happening,
The struggles of learning.
Nervous, thinking you're being judged.
The stress is like fire washing over you
Feeling ashamed of what someone
Is thinking of you
Sometimes you're lonely and sometimes
You're not, sometimes wanting to be alone.
You hear a million noises at once and
Everyone else only hears one
In your own little world, thinking you have
All the time in the world
The struggles of sensory around you: taste,
Smell, the touch of things
Changes. The changes are the biggest worry
Of it all; when things change your whole world
Changes, even for someone to talk to you
It takes longer for you to realise what they're
Saying
It takes longer for you to write things
Down and things need repeating
Everyone thinks it's easy to be calm and
Relaxed but it's not
There are a thousand things
Running through your mind at once
Struggling to sleep because you're anxious
Because everything is running around your
Mind, every second of everyday

Year 10 The Bridge Student



That Hope

Treated in such an inhumane manner,
Looked at with disgust,
Abused, beaten, screamed at,
Laughed at, spat on,
Consistent ridicule,
Seen as less, viewed as lower class,
Made to feel worthless,
Killed, kidnapped, shipped,
All the terrible things that happen,
When you look different to the person
Seated at your right hand

T'is a simple world we live in,
One sees even the slightest change,
And automatically feels threatened,
Whether that change be a different race,
A different skin tone,
A different religion,
Discrimination and hate appear,
Why this is the case,
I shall never know
Nor shall I ever understand

That sickly feeling in your stomach,
The shakiness of your hands,
Trembling of voice,

Hotness of hands,
Overwhelming sensation rising,
Everywhere,
The thoughts fill up your mind,
They begin to take control,
Voices and sights become blurry
All you can focus on
Is that fear,
Fear of being different,
Looking different
Feeling different

After centuries and decades,
Of protesting and speaking up,
The equality which should have,
Existed from the start,
Begins to slowly appear,
It drips in,
Like cracks in the pavement,
You begin to see it,
That change, that hope,
Maybe, just maybe
Things will be okay in the end

Hannah Ogunyankin

Alien

I wish only to be ordinary
But I know now that makes me extraordinary
For years I felt it as a burden
But now I cherish it, I'm certain

Every day I would wake
Feeling hopeless, a mistake
For you see I'm diabetic
For myself, I was sympathetic

But I know now it makes me special
And in my life, I see it as essential
For without difference I would be lost
Beaten up, quashed

The name calling, the teasing
I felt my hope decreasing
But now I feel happy, alive
For without difference, life would not thrive

Ben Townsend

Changing The Feedback!

Living with difference, bullied and left,
Living with difference, kicked out and afraid,
Living with difference, accepted and loved.

They accept the same n' similar,
They forget the different and quirky,
What's the difference between the two?
One has character and hardships.

If they look down to see you,
If they look up to avoid you,
Then look around to find the people,
The people you can help,
The similar difference you befriend.

But remember,
Don't avoid, don't abandon
The ones with a quirk
Accept
And include instead of exclude
And you just might help a life.

No one is the same and similar,
No one is completely alike,
No one is a copy of each other,
Everyone has a quirk,
Whether you accept or exclude it,
Well that is up to you.

Either born or gained,
Whether seen or hidden
No one is the same,
Don't let it define you,

Difference isn't a curse
It is the feature you were gifted,
Difference doesn't change the person,
It changes the feedback!

Bo Beck

Living blind and deaf

Lonely, as the bright sky turns dark
Making every shadow and shape module into one
The shadow of my peers, that once had a figure
Now a shadow of multiples, slowing merging.

The shadows of figures fade away out of sight
And the ringing in my ear
Blocking every noise possible, filling it with pain
Making every day noises fade away
You once remember the footsteps of your neighbour
But only to filled with the fear of the unknown monster.

Knowing day or night is often teasing
Seeing the light turn from vibrant to dim
The chirping of what I can imagine birds
To alternately be the noise of unprecedented doom.

The buzzing in my ear will never leave my side
Just like my lack of vision
I could almost call them my friends
When everyone merged into one they stayed
And showed even more
They never liked the emptiness and the silence of a room.

The constant ocean waves would to some seem a blessing
But not when they turn from a free meditation to a roaring

Lucy Scott

The Common Goal

Although we may be perceived as different, we all have
a Common goal

To live our life, so when we leave, we can
Say that we have lived a good one

In our lives, we face isolation, mistrust and prejudice
Sometimes there is intent and sometimes it is
unconscious
Bias

Segregating without knowledge
We may blame others for the root of our own issues
And this happens, because of our misguided
predecessors
And how they lived their lives

Comforting someone, but not patronising, that is the
goal
To sympathise isn't the goal, it is to help
That person find the solace they didn't have before
Then
To help them accept themselves and to help others
accept
Them

That is what we want and that is what we need.

Nick Flynn

Power

Different,

We all are,

But being isolated,

Locked away,

Shut away, alone

In a world so full of life.

Support

Is all we need,

All we want

A friend, an ally

For something so simple

So simple but

So strenuous

When do jokes become cruel

And chatter becomes laughter

One simple mistake

Could cost her

Sanity

A sanity once pristine

Is now begrimed

Feculent

Besmirched

My personality, my riches,

Robbed all because of my gender

Poor, empty, broke

Figuratively and literally

Broken from the inside out

Being objectified for
Something that cannot be controlled
Or dress coded to fit the likes of others
“Too much shoulder!”
“Too much leg!”
Too many boundaries
Not enough check
Check on their mental health
Their stability
As it all crumbles down
Nonchalantly

I’m just a female
A female with no power
In a world
Boiling, some could even say
Overflowing, with Power
But I have support by my side
To help dig me out of this so-called lie
Every gender supports each other,
whether you identify as none or are undecided
We are by your side.
I am by your side.

Megan Child

Water of Life

Human nature in our souls have taught us to trust
Yet, as we grow and face reality our nature starts to rust
The masks that we bear that breed fear and demise
Can be a sweet angel's blessing dressed as the devil to
disguise

Every new crinkle of the eye and wrinkle in the skin
Brings a fresh story strung with a thread of wonder to begin

Let the water of life trickle into your mind
And don't blind your eyes to the beauty of mankind
In its difference, how we differ and no person you could
replicate

But to the core of our soul and body and mind, we are one-
Because faces will change but the blood in our veins will stay
ever same

Kai

**To be
continued**

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