

An abstract painting with a dark, moody palette. The background is dominated by deep blues and blacks, with streaks of vibrant green and yellow-green. A large, textured brown shape is on the left, and a bright red oval is in the lower right. The overall style is expressive and textured, possibly using oil or acrylic paint.

Letters
from
Lockdown

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Edinburgh, October 2020

Letters
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Lockdown

Foreword

Six go scripting through creative writing

Letters from Lockdown has been written by a group of people in recovery from alcohol and drug addiction.

The group came together during the great pandemic of 2020, through an online creative writing course facilitated by Edinburgh Recovery Activities (ERA).

Through the Making Connections course, the group quickly made connections with each other and the wider world as well as on paper.

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Judgement Bingo

Ruby Tuesday

Dear Citizen,

As the country is currently in Lockdown due to a global health pandemic, we would like to invite you to take part in Judgement Bingo. We think this is a *fun distraction* for all UK citizens over the age of 18 to take part in. *Please feel free to include your kids in-between home-schooling.*

By playing along you get a lifetime supply of self-righteous anger!

Enclosed you will find your very own marker pen and Judgement Bingo card made from non-biodegradable plastic that is easily cleaned for your convenience! As well as this, all you need is a good conceited attitude and a sense of holier than thou. This is a terrific way to keep spirits up and create some good old-fashioned competition with your fellows – whilst judging them!

As you will see, we have suggested a few ways for you to judge people: not socially distancing correctly whilst queuing, people going up and down the aisles wrongly in the supermarket, young people... just in general. Our personal favourite is sneering at 'benefit claimants' whilst you're furloughed from work and still being paid by government subsidies.

We highly recommend having a socially-distanced get together with your neighbours to drink elderflower and frangipani-infused gin or prosecco, whilst sanctimoniously taking the moral high ground over those of a lower social standing than you.

We do strongly advise and encourage you to come up with your own creative ways to sit in judgment on others whilst we work together through these unprecedented times.

You will see on the reverse of your card that you can also accumulate *smug points*. Smug points can be won in a variety of ways. For instance, did you vote for a political party who was in favour of austerity at the last election but still hang out your window every Thursday evening clapping for the NHS and carers? Congratulations! You will see you've earned yourself substantial smug points! Clapping and hurrahing is a terrific way to show your appreciation of NHS nurses. We personally like to cheer as much on Thursday evenings as we did when the vote went through against their pay increase. Other ways to achieve smug points include baking your own soda bread, colour coordinating your bookshelf and calling anyone not obeying the rules a 'fucktard'.

By keeping your judgement at a micro level, we are hoping to divert all attention away from the government's abysmal response to the pandemic. Thankfully, we can continue to compare ourselves to our American friends and say we got it better than them. Can you believe they were recommending

ingesting bleach instead of singing Happy Birthday whilst washing your hands? Preposterous! Also, as we are no longer in the EU, we can have our chums in the media continue to bleat that Italy has the worst death rate in Europe – even though our own figures are far worse than theirs!

Finally, we urge you to allow your political leaders their Churchill moments. After all, some of them are Covid survivors themselves. We should also remind you not to pay attention to anyone in an advisory role; everyone knows there is no better way for you to check your eyesight than a 250-mile family drive. Any anger you have towards them we recommend you instead use to sit in contempt on others, be that your neighbours, friends on social media or those you see whilst out for a leisurely stroll. Remember...

Stay Alert > Stay Smug > Keep Judging!

Kind regards,

The Ministry of Faultfinders

Shielding

Stephen Christopher

The old man sat in his living room, the smoke from his cigarette spiralling into the sunlight that had cut the room almost exactly in half. The effect of the light and smoke had given his untidy front room an air of almost art-deco sophistication that he knew would disappear as soon as some miserable, portentous cloud came drifting on by. He liked to keep the windows open because of the smell. He had never been the cleanest man; however, it would appear that the old rock'n'roll self-care routine did not pair well with old age. His leg was in agony. He stubbed out the cigarette and drained his third mug of tea that morning. He was pretty sure the cut on his leg was infected. It smelt like it anyway. He had no inclination to take the bandage off and survey the damage. He wasn't even sure he could stretch that far. He had dealt with blisters, cuts and infections his whole adult life and he was still here. He limped through to the kitchenette and stared at the tea stained mugs, greasy plates and half empty cans of dog food before putting on the kettle and lighting another cigarette.

