

Poetry Series

**Anna Travers**  
**- poems -**

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# Anna Travers()

# Brain Dead

Everywhere i go  
i see the things i already know  
no new seeds to sow  
where is all the new information  
I want to feed my brain  
i am hungry for wisdom  
but everywhere i go  
I see things i already know

Everywhere i tread  
I hear things already said  
Help i am going brain dead  
I crave new conversation  
I listen for strange logic  
I dismiss Idle talk  
But Everywhere i go  
I hear things i already know

Everywhere i look  
i see things i see in the book  
that cannot be mistook  
the truths we are fed  
the pictures we are shown  
the words that are read  
But Everywhere i look  
I see things i see in the book

Time to feed my brain  
before i go insane  
need to escape a life mundane  
no more television  
no more red top papers  
just pure wisdom from the wise  
because its time to feed this brain  
NOT go insane

Anna Travers

# Emotional Pimp

Dear Emotional pimp, why are you up in my head  
Trying to bring to light, to things I put to bed,  
What do you want, by getting into my mind?  
What exactly are you hoping to find.

What is it that you're trying to gain?  
By bringing to the surface my hidden pain  
Maybe you want to make me feel needy  
To get to my emotions you seem to be greedy

Do you want me to cry into your arms?  
Or are you trying to practice your charms  
If i cry and fall apart will you offer to lend a hand?  
While you hold me pretending to understand

Sure there must be other ways to get to me  
Than reminding me of the past i try not to see  
What will you do when you open my worm can  
Smile at me nice and pretend to be a good man

Why do you want to get into my soul?  
I don't get it, what is your goal?  
Well listen to me loud and listen to me clear  
I am used to emotional pimps my dear

I am not as vulnerable as you may think  
So i can clearly see that your motives stink  
If you are looking to turn your comfort into passion  
You may as well know it will never happen

To you my ears are well and truly closed  
My emotions i refuse to expose  
So go get a life and leave me to live mine  
Because until you came along i was doing just fine

I don't need your understanding or sympathy  
I am not as vulnerable as you hoped I would be  
I am wise to your actions, I've seen them before  
So I bid you farewell, and please don't slam the door! ! !

Anna Travers

# Fresh Start (Trinet)

Fresh start  
Yet again  
Once again in pursuit of Happiness  
Where am i heading? which destination?  
Maybe near  
Maybe far  
Just Maybe

Who knows  
Options Endless  
Which path will led me to serenity  
Which path will make me feel free  
This one?  
That one?  
The other?

Here goes  
Step one  
Then one foot after the other  
Forward stepping towards a brighter future  
I'm Ready!  
Are You?  
Here Goes

Anna Travers

# Keep Rooted

The world is Diluted  
Can't be Disputed  
Everywhere Polluted  
People Muted  
Politics Unsited  
Keep Rooted!

Anna Travers

# Mayhem And Me

Many people think that they know me,  
But they can't see behind these eyes,  
The pain that still goes on deep inside my heart,  
But like Maya Angelo I will rise

I had fallen into the traps of society  
A life that was stripping my worth  
One half of me lived out on street corners  
The other a young mum giving birth.

Often being kicked sworn and spat at  
For my feelings nobody had any regard  
I would try many ways to empower myself  
While being a good mum was proving hard

A victim of abuse raising children,  
With very little help and support  
A classic example of this mayhem,  
Of this violent world in which we are caught



I was becoming a product of society  
Groomed into a world of violence and lies  
Standing cold on street corners  
Attracting men with my newly blacked eyes

Uneducated and on a path of rebellion  
I saw excitement in a life of crime  
Putting on a plastic smile and denial head,  
Telling everyone my life was just fine

Slowly losing sight of all reality  
Abuse and cruelty became a daily routine  
But still I tried to be the best mum I could  
While full of guilt and feeling so unclean

Many have called me a victim, fair enough  
But I won't be a victim in vain  
I must stand up now as a mother against violence  
So my children don't see the past repeated again

I REFUSE to sit here and do nothing

That's why I shared what's behind my eyes

So that we all as women and mothers

Can stand together against this violence and RISE

Anna Travers

# Not Proud To Be British

I didn't want to go to war  
When i don't even understand what it's for  
No clear idea of what we are battling  
So much politricks all of which is confusing

Soldiers killing people in the name of this and that  
A backwards and forwards game of tit for tat  
While children lay dead out on the street  
As countries cause terror in a bid to defeat

Where was my choice in this thing you call war  
That could bring retribution right to our door  
Bombs and planes and talk of a no fly zone  
How about more talk about leaving them alone

What has it got to do with us?  
As you continue to kill and cause so much fuss  
Are you in it for cash or for reputation?  
Why do you risk the lives of your nation?

