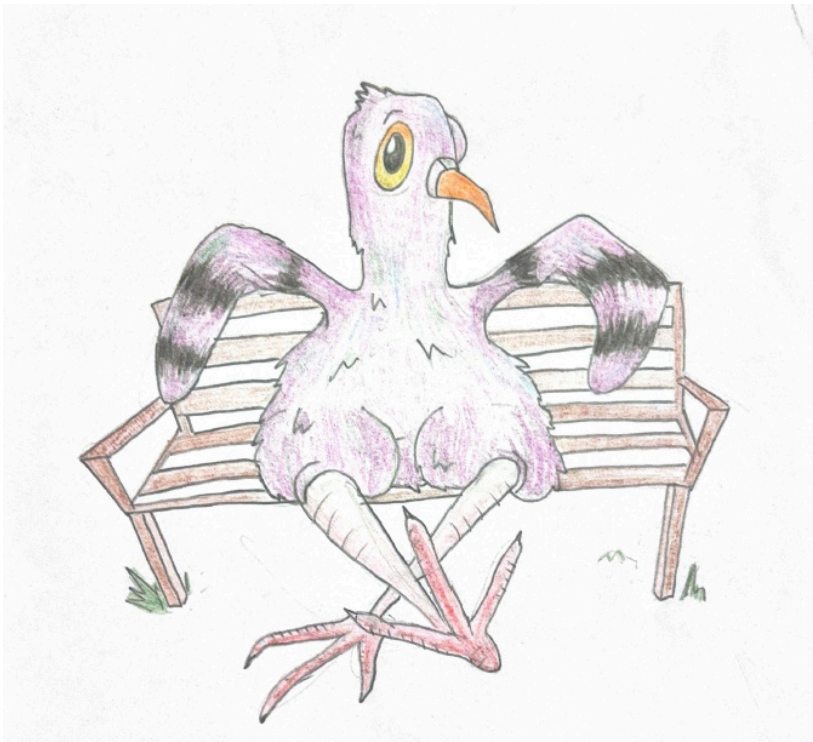


THE PIGEON PARK GAZETTE



Summer 2026

We dedicate this issue to

Darren J
Peace
Joseph S
David C
Stephen T
Peter B
Yousif Y
Matthew P
Alison
Gary
Ayman S

Rest in Peace

Welcome to the Summer issue of the Pigeon Park Gazette. As usual, we enthusiastically welcome all contributions from people connected to our community. If you fancy getting a bit more involved, please come along and join our weekly social, Between Places, at the Thames Bank Centre, Turpentine Lane, Pimlico, London SW1V 4BD, every Wednesday afternoon. Everybody welcome! Refreshments available. If you're bored, lonely or looking for healthy, creative things to do with your time we can help! If you're not feeling very sociable feel free to drop me an email. I hope that this fanzine will serve to support and promote some unique voices in our community that you might not have heard otherwise. A friend of mine once said that good books should work like empathy machines. The more I think about what he said the more I hope this fanzine will generate a little bit of empathy in a world that sometimes feels like it's been taken over by machines.



Matthias.connor2@nhs.net

BETWEEN PLACES



— A CREATIVE SPACE FOR EXPRESSION • CONNECTION • BELONGING

Hosted by The Doctor Hickey Team • Every Wednesday 1 – 5pm

THE THAMES BANK CENTRE

Turpentine Lane, Peabody Avenue
Pimlico, London SW1V 4BD

★★★ A SAFE, CREATIVE SPACE ★★★

For our homeless community & anyone who needs somewhere to belong

CREATE

PERFORM

CONNECT

BELONG

→ COME AS YOU ARE — THIS SPACE IS YOURS →

🎵 WHAT'S ON 🎵

- Art & Creative Workshops
- Poetry & Spoken Word
- Music, Open Mic & Performance
- Community Connection
- Warm, Relaxed, Safe Space

🐦 PIGEON PARK GAZETTE HQ 🐦

Home of a community-led fanzine

- Write Your Story
- Share Your Artwork
- Collaborate & Create

→ YOUR VOICE MATTERS — LOUDLY

❤️ DROP IN ❤️

No pressure. No judgement. Just connection.

EVERYONE WELCOME • ❤️ EVERYONE VALUED



No pressure. No judgement. Just connection.

EVERYONE WELCOME • ❤️ EVERYONE VALUED

Pigeon Park Again

Here I sit under a big tree
The sun is not shining because it's gone in away
from me
The lovely breeze is making me
Lovely the feeling I get from me
The clouds are just all closed in and as I sit here
on the bench
I feel so comfortable I don't even have to clench.
The park is lovely to sit in and makes me feel
I've done no sin.
The trees are standing ever so still
It makes me feel I've got such a thrill.
What a lovely place under a tree.
It's such a lovely feeling again to feel the breeze.

