

Anthology of Catharsis

Anna Wakefield



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my mother - she passed in 2013, but inspires me to this day.

To my father - my best friend, my idol.

*To Adam - you are so much more than my partner, you are the reason I have kept on going. You
make me want to see tomorrow.*

Acknowledgement

My dedications are to those I want to thank, but my acknowledgments remains for those who made me who I am.

Those who caused the trauma, who spat on me, who turned away.

You are the reason this is here, in spite and because of you.

About the author

My name is Anna Wakefield. I have been writing for as long as I can remember. I was first published in 2004 when I was 12 for a short story I had written. I have continued consistently and have had essays, poems, short stories, and articles published. I now just write for my own mental health, although I love to inspire and always appreciate critique.

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OCD $\neq$ The End Of Me

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Omission

I sit alone, lost in memories
Nostalgia and what could have been circles above like vultures
They circle high with the midday sun,
Mocking me.
Ever present, the winged harbingers of hindsight.

Down below, I am bathed in shadows.
The past is the night sky, each star another burn in the tapestry of time.
Choices made haunt me, paths untaken breathing down my neck
That seductive could-have-been,
But I am left with the distending maw of what-has-been.

The moon shines through windows
The drapes bleached with time
The room around me
Vast in its emptiness
Suffocating me with the reality I have to face.

Some things are best left unspoken,
Even if, once told, I could breathe.
Utilitarianism dictates,
One should be sacrificed for the many.

Why The Abyss Stares Back

Time passes, fear grows
All eventualities
Seep in like poison.

A façade of peace,
An underbelly of pain.
Two halves of one world.

Cracks begin to show.
Forked tails in elegant clothes
Eyes open to more.

Wide smiles show fanged teeth ?
Hunched over those that still pray
Is your God alive?

Lands over the sea
We used to think they stood tall.
Now, all is falling.

I'm a Nihilist
For who could look at the world
And still have any hope.

The Library

I read, like an open book
All others can see the words written on my pages.
I contain tales, read as secretive,
A hushed whisper that only a handful have seen.

But how many times has this booked been checked out?
A sea of white masks, deadpan through the years
So cherished once, now faded, emotionless.
Forgotten both to me, and I to them.

My secrets are secrets no more -
I own my past, without connecting to it.

I am an open book, because who has to connect with a story?
People can project on a tale,
As what better to have in a confidant, than a horror story?
Something you can read from the comfort of your bed,
A scary, scarred, stream of words that still seem otherworldly.

Frankenstein's monster will never be faced ?
So, too, is this failures' life.

You understand, you say.
You sympathise, you say.

But how can you, when I checked myself out long ago.

Frankenstein, Or Just The Monster?

I feel nothing, and everything
An empty echo
Trapped, screaming but yawning.
I go unheard.

There is a spark,
a promise of reanimation
in endless pools of blue.

I can die and live
a thousand lifetimes
in an interlocked gaze...

But what happens
when the jolt
no longer
reanimates
the dead.

Permanent Address

I approached the familiar chair,
And sat, breathing out the stress of the day.

Looking around, familiar faces with almost-remembered names
Flashing back and forth on the TV.

In my hand is just water,
But it feels like a tell.

I sit, all my possessions within reach.
Everything that makes me what I thought was

Unique
Fearless
Strong

Is hidden behind my leg.
Embarrassment and shame engulfs me again.
Another hotel lobby, because no bed welcomes me.

A bag filled with donated miscellaneous mystery meat
Cans I bow down for, gratitude for something

For something someone found.
From Easter, or Christmas, 15-20-30 years past.

No good for people,
To the homeless it's passed.

The chair is familiar.
It is the chair I sat in when I realised -

Pity is not low enough,

Disgust is not deep enough.

You know how you feel when you see them.

Sat outside because no one welcomes us in.

Just The Dog, My Mother, and Me

I walked along, hand in hand
Strolling towards the trees.
I was happy, had no care,
Just the dog, my mother, and me.

I ran my hands, through the green,
Humming - carefree as can be.
I was content, and had no fear,
Just the dog, my mother, and me.

I closed my eyes, to feel the breeze,
Smiling so blissfully,
I sighed, then, I remember -
Just the dog, my mother, and me.

I opened my eyes, and the trees were bare
Barren ground surrounded me -
I screamed, wordless, held on even tighter
Just the dog, my mother, and me.

The sky then bled, my mother screamed
As to why I couldn't see
My dog barked, and I held on to
Just the dog, my mother, and me.

My mother looked at me, her mouth was open
Still screaming silently
The dog whimpered, why was it only
Just the dog, my mother, and me.

She then faded, I ran after
Holding my dog helplessly
I knew then that image was over, of

Just the dog, my mother, and me.

