

**VOICE**)))  
**BE HEARD!**



## The Poetry Prescription



**A Bradgate Writers Collection**



Leicestershire Partnership **NHS**

**BRIGHTSPARK**  
Aylesbury School of Art

The Bradgate Writers

# The Poetry Prescription



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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](mailto: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](mailto: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

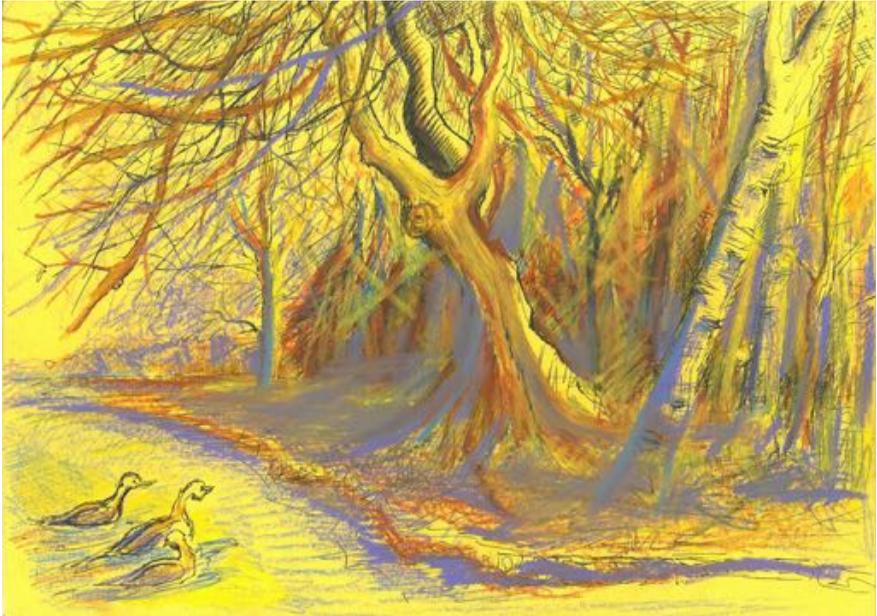
Birds fly so lightly,  
almost like kites flying high,  
dance ballerinas.