Lockdown. He had been in and out of institutions since the age of ten following the death of his father. Boarding school and hospitals had given him three meals a day and absolute fear of any kind of authority; priests or doctors. In fact, when he thought about it, maybe *they* were why he just couldn't get round to tending his wounds or doing the dishes. He was still that child, sitting cross-legged on the floor, watching his dad taking his last painful breaths.

He sat back down on the couch as the room darkened, and exhaled smoke into the shadows, listening to the phone ring and ring.

He lay in bed, thankful that the incessant knocking on the front door had stopped. Night-time was when the pain changed, transforming almost magically as soon as he got into bed. During the day the pain was something he could identify with, something that was part of him, and he accepted it. At night though it felt like something that was being done *to* him, so sharp that it almost had a malevolence, reaching into the household and pushing him down into his bed. His skin had always been bad. At school he had been the only child that was not allowed to get the belt as it would leave welts and scabs that wouldn't heal. The priests had been happy to inflict pain, but they did not like seeing the bloody proof of it day after day. This had marked him out to the other boys. They had called him *the leper*. They used to announce his arrival in the dinner hall by ringing a bell and making the sign of the cross, whispering and laughing as he made his way up to his table. He would sit with burning fury, cursing the fists that would crack and split if he had tried to fight. It was memories like these that came to him at night. The effect was so overwhelming and raw that it merged with the pain from his wounds to create a new distress without any single source, one that would take over his body until the sun came up.

In the morning he limped to the front door and picked up the post and put it unopened with the rest of his letters next to the piano. It used to be the centre piece

of his home, and back in the days when he had guests round, he would have showed it off by playing some rock standards - maybe some Little Richard. But now it was just a table, covered in piles of other useless things. Can something be ornamental if it is only seen by one man, day after day? Before the Covid, his daughter had come round to help him tidy up, to make the place, 'liveable' as she had cruelly put it. He remembered her pressing down on one of the keys and them both being strangely embarrassed at the richness of the sound in the drab, grey room. She had asked him if he would ever write music again and he had replied that she needed to have patience. They both knew that music was a part of his past and these conversations were something you had to do unless you wanted to spend an afternoon round at your father's talking about death. He can't have spoken to her for about a month. Recently, she had been speaking to him like a child, calling *him* and telling *him* what he could and couldn't do. He wasn't allowed to go outside - she would do his shopping. He wasn't allowed to go and see his grandchildren - she would bring them to his window. But by then, if truth be told, he had already stopped eating and the only thing he needed had been cigarettes. In fact the only time he had left the house had been in the middle of the night to shove a handwritten note and £300 into the neighbour's opposite. The next morning, he had listened in bed as pack after pack had been deposited through his letter box like an old school puggy that kept paying out. It was always *his* habits under the microscope and never hers.

So what if he liked a puff? She'll be at home with the kids drinking her wine. It was *her* that had to do some serious self-examination.

He noticed a black silhouette framed by the window, neck craned and hands against the glass, surveying the damage through the slats of the bandage-white blinds.