Tracy Charrier



Anon

Rain hammered down in London that night
The pavement reflected every spec of light
I needed to take shelter I was soaked to the skin
Walking into a shop doorway I heard a noise from a bin.
An old lady started shouting you just woke me up.
Demanding now put some money in my beggars cup.
Startled and confused to say the least
Having just filled my belly with a KFC feast
So I gave her a few quid as she said
I didn't need this old lady giving me grief in my head.
That's how the conversation got started.
As she sipped vodka coughed sneezed then farted
I said you must be 80 if you're a day.
How did you end up living this way.
Son I used to be a big West End star
Always chauffeured around in a Rolls Royce car.
Crowds gathered to see me in the West End
Flowers and cards, all the men would send cards.
I was young and feisty but lost my looks.
I wasn't the sort of woman to spent time
reading books.
So now be gone, young man.
Remember always learn as much as you can.
I always knew never to judge a book by its cover.
That was the night I met my mother.

Grant

I like a bird
Wanna fly
away

don't where my

home is.

Val
e
rie

Valerie

Valerie ✓



Anon

The Cathedral

Here I am on the steps of the Cathedral again.

Still in the sky, I see a plane, then there is also people walking by.

This time there is a few clouds in the sky but when the sun comes out and goes in again it is just one of those days and the Breeze makes me grin.

Ahead is a road full of Buses and cars.

It's like knowing you because you are what you are.

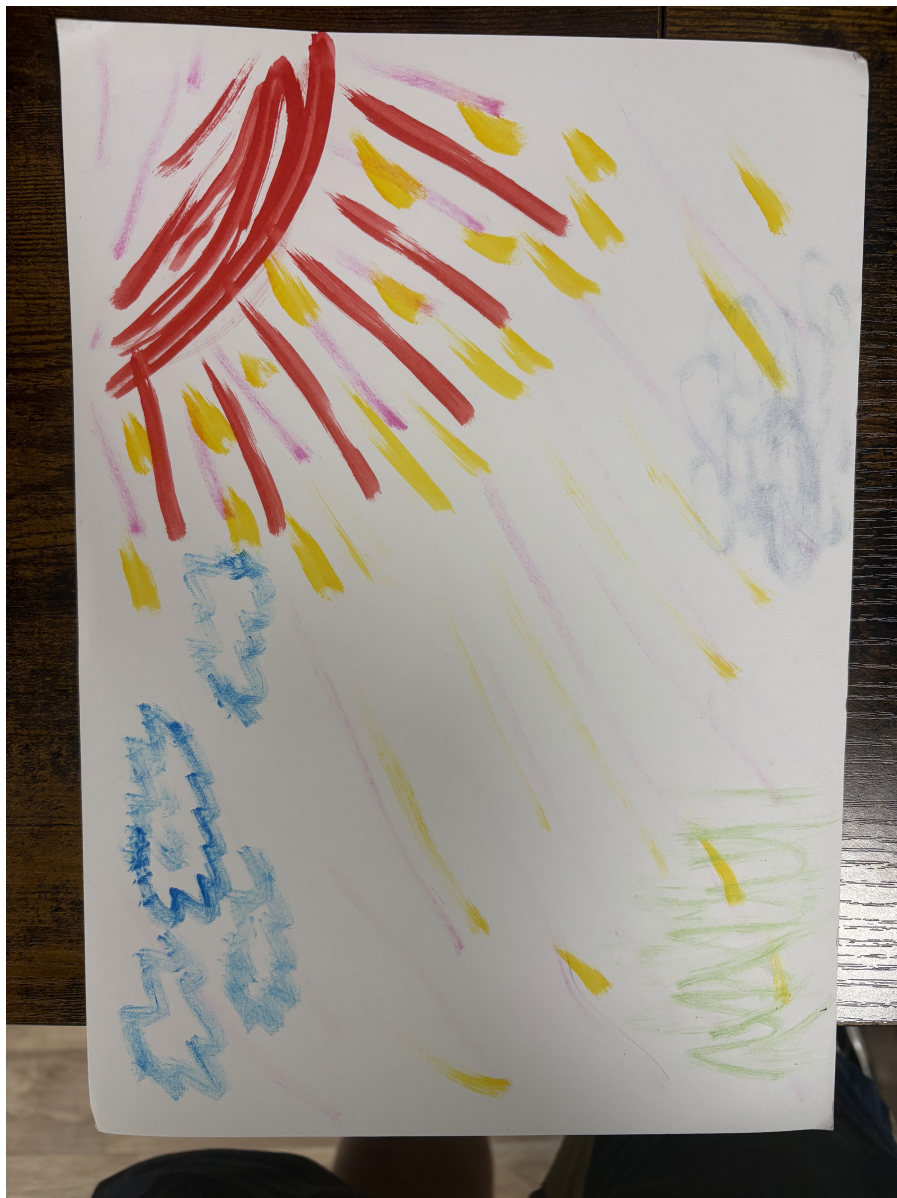
There is a man over there just shouting about life.

But me being here there is no strife.

When the sun comes out it is a hot feeling, and it is all about.

It's sometimes hard to stay in the shade because the hot sun burns you a bit like a sharp blade.

