

What a difference a day makes!

A collection of poetry and creative writing
by Framework service users



Framework Writing Competition 2006

What a difference a day makes!

In April and May 2006 users of Framework services were invited to enter a writing competition on the theme of *Things that help you or make a positive difference to you*.

Prizes of £10, £20 and £30 were offered, along with time set aside in many different places and services, at coffee mornings and training sessions, for people to reflect on the theme and write their thoughts.

The competition was judged and prizes awarded by Rosie Garner (Nottingham Poet of *Poetry on the Bus* fame) Sheelagh Gallagher (Reading Development Officer, Nottinghamshire County Council) and Jane Herring of the Board of Framework, on 7th July at The Vine Community Centre in Radford.

My gratitude and thanks to them, and to all the people who contributed their time and energy to the production of this booklet.

All the entries are reproduced here.

I hope they are a reminder that writing does not have to be poetic, or clever, or fancy, or beautiful, to be good. It seems to me that good writing is, mostly, what feels true.

Di Smith
Assistant Manager of Ashfield House-hold

He pushed one pill by J.C. (1st Prize Competiton Winner)

He pushed one pill, then another through the blister pack.
He opened his wallet and counted and recounted his change.
He picked up the two tablets and swallowed them, with a swig of milk.
He stared at his reflection in a mirror and reached out his hand,
in an attempt to stroke his forehead.

At the barber shop he asked for a grade two all over and enjoyed seeing tufts of his hair being winnowed away.
At the flower shop he asked for a dozen red roses and marched over to the shopping precincts doors.
Once stood, sentry like, at the side of the doors, he commenced handing
Or rather trying to hand out roses to embarrassed young women.

Looking out by E.H. (2nd Prize Competiton Winner)

Looking out
At the sun, setting in the west
It wasn't a very good day
But I know I did my best.

The cricket players on the green stop for lemonade
The shadows growing longer as the daylight shifts to fade.

The voices of the children going in for tea
Memories of when one of them might well have been me.

I remember that day; it's one that stays with me
I remember that it was the one that came to set me free.

I turned away smiling, tears falling from my eyes
No more cheating, no more sorrow, no more telling lies.

The window by T.S. (3rd Prize Competiton Winner)

Looking out my window
With all the bars around.
Looking out at freedom –
When will I be found?

Maybe it is that I ain't free
Looking out this window,
I'm free Mentally!

Looking at the fields,
With all the cows 'n' sheep
"Someone please pinch me!"
Coz I think I'm asleep.

I remember the good old days
When I was not in 'ere!
Me – do these crimes again?
"Never, never, never."

I turn to the prison gates.
My time has finally come
No I'm not looking back at them bars –
Coz my time is done!!

Don't really wanna see that window ever again!!

Wake up wake up by Z.N.

Wake up wake up give yourself
A shake up everybody's moving.
Reach up jump up give yourself
A thumbs up it's a lovely
New day
Get your feet dancing to the
Beat everybody's moving.
Raise
Your
Voice
Hey! to get everybody out
It's a lovely new day today. Yea!

What a difference a day makes by C.M-T.

If in a day I have made a new friend
My spirits are lifted.
I can see a new future.
If in a day I succeed in something worthwhile
I am strengthened a little more.
If in a day there is someone to listen and support
I have a safety net.
If in a day I have somewhere to go without any stares
I feel an escape from the confines of my own state of mind.
If in a day I have one of these I am grateful
But to have all of these
What a difference a day makes!

I love holding Mary by J.C.

I love holding Mary my pet budgie in my hand.
Normally when she is in her cage, she's terrified of me and won't
come anywhere near me.
Once I've got her out of the cage she relaxes and lets me hold her.
When I've got her on my hand I steal kisses from her and gently
rub my nose through her feathers.
If she tries to fly, she makes a mess of it and flies into drawers,
the wall, and anything else that gets in her way
And I have to pick her up and put her back into her cage.

How bizarre by D.K.

I see you under bright light
Like some thoughts I have in the night
Of helpful people just like you
And like minded people in the line of work you do.

It's at night when I think of people with a bright light
It makes me so happy to see all those whose
Light still shines bright even in daylight
And that it's coming to all that seek this service
Without numerous barriers such as age, distance and prejudice.

I must thank the workers of and those who work
For Framework for their achievement over the years
And anyone else who's worked like this
That's helped dry away my tears.

Support is all I needed
And there you are
I see you under bright light
How bizarre.

Academy by P.M.

The Framework team is good and kind,
With all your troubles they help you unwind.
Sara, Sandra, Amanda, Richard and Pete,
Backbone of Framework, unit elite.
Always calm and very understanding,
Helping you through anything you feel demanding.
There is always something different to do
They pick you up, make you feel new.

They are like brothers and sisters, a family of friends,
And what would we do if it comes to an end?
To ask me whom I trust and respect
No need to think, Framework I would elect.
So from myself, and others who see what you do,
I wish you the best and a big thank you.

This may not be much but it's straight from the heart
Helping us make a brand new start.

Knowing by J.C.

That support is
Just a phone call away,
Makes my day.

