

VOICE)))
BE HEARD!



The Poetry Prescription



A Bradgate Writers Collection



Leicestershire Partnership 


Brightspark
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The Bradgate Writers

The Poetry Prescription



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Google Books GGKEY Identifier:
GGKEY ZF0U57N7X9K



This Edition Edited by
Peter,
First Edition Co-Edited
with Tim, with Thanks
to All Writers Involved.



Introduction



Bradgate Writers is an informal creative writing group producing both prose and poetry. We meet every Tuesday morning at The Recreational Hall of The Bradgate Mental Health Unit. Our poems are here accompanied by work from Arts Café, who enjoy visual inspiration in the afternoons. Both are attended by artists of vision and invention. We are interested in advancing our art with new challenges.

Some pieces in this collection speak of light, some of darkness; some are of experience, whether positive or negative, or presented through the adventure-seeking inclinations of the imagination.

Words are curious creatures. They sit and wait to be read, and only when they are, they nestle themselves comfortably just behind the optic nerve and explode the mind into a world of imagination. A world where life is a video game, where Elvis is still king, people sleep under cow catchers, imaginary friends come to life, rainbows become more colourful, and recovery is forever hurtling through the horizon.

We all know about mental health issues, and have found that creativity of all kinds can help. The effects that writing these words has upon mental health is something that remains untapped, but nonetheless incredible. Whether it's writing about a dog or the deep, relationships or running, tea or tears...there's a therapeutic nature behind it all.

We would like to help others recover and, to this end, we present "The Poetry Prescription". We have chosen the work at the end of each session that reflects themes useful to recovery and, for instance, the re-discovery of resources of hope.

Mindfulness in recovery is an influence on the optimism of our creations, and we've tried to suggest a focus for the reader on hobbies, friendships, the outdoors and natural inspirations, the positive power of the imagination, and our experiences of triumph through adversity. Visually, you will see a lot of wit and fun, we'll

place you in our colourful world - even if the pages you're reading can't reproduce it - and we invite you into our originally pastel-shades of calm. We'll remember peaceful places and imagine entirely new ones. We hope to share our insights and talk to the reader as a friend.



In refreshing 2016's "The Poetry Prescription" for this second edition, we are buoyed by the warm reception of "A Visitor Calls" in 2017. The mood of celebration around that triumph still palpable, I am looking reflectively at the recent history of The Bradgate Writers Group and, in doing so, see how far we've come, the delight and innovative verve with which we have shared our work with the public, and subtly shifted focus and style, with our trademark adaptability, for each publication. You'll see how we can write with intent, to wish you moments of pause in this gently textured collection, and recovery, whatever that means to you, as you enjoy its blend of visual and literary art.

- Brandon & Pete (Workshop Facilitators)



Leicestershire Partnership **NHS**
AND NHS TRUST Present;

BRIGHTSPARKS: ARTS IN MENTAL HEALTH GROUP.

BRADGATE WRITERS GROUP.

An informal writers group dedicated to creative writing + poetry. Open to in and out-patients, and all levels of ability, including people who struggle to read + write. Feel free to drop in

Tuesdays
10.30 - 12.30
The Recreational Hall
The Bradgate Mental Health
Unit,
Leicester,
LE3 9DZ

For more information please contact Tim Sayers, Arts in Mental Health Co-ordinator, at Leicestershire Partnership NHS Trust on; 07795 475 806

E-mail: tim.sayers@leicspart.nhs.uk



Bradgate Writers Group is a Leicestershire Partnership NHS Trust Project delivered in partnership with BrightSparks: Arts in Mental Health Group. For further information in regards to the group please contact Tim Sayers, Arts in Mental Health Co-ordinator at LPT on;
E-mail: tim.Sayers@leicspart.nhs.uk . Tel.: 07795 475 806.

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Adrenalin Rush

Dave

Running through the grass,
the branches rushing past,
as swiftly I approach
the goal of my exertions,

and slowing down a little,
I reach down towards the hilt,
pulling quickly from the scabbard,
as the Daedra turns and frowns.
His dark and tattooed visage
turns to anger as he sees me
as, swifter than my own,
his glistening broadsword in his fist
is flashing in the sunlight
it's runes glowing even then
as he roars and runs toward me
and a flock of birds is scattered
flying upwards in surprise
between the Daedra and assassin
flaming swords ringing as they dash.