When I stopped, she was gone, and so was the dog

They were only memories.

Nightmares or dreams - the only way it can be

Just the dog, my mother, and me.

Time

Tick -
Another second.
Tock -
Another moment.

Blink -
Days vanish.
How do we live
Thrive
Grow
In the fog of days past?

The moment in which I type,
And the moment in which this is read,
Are different points,
But both now just memories.

Left with a clip of life,
Another X on the calendar.

Everyone mourns the passage of time,
Passing faster the deeper we get.
All we know is,
We all experience the passage,
Dread making time move faster
As we desperately skid to avoid the moment it stops.

The idea of time,
The passage,
The march,
Is a construct -
An idea shared by consciousness
Craving understanding of the universe.

Imagine a book.
The hero starts a journey,
Experiences trials,
Grows,
Learns,
And finished their journey.

But the first CAPITAL
And the final period
Are in our hands simultaneously.
The hero and villain
The best friend and lover
All created and discarded at the same time.

Imagine rising above time.
Seeing the beginning,
The end,
The highs,
The lows.

No orbit around the sun,
No days to enjoy or dread,
Just a story.
All in front of you.

A tapestry of time.

The failed fantasies,
The placebo prayers,
The twisted trials,
Wrong religions,
Redundant rallies,
Insignificant ideas.

Who wrote our book?

If time is a construct,
Then we know
Once the final line is written,
We have no destination after

THE END

The Difference

I identify as both
and neither.

I felt myself
With this self.

So why when I walk
Is it an invitation?

I do not exist for you,
Or you,
Or them,
Or anyone.

I exist for me.

As my age has enlarged,
So has the hubris
The stares
And expectations.

I do not walk for you
Or talk for you.

So why are my steps only safe
And my words valid
When accompanied?

Why is touching
Groping
Harrassing
Stalking
Acceptable, or brushed off.

I have my identity,
But the world will always expect
Me to come second,
And to smile while you yell.

Does That Feel Good?

Four words.

"Does that feel good?"

It's the only thought

In pushed down fog

That comes through

Like lightning.

I was nine,

Feelin' fiiiine

And he was sixty and change.

He groped when no one was lookin'

But I talked it off

Laughed it off

Scoffed at the thought

Of

When I heard

"Does that feel good?"

I cried and was silent

I shook my head,

I remember.

Or is that wishful thinking

A wanting end to what happened.

But it didn't end

Did it

"Does that feel good?"

Turned to

Face in pillows

In those positions children make

When they snore

And hang half off the bed.

Positions children make in adult situations.

"Does that feel good?"

I don't know

I don't think

I weep

So so silently.

"Does that feel good?"

I can't feel anymore.

The Fire

I had some news today.
The kind of news that sits on the surface
Skimming like oil on water.
Then, when least expected,
A match is dropped
And the oil burns.

I watched the fire
Dumbfounded
Knowing all I could do
Was to let it burn out.

There is nothing but ashes now.
The oil is gone.
The water is gone.
All that is left is a black, toxic sludge.
I stare
Knowing I need to face it.
Knowing I need to sift through
The ashes
And sludge
And fear
And horror
To find what's underneath.

Will anything be left?
Or will I be scorched
Condemned.

OCD $\neq$ The End Of Me

I pick and scratch and stretch

Mutilate

Infect

Bleed

It drives me, separate

From relief

Akin to hunger.

Manual breathing

Counting

The minutes

The bites

The steps

Call it a quirk

I name it demand.

Addiction

What is an addict...

There is no powder

Or liquid

But still I feel ants under my skin

Until the ritual is complete.

Compulsion is one thing

Obsession another

But when the two meet,

The horseman ride

And I don't know if the end will come.

The Last Tie, Lost

Through everything
Everything
I always had the last connection.

The last breath before sinking,
The last finger on the sill before falling.
The last oasis in the desert,
The last step before the cliff.

That connection was so dense and enveloping
The fog shrouding everything around it.

When it was severed
Cut
Dropped
Left

And the mist dissipated
All I saw
Was nostalgic desperation.

Spring

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
The end of all we knew.
The death of all the love and trust,
To be reborn anew.

Spring, rebirth, a phoenix,
All symbols we all have seen.
One step forward, not a trick
Fleeing from where I've been.

Who was I? It matters not,
What matters is where I can go.
Sure-footed now, giving all I have got
Can't let the relief show.

The past is behind, and I don't dare look back -
Or else I may lose the way
One day at a time, my plan of attack,
I am stronger, or so they say.

What will I face? I'm excited to see
Despite all I've left behind.
The worst has now gone, I guarantee
No more will I be blind.

You're by my side, that's the difference this time
The reason I'm so sure -
We're both damaged turned kind
Two halves of something pure.