Tracy Charrier



Anon

I'm getting old
It's been foretold
By all who've gone before
It's a long goodbye
I'm sure you'll all cry
when I reach that final floor

For This sad clown is it up
or all the way downtown?
Have I done enough to get out of the rough
or score that final goal?
I hope Its enough to pay for my immortal soul

I've done some good
I've done some bad
Made people happy
Made people sad
Made 'em cry
Made 'em laugh

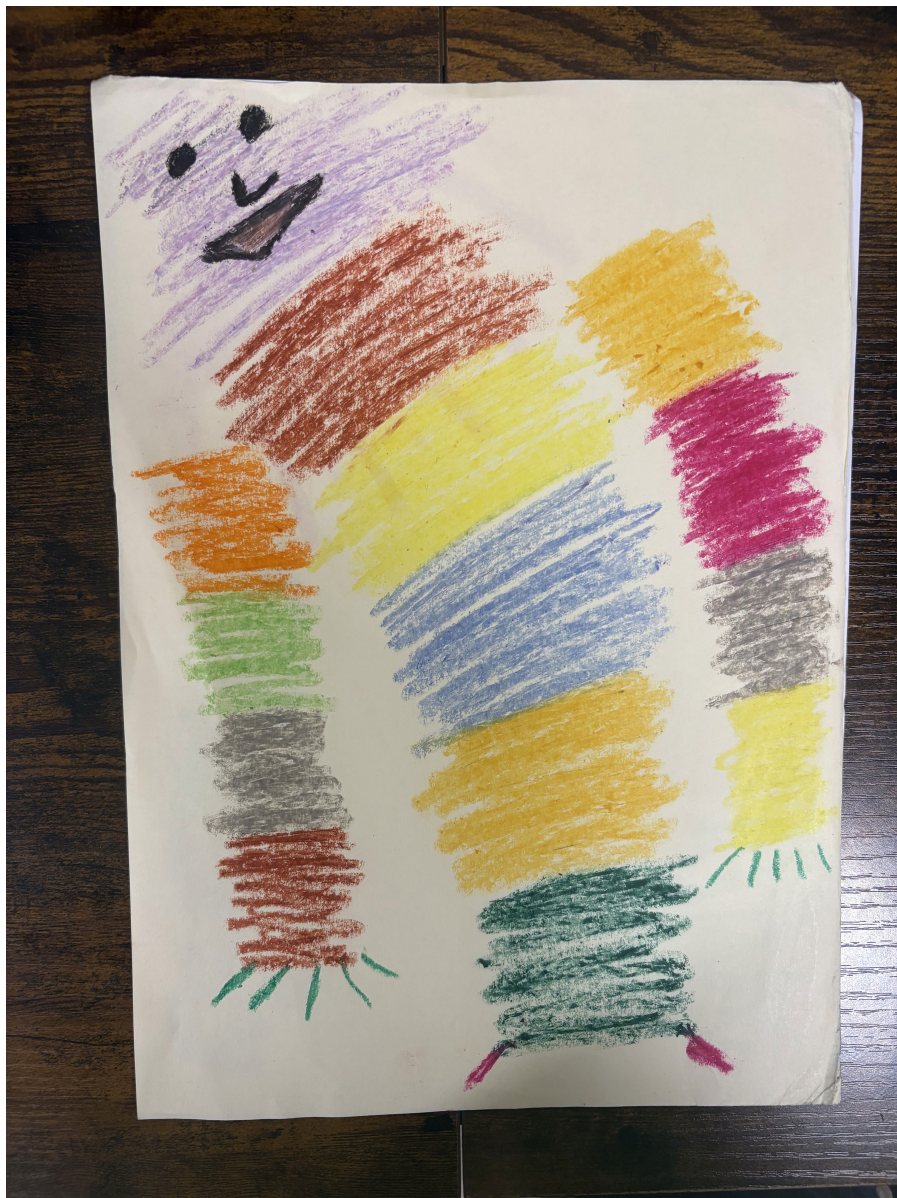
Helped change some lives
to get them through
And see that it can be done
It was hard, it was tough
And some of it was fun

So when I'm gone a few decades from now
And wherever I am,
Up or down
No need to frown