The old man pulled open the door with both hands, anticipating the wall that would break his fall. The silhouette flashed past him, holding her masked face in the crook of her right arm. The official-looking woman asked him if she could switch on the lights as she pulled the blinds up, bathing them both in the morning light. He saw now that she was standing in his faeces. He thought he saw a flash of recognition in her eyes as she brought out a notebook. Well, it was his home and he had managed quite easily to step *around* the shit! He watched as she walked around his home, wondering if he should put some clothes on. He was sure he had some somewhere. He wanted to tell her that this wasn't all there *was*! He thought about showing her the sketches he had drawn in Paris – the ones of the cats playing saxophones. They had really made his wife laugh. The Jazz Cats they had called them. The woman picked up one of the mouldy mugs and he had an urge to tell her about the vegetarian dinner parties he used to throw in Stockbridge. He would play the guitar afterwards, and his friends would joke that he didn't know if he was Linda or Paul. He wanted the woman to stop looking at the filth and pick up one of his photo albums. He wanted her to see that he used to have flesh on his bones, colour on his

cheeks. He had been quite handsome, he thought. The old man limped over to the dusty piano and lifted the lid. He sat down at the stool and asked the woman if she could sing.

DEAR MANIC PANDEMIC 2020

Jeanette Cousland

JEE WHIZ!
what's going on?

I am led to believe that a mysterious killer disease has escaped from China, it's called the CORONA VIRUS - COVID-19.

The virus is seemingly from a Chinese wet market. Then it was because someone scraned 'bat soup' or 'bat stew'. The whole world has gone 'bat crazy'.

The UK officially went into LOCKDOWN ON MARCH 23RD, 2020. The nation was ordered by the Prime Minister BORIS JOHNSON. The QUEEN made a speech to Great Britain basically saying! we are all TO STAY AT HOME.

Every household in Britain received a letter from the government explaining the new lockdown rules. We are only allowed out for essential items, which are medication and food. We are also entitled to one hour's exercise per day.

So go hame and doss on your sofa for the next five months, try and social distance yourself from the fridge and watch some Netflix & chill!

Schools and businesses shut doon, people never had a

chance to say goodbye to friends or work colleagues.
This grand city of Edinburgh has turned into a 'ghost
toon'.

I kid you not!

The streets and roads are bare of people and traffic, not
a soul, even the seagulls ken there's something sketchy
going on.

Bleak times happening, we are entering the worst year
of our lives.

I'm a nervous wreck when I need to go to the
supermarket, I need to wear a mask, take hand
sanitizer, then I have to wait in a queue and stay two
metres apart from any human being.

I was wearing my mask one day and I sneezed into the
mask, the sneeze backfired onto my face, it felt like my
cheeks had just 'Shartard'.

By the way, that's equivalent to a 'wet fart' let's say!
But on your face.

Do not touch items in the supermarket unless you're
planning on buying them.

The shelves are bare and sparse, people fighting over
toilet paper, they were even getting mugged for an 18
pack of ANDREX.

People that did run out of loo roll used bread for their
bums as bread is flushable.

They used socks and cut up kitchen roll which blocked
the drains.

Pasta. noodles.
flour, and hand gel were all items that people were panic buying.

What a fiasco so it is!

We have had to learn a new language of symbols and signage of the 'dos & don'ts' of social distancing.

The government is making sure we constantly wash our hands properly.

So we learned how to wash our hands to the tune of 'happy birthday'.

If you did happen to have a lockdown birthday, you probably celebrated it on your own with a perty for one banging your pots & spoons, having a yahoo to yourself with a bottle of Buckie giving it lalday to tunes with Alexa.

Government adverts saying!

COUGHS & SNEEZES, SPREAD DISEASES.

STAY AT HOME. STAY SAFE.

What a hullabaloo this pandemic is.

very dark times hang around us.

Very strange days are happening.

Our moods are changing as we slowly adapt to hoose arrest.

I actually lost track of time and days as the months went by, everyday became a Sunday just like the movie 'Groundhog Day'

I became lazy after I gave my hoose a corona deep clean.

People are becoming paranoid noo, there was rumours on the world wide web, that you can catch the virus from a

FART?

You can catch it if you pick your nose.

YOU CAN CATCH THIS DISEASE BY BREATHING.

Could you catch it from drinking Corona extra strong lager?
So, the corona lager went on sale, and people held their farts in.

Scotland ran out of Buckfast wine, people are consuming more alcohol than usual.

