

Poetry Series

lindsey ashton
- poems -

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lindsey ashton(18th July 1984)

A Boy

My daughter came home crying, so hard she couldn't speak,
I tried my best to calm her, wiping the tears from her cheek,
What is it my dear that's upset you, Why are you crying so?
"Oh mummy, its too awful, you wouldn't want to know".
If you tell me what is bothering you, there may be something I can do.
"There's nothing you can do mummy", she said between her cries,
"They'll say they didn't do it, they'll say you're telling lies".
What's happened to my daughter, to cause her this distress,
What's happened that's so awful, to make her such a mess?
I've never seen her like this before, oh, what can I do?
You need to tell me darling, what has happened to you.
"Oh mummy", she said her voice shaking, " its not me its happening to, it's the
boy who sits in my class and I didn't know what to do
They called him names and they kicked him, they laughed and watched him cry,
They punched him and they beat him, and left him there to die.'
I came straight home to you mum, I left him there too,
Does that make me as bad as them after seeing what he went through? ".
Oh no, my dear you did the right thing to come straight home and tell me,
Just tell me his name, I will ring the school and they can inform his family.
"I don't know his name mum, nobody does", she mumbled through her cries
'That is why it is so sad, nobody cares if he dies,
But I care mum, I really do, come with me to see if he's alright".
We walked to the park and as we neared him, she gripped my hand so tight,
"he's still there mummy", she screamed forcing her face into my arm, '
You stay here, I'll go, I really need you to stay calm.
I walked to the boy with no name, he was laid face down in the dirt,
A soft groaning noise came from this child, I could see that he was hurt.
I rolled him over on my knee, his eyes were black with fear,
Its ok I've come to help you, you'll be better soon my dear.
I called an ambulance and waited, they came and took him away,
Come home I told my daughter, tomorrow we'll know if he's ok.
□wait the next day for my daughter, she never comes home late,
Then a strange face I've never seen before comes walking through my gate,
"Mrs Jones I am the headmaster from the school your daughter attends,
I have some news of your daughter, the facts given by her friends.
She saw a boy beaten last night, and sadly in hospital he died,
I told the class this news today, and your daughter sat and cried.
Nobody knew the boy, but your daughter said she did,
She saw the bullies beat the boy from the bushes where she hid".

I helped the boy I told him, and sent him to A&E,
But headmaster you stand alone, where is my Abby Lee?
"When leaving school this afternoon, she was walking on her own,
She took a different route to avoid the park, hurrying to get home,
The bullies stopped her in the street "you shouldn't have said a word,
Now what we do is all your fault, you'll get what you deserve"
They called her names and they kicked her, they laughed and watched her cry,
They punched her and they beat her, and left her there to die".
My head fell back, it wasn't true, this hasn't happened, no,
Where is my daughter tell me now, tell me where to go.
"She lays in bed in a deep sleep in St. Catherine's by the town
Collect your things and things for her, and I will take you down".
There she laid in intensive care, my baby girl is dying,
All because she helped the boy who was left there hurt and crying.
She died that night my Abby, bullies took her away,
Now I'll never hear her laughter again, or watch her joke and play,
I love you my brave Abby, I held her hand in mine,
We'll be together again someday, its just a matter of time.
The bullies will go to prison, and will pay for what they have done,
I'll never let them ever forget the day they took my loved one.
Good night Abby Lee, you mean the world to me.

lindsey ashton

A Whisper

Have you ever been sitting alone, and heard someone whisper your name?
you look around, there's no one there, no one you can blame.
You question whether you heard it, there's no reason you can find,
You just think you're maybe tired, tricks of the mind.
Try to recognise the voice, of the whisper that you heard,
I'm going to tell you a secret, the voice behind the word.
Each and every one of us has a spiritual guide,
An angel if you will, always by our side.
Sometimes they'll try to talk to us, to let us know they're here,
But life can be so hectic, its not always possible to hear.
They can try to do it in other ways, these you may recognise,
Like a strong smell with no explanation, or sparkles before your eyes.
When you hear a high pitched ringing tone, in one ear not both,
that's your guide hugging you, or simply just getting close.
Now you know my secret, look out for these signs and see,
Do you recognise the voice or smell, is it someone who used to be?
Sometimes when our loved ones die, they miss us like we miss them,
They come and join your guide for a while, to be with you again.
~~So~~ next time you hear your name whispered, listen to how it sounds,
It could just be a friendly hello, or a direction that you must follow.
Don't be afraid of your spiritual guide, they're here to help us through,
And sometimes a visit from someone you love, just to be near you.
You can even try to talk to them, and ask them what to do,
Just relax yourself, and take deep breaths, they'll get the answer to you.
So smile when you hear your name whispered, they want you to know they are
there,
Your angel to show she never leaves you, your loved ones to show they care.