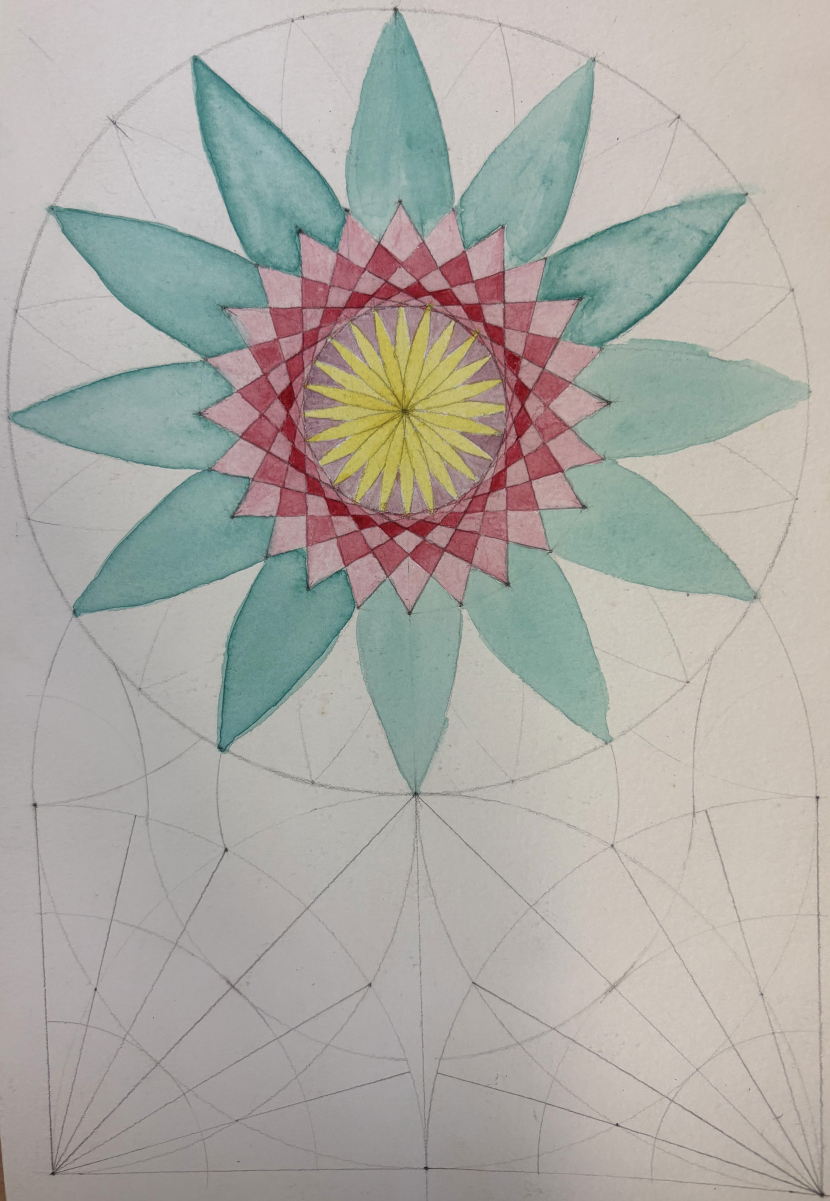
just know
You'll all be missed by me

I hope I'm balanced in gods big book
You know the one
The one I tried to cook
So that when he sees me and my name
He says to me
Terry
It's by the skin of your teeth
You're lucky cos tonight
We need some comic relief

Terry



Anon



Anon

Dead in the water
Broken streams, Broken Van, Broken Pan
Unlikely victory, seemingly Wiggins, Ditch out
to cratic

With my self pointlessness. I want
fame & success - lonely & unbearably
Alone is all I know

ES changed from partners where i'm
unwilling to grow. Empty family, lost
Bothy slow

I can barely call myself human
Every part fake; drives me
Forward. Near seen Sebastian.
Want to die in a peaceful
can it quit in front of
chocolate -

I can't understand where they
went with any strength
If they ever had it.

Just someone in some
Carpenter. Destroyed for
unconcerned. Now it's the end
of the line. Call it my friend

Dead in the Water

Broken dreams, broken van, broken train

Unlikely victory, seemingly [wry?], tough not to crack.

Wish my self-worthlessness. I want
famousness – honesty & unbecoming.

Alone is all I know.

Estranged from partners whose inability to grow,
empty family, bad blood.

I can barely call myself human.

Every fake smile drives me...

Never seen so beautiful.

Want to die in a woodland,
call it quits in front of chocolates.

I can't understand where they
went with any strength,
if they ever had it.

Just lonesome in some
carpark

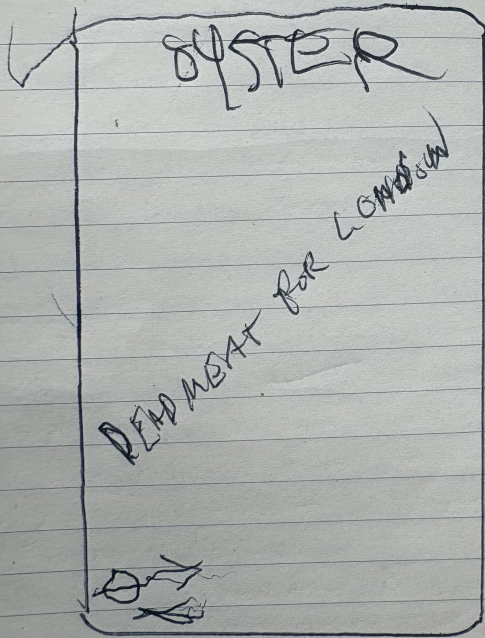
Destroyed but
unconscious...

Now till the end...
save me...

help...

my friend.

