

Poetry

By Jo McFarlane

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This Is Oor Mad History

We've archived the story
for those to come
who'll look back on achievements
of those early pioneers
whose efforts grew into a movement
that continues to this day,
and on and on into the future,
shaping services, affirming our identity
as experts by experience

Our history
is written in the pages we've collected,
in the words of those who played a part;
recorded through their voices;
depicted in their art

It cannot be erased
because it burns within our hearts

And if a time should come
where hope runs dry in people power,
we'll look back on our history
and be inspired by what we've done

This is a story of courage and drive,
though its roots are in the past
its legacy is live

We've reclaimed the glory,
the struggle to be free,
we've taken up our places,
This is OOR MAD HISTORY!

Power to the People

We formed alliances,
began to advocate for change.

It took forever, takes forever,
sometimes we are angry
by the obstacles we face.

But never will we let the dream
we hold so dear become just that.

For we have fought so long,
become so strong,
voiced our vision clearly

and they're listening now
to what we want.

The ground is shifting slowly
and the revolution's here to stay.

Power to the People is our song
for in the struggle to be equal we belong.

Glad To Be Mad

Glad to be mad
Proud to be out
Let's shout it from the rooftops
We're not frightened anymore
of wearing sensitivity and sorrow
on our sleeves,
of caring what tomorrow brings
or learning from the wounds
and troubles of the past

At last we've claimed our dignity
in being free,
affirmed our shared humanity,
unlocked the chains of suffering in silence
Broken lives pieced back together
by the fellowship we've found in one another

Glad to be mad
because it means we are attuned
to the insanity around us,
we are witness to the craziness
in violence, poverty, deceit

Glad to lay our hearts upon the line,
to serve our time in wilderness, despair
because it means we care

We are alive
and we are here to shine the torch of hope
that something grander than ourselves exists:
the saving grace of voices joined in protest
and the healing power of love

5 Haiku For The Dispossessed

A homeless girl begs
outside the supermarket.
she dreams of Horlicks.

Two boys in hoodies
inhale deeply from a bag.
Hope evaporates.

An old man gestures
to the shadows – his only
friends. They come and go.

A prostitute waits for
no one in particular.
No one sees her scars.

Starved dogs roam in packs.
Nourishment comes not from prey,
but love and shelter.

5 Fuck-u To The Establishment

Man in grey striped suit.
Whose future do you govern
with that cool resolve?

Racist thugs. You think
yourselves put upon by difference.
How many colours in a rainbow!

The stock market crash
is a sweat shop away. Will
your debt be fair pay?

When oil fields dry and
forests wither, whose conscience
will you plunder?

The rich get fatter,
the poor man prays. I seek
refuge in neurosis.