

APPENDIX 3- Breaking the Cycle Participant Poems

Recipe for a Good Day

When you wake up, put on your positive speech on YouTube
At breakfast, take baby steps to make plans for new happy times
During lunch, put on your positive speech on YouTube
For your tea, reflect of your baby step plans for your new happy times
Before you go to bed, close your eyes and feel your dreams lift you and your baby steps,
and gently lower you for morning, onto the next step.

Recipe for a Good Day

As the sun rises up – blue skies as I *stir* my tea,
The joy of a new day – brings out the positive in me.
I gather my thoughts and focus only for today,
My sobriety comes first in every way.
If I could *sprinkle* a little love – someone's way,
Surely that is a recipe for a really good day.
Life is too precious – to *stir* up the past,
Pour a little forgiveness – resentment won't last.
The *heat* of the sun – *pours* warmth on my face,
I feel grateful my sons – are in a good place.
As night time falls – at the end of the day,
Three things I'm grateful for – I always say.
As I close my eyes – feeling warm and safe,
Thanking my higher power – for giving me faith.

A Recipe for a Good Day

Why do I have an alarm?
Up before six, it does me no harm,
Kettle on, coffee made,
The three S's done,
No masquerade.

It's still before seven, there's things to do,
All blinds are open and the sun shines through,
I'm happy enough with my little routines,
They keep me busy and they're not unseen.

It wasn't always like this,
Waking up to a terrifying mist,
Lonely, fragile and very, very pissed,

Dreading each day before it came,
Any road to recovery was just a game.

Today is so different, it's just eight o'clock
Make it a good one, or your head's on the block,
Breakfast is done, a bit of a chore,
Strict meal times a bit of a bore.

My reality check time!
Have I done what I need to make my mind free of 'what should have been'?
Yes or No, or somewhere in between?
Cleansing my mind, was once a taboo,
Reality checks are hard to do.

So here I am, my early morning all done,
It's hard to believe what I have become,
Time for my daily journey to start,
Whatever it is, I want to take part.

Breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea,
I don't really care, I'm a healthy me,
They are all so regimented, a time and a place,
Eat when you want, without 'stuffing' your face.

My recipe for life is the friends that you meet,
The experiences they give you are such a treat,
Today has been no exception,
I feel the love of that connection.

I've had a good day, no details given,
Apart from the emotions I reveal.
Good night!

PS Evenings and weekends can be difficult!

Love to all

Recipe for a Good Day

Woke up – a blessing not celebrated often enough.
Take meds to keep at bay a virus hell-bent on destroying its host.
Shower.
And then... space. Time. Hours, minutes, seconds to fill,
not kill for once. With a sense of purpose and identity
atrophied from deliberate destructive absence.

So I don't have a recipe. My main ingredient turned sour,
spoiled and rotted everything it touched. It burned the
cook book, short-circuited the appliances

Destroyed the kitchen and nearly took the whole house with it
It was a poison all along but convinced me otherwise.

I don't have a recipe.

I have new ingredients I'm not too familiar with,
utensils I've forgotten how to use.

I have a pulse. A will. An open mind.

And I've come to believe there's strength in numbers, individuals with a shared goal,
Each with different experiences, techniques, and spirit.

No, not that kind.

I don't have a recipe, but I'm sure together we'll whip up something

fulfilled future me!

I've been suppressed –
for so many years,
Time to shine and
lose my fears.
Never have regrets –
I always say.

We learn from
mistakes and grow
stronger each day.

My self-confidence,
self-belief – had gone astray,
but now I see a
future coming my way.

I was broken inside
and spiritually dead,
but now I feel alive –
with a positive head.

No more
self-destruction,
self-harm, self-hate,
dead in the ground –
is not to be my fate.

Life is a gift – I can
now clearly see,
my fate... to live life full –
a new beginning for me.

Fulfilled Future Me

As soon as I've finished this, I'd like to feel safe.
Before the end of today,
Tomorrow,
Next week,
Next year,
In three years,
In ten years,
My future is free from lies and suffering.
I see I am free.
I see I can laugh, and mean it.
I see I have lovely friends.
I see I gained confidence and went from strength to strength.
I see a companion who is a companion.
I see love.
I see safety.
I see me.