## 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.





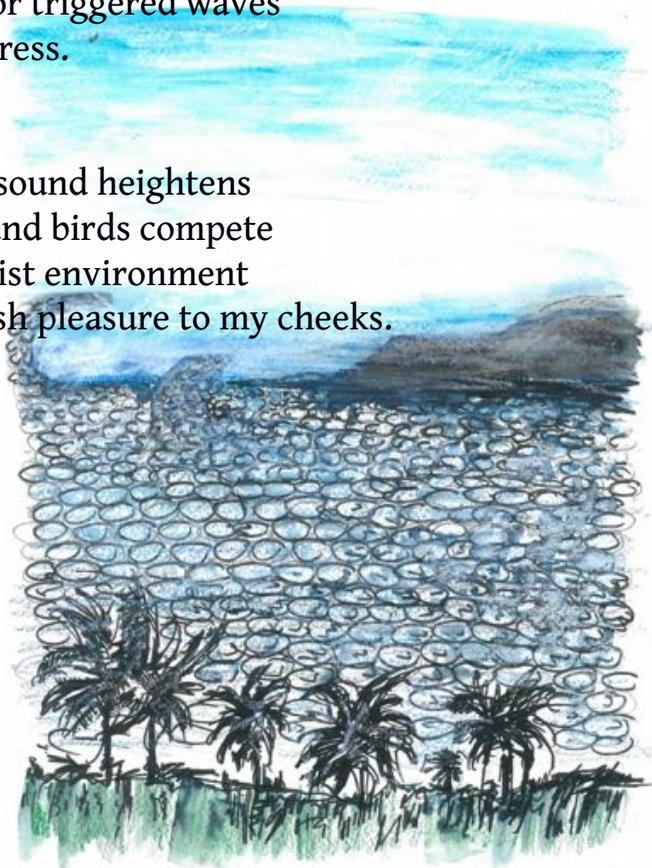
## Rainforest

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**

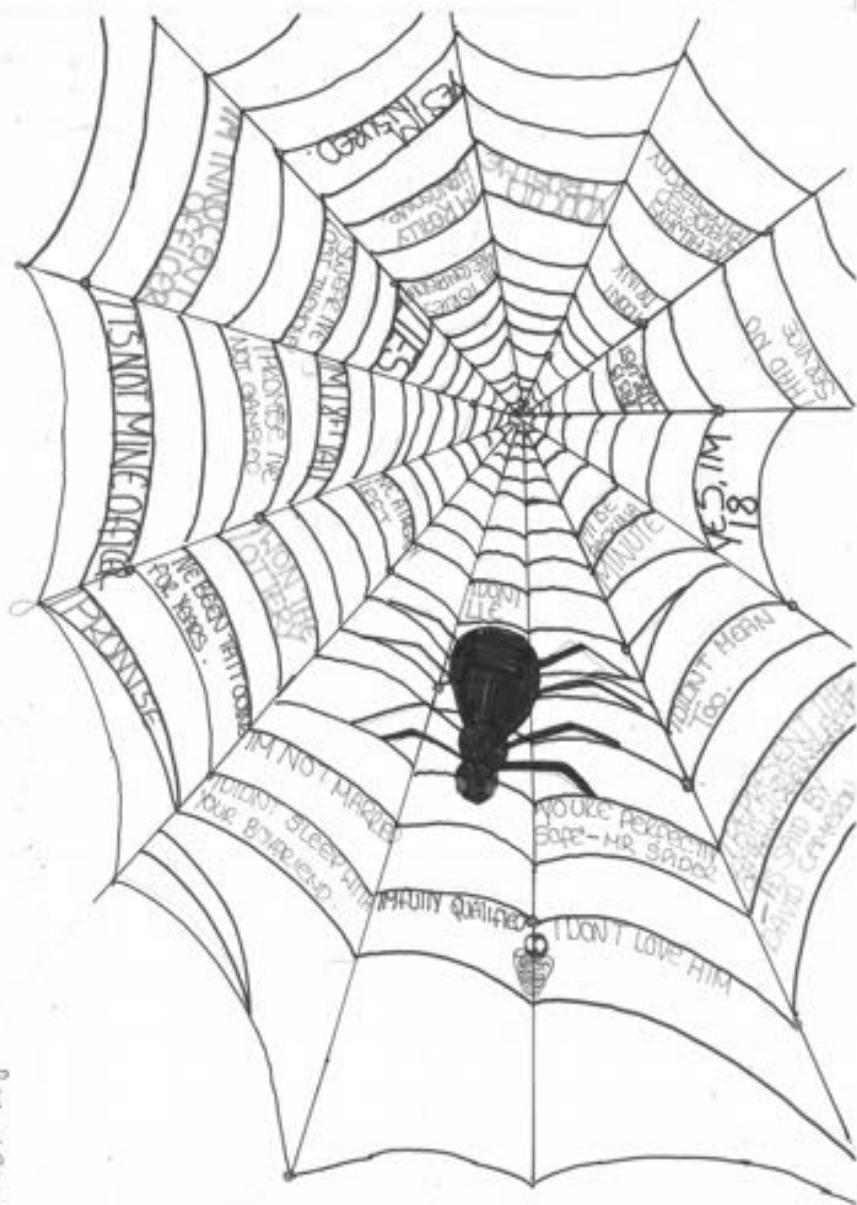
Mandy

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.



Ruthless Groves.

