



a gift for words

Hi, my name is John Moffat,

I hope "Bypolarised" gives some insight into how I live with bipolar - manic depression, which I've lived with all my life. I find it hard speaking about myself, I sometimes fear being misunderstood. I find it easier to write poems ... which I love to do. It's how I tell my story. One day I hope I can get my work published. I hope you like them.

John

Bypolarised

It's the paranoia,
that my oral observation
will be taken
as degradation.
But I only want to explain
what I've seen
and where I've been.
It's the confusion,
that they may think me
obscene.
It's non-stop thinking,
a hundred miles an hour,
so I look deep into ink
and find some power.
The depression is dark,
like death.
The mania reborn
and taking first breath.

Broken dreams

Broken dreams
from a lonely rusty bed.
Broken thoughts
from a confused empty head.
No fantasy, about finding
that bright warm room.
No reality,
a mother and the
safety of her womb.
Miracles ...
to have died four times
that's the truth.
To have lived five times
has to be proof.
Tears from a dead man
you should not have seen
But a boy that has lived
and is happy to have been.

Shadows

Shadows echo the difference
Nothing there, just a reflection of something
That was. That used to be.
That's something not new. That's you.