

# Words From The Attic

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*To my husband Ian and my daughter Freya, with all my love.*







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## The Staircase

She stood at the top of the vast sweeping staircase,  
She surveyed the scene way below,  
A sea of spangle, carnival colours,  
So awesome she swooned,  
She adored the sensation, enough to fly,  
To leap with all her might,  
In her jewel encrusted gold dress,  
And sculpture-curl hair,  
Kicking off her gold satin slippers,  
Would be divine,  
The multitude of glassy pairs of eyes,  
Cast upwards towards her soaring glory,  
Fleeting seconds of fame would satisfy,  
Still in her heavenly highs,  
She slowly descended the stairs,  
Every garment, hair, mannerism, sharpened,  
Surgically accurate,  
Eighteenth century splendour,  
Each character as spectacular as the moment,  
Watching each other with pearled smiles,  
And yet with carnivorous competition,  
The 'creme de la creme' sipping from the same glass,  
Then all the characters appeared more fallible than before,  
As she descends, she and they seem to level out,  
As she skips off the final step,  
She is relegated by her own soul,  
To a beautifully bedecked costume spectacle,  
Who flicks open her fan,  
And smiles at the precious experience of indulgent fantasy.





## Aurora

First light,  
Stretching over the vast fudge, mud beach,  
Sensually breathing life in to the sleepy earth,  
SUMMER...  
The words sensation evokes blissful satisfaction,  
As I regard the stirring land.  
Been wooed from my slumber, subsequently keeps me alive,  
This unequivocal, daily ritual,  
With time my best and worst buddy.  
Simple things are complete...  
These unadorned incidents, please the mind,  
But because of time, they often go amiss.  
Maybe I am the lucky one and should enjoy it all,  
Before the motorway of insanity draws me back in to it's manic, streamlined lanes,  
And aurora becomes another sensation you reproach.

## Vision No. 1

On the edge of the world,  
The chasm stole life's grandeur,  
First, the sky was every shade of red;  
From the lightest shade of pink to the darkest of burgundy,  
All vision was saturated so there was no escape,  
And there was no way I would ever want to.  
So fleeting was this moment,  
So utterly beautiful beyond mortal comprehension...  
In the same ephemeral manner,  
It all changed, same scene BUT THE COLOURS...  
From the palest yellow to the darkest orange,  
The infinite sky radiated it's pallet of infinite colour,  
And it crashed in to my soul like an explosion,  
Can I stay forever?  
And too quickly my heaven was torn away,  
And the sky, still fearsome and vast,  
Became greens and blues and seemed to die before my eyes,  
It was as though the sun was old and tired and had decided to retire,  
How could you turn away from me,  
And spit me back in to consciousness again?

## Roots

Life in a new town,  
So unpredictable,  
Yet naively commenced,  
Instinctive and yearning for change,  
NOT A FLEETING VISIT THIS TIME...  
Cold, wind drizzle,  
Reminiscence holds that evening in total fascination.  
Giant wooden doors enclose me,  
Sentiments are lost,  
Excited, stunned, an emotional stew.  
Brand new people, experiences, places; what will happen?  
Miles, they make it in to a dream,  
Each one in it's own time past,  
Peripatetic has grown to suit me.  
Come hither should you wish,  
Nervously, precariously, intrigued,  
Love me, love me, love me,  
Terrified to lack integration,  
MORE THAN EVER BEFORE,  
Shock-a-by-baby,  
25 maybe a numbered hell...  
I'm Lucy,  
And you are?

## Silent Strength

Serenity,  
Social conundrums, do you have them dissected?  
With your silence, you enticed me,  
Sublimity, the sensations were there,  
But all too often I crawl under my own safe shell.  
Familiarity can be terribly detrimental...  
Your pure charisma, subtle though it is,  
Was not lost on my eyes.  
Everyone wants to sunbath,  
But it is often the shades that reveal the surprising delights.  
Delicate beauty is yours,  
Realisation of a journey is mine.  
Like iron and stone I wait, as patience I have to pursue,  
Bestowed upon me by you,  
With time, iron and stone can erode...  
PLEASE not my structure again,  
Restoration of this type looks tacky.  
I yearn completeness,  
I yearn you.