lindsey ashton

Alone

Everything's silent, not a sound to be heard,
Alone in the house, but I don't feel scared.
Hiding with the shadows in the corner of the room,
Which have grown and disfigured through the shine of the moon.
For the first time in ages, my mind seems so clear,
So empty and dead, and still I've no fear.
I feel so alone, but a comforting thought,
This moment I've longed for could not be too short,
For if it left me right now, it wouldn't be missed,
Because now I know the feeling truly exists.
It's here with me now, as true as day,
And so could come back to find me in its own way.
That thought feels good, I find myself smile,
An expression my face hasn't managed for a while.
How good this feels, as though time has just gone,
Like there's no one else in the world, I'm the only one.
I feel set free, so full of life,
But quite the opposite shows the proof on the knife.
And now it's just hit me, I only felt good,
When the carpet was stained with the red of my blood.
The moon is moving, and so is the shade,
A beam now reflects from the blood covered blade.
I did it, I did it, but when I don't know,
A rush of excitement brings me to the floor,
But I feel so good, I'm happy at last,
A smile on my face, I've broken the mask,
The nightmare is over, I've broken the spell,
But now I'm alone, there's no one to tell.
I don't need them now, as I didn't before,
This wonderful moment I feel so much more.
Free I feel free, and how great it is too,
Everything's different, I feel brand new,
Time has stood still, what more could I ask,
The pain and the fear all part of the past.
Alone in the house, but I don't feel scared,
Everything's silent, not a sound to be heard.
Now forever I'll be happy, and here I will stay,
With this feeling I'm feeling that is true as day,
Now nothing can change this, or get in my way,

Goodbye to you world, is all I can say.

lindsey ashton

Be Yourself

If doing something crazy, would label you insane,
would you never do it, just keep your life the same?
Who tells us what is normal, who says how things should be
If everyone did what's 'normal', there'd be no you and me.
We'd be like a form of bacteria, identical to the first,
Looking and doing everything the same, nothing could be worse.
Who decides what's right or wrong, or how things should be done,
If we all stuck to solemn rules, life would be no fun.
We worry too much of what others think, we damage ourselves with vanity,
Making sure we do things right to fit in with society.
We need to have strength for ourselves, and let our personality grow,
Learn by our own mistakes and expand on what we know,
Instead of spending time worrying of what others think or say,
Stop trying to impress and express who you are today.
Don't always do what others want, or act on what's expected,
This will make your personality false, a problem easily detected.
If you do something far from 'normal', and heads begin to turn,
Just laugh it off, and enjoy yourself, don't let there be concern.
There is actually no such thing as 'normal', when it comes to individual status,
The crazy, mad things we do, is in fact what makes us.
People will notice this, your character will be blooming,
They will want to get to know you, instead of just assuming.
Just one thing before I end, a question I must ask,
How would people remember you, if today was your last?
For being the same as everyone else, then surely you wouldn't be missed,
Or for being everything you could be, living life to its fullest.
We're all going to have bad days, and get angry with ourselves,
But still that is no reason, to want to be someone else.
So don't go out of your way to fit in, be yourself and let it fit you,
don't let vanity take control, do it your way with everything you do.
Let there be a difference between someone else and you.

lindsey ashton

Best Friend

When I need a friend, you are always there,
Forever showing me that you care.
When things get tough, and I get down,
you are always around.
Your shoulder has seen quite a few of my tears,
You feel happy when I laugh and cheer.
You are my best friend and I couldn't ask for more,
My love for you is strong and I just wanted you to know,
That there is no one in the world like you,
And that you're caring and brilliant too.
What happened to me was awful, but it took this for me to know,
What a wonderful person you truly are, it's brought us closer than before.
I trust you with my life, in fact I just trust you,
And I can honestly say that there are just a few I do.
Please accept this gift, it's not nearly as much as you give me,
Wear it proud for all the world to see.

lindsey ashton

Crappy New Year

Happy new year and good will to all men,
Another excuse to get rat - arsed again,
Put your glad rags on and go out on the pull
Your wallet is empty but your glasses are full.
You're snoggin your mates and spreading the cheer,
Welcoming a very drunken new year.
Everyone's happy, dancing and having fun,
When midnight strikes the new year has begun.
Kebab meat and chilli sauce spilled down your dress,
Cig burns and alco-pops, what a soddin mess,
Waiting for a taxi. They're on triple fare,
And completely busy, there aren't any there.
You start walking home, with your shoes in your hand,
Singing your heart out like you're the next girl band.
Waving down taxi's as they pass quickly by,
Your friend starts to vomit and you start to cry.
You finally find that your in your street,
With aching legs and bloody feet,
You run to your house and quickly go inside,
As your neighbours get their paper, you try to hide.
Another new year, not quite the resolution you said,
With a massive hang over and all day in bed,
Your breath stinking of garlic and your head in pain,
You vow never to go out drinking again.
Curled up on the couch wishing the hang over away.
Having a crappy new year, on new years day.

lindsey ashton

Dark Angel

Alone in the forest, not a bird or a bee,
Crowded by weeds and the overhang tree,
She sits on a swing made of old wood and vines,
Swinging backwards and forwards, she never smiles.
Her once white feathered wings have grown old and worn,
Her once pretty dress is now dirty and torn.
Her legs are bloody from the thorns as she swings,
Her feathers are shedding from her darkened wings.
Her eyes are black and so is her soul,
surrounded by sadness, she cannot let go.
She's constantly swinging, she never sleeps,
She's constantly bleeding, she never weeps,
She haunts the forest, her mind unstable,
With her expression of hate, she is the Dark Angel.

lindsey ashton

Does My Bum Look Big In This?

