



RETAKE LIBERTIES

delicately deviant



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“Freedom is a wonderful thing,
and I respect that.
I fully understand
people don’t agree with war.
But I hope they agree
with peace
and freedom and liberty.”

RETAKING LIBERTIES



If They Were Right

"People feel profoundly that
homosexuality is not equal.
It is, I'm afraid
Gross and unnatural"

And if he were right, I'd agree...

"To say to children that
there are alternatives in life
which are equally valid
is not right."

And if she were right, I'd agree...

"It is wrong that a young person
should be free to embark on a course of action
that might lead to a lifestyle
that would separate him from the
mainstream life of friends and family."

And if she were right, I'd agree...

"Sodomites are wicked sinners -
worthy of death for their vile,
depraved unnatural sex practices."

And if he were right, I'd agree...

"I'm definitely of the opinion
that couples should be
husband and wife,
not two husbands or two wives."

And if he were right...

If they were right, I'd agree,
But it's THEM they know, not ME...

"I have never been confused about
my sexuality.
I have been confused about
the way I am treated because of it."

Agree...?

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Neither Here Nor There

I am told
There are only two choices
This way or that way
That way or this

I am told
To make my choice
Call this number
Press red. Vote now.

I am told
I must decide
Who should stay
And who won't survive

I am told
That to choose is easy
Black or white?
Darkness or light?

But I know
There are more than two choices
There are three sides
To every story

I know
Some things I don't decide
They just are
They choose me

I cannot live black
I cannot live white
I live in the grey area in between
I love in the grey areas in between

I cannot be darkness
I cannot be light
I live in the grey area in between
I love in the grey areas in between

Like most people

I think



An Apology

**My intention
was to know you
To put a smile upon your face
To comfort and befriend you
In an internet embrace**

**My intention
was to honour you
With words carved for your soul
A testament to what you are
Though I truly couldn't know**

**The world is full of bad advice
That rolled forth from my tongue
I wanted to bring sunshine
But in truth I brought you none**

**My intention
now's to leave you
You'll hear not from me again
My soothing words alarmed you
And they left you feeling pain**

**The world is full of bad advice
That poured forth from my tongue
I wanted to give healing
But your senses I have wrung**

**The world is full of bad advice
That rolled forth from my tongue
I wanted to bring sunshine
But in truth I brought you none**



Enough is Enough

Enough is enough
Twenty years is too long
We will never be happy
The church got it wrong

Enough is enough
You can't sleep every day
And I will not hold you
Or love in that way

Enough is enough
The children have grown
My parents have gone and
I'm scared to be alone

"Enough is enough"
You so angrily cry
"I want a man to love me
as I need to be loved"
I reply: So do I

Enough is enough
We will both take that first step
Honesty can bring freedom
From that secret we kept



Abomination

What can I do today to really piss God off?
I could take two kinds of seed and plant them in the same field.
That would show him.

My t-shirt is sixty per-cent cotton,
And forty per-cent polyester.
Now that's really gotta yank his chain.

Or maybe I'll have a shave,
Clip off the edges of my beard.
He would be seething.

I could get a tattoo.
I don't like them
But neither does he – apparently.

But I could not lay with a man
Like I have laid with a woman.
For I have not laid with a woman.

“We were held prisoners by the law,
locked up until faith should be revealed.
Now that faith has come,
we are no longer under the supervision of the law.”

Why does no-one ever read them that bit.
Why is it always Leviticus?

Why?
Because there is more fun to be had in abominations
Than in common sense.



Evil is a Very Nasty Word

As I lay here
Como coloco aquí
Basking in the glorious sunshine,
Swimming in the beautiful sea
Asolear en el sol y
la natación gloriosos en el mar hermoso
I know that I am a lucky man.
Sé que soy un hombre afortunado.
Not an evil man, a lucky man.
No un hombre malo pero un hombre afortunado.

As I lay here
Como coloco aquí
I appreciate the glorious people –
Aprecio a la gente gloriosa-
Brown men, black men,
White and pink.
Los hombres marrones, hombres negros,
Blanco y rosa.

Tall men, hairy men,
Short and smooth.
Los hombres altos, hombres peludos,
Corto y liso.
Strong men, quiet men,
Weak and loud.
Los hombres fuertes, hombres callados,
Débil y fuerte.
Young men, lazy men,
Old and active.
Los èovenes, hombres perezosos,
Viejo y activo.