## Alph (a)

Like sculpture,  
Un-moving, Simultaneously anachronistic, like the tides...  
Consequently transient,  
A battalion's ammunition fired,  
Guard the home front from OURSIDE,  
My side was too singular,  
Always bursting at the seams and the contents,  
Spewing affinity and constant reminders of you.  
Now, as I thrash against death-swamp-mire,  
And the battalions' have deserted me,  
You haul me out, spluttering into new life.  
Catching my breath, I now realise who has substance.  
In the blackest caverns,  
Instinctively affirmed,  
But my life-scape had too many parts in the play,  
Now, in it's blank pages,  
A new scene un-folds,  
You write your own, unfailingly,  
And when others scribble on your words,  
You get out.  
My admiration for such catalyst, abounds,  
Multifaceted, a verbal umbrella for you,  
A rarer and truer soul I have yet to meet.

## Time Sculpture

AWAKE,  
Time and again,  
Taken for granted,  
New beginnings - at least a chance,  
Romanticism? With my day stretched ahead...  
Enviably situation.  
Catch 22,  
No time equals money,  
An abundance and you're master of the ques.  
Time for thoughts, too much of it, or never enough.  
Always new ventures to pursue.  
But really, there's a time and place for everything,  
And thoughts have become my best ally and my worst enemy.

## Magician Solitaire

Conjure up thoughts,  
Quick fix, dream tricks,  
Invent medicine, always out of time,  
Solitaire; a recipe for diagnosis,  
Reflections turned within.  
A cancerous growth,  
Every cell in my body compressed,  
A suffocating fear,  
Blinding heaviness...  
And I can't escape,  
HELP ME...  
HOLD ME...  
LOVE ME...  
UNCONDITIONALLY.  
Percussive boom-beat dominates my head,  
GO AWAY, GO AWAY, GO AWAY,  
Periphery isolation, cold panic...  
I CAN'T GET BACK...  
Blood and darkness flurry my vision,  
Rationalisation aborted...  
So tired,  
When it finally subsides...  
Until next time.



## The Universe Has a Wall

Through infinite , black space,  
An immense, spellbound journey,  
I was floating, and all the stars appeared to be pinpricks of light,  
As they appear from Earth, as you gaze in to space in wonder.  
I was disappointed and impatient to be closer to the stars,  
I wanted them to sing me their secrets...  
As I meandered through space, the blackness of infinity seemed to dim,  
I felt as though there was a boundary to it all,  
And the mind-blowing vortex became some how more manageable...  
Then I could see it, the backdrop,  
The stars were in fact holes and small tears in a vast, black cloth,  
And these holes were allowing light to radiate through,  
From an arcane source behind,  
NOW WHAT?  
The universe has a wall?  
When I desired the stars to whisper me their secrets,  
I didn't expect a revelation such as this...  
And the backdrop?  
A rehearsal for anything there is not,  
Just numerous ways of pursuing it all.

## Waiting For A Gap

To and fro,  
Always that optimism,  
Check in cheque out,  
Press myself in to façade,  
Smile or they will catch you out.  
Easier to be a stress dealer,  
Never sure is always the way,  
SURE, o.k., but...  
IT helps when halved.  
Winter landscape,  
Mental hatescape,  
Lovescape has been chased away, it is hiding,  
But it hasn't been scared off...yet.  
I hope time does not become a swamp,  
And drown it all away,  
In some horrible, lethargic treacle,  
If so, rather it be quick than slow...  
Then life wold become more certain and assured,  
BUT, is it ever?  
And would I have it so?  
...mind the gap...

## Onwards and Upwards...

Realising a space,  
You work yourself in to it,  
How strange this is so with all life's ascents.  
Seems as though destructive energies catapult faster than the speed of light,  
But for the good...now it has to be,  
DON'T WEAKEN, the timbers have to last a life time,  
Tossed on the changing course of this chaotic universe.  
Isn't that the idea? if there is one,  
Suits me fine.  
Change isn't a weakness, try to finish each chapter like an accomplished wordsmith.  
90% have to stay - FEAR -NO CHANGE PLEASE,  
Got so far thank you very much...  
I now know all.  
Confusion manifests regularly,  
Panic is the result,  
Hurt and blame the allies,  
Whereas understanding and release should prevail,  
To be acceptable to you, MUST be acceptable to you,  
Nurture the mind, the key to all that is you,  
In opposition to hard task masters,  
The fact that we are here is a huge part to play,  
Done with golden, anarchic, fountains of energy...  
Sounds like a beautiful way, seductive fray,  
I want to play, go all the way.  
One life, immense hope,  
Fear is a pathetic joke, instantly recognised now,  
And screamed away by my mightier, life dream.