I feel the pressure as we pass
and then the pain a second later
feel the blood upon my brow
as I turn to face the next blow
and stagger at the strength,

the speed, the grim reality
and far too late I raise my arm
as blackness then engulfs me,
and I look upon the player
through the words,
“Game Over”



Look at the trees and get
inspired,
this tree once was a seed,
it's now there with many branches,
giving homes to birds
and shadow to humans.

See that seed and
watch it grow,
once it starts growing it will
support and inspire many.
One day we all will perish,
but the planted seed
will never perish, it will
help grow other lives.





“My garden...”

Mandy

My garden is Heaven,
run-down in need of some repairs
The lavender with Blue flowers and Rosemary with
nice scent with small flowers in blue.

Roses in yellow and cream also red
with nasty thorn flowers of love.

Fern and Palms with tall evergreen tree
you can be in Italy with a glass of red wine.

Big white Daisy walking down to my Model Railway
Shed with decking on Outside
Music playing into the garden with The Rolling Stones
and Abba “Dancing Queen”.
Go inside the shed to model railway set
in Worcestershire and Herefordshire
A tourist railway line Old Steam,
have an LMS Jinty and Great Western Tank Engine
in Green,
Old red and brown and cream coaches.

Old Land Rover and Minis
Morris 1000 and new Range Rover
lots of pubs

Away from mobile phones,
you can have a cup of tea at
Mrs. Sarb's Tea Room,
have fun playing Beatles' "A Hard Day's Night"
and "Yesterday"



Sky Thing Haiku

Dawn

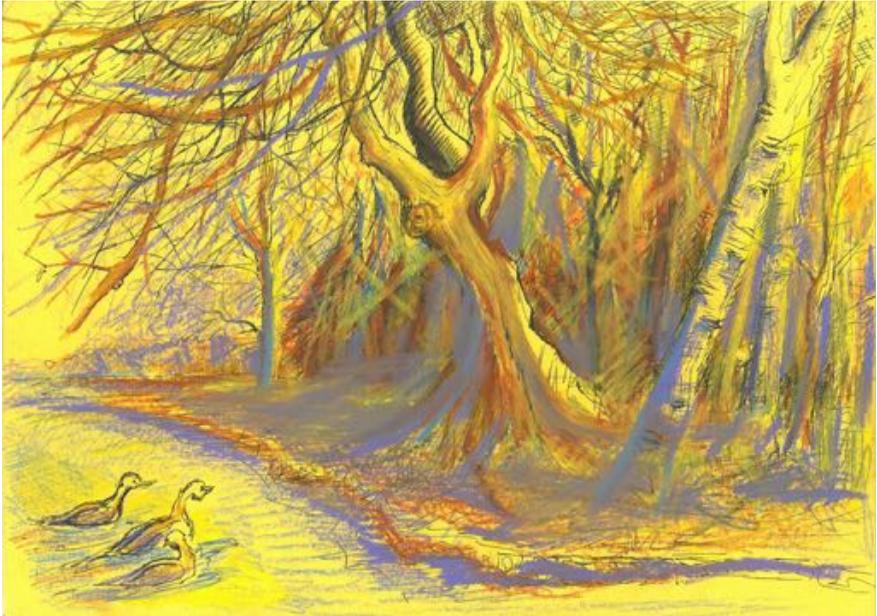
Birds fly so lightly,
almost like kites flying high,
dance ballerinas.



Leaf like

Toni

Today I feel like a tree,
Only yesterday, I was just a leaf on the ground.
Never mind, I will float back up with your help,
my windy friend.
I want to land right next to you, green or brown, yellow
or, bloody blue.



HAIKU.

A black and white map,
like a ruined old building
falling, and fresh snow.