You can't even control our own back garden  
As you come on telly talking war talk, shit and jargon  
How would you feel if you were at home playing?  
And all of a sudden it's your family they are slaying

They say there are 3 reasons to go to war  
But if you include greed then it's four  
For your family your country and of course the oil  
Well war for oil just makes my blood boil

How does this end where does it cease  
When the war torn towns no longer feel peace  
A trail of destruction, with nowhere to live  
So room in our country we are forced to give

I don't have an issue as unlike you i am glad to share  
But we know fine well that will cause more financial despair  
Oh well i guess to sit back i have no choice  
But i just needed to give myself a voice

I am not proud to be British, I won't be led  
And i am not going back on anything i have said  
I am sorry for the lives that have been taken  
And hope that not many of US will be forsaken

For your poorly though out tactics and lack of expertise  
That could bring our country down onto its knees! ! !

Anna Travers

# Skint...Great Publicity Stint!

Well done channel 4, on your programme "Skint"  
It plays nicely into the propaganda publicity stint  
More false judgement made, on those who are broke  
While people watch on Thinking we are all a joke

Your commentator opens with a huge generalisation  
That this reflects the poor all around the nation  
What you have filmed up on the Westfield Estate  
Is NOT a reflection of every poor person's fate?

We meet Luke and Fergie who love to spend time on "The wall"  
Talking about how they spend all day doing nothing at all  
Apart from socialising, smoking weed and drinking beer  
As the emptiness in their eyes is blatantly clear

While Daddy dean buys his meat, from the back of a car  
Saying it's a must as money doesn't go far  
But in his defense he's only been claiming a year  
And he has worked 23 years and makes it clear  
Exposing the belly that houses his next edition  
While he introduces his brood and boasts a stepfather position

Now we meet Claire who is daddy Dean's queen  
As she jumps heavily pregnant on the trampoline  
He explains how she was meant to be a drunken one night stand  
Now they share more kids than fingers on one hand  
Claiming he has nowt to do but breed and feed  
As he continues to get drunk and sow his seed

Then there's Conner who sees no future, so sees no point in school  
Preferring to hang on streets with his mates, who are "cool"  
Excluded from seven schools first time in year seven  
So cast to one side, given up on, at the age of eleven  
So full of anger and hate for the police  
Meaning his mum Jordan gets no peace

Then into the birth of Dean and Claire's little chunk  
As dean brags about the power of his spunk  
Wearing a tee saying if you're happy and you know it

Bragging about stolen food list, then opens his fridge to show it

Now to a motor bike rally around the estate  
When they police start to chase they all think it's great  
As Conner heads of through the broken door  
Not caring about pleasing his mum any more

Then there is Tracey, who sells herself on the street  
As she has a habit and must make ends meet  
She's been banned from most shops in the town  
And she has to find a way to get her brown  
As she tightens her belt to stop roaming hands  
She heads off to the street corner where she stands

I don't really want to go on anymore  
But I am most certainly pissed at Channel 4

Many watched this programme and thought it was funny  
But i feel mad at the example set by a few people in Scunny  
I am madder at the media, who do this time and time again  
Misleading the public into thinking we are all the same

One thing for certain is Channel 4 did a great job  
At making people on benefits look like a slob  
But that isn't the truth, many of us have pride  
But we all know truth won't create the intended divide

To all those who watch it, and judge us the same  
Beware of falling into the deliberate media game  
It's not all about scroungers and no hoping misfits  
We all have an individual reason for being on benefits