## Dreamless Dreamer Too

Young un-blemished, aspirations,  
No gaping hole blasted through the younger, tender frame,  
Yet to be wounded and scarred.  
Deceptive facades...known all too well.  
Un-folding, responding to surroundings,  
Intelligence and intensity awakening,  
Gave the impression of being riveted shut...  
Something has prised it open, releasing 'censored snippets',  
Then flowering, bud by bud,  
Each blossom disclosing numerous layers of vulnerability and beauty.  
Stirred emotions,  
Not paying attention,  
Realisation causes revelation,  
On the carousel of chaos once again,  
But somehow with more optimism this time...  
Dreamless dreamer too?

## Close Liaisons of a Dangerous Kind

There may be a chance, I thought wickedly,  
My eyes accepting the visual carnival...  
Prompted by my love, strange but true.  
Hard 'n' Rockin' these playground appearances,  
Always as two,  
He noticed the wicked glow,  
Mutual said he.  
Kiddish, lavatorial fun games,  
Then as one,  
I was taken by surprise,  
Caught his eye, said the matriarchal spy,  
Inebriated state of mind,  
But never subliminally blind,  
As he passed behind me,  
Snaking my shoulders of his own accord,  
Snaking his thigh,  
When realisation that it was he manifested.  
Nothing ever came ,  
Of the fun but dangerous game.  
Twelve months furthermore,  
Waiting at the same door,  
it was never to be,  
Push my face in the dirt and rub it hard,,,  
How grazed my nose has become, Will it ever heal?  
Who the hell, if at all, is watching over me?

## Jewel

Why do you deny me?  
Is my soul too tight?  
Resist and fight,  
Ending with no resolve,  
Captivated by a shimmering,  
Enveloping my soul,  
Bathing in whom?  
Eternity spat phlegm in to my silken draped eyes,  
THE AGONY NEVER FORGOTTEN.  
But, subsequently clearing,  
Outwardly...  
Surreptitiously,  
Proud and gradual,  
Re-establishing volatile yearnings,  
WARNING,  
Never gone, Cherubic song,  
Attacking my psyche,  
As was always so...  
Bathing in my existence,  
Words now lost,  
Let me submerge a while longer...  
Time to shine,  
Our time,  
Unique, beautiful,  
Too transitionary,  
So as precious as a jewel.

## Weight of the World.

"She looks like she has the weight of the world on her shoulders!"  
People would often exclaim,  
Often within ear shot of the eight year old in question.  
"She's the pretty one",  
Another comment heard by the eight year old,  
They were, in fact, referring to her younger, blond sister,  
Blue eyed, carefree and 'girlishly doll-loving'.  
The eldest had puppy fat, brown hair, brown eyes,  
And wore a serious expression.  
She had the demure presence often held by a child in these circumstances...  
She felt that she never fitted in and did not try to,  
Always felt awkward and uncomfortable,  
Especially in the company of strangers.  
She accepted her younger sister's levity,  
With a kind of subliminal unease,  
She had never known an alternative,  
This was so.  
She felt like a plain, ugly entity,  
But had no words for these feelings...  
Now her anger is strong, she will let it go in time...  
All her belief about herself when she was eight...  
Were untrue.  
It seems such a waste, feeling insecure for all that time.  
Childhood can be cruel, "little girls should not be sullen",  
You do not 'fit in', you are not endearing and straight forwards.  
You are, however, confused, sensitive; receptive to all that is around you...  
And with this foresight, you do have some kind of head start...

## Pulse

She loves him,  
Bedroom caresses,  
Love oh love,  
Seen and experienced through the T.V. evening.  
She wonders at the other one...  
Her pulse races at the thought of a contact.  
She loves him, she really does.  
But the other of fantasy?  
The particular smiles,  
Good impressions to create,  
A very small flirtation confuses and hurts,  
She lusts the dream,  
She feels guilt...got it wrong?  
Not the loyal eyes of yesteryear;  
They're gone.  
She knows she can't pursue the fantasy,  
She's in love with him of reality...  
Maybe this is the norm?  
Maybe if she was never alone with the other?  
But what if she ever was?  
What then?



## Pedestals and Victims

Pissing in the wind,  
Waiting for heaven.  
Like a solemn expectancy,  
Has always been so for others...  
Why so precious?  
It is all so anonymous,  
Is it always there?  
Attuned to you: a surreptitious arrogance,  
Felt each time,  
For what reason?,  
No reason.  
Kissy dream games,  
Lost it...  
Drowned it...  
Where is the balance I demand?  
Am I still a child?  
Will I always be?  
Others trivialise it,  
Not me,  
Pissing in the wind,  
Waiting for heaven.