Anon



 OYSTER

 READ MEAT FOR LONERS

Broken Dead
 Chilly streams,
 To cratic
 With my self
 Amorous - h
 Above is all I
 Es sange for
 mally, to go
 Both slow
 I can barely c
 Every put
 Forward
 Want to d
 can it
 chocolate
 I can't w
 want
 If they w
 hot
 Comp
 W
 F

WH DAVIES

Autobiography of a Super tramp



WH (William Henry) Davies was born in Newport on 3 July 1871 and was brought up by his grandparents in the Church House Inn in the Pill area of the town. His childhood came to an abrupt end when he was caught shoplifting aged 15 and sentenced to the birch. William left school and worked as an apprentice frame maker. He found the work boring and daydreamed about living in America. After quitting his job he crossed the Atlantic on a cattle boat. For the next six years he drifted across America, crossing the country on the tops of freight cars, eking out a living how and when he could.

His descriptions of these adventures were published as *The Autobiography Of A Super Tramp*. Davies crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic several times, working on cattle boats. In 1899 Davies slipped while trying to jump on to a moving train. His leg was crushed and later had to be amputated below the knee. For the rest of his life he wore a wooden leg.

Davies returned to London and lived in homeless shelters including a Salvation Army hostel in Southwark known as "The Ark", which he grew to hate. Davies composed his first poems in his head before transcribing them when the other residents were asleep. He borrowed money to print his poems and attempted to sell his them on the streets. His efforts were not successful, and he destroyed his early efforts. Davies later managed to borrow a lump sum and paid for a book to be published.

The book was well received by the public. Davies had taken the step of sending copies to well-known literary figures and asking them, if they liked it. Among those were the journalist Arthur Adcock. the author Joseph Conrad and the playwright George Bernard Shaw.

Within months Davies was being praised by the literary elite of Britain. His poems were praised for their simplicity. His friends numbered writers such as Rupert Brooke and Edward Thomas. Thomas rented a cottage for Davies, close to his own home in Sevenoaks. Soon after he achieved fame Davies managed to break his wooden leg. Thomas drew a sketch and asked a local carpenter to make a new one. Etiquette prohibited him from saying what it was actually for so when Thomas received the bill it was described as "a curiosity cricket bat."

World War One would destroy the pastoral idyll that the Georgian poets were known for and many of Davies' friends were killed in the war. By 1918 he was a lonely and forlorn figure but in 1923 he met and married Helen Payne. Davies wrote a book about their relationship, *Young Emma*, revealing - amongst other things - that she was already pregnant when they first met. The book would not be published until after their deaths.

Davies never returned to Wales to live, but he did move close. He and Helen finally settled in Nailsworth on the Welsh border. In 1938 he went back to Newport for the unveiling of a plaque in his name but, by then, he was already ill. It would be his last public appearance and in September 1940 he died, aged 69 years. His words continue to live.

The Sleepers

As I walked down the waterside
This silent morning, wet and dark;
Before the cocks in farmyards crowed,
Before the dogs began to bark;
Before the hour of five was struck
By old Westminster's mighty clock:

As I walked down the waterside
This morning, in the cold damp air,
I saw a hundred women and men
Huddled in rags and sleeping there:
These people have no work, thought I,
And long before their time they die.

That moment, on the waterside,
A lighted car came at a bound;
I looked inside, and saw a score
Of pale and weary men that frowned;
Each man sat in a huddled heap,
Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside
Like lighted coffins in the dark;
With twenty dead men in each car,
That must be brought alive by work:
These people work too hard, thought I,
And long before their time they die.

WH DAVIES

The creator of "life"
has only one wife
her and eye is the
reason we are here
today its OK to
misbehave go out
maybe to a rave
all ways be nice
but give non away
if demized into it.

John Doe

The creator of life
has only one wife
her and Eve is the
reason we are here
today it's OK to
misbehave, go out
maybe to a rave
always be nice
but give non away
if demized into it.

Anon

HEARTFELT DODGERS

POETRY COLLECTIVE

DEBUT AT THE

5TH PLINTH

TRAFALGAR SQUARE



WEDNESDAY 5 AUGUST 2026

AT 6PM

Glastonbury Walk

Gareth

Editorial Note

This edition has been transcribed directly from the author's handwritten manuscript. The aim has been to preserve the author's voice as faithfully as possible while presenting the text in a clear and readable form. Original spelling, grammar, punctuation, capitalisation, vocabulary and idiomatic expressions have been retained throughout. Paragraph structure follows the manuscript, although handwritten line endings have not been reproduced. No silent editorial corrections have been made. Where a reading remains uncertain, this is indicated in an editorial note rather than resolved by conjecture. This edition should therefore be read as a faithful representation of the manuscript rather than a corrected or modernised text.

Page 1

We met at the G.P. Surgery about 10:00, on a bank holiday monday.

Before we set off we had to endure Ken being an arsehole, nearly getting himself a hiding.

We set off still not knowing what was ahead of us.

We had only got as far as Wandsworth when me and Tanya went to Sainsburys where we saw, my eldest 2 children grandparents and said hello.

