

Turmoil
Sarah Strutt

Climb to my feet hit the ground with a thud
world of magpies when in search of a dove.
A smile on my face but my heart is misplaced
fingers on my pulse unable to find a trace.
My mind inflicts pain my thoughts contaminated.
My skin the book of life using my scars I illustrated.
Ashamed of the person who resides behind my name
enraged that, for my hurt, no one on whom I can place blame.
Like I live life squeezing tight the Devil's hand
my thoughts and feelings a result of his command.
The brutal beating that bears no bruises
the voice that belittles judges and accuses.
Losing faith in the few that remain
the unwell brain once again is beginning to reign.
I'm judging your actions, judging your words
searching for motives behind what I've heard.
Declaring your love sharing how much you care
yet in my mind I am convinced that soon you're no longer be there.

Sarah Strutt writes poetry about her life experiences mostly relating to her diagnosis of Borderline Personality Disorder and the loss of her sight. She has experienced self harm and suicide attempts and likes to use her poetry as a way of connecting with other people who may be in a similar situation. It is her aim to reach as many people as possible to convey a message of hope and to reach out for help.