It's ten past two, I'm not doing very well,
Day one of the diet, I'm in calorie hell.
Cal counting, carbs and fat intake,
I'm beginning to think this was a mistake.
The fight against cravings is driving me insane,
Who'd know healthy eating would be this much of a pain?
Carols size ten arse has just walked in,
With a tray of tea and a biscuit tin.
She then politely declined the sweet taste of a bourbon,
She'd probably prefer to dip celery, the moron.
It's Friday and my turn to bring in the cakes,
I sit and stare as they're wolfed down by rakes.
Refuse even a bite, then they tell me they're proud,
They don't know I scoffed two when no one was around.
I'm feeling bad now, like I've cheated myself,
For that moment of heaven I've jeopardised my health.
I'll balance it by avoiding the booze this weekend,
Yeah, because that wont drive me around the bend.
Well, it's weigh day, it's my turn soon,
Once again, I am the fattest in the room,
"Two pounds on dear, how'd you manage that? "
Because I've not had a shit yet, you skinny tw@!
I'll start again Monday, With a fresh clear mind,
And work once again on shrinking my behind.
I'll get there eventually, it'll just take time,
I wont always be a villain of the cake eating crime.
As God as my witness, I will be thin,
Just as soon as I kill Carol with that bloody biscuit tin.

lindsey ashton

Escape To The Moon

Haunted by life, nowhere to hide,
Emotions and stress build up inside.
The world is closing in, there's no stopping it now,
If only there was a way to escape somehow.
To leave the stress and world behind,
Somewhere to escape to, a place I could find.
I know a place, so empty and quiet,
Away from the world, the stress and the riot,
A place where the silence has its own tune,
If only I could escape to the moon.
To be by myself, not another soul in sight,
Surrounded by stars in a permanent night.
How nice that would be, to look back at the planet,
Going on as normal without me in it,
To forget all my troubles and how bad I feel now,
Oh, I wish I could get to the moon somehow.
Maybe if I close my eyes, I could go there in my mind,
Forget about where I really am, and see what I can find.
That's what I'll do, I'll do it right now, I'm going to the moon,
I don't know when I'm coming back, it won't be anytime soon.

lindsey ashton

George

Tiny hands, and tiny feet.
All so simple, all so sweet,
And now you lay there life in hand
Only a child with the courage of a man.
Look at you, so small and true,
A thousand prayers I pray for you
That you will be fine, the time will come,
That you'll be strong and will be at home.
Resting where you're supposed to be
With those who care, your family.
Now you take care, and get your rest
don't let the virus take its best,
I will help you keep so strong
By asking your angel to help along,
To never leave your side at all,
To be there always when you call.
And she will wait to see you wake,
To send you health and rid heartache.
She'll be beside you while you rest
And help your body fight its best,
And when the time comes for you to see
Your angel smiling happily
Mummy and daddy will be there too
Everyone smiling, loving you.
They'll all be here, happy to see,
That you are recovering healthily.
Your eyes will shine, your cheeks will glow
Your body small, will learn to grow,
Then safe at home, you will be
So strong and healthy, you will see.

lindsey ashton

He Knew

Amongst the mist a single cry, then all was silent and bare,
Did he imagine the cry, or was there someone there?
In the darkness he stayed and listened with his ear to the ground,
Waiting for a sound or movement, but nothing to be found.

The cry played over in his mind, but nothing to his ears,
Still staying there in the silence hoping not for what he feared.
The foreign tune of enemy voices came closer than the cry,
Not to give his position away, he waits for them to move on by.

When all was clear he slowly moved, crawling on his belt,
Not knowing if there was someone there, someone who needed help.
Minutes went by what seemed like forever, then suddenly what he feared was
clear,
A small child stared with wide open eyes, shaking with terror and fear.

He took the child in a close embrace, and whispered in her ear,
"you need to be silent and trust me now, I'll take you away from here."
Without saying a word she surrendered to him, doing as he asked,
She fixed her arms around his neck, feeling safe within his clasp.

Through the moonlight he moved, being cautious and protective,
The trees as his cover, distorting and effective,
He carried the child to the horizon, her hopes raised with the sun,
The soldier smiled as the lady waited, the child reunited with her mum.

A warm feeling inside him, from that moment he knew,
The war was over, the battle still due.
Now a meaning for why he was needed here,
Not for victory of war, but for victory of fear.

lindsey ashton

I Am

I am the smile behind your tears
I am the knowledge beyond your years
I am the happiness of which you gain
I am the one who soothes your pain
I am your feet when you need to walk
I am your ear when you need to talk
I am your shoulder when you're upset
I am the friend you'll never forget
I am your help when you're in need
I am the soil for your seed
I am the sun light for you to grow
I am the finder of all you know
I am your spirit of which is high
I am your limit which is the sky
I am your bravery when you are scared
I am your voice when you want to be heard
I am your eyes when you cannot see
I am whoever you want me to be
I am everything you say and do
I am always here, I am you.

lindsey ashton

Jade Goody

On mothers day 2009 Jade took her final rest,
So brave she was to share with us the moments she had left.
Though we can no longer see her, her memory still lives on,
Her great personality and beautiful smile will be remembered by everyone.
Her spirit has always been strong, and strong it will remain,
As now it cant be injured by her illness and her pain.
So sad she had to leave us, so sad we cannot see,
That Jade is finally better, her spirit is now free.
Her tired body has rested, her spirit goes on strong,
She's up there with the angels, where this angel belongs.
Jade opened the eyes of England, she showed us she was brave,
And her story, for so many girls, is lives that will be saved.
My thoughts are with her family, her boys, her husband, her mum,
I hope that they will be ok without their treasured one.