When we got back to the bench where we'd left Jeff + Dave and found Dave on the floor + a cut on his head. I'm still not sure if he fell asleep or if he had a heat stroke,

As the heat in my opinion was the hardest part of the Journey.

Page 2

Further down the road we stopped in a little park by worlds end and Dave was trying to wet his t-shirt and after a few failed attempts one of the children playing there got the fountains working so the could soak it to put on his head to prevent heat strokes.

Then at another water that was for drinking this time we was filling our bottles up and a group of young teenager's started talking to us and said on ours t-shirts what we was doing and asked how to donate on line a genuine fiver which was so nice to see.

Then we walked along the river untill just after Kew Bridge were we stopped for the night.

Tanya couldn't wait to try her hammock, Dave + Jeff both...

Page 3

were trying to get a little fire going to boil the kettle for a drink.

Well that wasn't going to well they couldn't get the fire going, when what Dave called a Foamer, started crying about not being able to light fires there which was fair enough but he wouldn't stop saying it even when water was poured on it and then started threatning to call the police.

the flashed a wallet at us say he was police but called the police on his phone rather than radio for back up and had ordacety to say he thought we were using drugs weather or not it was cause our donation box was a Sharps box from the Surgery I'm not sure.

But they came and thankfully, they were very understanding about it.

Page 4

The next morning we crossed to Brentford McDonalds for breakfast, wash + toilets. Then we went by Syon park and then stopped again at Ivy bridge Est to go Halfords for gas cooker + supplies.

At this point Jeff found shopping trolley to which for a while we all put our bags in to lighten the load for a bit.

And Dave found himself along the dual carriage way pushing this trolley.

Then we got to Staines where we lost Jeff due to heat as well as managing to lose the donation box. From there we walked on the Kennet canal into old Windsor and stopped by some benches for the night.

Page 5

In the morning went to Windsor McDonalds and able to charge our phones there we kept going and from that point our experience of the journey changed.

Especially once we past Newbury the people became so friendly, even stopping to say hello to us, after another day of walking we stopped at a bar along canal to get cold drinks and charge our phones and Dave got speaking to 2 women who were so friendly.

She said was a teacher and gave Dave some zip ties + electrical tape for his dodgy wheel on his trolley as well as some snacks.

Then we settled down by some locks that night. Tanya had her hammock on edge of bridge which that evening I tried the hammock and was much better than the ground.

In the night we got rained on and that's when Dave showed me there was a rain mac at bottom of my rack sack which I hadn't known but realised I got a brand new one at home still in packet from when I was homeless but never remembered it when it's raining.

Page 6

The next morning we started walking until we stop to ask someone where the nearest shop was and after talking shortly and telling him what we was doing he took us with his dog, first to a shop, then introduced us to a woman, I think her name was Sharon and the guys name was Martin.

And Sharon let us have a shower, done a quick wash for us and made something to eat.

And when we spoke to her she put us on a face book site to let all the people living on the barges would know what were doing.

After having something to eat everyone was talking. Dave was sat up right in the chair asleep when suddenly there was a big crash and Dave was on his back on the ground and he just lay there smiling and put his feet on the bench.

Later that evening we continued our walk until we came to a bridge with grass on and stopped for the night.

When we got up in morning getting ready to leave a woman called Shaz was walking her dogs said are you the guys doing the walk.

We told her we was and she said she's coming back to stop.

Page 7

her boat and we did and she gave us all water, cakes and offered me baccy + rizla also was telling us how as she don't have an expensive barge she gets treated really bad which was sad how cruel + small minded some people are.

Then after a couple of stops along we were approached by different people asking if we need anything and if we take cash which was mind blowing how different people are outside London.

Later that day Dave wanted to stop but me and Tanya were determined to stay on target even telling Dave were doing less miles then we actually done. Just so he would keep going this evening he was marching with the hump which never seen as such a happy layed back fella

we were whistling + shouting for him to stop and he kept going untill finally...

Page 8

he stopped and right by a camp site called Marsh farm which Tanya went over to ask the lady who run it if we could stay and she was so welcoming, her name was and she took an instant liking to Dave and spoiled with somewhere to stay as well as toilets showers and when we woke up was treated to a fry up.

And even after all that when we was saying goodbye with all her dogs and a horse was stroking 2 people went to pay for there stay on the sight and she told them to give it to Tanya towards the charity, I love meeting people like that with genuine good hearts.

The set up there was also a glimps of what we want to achieve to community aspect and all the ground it is ashame it's so far away.

Then we headed off and after my head getting to me for a bit not actually realising the whole picture I was getting upset thinking Dave was taking the piss getting Tanya to getting

Page 9

stuff saying he'll carrying it when he's not pulling a trolley and the size he's got to make the distance along it plus telling me if I have more than my body weight lifting I would popped my stomach as I believe I had a hernia.

But then Tanya spoke to me to make things clearer.

That evening we stopped at a place in Frome a pub so Dave could see the cup final to watch them loose on penalties and we met a nice couple with the dogs who kept buying drinks and food for us.