When I'm feeling down, or
A bit of a clown.

A bright and breezy
Conversation, revives my
Nation.

Academy by D.T.

We caught the train from Nottingham
From Snottingham it came
Half past ten was the time we boarded the espresso train
Off to Newark once again

When we alighted in Newark town
We walked across a bridge
Then along a river bank and
Around a crooked ridge

Once inside the castle grounds
Photographing gorgeous flowers
We thought as we did the rounds
So peaceful we'll stay for hours

We discovered deep inside
A photographer's joy and pride
Images from far and wide
Captured on his slide

So . . Twenty four hours along life's path
I didn't feel any wrath
Something told me from within
Like my day out is how they should all begin.

What a difference a day makes. . . ! by A.W.

Yesterday I hated this world
Yesterday I didn't want to be a mum
Yesterday I was penniless
Yesterday it rained and rained
Yesterday I loathed my so called friends
Yesterday I didn't have a future
Yesterday I wanted to die . . . !

Today I give thanks to god
Today the sun shines upon me
Today my children make me smile
Today I have pennies, I can provide
Today my friends give me a supporting shoulder
Today I can see light at the end of a long dark tunnel
Today I want to live forever

What a difference a day makes . . . !

Oblivion By D.L.

Looking forward
To a future
Of bleak monotony.
Yesterday's dreams
Becoming
Tomorrow's fears.

Day of Opportunity (A Sonnet) by D.S.

I think of you and wonder if you're doin' fine
Are you worried? Well you really shouldn't be.
The singer sang "Tomorrow is a long time"
By then of all your fears you'll be free.

Sometimes we all have to face the music,
And to demonstrate what we believe.
We get a chance but often we don't use it,
But without this move we never will achieve.

Anything that's worth your holding on to,
To learn from and what's more on which to grow,
Something, when stretched, that you can turn to
More than mere belief, but which you may know.

Now is the time it's plain for all to see
By tomorrow you can become what you want to be.

The pedestal by Anonymous.

The pedestal was very high
I didn't fall
I wasn't pushed
I stepped into the sky
I thought that I was floating.

The old mantle clock by C.M-T.

The old mantle clock struck one
With a loud resounding boom!
Then the Westminster chimes
Quite filled me with gloom.

How I hated that clock!
And the key clicking round
How I hated the tick
And the whole combined sound

He wound it and wound
Till it would wind no more,
Then the shuffle of feet
As he made for the door.

He was the clock!
And the clock was he!
Rigid, regimental,
Almost joined at the knee.

Then those big heavy hands
Lay clasped between his knees
Their only work done.
They could now rest at ease.

A worried mother by P.M
(Inspired by a woman in a photograph)

Could it be a mother worrying how to cope with three kids alone?
Struggling to pay for food and cannot afford a phone.
Is the husband in jail, dead, sick or just gone?
Where to get the money to keep three little ones?
Eyes so deep in thought, so full of pain
How to clothe them in the rain?
Tell me how to keep them from harm
When I cannot even keep calm.
Baby on knee, what will she become?
Sometimes wishing I wasn't a mum.
Is it fair to bring them up like this?
But without them I would really miss.
I pray to god for happiness to be
I hope they turn out happier than me.

Prose by J.C.

When I'm feeling sad
Or lonely, or just not very
Well. Just ringing Framework or the
Crisis team, makes a
Real difference to my
State of mind.
Talking to people on my
Delivery round helps
As well.
What always helps is when
It is a bright sunny
Day.

From sunset to sunset by D.S

My hopes faded with the light of sunset
Of ever touching your warmth again
I asked of you nothing since we first met
And that was how we began.

Ours was a friendship and no more it seemed.
Companions, not lovers, yet here for each other
To travel our autumn's now empty of dreams.
But somehow our dreaming wasn't quite over.

I thought I'd annoy you with my odd ways,
Or that I'd disappoint you so much.
Never did I think in all those days
That I'd miss the sweet warmth of your touch.

I have waited in hope all of the day
Thinking there was no more I could get
Then just as I turned to look away
Here we are again at the sunset.

Tranquil Vendetta (Icarus Descendant) by N.P.

Foliage grounding then stillness:
The smell of earth, laced with your skin
Breathing you out, breathing you in
No orchestral strings, no violins, this music of death roars deafening
Ending this and this and this, in a predators kiss. Rhythm change
languid, taut sexual hiss

My moth, scales crushed, flutters and tingles breaths dust.
Rapture invoked, bleeds inside various trust

This memory . . . Of love for you, rains and rains destroying the dew
Upon the beaches and sunshine where once we held our own personal view
Shared amidst lies, as a child. Regrew.
My face was there, watching your skin push through.

I stared at stars you stared at you. And you and you and you
The things I said three times often came true
Weaving a magical history into a fever stained coup
Those tears at the grave enthralling even a rainbow hue
I still hold you tightly
I do I do I do

The stillness.

This amber moon shudders, gathers her clouds then rains
On this and that on this and that. On this and this and this.

Untitled by J.C.