lindsey ashton

Just One More

It's gettin late, the night is ageing,
But not in here, the party's raging,
Just one last drink to set me up for the night,
I'll be sobered up later, it'll be alright.
I cant just drink coke, not when everyone's wasted,
But it'll be ok, as long as I pace it.
'Right come on' I shout as I round up my mates,
I'm glad I'm driving and not paying taxi rates,
Those extortionate prices and waiting in line,
Why get a taxi when I'm feeling just fine?
A drink here and there, just one or two,
And maybe one more but what harm could that do?
We set off for home, I cant wait for my bed,
They're asleep in the back, the lights are on red.
The radio is boring, I'll stick on a CD,
The car behind starts beeping me.
'Ok, ok, I can see that it's green'
I continue to drive still looking for Queen.
Theres police cars and fire trucks blocking the road,
Cars in a crash, someone went overboard,
Got really drunk and crashed, now see,
They should have paced themselves and had less like me.
About to reverse and take a different route,
I notice the policeman open the car boot.
My heart fell flat and my legs went numb,
The car they had opened belonged to my mum.
I got out of my car and ran to the crash,
My eyes filled with tears, my mind a flash.
'Whats happened, whats happened? ' I shouted and cried,
'Youngsters drink driving' the policeman replied.
The ambulance arrives, I can't get near,
'Thats my mum I need to see her.'
They hold me back as the paramedics rush in,
It seems like forever before I see them again.
'You're drunk, you're drunk' I shout to the lads,
'You stupid idiots, how many have you had? '
The driver stands up, 'I've only had two.
I paced myself, just like you.'
My mum and my dad were in that car,

Now gone forever in not a blink or stare.
The driver was drunk, and so was I,
Because of people like me, the innocent die,
Now alone I am with no family to see,
They are no more because of drink drivers, like me.

lindsey ashton

Merry Christmas Kiddie Winkles

Merry Christmas kiddie winkles, Santa is on his way,
He's putting on his big red suit and getting on his sleigh,
No time to have your supper kids, Rudolph's nose is red,
So quickly kiss your mum goodnight and get yourself to bed.
Leave a pie for Santa and a carrot for his deer,
Hurry up and go to sleep, Santa is almost here.
He's packed up all his prezziess, and is flying through the sky,
He's licking his lips waiting for that festive Christmas pie.
Rudolph's nose is glowing and is lighting up the streets,
So Santa can deliver all his Christmas treats.
Close your eyes quickly kids, Santa's just outside,
Get yourself to sleep real quick and don't you try to hide.
He'll know if you're not sleeping, he'll stand out in the snow,
And wait outside until he hears you kiddie winkles snore.
That's it kids its morning now, lets see if he has been,
There's lots of Christmas presents, more than I have ever seen.
Lots of toys and chocolate treats, you must have been really good,
All these presents he's left for you, just as you knew he would.
Well Santa has been busy, but not too busy to eat,
As you see that he has eaten the lovely Christmas treat.
Now all you kids, both girls and boys,
Open up your Christmas toys
Play with them with Christmas cheer
And wait for Santa to come back next year.

lindsey ashton

Mummy Dont Cry

Dont cry mummy, please dont be sad,
Its not your fault, its the illness i had,
you did all you could, you love me so much,
You made me feel safe with your soft gentle touch.
The angel smiles mummy, she says she's my friend,
She will always be with me, theat will never end,
Were here with you too, we'll never leave,
She says that way you wont have to grieve.
you cant see me anymore mummy, but now i'm ok,
Now you dont have to look after me everyday.
The angel will do that, you've no need to worry,
I just wish you could hear me say I love you mummy.
I'll say it every day, then maybe theres a chance,
That you might just hear me, maybe just once.
we'll always be here mummy, the angel and I,
So please dont be sad mummy dont say goodbye.
Goodbye is a strong word, it means to end,
That will never happen, my mummy, my friend.

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My Anger

A twisted fear of my own emotions, my tortured temper raises,
Piercing screams, contorted thoughts, haunted by angered faces.
They race around my confused mind, and strangle all that's sane,
They take the anger to my hand and force me to inflict pain.
My anger feeds on my tears and when its full it is ready,
Racing through my pounding veins, taking over my body.
The screams are getting louder, my veins are pumping hard,
My anger is taking over, it leaves me feeling scared.
I take the blade to my sweating skin and slowly begin to cut,
Not deep enough to reach my veins, but deep enough to hurt.
I can feel the anger flowing, trickling down my arm,
Slowly cutting into my skin, I'm beginning to feel calm.
As my anger lessens, my head begins to ache,
This fully active anger is more than I can take.
My arms display my minds illness, and still no one can see,
What my haunted, twisted mind is forever doing to me.
Once the blood dries on my arms, my anger lays to rest,
Soaking up all my tears to once again put me to the test.
My mind is now hollow and empty, all has gone away,
Though my anger is no longer here, my thoughts are still astray.
Now I'm left with nothing, I feel so numb and alone,
Not having any thoughts at all, I lay here on my own.
Its going to come back and get me, I just don't know when,
Its going to come and take over my mind and my arms again.
The anger is part of who I am and with me it wants to stay.
No one can make me better, no one can take it away,
It wont let you take it from me, it will hide from you, you'll see,
Then when you think that I'm ok, it will come back for me.
Don't try to understand me, I don't expect you to,
I just want you to help me, be there when I need you,
Forgive me when I cannot smile, sit with me when I can't speak,
Hold out your hand to me when I am feeling weak.
I understand if you cant do this, but please don't then tell me its ok,
Because my anger is getting stronger and will get me for good one day.