Open your minds and open your eyes  
Beware of propoganda and media lies

Anna Travers

# Stigmatised

They say the past is the past  
And you have to let it go  
But when they wanna pull you down  
Its the first rubbish that they throw

A weapon to use against me  
When they see me nearing the top  
With my past they create an obstacle  
Forcing me to stop

I try to go thru it  
With my ears well shut  
As they remind me where i have been  
Trying to keep me in a rut

My battle to move past it  
Seems harder by the day  
With people slinging the dirt  
I have tried to put away

As they attack me with new stigma  
Names earnt as i try to rise  
The fact that i haven't made it yet  
Could come as no surprise  
But since i was born a warrior  
My battle will not be lost  
I will get to a better place  
No matter what the cost

I have to get up and move forward  
To me its the only direction  
So while they are judging whats behind me  
I see a whole new reflection

Anna Travers

# Whats Wrong With Prostitution

Where would one start, ....

I guess I should answer that straight from the heart,  
It's a world full of violence abuse and hate,  
The long term effect of which,  
Seldom seen til it's too late,

A world in which people are stripped of their worth  
A world of a young mothers giving cold birth,  
A world of detachment, denial and front,  
A world in which the woman bears the brunt

A service for men but ...at what real cost,  
The death of herself or the friend that she lost,  
Pulled, dragged and molded for the sake of another  
Stood on the street as somebody's mother

A fact that isn't important in their moment of need  
A punter with hunger, who ....needs to satisfy his greed,  
That was then but this is now,  
Surely I should have "gotten" over it somehow,

But of that I don't seem to be able,  
the damage is already done,  
As I stand a million miles away  
Detached from my only son,

He lacked self esteem and he lacked self pride  
But his embarrassment he had learnt to hide  
He acted all big to stop them from mocking  
And now he's inside under .....constant lock in

He wanted to be more the son of a whore  
And now he sits behind a cell door  
Trying to stay strong from

Or what about my daughter who thought I was great  
Who followed my footsteps into a terrible fate?  
Into a strip club .....men waiting to pounce



For her feelings the predators not caring an ounce

My beautiful princess, my true desire  
Dancing under lights for men to admire  
Taking care of their individual needs  
In a world of filth, mayhem and sleaze

What's wrong with prostitution is becoming very clear  
Only my story doesn't quiet finished here  
What about my youngest little lady  
My one and only well planned baby

The one who was going to put it all right  
When I gave up being a so called lady of the night  
I raise her alone because I woke up to see  
That my pimp stroke kids dad wasn't all he was cracked up to be

A simple control freak that had lots of demands  
Who if I didn't obey would be free with his hands  
I gave away my life for the want of another  
And now I try to pick up the pieces as a single mother,

I don't know how long I have left to put things right  
As I was damaged during all life of turmoil and fight  
I have a bomb in my head that is ticking away  
An aneurysm that could take my life any day

The years of strangulation have come to a head  
And the end result could mean being disabled or dead  
Years of standing on street corners wasting my life  
No rewards as I now live on the edge of a knife

The ripple effect of this lifestyle ongoing  
And I walked right into it with no way of knowing  
These are just a few facts I wanted to share  
I hope that you felt them as I laid them bare

So now you know what's wrong with prostitution  
Now its time to find a solution

Anna Travers

# Why Is Puppy Love So Easy

Why is loving a puppy so easy?  
And real love so damn hard?  
Is it just a simple sad case  
Of a heart that's humanly scarred.

Its easy to hold a pup close  
And let it sit on your knee  
But when it comes to human contact  
its doesn't seem to be for me.

Is it because a puppy is submissive?  
Or maybe its because it cant speak  
Is it because I don't have to do much  
Besides give it a good walk once a weak

I know it makes me think about love  
And why it makes me run a mile  
The fact that I am aware of it  
Has even caused me to smile.

I will not see it as a negative.  
Just a reminder that I still know how to love  
And for that opportunity.  
I will thanks the Big Man above

I will take the love I feel for my puppy  
And give some of it to me  
Then once I have healed that scarred heart  
I will go on a giving love spree

I will give it to those who deserve it  
I wont throw it around Willy Nilly  
I may have been love numb  
But most certainly far from silly.

Anna Travers