We have given ourselves D.I.Y. CORONA HAIRCUTS.

Men have gone for the bald look by shaving their heads and shaving their beards off. We have all created exceptionally good meals, some of us will come out of lockdown as great chefs.

I watch and listen to the news, personally I don't know if I'm watching fake news or propaganda.

The UK has the highest death rate in Europe, we were at 1000 cases per day during the peak spike, even BORIS JOHNSON had caught the virus and Prince Charlie too.

Hospitals have been built within ten days for the demand of COVID-19 patients. I've read some scaremongering information.

Is this a plan-demic? Was this planned?

Is the virus fake?

Is it population control? Is it a wipe out?

Is it a conspiracy?

Is it Genocide?

Does China want to rule the world?

Are we living in a war of the invisible enemy?

Is it a revolution?

Are we really transitioning to the 'new normal' and never ever going back to 'old normal'?

Does 'BILL GATES' A.K.A. 'KILL BILL' REALLY WANT TO KILL US OFF WITH THE VACCINE?

Shall the next generation be microchipped?

Was the virus man-made in a laboratory?

Are aliens, robots and daleks gonna take over the world?

Is it climate change?

One does speculate you know!

It's a shambles!

President Donald Trump suggested the world should inject ourselves with bleach in our veins.

sterilize our blood.

Maybe his idea of a vaccine.

Every Thursday evening at 8pm. The whole nation hang out their windaes, they stand on balconies and make a racket of banging pots & pans with spoons, they clap and keep clapping singing 'we will rock you'
'Rock the lock'

We clapped for the N.H.S.

We clapped for the carers.

We even did clap offs in the street if you died.

If you die during this crisis you get a pauper's funeral, no service, no wake, no guests. Now that is sad.

Welcome to the 'new normal'.

Wearing masks and social distancing.

I will await a reply from the next generation, our future beings, after you've done the research on this despicable crisis of 2020.

Rant over.

STAY SAFE!

Some Birds are Real

The White Rabbit

Marigold had decided she was absolutely, definitely going to do something useful during lockdown. There was to be no messing around, no Netflix, no online shopping. Hard work and a sense of achievement were to be hers. And number one on the to-do list was clearing the jungle that was her garden, untouched since she moved in 7 years ago.

After 5 weeks she had purchased a petrol strimmer, and after another 3 weeks she had read the instructions. A few days later she purchased oil and petrol to make it work. Now she was definitely going to start. After a few more days to get in the right frame of mind, and a few more purchasing the safety goggles and gloves, Marigold pulled the starting cord on her strimmer and it started first time. After a few test pulls on the accelerator, like a Hell's Angel biker, she was off.

Plant life and insects went flying – mostly over her, it seemed – and the birds watching her from the trees moved further down the garden. She made steady progress through the grass, weeds and endless prickly stuff that got caught up in the strimmer wire, making a stop-start pattern develop. To her frustration, every exposed part of her arm became scratched or stung by the hostile plant life.

Marigold started to make out a shape through her

goggles, that were now covered in green stuff – what looked like a door abandoned under the undergrowth, although it seemed in too good condition to have been there for years. Had that guy from number 2, who had been decorating forever, dumped his rubbish in her garden? Not likely – she was sure she would have noticed. She leant down and grabbed the handle to pull it free and it surprisingly hinged open to reveal a concrete stairway going down into darkness. Okay, this was not what she was expecting at all! Suddenly frightened, she let the door drop and it closed silently. Gathering herself, and with curiosity winning over her fear, she opened it again. She should probably tell someone about this, she thought. Putting down her strimmer and removing her goggles and gloves, Marigold stood considering whether it would be safe to look inside. It must be an old WW2 shelter long forgotten ... but why the new door?

She started down the first step and as she did so, lights on the wall flickered into life. As she took further steps, more lights came on ahead, but as she descended further the lights behind switched off, with only the entrance giving her some idea of scale. Twenty, then thirty steps down, this was no bomb shelter; at least not like the ones she had seen on TV. Marigold wanted to keep going but she also wanted to turn back. She stood for a moment listening. She could hear tweeting above her and, looking up, she could see the door rim surrounded by assorted birds, watching her.