lindsey ashton

My Darling Wife

'Goodnight' my darling he whispered, as he perched himself on the bed,
'I was thinking of you today, you know, about the day we wed.
You looked so pure and perfect, like a cherub upon a cloud,
Approaching me from down the isle. you made me feel so proud.
It's been forty years since that day, everyday spent with you,
And now I sit here alone, i dont know what to do.
I played your favourite song today and sat there on your chair,
I closed my eyes and for a while I saw you standing there.
But you wasn't weak and tired, nor sick or in pain,
No, you were standing in your wedding dress fit and healthy again.
You tried to tell me something, but I could only hear the song,
I tried to listen harder but your words weren't very strong.
What was it my dear that you tired to say,
That we will be together again someday?
I hope it be soon for the pain is too much,
A pain uncured without your loving touch.
I love you, I need you, I dont want to be alone,
Spending every waking day with no company but my own.
I'm sorry my darling, I dont mean to go on,
I've just found things difficult since you've been gone.
I love you my darling, I bid you goodnight.'
He laid down in bed and turned off the light.
His tears moistened his pillow as he thought of his life,
So empty and hollow without his darling wife.

As he fell to sleep his wife's song started to play,
He sat up straight without delay,
And there she stood so perfect and true,
She whispered him words, 'I have come for you,
So sad you are in pain and weak.'

His lip trembled as he heard her speak.
He stands up off the bed where his body still laid,
She asked him towards her, 'Dont be afraid,
I was trying to tell you earlier, ' she said,
'That I would come for you when you're resting in bed.'

He reached out his arms as he neared his angel wife,
Taking her hand for eternal life,
She kised his head and held him tight,
Then together they disappeared into the night.

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My Last Breath

I travel deep within myself, not sure of what I'll find,
Walking through the tortured maze in the depth of my mind.
There's bits and pieces everywhere, nothing here makes sense,
Strangled by my own emotion, I have no defence.
The haunted trees look over me, shivering in the breeze,
They hold my painful memories and display them as their leaves.
I feel so trapped within myself, there's nowhere I can hide,
No way of getting out of here, I've locked myself inside.
I've become a prisoner of my mind, I have no control,
As my mind gets stronger, it drives away my soul.
I have nothing left to hold onto, my hope has slipped away,
Abandoned me in this spiral of darkness, leaving me astray.
There's nothing I can do now, I've tried with all my might,
My mind has taken over, I am too weak to fight.
There isn't much of me now, a shell is all that's left,
I give myself to my victorious mind as I hold onto my last breath.

lindsey ashton

My One

The last words she whispered, the warmth of her breath,
Taken away so quickly, by the coldness of death,
How those words tangle around my aching heart,
Strangling my soul, it tears me apart.
For she is my woman, but a woman no more,
The woman i love, the woman i adore,
How can this be,
That she is taken away from me?
How can i live without her by my side,
How can i breathe now I'm hollow inside?
How can the world begin a new day,
When I am lost, stuck here in today?
My one, my love I will never again see,
Her bright blue eyes looking back at me,
Her breath on my neck as we dance through the night,
Her astounding beauty beaming out in the light.
I cannot let go of those last words she said,
They race and echo through the puzzle of my head.
How can she be gone, when i still feel her lips
upon mine, i still feels her hips
upon mine, in this lonely time.
I can only but wonder, where my one is now,
I can only but think she is happier somehow.
Without her i have died inside, a shadow of who I am,
For she is no more, and I am just a man.
The saggy yellow moon gazes sadly at my one,
As her body lies perfect, her spirit has gone.

lindsey ashton

My Snow White

There once was a girl and if I remember right,
She went by the name of Snow White,
Skin white as the snow, hair black as the night,
She lived with seven men of very short height.

She washed their clothes and prepared their food,
And that's not all, I'm afraid it gets rude,
Each one she loved and each one she screwed,
Snow white kept the dwarfs in a very good mood.

One day an old hag jealous of what she had,
Fed her an apple which had gone bad,
Then out popped a maggot, Snow White was mad,
Another little man all shrivelled and sad.

All this for a roof above her head,
Now another man to please and take to bed,
She looked at the dwarfs and angrily said,
"I'm moving to the house made of gingerbread."

Off she went following a path of crumbs,
Sniffing the air and licking her gums,
Pushing Hansel and Grettle into the slums,
Deep into the forest with their two gay mums.

She ran to the house made of biscuit and vanilla,
Excited to see her gorgeous dream fella,
Who she found on the floor with Cinderella,
What the hell was she doing out of the cellar?

Snow White shouted and screamed at the pair,
How could he be shagging her,
She stinks of shit and is covered in hair,
Snow White felt sick just standing there.

Too sad and weak to put up a fight,
She cried herself to sleep that night,
From then on she stayed low and out of sight,
That's the last I heard of good old Snow White.

lindsey ashton

No Tomorrow

Surrounded by my fears, my anger and my sorrow,
The night drags along keeping clear of tomorrow,
The thoughts of death are nothing new,
The damage and hate that I long to hold on to.
Without them I don't know who I am,
Only loneliness I can understand.