And there cute dog that evening we stopped on a bit of grass out side a football club after some woman told us off for trying to get on a public path, which was confusing and wasn't very discreet but still went down for the night.

The next morning we walked until we reached Shepton Mallet were we stopped for a hot drink where Tanya's mate and his wife who was an MP turned up and spent some of the afternoon with us.

Dave was making us laugh that St Johns ambulance didn't have...

Page 10

Paracetamol or something like that then we spent a while listening to a DJ who after hearing this girl Alix who was promoting a rave at Shepton Mallet Prison gave us a shout out over the speaker and got an applause from the crowded which was nice.

That evening we stopped on a patch of grass by a couple of benches and laid down for the night right opposite tesco's which was a bit exposed but we were ok, we got threw.

While we were lying there this group of young kids came over. I was so tiered at that point but they spoke to Tanya after hearing them say are you homeless, if so you can come stay at ours.

They seem so sweet.

Then there parents came and Tanya said you've got lovely children and they said back something no there not the little shits.

And Tanya believes they were throwing jam doughnuts at a past homeless guy living there before.

Page 11

The next morning we woke up early, made a drink and set off. With the signs saying Glastonbury, we couldn't believe it almost there. We left from tescos in Shepton Mallet when we were not to far away.

We hid Dave's trolley in a bush while we finished the last part of the walk. We arrived at the farm with relief and completely knackered, had a shower then just needed rest while Tanya was talking of climbing the Tour.

I was thinking no way let me die in peace.

A little while later the others arrived but needed to catch up on rest.

I had a lovely chicken curry Ani cooked a met all the others.

Page 12

And I can say getting to know everyone was the best part of the trip I think anyway.

The next day after Tanya + Anita made breakfast we walked up the tour, when we got to the top it started rain running inside the tour but at the top just to find out had no roof.

From there we walked into glastonbury town centre looked around the shops after meeting the others at a cafe.

Then went into a really nice church and listening to a guy on the saxophone.

When we got back to the farm I help choppa some carrots for a Spag bol Tanya was making.

I had early night again. My lower back took about a week to feel normal again without a bag on my back.

Page 13

On the 3rd day at farm I woke up and after breakfast I went into town with Irleen + her partner drove to a morrisons where got some wine + backy and sat had a Juice in cafe area whilst they shopped for a meal she was cooking that night.

And I can't lie I think I need to find a partner who can make lamb dinners and bake cakes like her as we all had a treat that night.

That was after a day going to see Michael Jackson the Movie which I can't lie I really enjoyed watching.

Then had a drink and listened to music that night but forgot to take my tablet that night which kinda ruoned my next day as was to tiered with stomach pain to go see the owls as well a go watch Terry, Grant and Kev do there poetry in town luckily I got to watch them last on the phone.

Page 14

But that evening after eating first I had Shama teach me how to light the wood burner then after using what been taught with a match started a fire in the circle fire thing and had a laugh about heating them big Marshmallows.

The next day was the day we left and came back but not before going to see Julie who had been so nice to us on her farm.

Had another one of her fry ups and Sadly that was the end.

T'was... A Summers Day of Unusual Heat... (apologies to T.S. Elliot).

Elegant trees... secreted sap... in the street
Eggs frying... on the pavement,
Sizzling sausages... rashers of bacon
Spat fat... on pale passing by... pedestrian feet.

Poised on a bench... in a sweltering Sloane Square
Fountain spindrift... caressing... well coiffured hair
Two matronly... well-spoken wimmin
Contemplated... skinny dipping
A post Peter Jones... liquid luncheon date... dare.

A drunk cried aloud... by The Tube,
"Wanna see two posh birds... get down dirty n rude
Well... give us a Jacks... the nod and a wink
Soon as they get off their kit ... and jump in the drink
I'll Face-Book the pictures... over to you".

A crowd of French students... seemed well impressed
At the thought of two... well-spoken... mesdames undressed
The gobby drunk... made an absolute killing
Ending up... untold... quid's in
On the pair stripping down... to M&S... floral knickers and vests.

Sadly... Elderly William... arrived
To kybosh... foreign eyes ogling... plump pasty thighs
The drunk holding the quid's... made his exit
Quicker than... a European Brexit
Down an alley... where The Royal Court Theatre resides.

While two well-spoken birds... wrapped in blankets
Belled their husbands... to boast of their antics
Revolting French students... from earlier in the story
Caused one hell... of a furore
Demanding the pair pose... for the pre-paid for... pics of their bits.

A seedy lawyer arrived... in a chauffeur driven Rolls,
Pensively... picking his nose
Insisting his clients... be released
Without further charge... or he'd be seeking to meet
The Sweeney... at Scotland Yard... whom he intimately knows

By the time... The Chelsea Flower Show... was up on its feet
Two embarrassed posh birds... had a meet with the police
Charges of.... indecent exposure... swiftly quashed
Their seedy... briefs.... closing argument to the cops...
"T'was... After All... A Summers Day... of Unusual Heat".