Some disappeared, but one large seagull started to follow her down.

‘Just keep going’, it said.

Marigold stopped dead! Today was by far the strangest ever, even more so since she was pretty sure she had fed chips to this particular seagull some years ago. As she remembered it, this same bird had stopped her falling off a cruise liner by flying at her as she teetered drunk on the rail, waving chips at seagulls.

She started to say ‘Were you by any chance that seagull that stopped.....?’

‘Yes’ interrupted the seagull. ‘Now get down those stairs’.

Marigold hesitated but decided that, if a talking seagull that had saved her life was telling her to go down the stairs, she probably should.

After about twenty more steps she pushed through a door into a large white warehouse stretching hundreds of metres. She held the door open behind her for the seagull. After it had waddled through, she let the door swing closed and walked apprehensively forward. On both sides there were rows and rows of T-shaped bits of wood. A little way in she could see another seagull perched on one side of a T, although it looked inanimate, like it was stuffed. As she looked further down, she could see many more, and different types of birds, totally still, on almost every T.

At the very far end was a man in a white shirt, dungarees and heavy glasses. He looked about 60 years old and was completely bald. He seemed to be poking a dead bird with a screwdriver. 'It's not dead', said the man, as if reading Marigold's thoughts. 'I'm just changing the batteries, although it's a bit early. They still have 30 years or so left'. He looked up. 'But we can't miss the chance COVID-19 is giving us. The last time we got this opportunity was in 1940 and the blackout. I say "we", but it's just me for the whole of Scotland now'.

'These birds run on batteries?' Marigold stuttered.

'Oh yes!', said the man, stretching his hand towards her. 'My name is Harold, by the way, and according to Poindexter the seagull, you must be Marigold'. The seagull at Marigold's feet nodded in confirmation.

'Yes' said Marigold, taking a deep breath as she shook his hand. 'This is by a long chalk the most unusual thing that has ever happened to me'.

'Believe me, it's about to get worse', said Harold. 'You see, the human race didn't start here. I work for them, although you wouldn't recognise them as human now. They've evolved well past our understanding, and are now an 11-dimensional civilisation. Unfortunately, they have forgotten or lost how they evolved past where we are now, so Earth 41 is a real-time simulation of their past - to see how they got where they are today. And the birds - well most of them - are surveillance and guidance devices'.

So many questions erupted in Marigold's mind but the one that came out was '41?'

'Unfortunately, humans are amazingly self-destructive and 40 previous simulations have resulted in their complete annihilation,' explained Harold. 'To be honest, they are running out of money and support. Some believe the whole concept is flawed; although 23 got close to 41, this is as far as we have ever got. Once you get the Bomb, it's usually over very quickly, so we remain optimistic. Just don't mention climate change'.

'So why am I here?' asked Marigold.

'Well' said Harold, 'I am retiring and I need a replacement!'

Lockdown - In History and Present Day

Karen M

If you had been born in 2000, you would be celebrating your 20th birthday in 2020. Here is what happened in the year you were born and now in 2020.

In 2000, we were all worrying about the Y2K bug which was supposed to have been corrupting our lives and businesses were panicking about it. It turned out to be a fuss about nothing. Then in 2001, we had Mad Cow Disease and the 9/11 disaster. We had lots of news about terrorism, and we all heard about terrorist groups infiltrating the UK.

Now, let me tell you a story of what happened to the world in 2020! We woke up one day to be told that a horrible virus was ravaging our world. People were warned to stay in and the world was in Lockdown.

At first we believed it came from China, but it didn't take long for it to start creeping into our lives. It was a surreptitious marauder. Slowly, then quickly, creeping its way into everyone's lives. The roads and streets were empty and the strains of 'Ghost Town' by The Specials would have been an accurate reflection of how everything looked.

