



Today

Today none of us are 'OK' or 'fine'.
We are various -

tired
positive
bullish
great
apprehensive
happy
thoughtful
euphoric
pizazzless

and one of us has
sore knees.

Today some of us came alone,
found others, a name, a
place to go.

Don't get me wrong –
we are still out of sorts
with the things the world shows us
– *lousy driving*
everyone wanting it now
littered spaces that spoil us
for living

and we are beyond tired
with people pretending
with jobsworths,
rude words, cramp,
grey skies,
and double-parking,

not to mention
the man on the train
all the way to Chesterfield
rehearsing for the
National Sniffing
Championships.

Cont/....



No, don't get me wrong –
many of us will still hideaway,
cope on our allotted 10 minutes of
talk,
pull at our labels
keep going,
our minds at times in fragments,
yet still we will tell, and keep telling
who it is we are,
and where you can find us –

*in a second grandson born
yesterday,
carrying fresh daisies
listening to U2s 'where the
streets have no name'
where a big clear moon
hangs low in autumn sky
walking (in circles is fine)
or reading a book we
couldn't wait to pick up
in a chair that has become a
world
with Queen's 'friends will be
friends' playing
and one of us always
walking
through a bazaar in sunlight,
a soul at home*

and if we keep talking,
maybe the things today we have no
words for
will begin to nudge at our tongues,

the inside slip nearer the outside,

as the world leans nearer, listening.

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Wellbeing Project



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