I know who I am now, and no time can pass
As I suffocate myself with all of my past.
Things are not clear, nothing seems right,
As I hold myself down, I can no longer fight.
I don't want to be, or exist anymore
I don't want to accept anything that life has in store
I want to forget, and I want you to forget too
That I was ever here, that I never met you.
I will not leave a footprint or shadow behind,
I will never be remembered, I'll be forgotten in time.
Not a memory of me, just a gap where I was,
Filled with sorrows, hate and dust.
don't feel for me now, as you never did before,
I refuse to be a memory of someone you've known.
I will leave not a trace of this life behind
I will leave not the sorrow that lives in my mind
I will go to a place, where nothing exists
I will leave my body through the veins in my wrists.
This night will never end, it will stay still with my sorrow,
As my time has now ended, there is no tomorrow.

lindsey ashton

She

she always works hard, though it's never enough
She always tries, though sometimes it's too much.
She does her best, she does herself proud,
But she can't see it, she puts herself down.
Nothing is good enough, she always wants more,
Reach the impossible, what impossibilty has in store.
Up to the climax, nothing less will do,
Trying so hard to be like you.
She cannot walk, she knows it will take time,
She couldn't talk, but now she's talking fine.
Through working hard, she knows she can beat this,
Being able to walk would be emotional bliss.
She can't make sense of it, for something that came so easy to her,
She could just do it, without thinking or taking care.
Intense concentration and always thinking ahead,
She can't help thinking, somtimes, she'd be better off dead.
It would be easier, but then it's won,
Got the better of her, what's done is done.
It is easier to talk about she,
Because then it doesn't feel like, I'm talking about me.

lindsey ashton

She's An Angel

As you sleep your heart is open, you can hear the words I say,
I tell you now of your beautiful daughter, why she was taken away.
Such little time you spent with her, your moments together were few,
I need to explain now, my child, why she was taken from you.
We had a spirit so precious and pure, but missing a vital part,
She needed to have the warmth and love that comes from a mothers heart,
She needed a smile which is kind and happy, and eyes with these things too,
She needed a caring, loving heart, these things she needed from you.
Your love for her was really strong, so the time for this was short,
You were the perfect mother, I hope this a comforting thought.
We needed her to be with you, you had to give her those things,
We needed you to be a part of her, to give your angel her wings.
When you wake you will feel a difference, you will know your baby is safe,
A glowing feeling will flow through you, you will feel it in your faith.
You will still miss ur baby, a mother could never forget,
But now you'll feel much better and her absence you'll never regret.
Be strong my child for it does take time, i'll be here to help you through,
And your angel, your special girl will be here to help you too.
Be brave my dear and get your rest, I know you will be fine,
For now you know your baby is an angel and you, my child are mine.

lindsey ashton

Silent Waiting

"Hello mum, it's only me" I smiled as I walked into her room,
"I can't stay too long today, I'm afraid I'll be going soon.
I just popped in to say hello, and make sure you're ok,
I'll put the kettle on, make you a brew and then I'll be on my way".
Not even a change in expression came over my mothers face,
She just continued to look straight on, miles away in space.
She seems to be getting worse, she doesn't even know I'm here,
Not a word, movement or a flicker of an eye whenever I come to see her.
The doctors say some days will be worse, but today seems to be a repeat,
Her sitting there in a song of silence, her bottom firm on her seat.
I comb her hair and put on her blush, she'd never been seen unmade,
'A woman should always look her best, and never let it fade'.
She had so many sayings and believed in every one,
And now she stays there like a picture, the mother I knew has gone.
"There you go, mum, you're all made up, and here's your cup of tea,
I have to go now, things to do, people I have to see".
I tried to fight back the tears as I kissed her on her head,
"I'll be back to see you tonight, mum, before you go to bed".
The ache in my throat became a sharpening pain as I left her on that chair,
Closing the door behind me, I didn't want to leave her.
The tears came out as I sat in my car, for weeks she hasn't said a word,
This is not how I thought she would be, this is not what she deserves.
"hello mum, it's only me" I smiled as I walked to her bed,
Trying hard to hide the emotions going through my head.
She's all tucked up like a small child, fragile and weak,
I tell her about my work-filled day as I remove the blush from her cheek,
I stay until she falls asleep, then go, before I'm asleep too,
I put on my coat and open the door, then hear, "I love you",
I froze, my heart ached, I wanted to cry,
I looked back at her, she smiled.
"I love you too mum" my voice was shaking, I can't believe she spoke to me,
I went back to her bed and grabbed her hand, "I'll be better my dear, you'll see"
Not a word for weeks, now she's talking fine, "what do you mean mum, how?
How can you be getting better, how do you know this now? "
"I don't have to wait anymore, your father told me today,
He said the bad and the illness, is going to be taken away."
She closed her eyes and laid down her head, "he's here dear, do you see him?
He said he's going to take me away, away from the bad I am feeling".
A stream of calmness run through my veins, then her hand fell from mine,

Now I realise what she meant, that now is her time.
No more will she sit alone in her chair,
Uncomfortable everyday in her confused tired stare.
No longer a silence, no more does she wait,
Free from her own prison and cocoon of heartache.

lindsey ashton

Stolen

Backwards and forwards she rocks on her knees,
Her head in her hands, her womb bleeds.
Helpless to stop it, she rocks, she screams,
Her mind haunted, hallucinations, dreams.
Figures, sounds, an angry waterfall,
A distant cry in an angry storm.
The lightening cuts out her name in the sky,
The strengthening sound of a lullaby,
She screams, she rocks, she cries, she bleeds,
She shouts, she sobs, she rocks, she pleads,
The waterfall roars, the wind, destruction,
Her crashing world falls, fails to function.