## 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



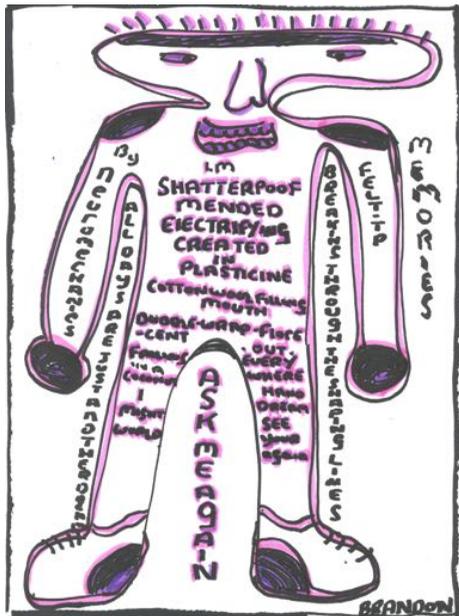
Manky

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

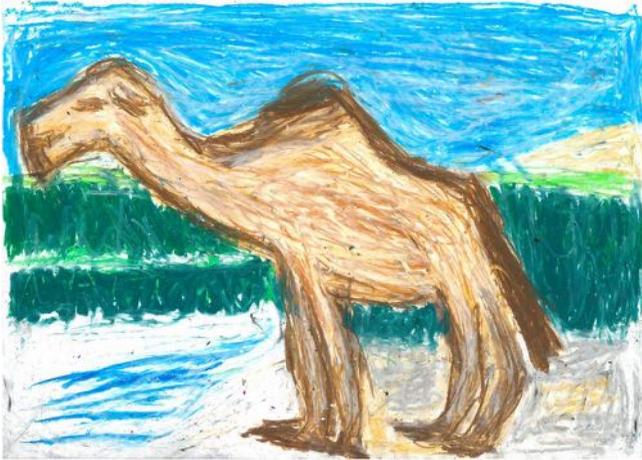


## **DARK DESERT CAMEL**

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



AND  
LEICESTER



VEEDY  
TREE

NEW  
LEICESTER  
CITY  
TREE

CLAUDIO  
ROMA  
A4



BBC  
CNN  
NEWS

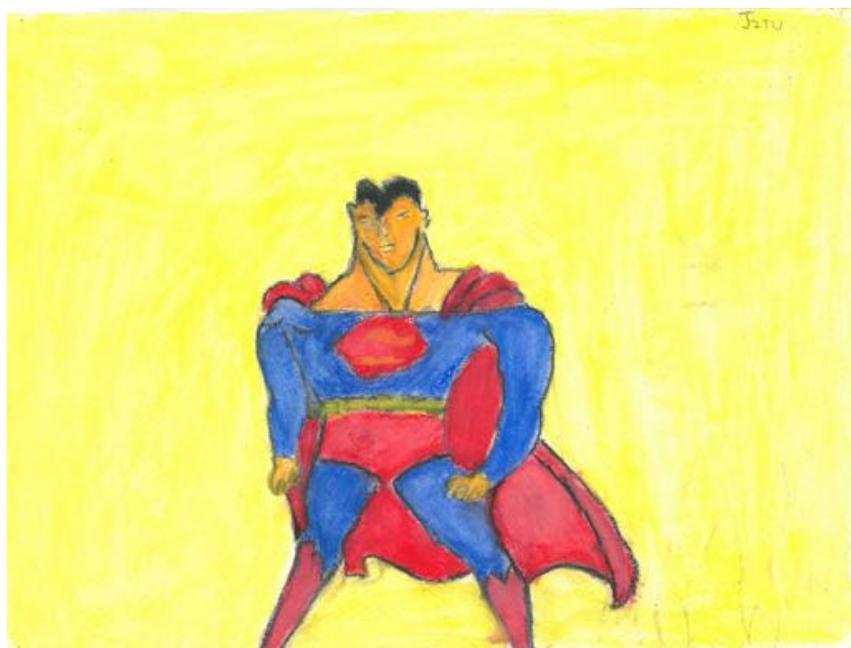


## **My Imaginary Friend**

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



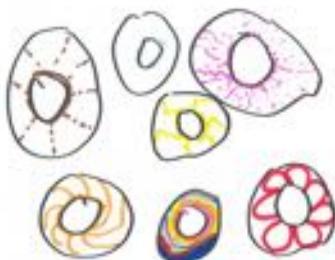


**Baby Talk.**

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.