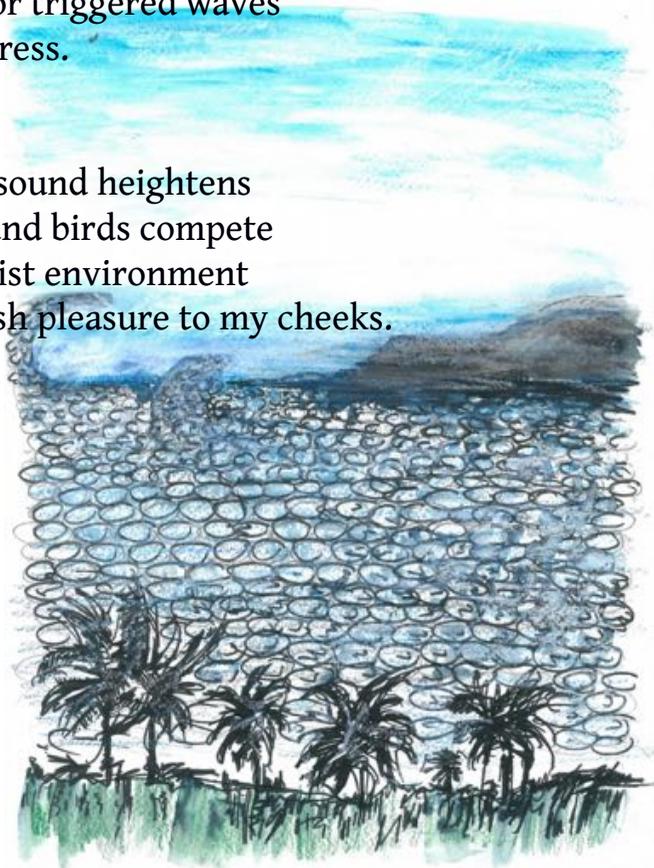
Rainforest

Karen

Standing waist deep
A crater lagoon
Rainforest at high volume
A panoramic view.

A competition of my senses
Eye's close
I concentrate
Moment for triggered waves
My legs caress.

Surround sound heightens
Primates and birds compete
In hot, moist environment
Winds blush pleasure to my cheeks.



Wet body bits

John

who was made like this?
In wet weft lines
that lean in slices
to some urgent end?

And is the right reflection
thick and heavy -held:
a solid shadow
dry and sensible?

Refection

toe to
toe with
some one
else: her
self-



its rippled body asking
what the solid
half is
made
of

My Swimsuit

Alison

Emptying my crowded loft,
ready for the summer car boot.

Hoping to swap or sell goods,
for a new swimsuit.

It's impossible to relax as
the canoe in the distance capsizes.

As I watch newly planted sunflowers,
blossom and rise.

Still Dancing

Still dancing, breathe my air
until I find
liberation through life.



Ricky

Mandy

My Jack Russell dog, Ricky,
going into bed licking my mummy's face,
playing with socks...

Ricky, pick up golf ball
chasing pussy cats
love Walkers crisps,
watching Match of the Day.

Going for walkies,
loves having a whisky and pork pies,
Ricky in love with old English dog, Daisy
Daisy and Ricky sleep with each other
Daisy and Ricky go in bed with mummy,

Ricky play with old teddy bears in bed.

Waiting Game

Jitendra

I am waiting patiently for my prey
The webs that I weave confound
not only you but myself too
My feet will find anything that moves on the web,
silently sneaking upon my unsuspecting victim
I weave my web well – no escape -
like humans weave their lies and dictate.

The web is in my pocket,
like a beautiful tapestry on the wall.



Panther

David

Padding along
Sleek, black, confidence,
In its feline gait
next to my stumble
My nervous shuffle
my hyper eyes
looking fearfully
expectantly
knowing they will be there
those bullies.

Looking fearlessly
expectantly
for me
then seeing
padding along
sleek, black, confident
its feline gait
making them stumble
and run

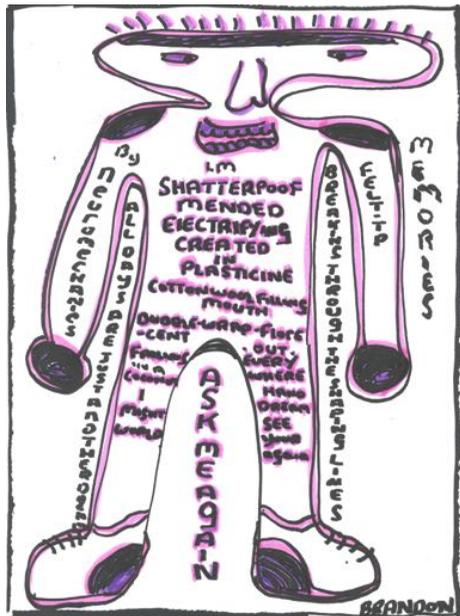


from my friend, my panther,
dark as my fear.