The water runs dry, she wakes,
Not a scream, or cry, or ache,
But peaceful in bed as the sun wakes the dawn,
How long will this nightmare continue on?
Her womb does not bleed, in its absence she's bare,
No bloodshed of that, of which is not there.
A girl of five, her womanhood taken,
Now many years on, her mind mistaken.
No loss of blood, or life another,
She never was, or will be a mother.
Her mind mistaken, or truth in its storm?
A girl of five, a child unborn,
Dreams, hallucinations, anger, pain,
A moment, for lifetime her mind will retain.
The secrets of figures, never faded,
The innocence of a child, stolen, invaded.
No longer a child, she cannot let go,
Not only her womanhood, they stole so much more.
Not all of the figures, the darkest of all,
Hiding behind the waterfall,
Never to show his face to her,
He leaves her the nightmare, the screams, the scar.

lindsey ashton

Suffocated

My soul is suffocated, my spirit cannot breath,
They're desperately trying to find a way to leave,
They're dying inside me, fading away,
I know I should help them, but I want them to stay.
I'm holding them back, don't know what else to do,
Because if they leave me, then I will go too,
But not with them, they'd leave me alone,
Wondering the darkness on my own.
I beg them to stay, not to leave me,
But they can't hear me, they're screaming,
Screaming for me to do it now, For me to set them free somehow.
My spirit gets the vodka, my soul passes the knife,
"Do it now, take away your life,
You're keeping us here in this miserable shed,
When you know for all of us you're better off dead.
We need you to do it, go on, have a drink,
Don't give yourself any time to think.
Prisoners we are in your unhappy life,
Come on girl, pick up the knife,
Not for yourself, do it for us, you have to
For years we've put up with miserable you,
But now we cant breathe, we are suffocated,
Why carry on life when by all you are hated?
That's a good girl, you know what to do,
Just hold out your arm and cut straight through.
It wont be long now, until we can go,
You've done the right thing, we wont suffer anymore.
Thank you friend, now we'll leave you alone
To wonder the darkness on your own".
Did I make the right choice, did I do the right thing?
Now its my voice that I can hear screaming.
For eternity I'll wonder the darkness alone,
Because I set free my spirit and soul,
I owed it to them to help them leave,
But now I'm the one suffocated, now I cannot breathe.

lindsey ashton

Taken

She stays in the shadow of her keepers watchful eyes,
Her breath becomes shallow as her spirit dies,
Her keeper silences her screams and cries,
Her empty voice whispers her sorrowful goodbyes.

lindsey ashton

Thank You

An old lady I am, worn out and tired
I've lived a life to be desired
Not all times were good, not all times were bad,
Not all times were happy, not all times were sad.
But life wouldn't be a story, if everything went just fine,
There wouldn't be a difference between a strangers life and mine.
We're born with a book of blank pages, a page for everyday,
Everything we do is in there, and everything we say.
My book is filled with hopes and dreams, and all that I've achieved,
Everyone I've ever met, and everyone I've grieved.
And now my book is at its end, the pages left are few,
The book will close one day soon, and prepare to start a new.
Everything I ever had was worked for really hard,
Which makes me like it that bit more, knowing its well deserved.
I lay here now, warm in bed, and think of every page,
There is nothing I would do differently, nothing I want to change,
That's the easiest thing I've ever said, but never thought I would,
All these years its taken me, to know my life was good.
The book is getting heavy, the pages wearing thin,
My eyes are getting tired, the light is glowing dim.
Just one last thing for the book, before I let it close,
The perfect ending for my life before my spirit goes,
Thank you for everything, this life has been so great,
Everything that ever happened, was led to me by fate,
Nothing too spectacular, but couldn't ask for more,
I am truly grateful for everything I know.
Thank you again for a wonderful time, a time that is now over,
My book will close, I'll reach the gate and rest forever in clover.
The book has closed, I'm at the gate, so happy I am to see,
The angel standing pure and proud hands the book to me.
I read the book, laugh and cry, and pick pages which are the best,
I sit myself down on a cloud for my eternal rest.

lindsey ashton

Trapped?

Standing on the edge of nowhere, now where do I go?
The path I took to get here is hidden in the snow,
Now every angle looks the same, no matter where I turn,
How long will I stand in this blanket of snow? A thought filled with concern.
There's no one here to guide me, the path is washed away,
What am I supposed to do, how long will I stay?
The snow is now a blizzard, I cannot see a thing,
The flakes are getting colder, and really start to sting.
I hate it here, let me go, I want to scream out loud,
I close my eyes, open my mouth, but cannot make a sound.
Trapped I am, in my own mind, does anyone know I'm here?
A prisoner to myself, feelings full of fear.
Frozen in a phase of time, my mind is in control,
Deserted me in this place so I can be alone.
To find for myself, the path I need to take,
Allowing me to make mistakes.
When I find the one I need
Will my mind help me succeed?
Stop the blizzard, bring out the sun,
Let me get help from everyone?
Maybe it will, maybe it won't, I won't know unless I try,
But I feel like I don't want to, I really don't know why.
Maybe I am happy here, hidden by the snow,
Maybe I am happy, not knowing where to go,
Maybe when I'm ready, the snow will disappear,
Maybe when it's time, everything will be clear.
Until that feeling grabs me, I'll stand here and I'll smile,
I don't have to worry about anything for a while.
Standing on the edge of nowhere, and here I want to stay,
Looking out into the snow, I don't have to find my way,
There's nothing that I want to do, nothing I want to say,
Standing on the edge of nowhere, forever I will stay.

