



delicately deviant
screaming to get out

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screaming to get out

**You don't see it do you?
Sometimes I think you're
dangerously close,
or preferably,
at a safe distance
But then at other times
I feel you're so far away
that even if I
came out and told you,
you wouldn't believe it.**



Where is the light?

What do you do when you feel you can't go on anymore?
When you don't like who you are, what you are.
When it seems like the hardest thing to do in the world is smile.
When you think that the world has no more to offer
And that you have no more to give.
When it seems that life is too long
And you don't know in which direction to turn.
When there's a hole in your life that cannot be filled.
When you know that your dreams are just that.
When the truth has hit you, and the truth hurts.
When you're trapped inside this image you've built of yourself
When you're screaming to get out -
But nobody hears you
And nobody understands.



A woman's right to choose

Fourteen weeks ago you were making love,
creating love – creating me.
Now you don't want me.
You didn't think.
But why should you be punished
for one little mistake?
After all, it's your right to choose.

But what about my right to choose?
I am alive you know.
I've got a brain. *I've* got a heart.
Soon, I could do somersaults if I wanted.
I could even suck my thumb.
I could kick you and make you hurt.
Why not? You don't mind hurting me.

I'm part of you.
My body, stomach, liver, kidneys
are all attached to you.
Soon they won't be.
Soon I'll just be a statistic.
Soon I will be gone. Forgotten.
No longer to be your burden.

I am purity and innocence personified.
You are evil and guilty,
though you'll commit no crime.
As you lay sleeping, my head will be
crushed and I will be sucked away.
It needn't have been this way.
You had your right to choose fourteen weeks ago.
Now long may you bleed, mother.



The right to be me

I'm forever hiding in secrecy
the feelings lurking inside of my head.
For if they knew, no-one would let me be
the person I want to be. If I said
that they would accept me, I'd be lying.
They cannot see how I do what I do.
So they shout abuse and leave me crying
myself to sleep. But in dreams I go to
a place where I'm free to be as I please,
and where all the things I want, I have got.
And where my acceptance comes with an ease
that's only possible in dreams. I'm not
fighting for justice or equality.
I'm just fighting for the right to be me.



I can dream can't I?

I don't know why I love you
But I want you to love me back.
You won't ever love me back.

I see your smiling face as you
Lay in the arms of the one you love.
I wish I could give you my love.

I try to say the right things
And be a person I think you'll like.
But why should I know what you like?

You've got bags under your eyes,
A mole on your right side and crooked teeth.
Yet your face holds a hidden charm.

I let your hurtful comments wash over me
And do everything that you ask.
If only you'd ask what I want you to ask.

I let you use me and
Let you make your little joke.
You probably think me one big joke.

So I don't know why I love you.
Perhaps it's a passing phase.
But for now I can't get you out of my mind.

My tiny, dirty, filthy,
crazed, overactive mind.
If only you'd understand.



Je deteste

I hate people.
They think they know everything.
They know nothing.

I hate people.
They think they know me.
All they know is what I let them see.

I hate people.
They think they can make the rules.
I think they just act like fools.

I hate people.
They think it's their right to judge.
They should remember - I bear a grudge.

I hate people.
They have no purpose.
I wish they'd go away.



Mind games

What does it mean to be depressed?
Does it mean to be pushed down?
Have I been pushed down to your low levels?

Does it mean that I've got money problems?
Or has there been a lowering of my atmospheric pressure?
Am I hollow on surface?

So what does it mean to be clinically depressed?
Does it mean that I'm fed up with injections
or women in white coats?

Then what does it mean to be a manic-depressive?
Does it mean to be wildly excited by one's depression?
Or to exaggerate one's frenzy?

I am supposedly suffering from depression.
What does that mean? I don't know.
Perhaps it just means that I'm screaming
to get out of this private hell.



me

*If you don't know me by now,
You will never, never, ever know me ...*

But you shall never know *me*
And don't pretend that you do.
Me doesn't want you to.

For *me* is the person I really am,
The person behind this façade.
The *me* that you think you know
Is one hundred per cent man made.

The *me* you see is a creation,
A deceptive mask that I wear.
If you laugh at the *me* that isn't *me*
Then why should I care?

You laugh because *me* is different.
You're scared of things different from you.
Whoever said 'variety is the spice of life'
Was lying.

On the conveyor belt of life,
Me is a reject.
You put *me* on trial,
Though there's no evidence against *me*.

And therefore my true self shall remain hidden.

Now you shall probably judge *me* by what is written
- Don't.



Black roses

I sat and I cried
And as much as I tried,
I couldn't be a man today.

The tears rolled down my cheek,
For the love I'd tried so hard to seek,
Is forever gone.

Your picture in a silver frame,
And nothing left but your name,
And still it was worthwhile.

You were such an important part of my life.
Your departure tore through me like a knife.
Yet, I never really knew you at all.

Now I have only one more thing to say:
I'll visit you another day.
Goodbye. I love you.



Cold Heart

I feel your cold hand touching mine.
I know that tonight is the night
When I shall give myself to you
And you shall become mine.

You don't tell me that you love me,
But I'm certain that you do.
You accept me for who I am.
You don't listen to what they say about me.

Now that we've shared in each other
And been lost in the throws of passion
You must promise not to tell.
They wouldn't understand.

They understand nothing.
You let me take the lead. Thankyou.
It was the first time in my life
Where I've been in total control.

I don't think I could live without
your love. Not now.
Your love is more precious to me
Than anything else in the world.

You mean everything to me.
But I am not Jesus,
Nor you the daughter of Jairus.
It's such a shame that you're ...



Animals

God, it must be good to be an animal –
Not having to worry about what clothes to wear,
Or how much money's in your pocket.
Not having to worry about very much at all really.
Not having a care.

You don't have to plan what you're doing with the rest of the day,
Let alone the rest of your life!
And you're certainly not made to feel responsible or guilty
About the problems of the rest of the world.
Why should you care who's starving or dying in a pointless war?

You don't have the problems or the prejudices
Of your fellow beings laid upon your shoulders.
You don't always have to watch what you say.
Since when has *baa* or *miaow* been considered
Sexist, racist, homophobic
Or any other 'ist' for that matter?

You're not afraid to do what you want to do,
To be the 'ugly duckling', if you'll pardon the pun.
You don't have to conform to standards.
You live your life looking after number one.

You've got all that free time,
But have no trouble filling it.
Why don't you need to turn to drink or drugs
Or wild and daring pursuits?
Why are your lives not that shallow?
Why do you feel so fulfilled?

Do you just not know how to commit suicide
(no disrespect to lemmings)
Or feel the need to rebel?
Why do you not have to make a stand
Or prove your status?
Can you really be content?

Yes, it must be good to be an animal –
But bloody boring, I'd expect.



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 foetuses!) 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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