Ask me again

Brandon

I'm shatter-proof and mended
By neuromechanics
Felt-tip electrifying
All days are just another dream
+ I'm created in plasticine
Breaking through the shaping lines
Cotton wool filling my mouth,
+ Bubble-wrap fluorescent memories
Falling out everywhere
In a coconut hand dream,
I might not see your world again

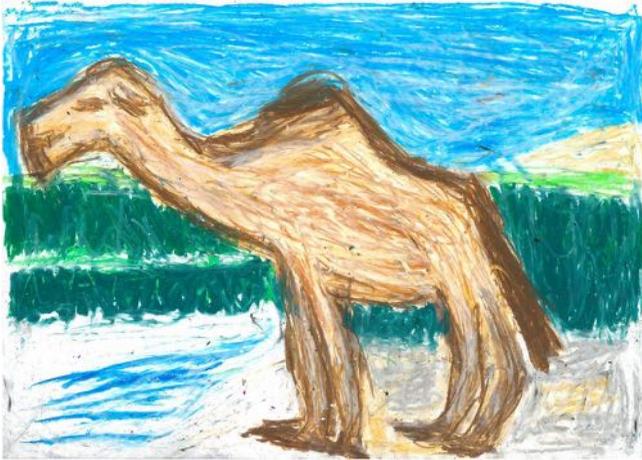


DARK DESERT CAMEL

Mandy & Helen Rowe

DARK DESERT CAMEL
SKIN AND BONE TIED UP TO DIE
EYES SUNK TO SHADOW

DARK DESERT CAMEL
WARM BLUE SKY EVENING SHOW LIGHT
GLOWING WITH BEAUTY



Riddle

Jitendra

I am mentioned in lots of poetry
I can be your companion when you can't sleep
I am always surrounded by others
But I am not consistent as
I do disappear now and then.



Riddle

Helen

I am the subject of many famous paintings
I am visible to some but not to all
my existence is believed by some
but not by others
I can only help you if you allow



ON TOP OF WORLD IN THAILAND
AND LEICESTER MATCH OF DAY
VICTORIA PARK 2016

BIG CLEAN UP



LEICESTER CITY
WHEELER
BIN.



GRAY
LINKER
ROBBIE
SAVAGE
MATCH OF

LEICESTER
HENRY



VEEDY
TREE



NEW
LEICESTER
CITY
TREE

CLAUDIO
ROMA
A4



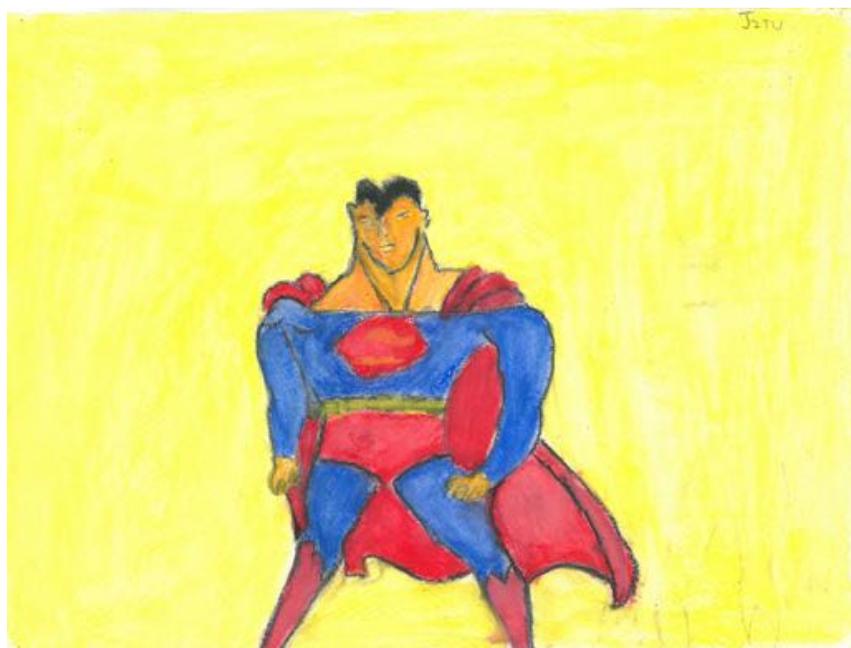


My Imaginary Friend

Ian

My friend made me feel good, he was
without judgement,
not arrogant but loving and kind
everything about him was cool,
his whole demeanour
nobody could take him away from
me even though I was not well.
Give me my imaginary friend back
'cos I need him.





“One day”

Lucy

One day we will be stronger,
one day we can act no longer,
one day we can go home
one day we will be in the zone

just one day we will be free
just one day we will have tea
just one day we will be resting
Just one day we will be loved
just one day we will be hugged

no more stigma, no more
labels just love kindness
laughter and life.