And the only thing they have in common
Is that they are not evil.
Y la única cosa que ellos tienen en común
Es que ellos no son malos.
They are not evil.
Ellos no son malos.



Damian

This is the cut down version
Of my twenty-three years
The omnibus of my doubts and fears

I've been depressed a few times
Attempted suicide twice
I don't like myself, to be more precise

I feel some confusion
I like both fellas and girls
But no-one would get that in my little world

I have a long term girlfriend
Whom I'm not sure I should tell
And open the floodgates to a private hell

There are so many questions
Running round in my head
I know I should decide for myself
But I'll trust you instead



Your Own Holocaust

History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
whose interest was not in government
but in leadership

History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
who said 'to be a leader
means to move the masses'

History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
whose public displays
were a mixture of theatre and propaganda

History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
who set us programs
to ensure only the pure survived

History
rightfully looks back with condemnation
at a man
who exterminated
those he did not want

History
looks forward and continues to praise
a God
who burns forever
those who do not believe



Rewriting My History

i am blessed
with a contentedness
which allows me to
erase from my brain
the elements of my history
which drove me insane

a sister cannot die
if she was never there

a father won't walk out
if he had no cares

a boy will not withdraw
if there was no fear

no need for a world of his own
if he's happy here

and their hurtful words
now just fade away

because yesterday
is a distant day

i am blessed
with a contentedness
which allows me
to smile and say
i wouldn't have had it
any other way



If You Love Me...

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
when I saw
that look in his eye.
Perhaps he didn't hear me.

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
as I fell
flat on my face.
He really can't of heard me.

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
as the children
started to cry.
They must have drowned out my voice.

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
'though my face
was swollen with hatred.
I know he heard me.

If you would open your eyes
You would see
If you would open your ears
You would hear
That my pleading voice
Has now disappeared.
I shall say this once and for all,
Loud and so clear
You don't love me at all,
I no longer want you here.



No Escape

"People like you make me sick,
you rob and steal
and then come here whining,
expecting us to protect you.
And anyway, it is your fault
for letting them make you..."

If I refuse to cut my hair
If I refuse to have a shave
If I refuse to go to work
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?

If I think about the
money my family paid them
If I focus on the sound
of the TV in the day room
If I scream until
you can't ignore me
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?

If I fill in the correct form
If I try to take my life
If I let doctors and shrinks
track down evidence
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?

If I ignore the glint
of the razor blade
If I don't try to wipe
that smirk from his face
If I cry until I
can't stop shaking
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell all alone?

cont...

I am not your property

**If I scream until
you can't ignore me**

I am not your property

**If I cry until I
can't stop shaking**

I am not your property

**Why won't someone protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?**



Imagine These Words

**Imagine the Louvre
Without the Mona Lisa**

**Imagine the theatre
Without the kindness of strangers**

**Imagine the British
Without EastEnders or the Street**

**Imagine the ballet
Without the Nutcracker Suite**

**Imagine a funeral
Without 'stop all the clocks...'**

**Imagine the Second World War
Without cracking the code**

**Imagine Monty Python
Without King Arthur or Brian**

**Imagine these words
Without me**



All Things True

I have seen candles flicker in the darkness
I have seen grown men cry,
reading their morning newspapers
I have watched buses pull into lay bys
And heard the radio fall silent
I have seen surfers hold hands in the water
And mothers bring up babies alone

And what stops me from going insane
Is the knowledge that

He will wipe away
All tears from their eyes
And there shall be no more death,
Nor sorrow,
Nor crying,
Nor pain
All of that will be gone forever.

delicately deviant

He was born, raised and educated in London and worked there as a teacher for six years. During that time he also worked for 'Creating Success' – part of the government's *Excellence in Cities* initiative. He currently lives and teaches in Spain.

As a freelance writer he was responsible for much of the drama performed at the 'Alive' youth events. His play *Goodnight Beautiful Girl* was entered for the Royal Court Young Writers competition. He has written for various publications (on topics as far ranging as spiritual gifts, first sexual encounters, and aborting gay fetuses!) He has also completed numerous schemes of work for primary schools.

He has designed and maintained a number of different websites, including the popular *delicatelydeviant.net*, which contains a selection of his poems written since he was a teenager.





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