John knew time was running out for them.
He guessed that they had a few brief seconds before the soldiers
opened fire.
John tried one last time to yell at the children to run.
But he knew they would not.
There was a sudden burst of machine gun fire to John's left and
right and out of the edge of his vision he saw some of the children
fall into an ungainly heap.

For the first time in his life John knew what it was like to truly hate
someone.
He raised his pistol and aimed it at the soldiers.
One of the soldiers aimed at John and opened fire.
Before the bullets pumped into him, John saw one of the soldiers
stagger backwards and collapse.

Mr White by T.S.

Listen mate! This ain't funny!
Crack cocaine cost more than money.
Let me explain just what it's like
The 1st is very nice
but ya never get that feeling twice.
Then ya grafting day 'n' night
Just to get to Mr White.
Then you're laying in some nick -
With your criminal record inches thick.
Then you're brought before the crown -
The bastard just says "Take her down!"
Stop 'n' think - you'll see I'm right
He goes by the name of . . . Mr White!

What a difference a day makes!!! by N.P.

Into this day
My heart fluttered
Away

On soft scented jasmine
Clouds became your array
We tumbled
Over
Over again

As smiling we, laid each other
Side by side
Nothing more to say
Sunrise in your eyes
Moonshadow sneaking away
Pulling back in today
We came and came and over again
Soft shadowed wishes
Melting in hot summer rain
The day indifference insane.

My poem by J.C.

When I'm feeling sad
I don't get mad
I ring Jackie and sing.
I've had a low blow!
Tell me to be a happy chappy.
Then all the tears and fears
Troubles and woes
Turn to tip toes.

What a difference a day makes by G.J.

The October 2005 pilgrimage was a memorable occasion in more than one respect for Sandra and Greg Jackson. For they met up with a ninety year old Kelham father whom they had not seen for forty years!

It was the Reverend Father Clement Mullenger who had made the journey to Egmonton all the way from Middlesborough to be present for the pilgrimage. Greg recalls meeting Fr. Clement when he was Fr. Colin Stephenson's assistant on the staff at Walsingham for two years from 1964 - 65.

It made our day to see this remarkable priest once more. He has spent many years in Africa which he loves. Before we said our goodbyes to him at Egmonton he imparted to us a most moving and 'ad lib' personal blessing.

Unfortunately, Fr. Clement is now slightly lame, and we had to help him around Egmonton; but this did not prevent him from singing most lustily at the services, and even singing some of the hymns in Latin.

Nothing by N.P.

Nothing Rhymes
My memory sublime
As I kiss and tell
All things fall in line.

What a difference a day makes by P.B.

What a difference a day makes.
In the summer sun
We rejoice in the work
Mother Nature has done

What a difference a day makes.
We go to the park
We feed the ducks
And listen to the lark

A summer's day sunshine
Not the winter's gloom
The trees and the flowers
The earth does groom

On a summer's day
We have our bring and buy
To make money for charity
We do try

What a difference a summer's day makes
We like to go for a walk
Have a picnic
Sit and merrily talk

Seasons by J.T.

Spring comes in like a lamb
New life, growth and flowers
Nurtured by a little sun
And also April showers

Summer didn't last too long
It soon came to an end.
Summer was someone we loved
He was our warmest friend

In his place came autumn's face
But autumn's face was cold
But worse still was the chill
Of winter who was cold.

Winter was a dying man
With little time to smile.
He'd never seen a tree of green
Or knew the sun could shine

But still he had a card to play
and that card was an ace
He cut us through with a wind
That blew the smile from off our face.

Use what talent you possess by J.T.

Use what talent you possess
The woods would be very silent
If no birds sang except those that sang best

Language has created the word loneliness to
express the pain of being alone and the world
Solitude to express the glory of being alone

I have never found a companion
So companionable as solitude

Some cause happiness wherever they go,
Others whenever they go.

Never interrupt your enemy when
he is making a mistake

Regret for the things by J.T

Regret for the things we did can be tempered by time.
It is regret for the things we did not do that is inconsolable

Money can't buy friends but you get a better class of enemy

The great thing about human language is that it prevents us from
sticking to the matter in hand

We don't see things as they are; we see things as we are

He knows nothing and thinks he knows everything -
That points clearly to a political career.

Feelings by M.A.K.

I have feelings, you have feelings
Why does no-one consider our feelings?
I like to be treated as a human being
A human being with feelings.

You would want to be treated that way
Wouldn't you?
I am not a child
I am not inhuman.

I am no different than you
My feelings are no different

I suffer like you
And like my friends too
My feelings and my depression
May make me worse than yours

Do not treat me senselessly
Or even inhuman
Or like a child
And a person with no feeling

How would you feel?
If the situation was reversed
How would you feel?
If I treated you the way you treat me?

Think on you unfeeling person
Think about my feelings
Think about the reason why I'm here
Show some compassion, and show some feeling.

So have some heart
Have some feeling
I have feelings
I also have a heart.

About Framework

Framework is a leading provider of housing, support, training, care and resettlement services - opening doors to homeless and vulnerable people across Nottinghamshire.

For more information about Framework please visit our website at www.frameworkha.org



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