RECOVERY

Alison

Resting under the willow

Eyes closed, all

Cried out

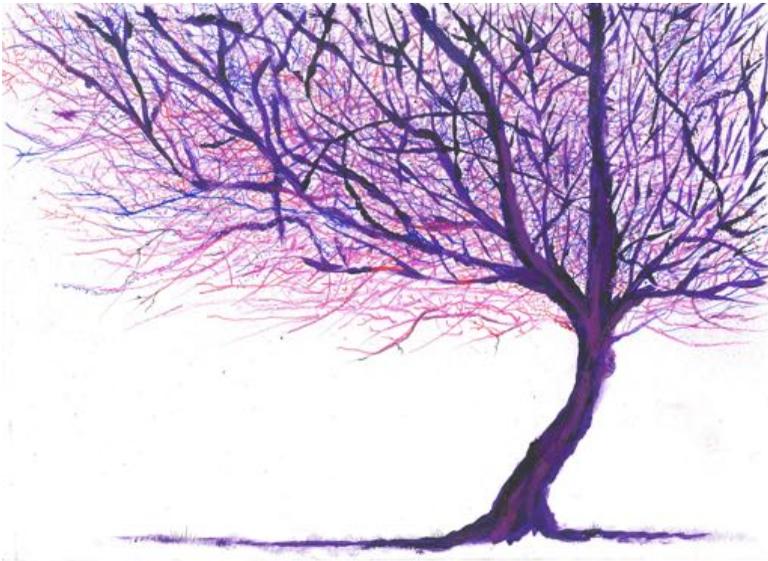
Once I had dared

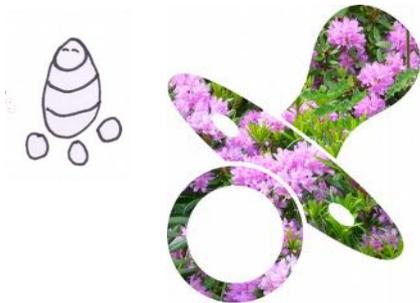
Voice

Every inner twisted thought

Resting under the willow

Yarns of grief at my feet



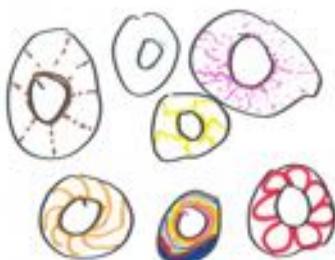


Baby Talk.

Jessica

To have ten babies,
they will all be boys;
perhaps two sets of twins.

Not all will have luck or fortune,
but, they will all be filled with
love, happiness, and compassion.



Okay Meditation

Peter

In the Okay,
the moon fits and is round
and is softened by cloud.

In the buildings,
people are not working now.

Grass sways, and sand sits to be sifted,
sand piled and shaped into soft heart mould
by touch and warmth.

This sponge, course,
like a friend's kind but colourful
curse word.

Falling snow that is crisp to tread,
and will fall, and
if I let it fall,
it settles.

White snow, cool sun
and the embracing warmth of
imagined log cabin, afterwards.

At the Top of the Hill

Peter

Made it up here, however on Earth I did it,
half crawling, made it up here.
However on Earth, my roaring exhalations of breath.

Made it up here to sit,
against the wind,
shed a tear and
tear through the day's paper – give up,
raise an empire in crying,
“F***it, this is our own...F***!”

and look -
as the houses in fog,
fade, however,
like a song,

in response to a shout
on Earth.