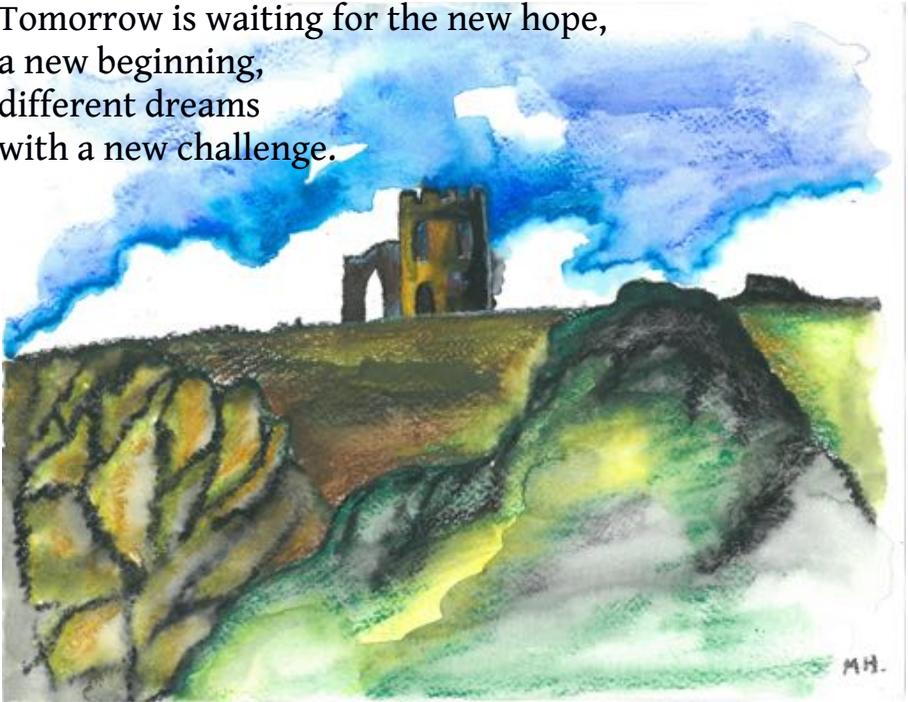
## A Walk

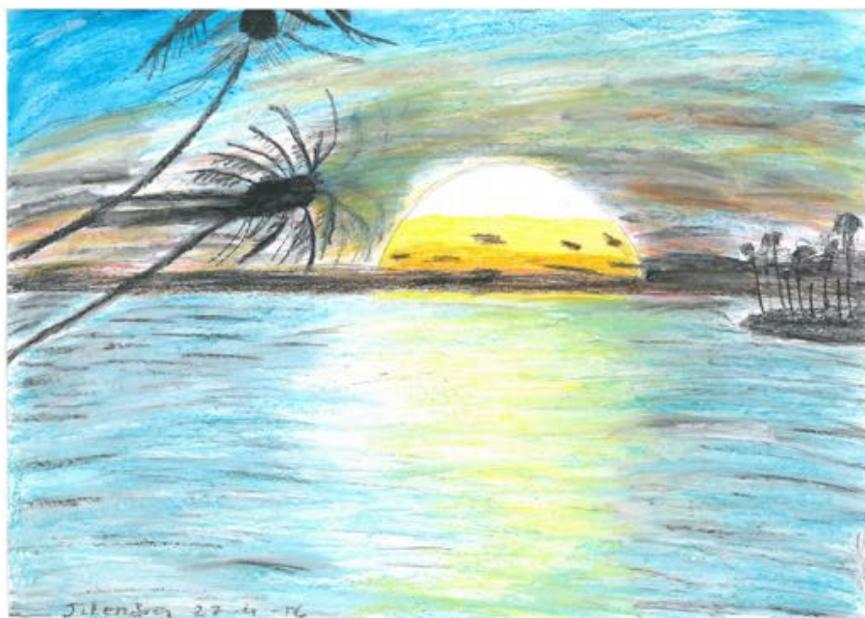
Jitendra

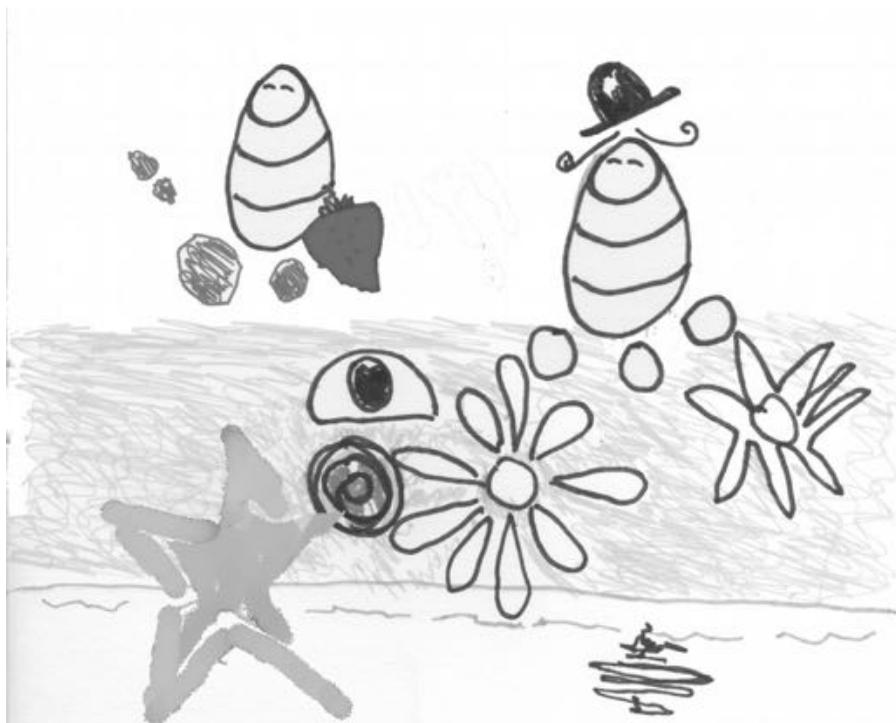
Clear sky and the sun is out,  
I am out for a walk in the park.  
Soft breeze fills the lungs with fresh air,  
the branches of trees with new buds  
and the birds singing the sweet songs.

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  
NHS Trust