## Precious Fibres

If your spirit were a silken drape,  
I'd wrap it around me,  
Caress it's fine fibres,  
If your soul were a tree,  
I'd climb it, sit for hours,  
Yearning it's origin.  
If your psyche were a river,  
I'd plunge in to it's jewelled depths,  
And wallow in it's mystery for as long as I were allowed.  
In a dream I sought to know you,  
A phoenix bravely rising from the ashes;  
Permeating my consciousness,  
And now?  
A beautiful memory,  
That I can wrap around my being forever,  
For all eternity's dreams are all I have.

## Empyrean

Angel why do you hide so?  
Boy style Venus,  
Curiosity is mine.  
Like absorbing a film,  
I was entranced,  
Suspended in empyrean.  
"Unbeknown to thee; in velvet dark hours I caress thy dreams",  
Encouraging Kama to be empathetic,  
So, flooding you with enamour.  
I shall drink your mystery for as long as is bearable,  
For effervescence is yours,  
So, is fragile.  
Are dreams all that I have?  
Why am I so enshrined to you?  
That, my darling, I can not fathom,  
But it is so,  
And let it be.

## Shrink Out

Bones and Sinew,  
My constant lust,  
My permanent desire,  
So easily attainable,  
Yet life's constant battle ground brings about binge.  
That cursed word;  
I HATE it with a passionate RAGE.  
Hardly any flesh gained, so I am told,  
My disgust, the blubber...  
Skin and bones availability,  
Maybe why I do it,  
But why make it all so difficult?  
I have NO answers.  
Maybe I never will.  
Catch 22?  
Entrenched in an eternal torture glue,  
HOW DO I REALLY LOOK?  
And does anyone give a fuck?

## The Tyranny of an Over Plucked Heart String

I fell so hard,  
I stashed it away,  
My dream,  
You appeared,  
Prepossessing, curious,  
Photo lies,  
Open eyes,  
My senses provoked mayhem...  
Reality biting,  
Bearing seeds of delight;  
Have they now blossomed in to a destined encounter?  
But on what level?  
Is this another daydream game?  
Or midnight girlish scribbles?  
Been there before,  
Bought the tried and tested t-shirt.  
26, still counting sticks;  
HELL NO,  
GO FOR GOLD,  
The strength and hierarchy of the colour says it all,  
That is what you are;  
A bright and golden star,  
BUT OH SO FAR,  
May I steal you for a moment?  
I would demand no more...  
I would not be so poor,  
If you were my REAL gold star...  
Oh but so near.

## The Crumbled Moon

As you approached the twelfth five of the fifth hundred,  
Each breath a punch in your throat,  
Did your heart soar above the village Shukhov?  
As you visualised God crumbling the moon to make stars.  
Did you believe it and let it engulf you for just a second?  
The magician moon no more,  
Salvaged for stars,  
The old ones tumbling down from the sky...  
Honey for a soul long since wrent of daydreams kisses,  
TURN AROUND YOU SCUM - GET IN LINE!

## Absinthe Light

The absinthe light had shone,  
Snaking it's burning to almost touch.  
The chasm that separated, almost breached,  
Looking across the bay,  
Absinthe light, filling a heart with loss, desire,  
An ache sitting in abatement.  
Unattainable the nocturnal teasing,  
But an addiction required and improvised,  
Five years fleeting,  
But lived out like a play.  
Side by side,  
Looking across the mist laden bay,  
Towards your home,  
The absinthe light no longer a star gracing the moon,  
But falling through time and space,  
Transforming the enormity of significance,  
How come the sum parts of enchantment so rapidly decrease when fortunes alter?  
Absinthe light, hope,  
Dock light is all you are.

*Written by Lucy Reid, 9th November 2021.*

## What Will it Take?

What will it take?  
A young woman's pleas,  
Fear stifles her voice,  
Young heart's that once soared,  
Drowning in dismay at the apathy.  
The world's possibilities abound,  
Now in demise.  
Fervent protests,  
At the forfeit of education,  
Patronised;  
Inherit the dystopia we currently weave,  
Consumed and sculpted all in our path,  
To furnish our needs,  
And now to our own peril...  
Emperors of destiny,  
The golden decision to be cast,  
Entrenched in archaic systems,  
Destruction relegated to neverland,  
Puppet masters that Cannot act,  
Because their eyes cannot see,  
What will it take?