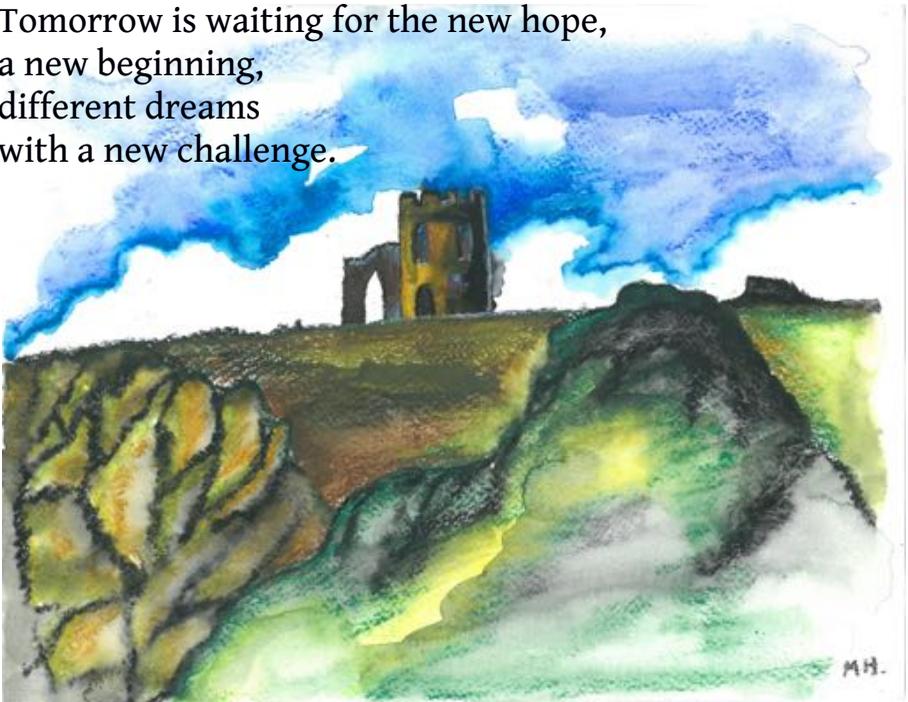
A Walk

Jitendra

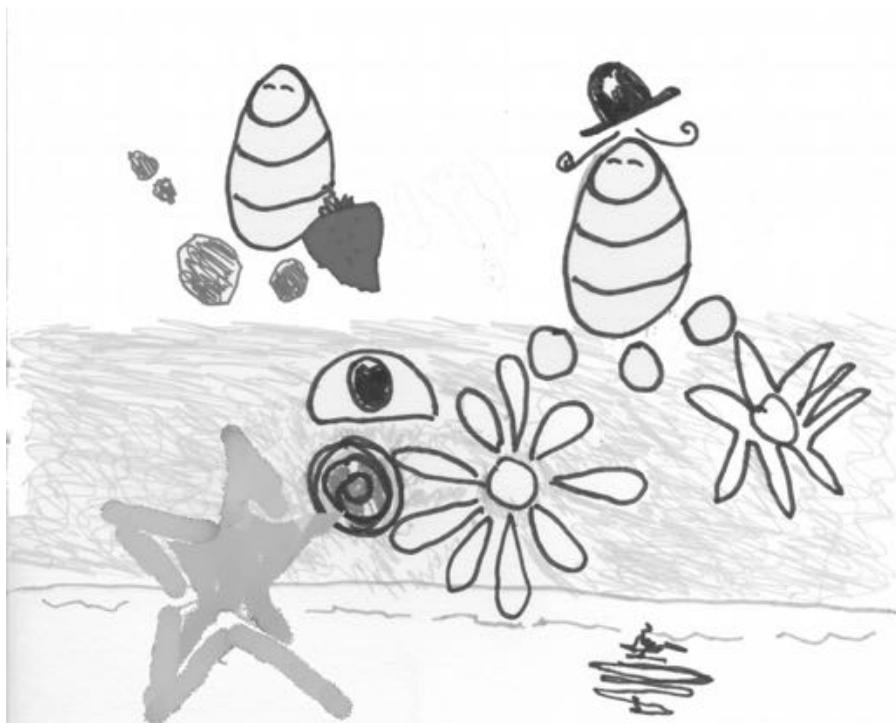
Clear sky and the sun is out,
I am out for a walk in the park.
Soft breeze fills the lungs with fresh air,
the branches of trees with new buds
and the birds singing the sweet songs.

The aroma of moist grass and the drop of dew
shining like a pearl in fading rays of sun,
I see the plants popping out, inspires me.

Tomorrow is waiting for the new hope,
a new beginning,
different dreams
with a new challenge.







“ Words are **curious creatures**.
They sit and wait **to be read** and
explode into a world of **imagination**. A
world where life is a video game, where Elvis
is still king, people sleep under cow catchers,
imaginary friends come to life, rainbows
become more **colourful**, and recovery is
forever hurtling through
the horizon.”

The Poetry Prescription is a 2016 collection from Bradgate Writers, the group behind the hugely successful *A Visitor Calls*, in which the authors reflect on peace, hobbies, contentment, and pathways to recovery. Accompanying artwork from Arts Café brings the collection’s message of hope to vibrant visual life.



Leicestershire Partnership
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