Kev



Anon

The Gay Son of Ray

Earlier today...

West London mate of mine Ray...

Called up to say...youngest son Nate... told him straight... "Dad... I'm Gay...

Though... I really did want to wait...

To find... the right time and place...

To share... this heavy-duty news... with you... sooner".

To which... Ray replied... in the blink of an eye...

"Nate... I'm pretty au fait... with your being Gay

Though I do have to say...

It would be kcufing far... from okay

Had you said... to me... today...

You were... coming out of the closet... A

Gooner".

Thank You... for reading.

Please... please... try to remember...

One Most Important Thing

WE can ALL of US... Have OUR Hand In...

A Better... Mental Health... Understanding.

Peace... in Eastern Europe, and in... The Middle East.

Kev

Outside the door,
the leaves are falling,
with a cool, dry, winter wind,
and sweets that we'll buy together,
but I still miss someone.
I'll never get over your blue eyes.
I see them everywhere.
I miss your answer,
help me when you were always there.
I go out to a party to have a little fun,
but I find a darkened corner where I still miss
someone.
I wonder if you're sorry for leaving what we
begun,
when someone says they love me and I still love
someone.

DW

Y tu allan i'r drws,
mae'r dail yn disgyn,
gyda gwynt oer, sych y gaeaf,
a'r melysion y byddem yn eu prynu gyda'n
gilydd,
ond rwy'n dal i golli rhywun.
Fydda i byth yn anghofio dy lygaid glas.
Rwy'n eu gweld ym mhobman.
Rwy'n hiraethu am dy ateb,
am dy help pan oeddet ti wastad yno.
Rwy'n mynd allan i barti
i gael ychydig o hwyl,
ond rwy'n dod o hyd i gornel dywyll
lle rwy'n dal i golli rhywun.
Tybed a wyt ti'n edifarhau
am adael yr hyn a ddechreuon ni,
pan fydd rhywun yn dweud eu bod yn fy
ngharu,
ac rwy'n dal i garu rhywun.

DW

Untitled

Difficulties were lurking on every side.

Traumas re-triggered in the face of adversity.

Hope was running thin like a fading lamp on the darkest nights.

I was existing but not living.

As the tide was about to sweep me away compassionate souls appeared like a soft place to anchor in life's storm.

They hold an inner warmth.

Holding no judgement and immense dedication to soothing a troubled soul.

Endless patience, listening ear and the constant belief in me even when my own doubt takes over.

Unwavering support gave me a strength to keep going.

Time did not heal, as they say it heals the wounds.

But compassion did.

It restored my faith in humanity.

Gratitude and appreciation will live with me.

Inspiring people I came across in this country leaving a lasting mark in my life.

Nomonde (Nomi)

Through those days of his recovery his senses had been on alert. He was experiencing an awareness of life's elemental properties. Especially in the morning: all colours were luminous, all sounds were intensified, all scents were heady concentrates of familiar fragrances; the birds chirped and whistled, each species shrieking its own identifying cry; the dawn breeze was saturated with a subtle blend of new mown clover and sweetish honey-shackle, of jasmine and narcissus, welcoming him back to his life's brightness and goodness. Man had been impressed by his kinship with all created things. It stilled and steadied his spirit to find himself so closely integrated with nature. He still enjoyed the colours and perfumes of the flowers, the liquid calls of the birds. To his happy amazement, that high awareness filled with mystifying exaltation; somehow recaptured that indefinable ecstasy. The effect of his dealings had been a feeling of awe and bewilderment. Rousing, wide awake, with an exultant sense of complete cleansing and renewal.

Emanuel Rivoli

Easy Street

The sky is grey,
The view is bleak,
The water tepid,
Just easy street,
The English broken, the basic notion, once a nation,
now a mongrel.
A once great city, feels so shitty, and basic theories
have no meaning,
People fear, selective hearing,
Knives and guns, just toys just fun,
The man smiles, miles and miles, the man smiles away
from hell,
Was his creation, read the sun it says it all,
Lies, corruption, simple seduction, the draw of lust a
needed must.
A pro, a hoe or just a girl,
Saturday night, same old shite,
Faces clear and voices drone, people desperate to be
cool,
A need. Nothing beautiful.
People's opinions of one another, commercialism, we
are selling out,
Individuality bought on the highstreet.
Is that your goal, is that your creed, to simple
pleasure an instant need,
Your dreams to be a frontman a someone are
typically freed.
Top shelf, behind the sofa,
Morals hazed, never a waster.
I thought we were great, as one we stood, for all of
us our grandparents would,
And now we sit and hope for the best.
Can we ever wear their pride on our chest?
I look again, the sky still grey, the view still bleak,
Water still tepid, still living on easy street.

Ben

Writing Exercise

The Object in My Pocket

Choose an object you have in your pocket (keys, lighter, bus ticket, medication packet, photograph, etc.)

Describe the object without naming it.

How did it come into your possession?

What would it say about you if it could talk?

Where has it travelled?



Summer 2026