lindsey ashton

Voice In The Wind

A voice in the wind is a powerful thing,
the sound can travel for miles,
Shouting out the pain inside gives relief and smiles.
It's good to talk into the wind, someone will hear your cry,
Someone to take away your dark clouds, your sorrow and your sigh.
As long as the wind is blowing, you'll never be alone,
The wind will take your hates and confusions and send them on their own.
These emotions need to be free, if you keep them locked up you'll find,
They will grow and strengthen and take over your mind.
Don't let these feelings get the best of you, don't let them hold you down,
Don't let them grow or take control, don't let them make you frown.
Set them free into the wind where they will eventually disappear,
Fading away to nothing, your pain and your fear.
Smile when the wind blows strongly, they'll be taken away at speed,
Extra strength in the wind to help your goal succeed.
There'll always be someone to talk to, to help you on your way,
They'll listen to your words and hear what your eyes say,
They'll help you break the shell which is the hardest thing to do,
Just open up and talk to them, they're going to help you through.
Shout out into the wind, my friend, and send it on its way,
Do this until you feel it working, do it everyday.
Soon you'll notice that it has gone, none of it left inside,
Nothing more to hurt you, nothing more to hide.
Love the wind, love yourself, be proud of who you are,
Be true to yourself and others, and you will go far.
Different emotions will confront you in life, just don't forget what you know,
There is always someone to help you through, the wind will always blow.

lindsey ashton

What's The Point In Moths

What is the point in moths? Flying around at night,
Trying to get into your house, trying to get to the light.
Why be nocturnal? When all they want is bright,
Bobbing around the light bulb, giving me a fright.

What is the point in moths, what do they do?
Except nose dive me when they see me, why? I don't have a clue.
They don't bother those who aren't scared of them, just people like me and you,
Sniffing us out to attack us, selecting the frightened few.

What is the point in moths? What purpose do they serve in life?
To come in to my house, to cause trouble and strive.
They don't do anything, but hang around me and the light,
Weighing me up to attack, with all their might.

What is the point in moths? Why can't they all just disappear?
Instead of when darkness falls, making me live in fear.
We're not going to get rid of them, I think it is clear,
But I'll have a bloody good try, of getting rid of the ones that come near.

What is the point in a dead moth? Victory is mine, (haha)
But another one will come, in a matter of time,
Until then I'll feel calm and fine,
What's the point in moths? The hairy nocturnal fly!

lindsey ashton

With Hope

"Would you like to help the homeless please? " he shouts out to the crowd,
His voice is shaking along with his body, his words not very loud.
His skin discoloured with dirt and grime and a blue tinge from the cold,
His eyes are grey and his clothes ragged, his shoes are worn and old.
He rocks backwards and forwards on his heels, up and down on his knees,
Calling out to the people, "would you like to help the homeless please? "
The public try to avoid him, they look away and walk on by,
They talk to each other, or on the phone ignoring his desperate cry.
His voice is getting weaker, the night drowns out the day,
The air is getting colder, he needs somewhere to stay.
He finally gives up when the frost hit's the ground,
He walks to the place where no one is around.
Then uncovers his bed of cardboard and rags,
He keeps himself dry with used plastic bags.
He tries to keep warm as he rocks to sleep,
Trying hard not to weep.
Another day over and another yet to come,
Where he begs to the public for money, for a home.
Holding on tight to that last glimpse of hope,
Searching for reasons to help himself cope.
Whatever his reasons for living on the street,
Whatever battle has caused him defeat,
Give him a penny, help him along,
Give him a reason for him to be strong.
Don't judge him for why he sleeps under the stars,
Judge him for trying, show him somebody cares.
With your help he can work hard to better himself,
Get a job, a home, look after his health.
Next time you hear him calling in need,
Pass him a penny, help him succeed.
Look into his eyes, look hard and you'll find,
That he is grateful for you being kind.
Help the homeless, be happy to know,
That you won't hear his cry from anyone, anymore.

lindsey ashton

Young Girl

There she stands staring at the ground,
Unaware of what's happening all around,
Why is she sad, what does she know,
What could have happened to fill her with woe?
why is she frightened, why is she scared,
Why is she silent not wanting to be heard?
Why doesnt she move or make a sound,
Why does she stand there staring at the ground?
in a picture of sadness i feel her pain,
so strong its bitter it drives her insane.
I try to get close, but cannot get near,
Each step I take she steps to the rear.
She lifts her head and looks at me,
Showing fear and pain for me to see.
A darkened tear of blood and hate,
Glides down her cheek to hide her state,
Her anger and pain lock her in a place
Where she cannot show emotion on her face.
It keeps her there, it locks her away,
Not allowing her to break away.
This poor young girl, who could she be?
Suddenly she's close,
This girl is me.

lindsey ashton