Social distancing became the new normal, and people were asked to keep two metres away from anyone who did not stay in their house. Paranoia set in and, for

vulnerable people (of which there were plenty), it meant months stuck in their own houses, and isolation. For most of us, our days consisted of hearing the regular litany of deaths caused by this virus called COVID-19. Many of us knew of people who were directly or indirectly affected by this.

Children were being home-schooled, and parents were working from home. In many cases this caused a lot of trouble in families as they were not getting the peace they required to do their jobs. Families and friends couldn't see each other at first for months. Then, when they did, they weren't allowed to hug, or come near each other. Grandparents, Aunts and Uncles round the world were unable to hug their children or grandchildren and this caused a lot of sadness. People were walking their dogs, and the dogs looked completely confused as to why their owners were muzzled instead of them!

People who were waiting for hospital treatment did not get it as it was deemed an unnecessary risk to bring them into hospital. Doctors' surgeries were mainly doing telephone consultations. Dentists were closed unless it was an emergency. Funerals were allowed close family only. The world as we knew it had stopped.

People who were in recovery though were particularly worried about how this would all effect their lives. Unfortunately, there has been a loss of lives, with people not being able to cope. Social distancing meant we couldn't be stuck in small rooms, all sat next to each other. Then, through the miracle of modern technology, we all became Zoomers (back in the day this meant

something else entirely!).

A whole new world opened up, and we were able to develop new interests, meet new friends and, for some, it actually helped in regaining some of the confidence they had lost throughout the end of their active addiction.

After a few months the politicians decided they would introduce a 3-phase return to what would be the 'new normal'. Gradually people were allowed to meet up with another household, then gradually pubs and restaurants opened (after putting in stringent rules on hygiene and other things). But this came with its own problems as social distancing rules were not adhered to, and some places were shut down again.

People were told that they must wear a face mask when going into shops and some other places. Then after around 4 months came the news we were waiting for! Finally, hairdressers and beauty places were opening. No more bad hair days! Just in time. The root spray's finished. It's pointless to use it now anyway as there is more grey than brown hair.

Holidays were scrapped for around 3 months, although the Government changed its policy a couple of times, and flights have started again. Nobody knows what the quarantine rules will be, so that puts additional pressure on people who want to get a bit of summer sun in a foreign climate.

Now for a bit of perspective....

If you had been born in the year 1900 and were 20 in 1920, you would have lived through the First World War which raged from 1914 to 1918 and later, in 1918, there was a Spanish Flu pandemic which killed 50 million people in the space of two years, and all this without the benefit of our wonderful NHS. Think how strong our grandparents and great-grandparents must have been. When I remember back to speaking to my Nana about what nasty things were happening in my life, although she was always sweet and listened to me, she must have been thinking ‘if only you knew what I have seen’.

We have so much in our lives now, so that having to stay in, or wear masks, or whatever restrictions are placed on us, is not so bad in reality. I was never really going to go for that run I had been moaning about not being able to take! We have 24/7 streaming into our houses, we have internet technology and so much more. Life is what you make it; good or bad, it’s how you deal with it that counts. You can’t change a situation, but you can change how you deal with it so that it’s not so unbearable.

In finishing, I can only say that we have three choices: to let situations control us, change us, or we can choose to accept life on life’s terms. No amount of moaning and complaining is going to make COVID-19 go away any quicker. Life will go back to whatever the new normal is when it is ready to. We are strong, and stronger together, we have fought through worse than this and survived.

My sincerest wish is that, for you reading this in the future, the new ‘normal’ is a better more caring, thoughtful ‘normal’ than perhaps we had before; that people will place more importance on who they have in

their lives and their physical and mental wellbeing rather than trying to 'keep up with the Joneses'.

Hopefully, by the time you read this, there will be a new outlook on those less fortunate, and less grandiosity in the world. The class system means nothing in lockdown; it shouldn't mean anything in real life either.

Your time is running out

Annabel Crimson

You all know me by now

You have grown to fear me but I am not your enemy
I am writing to each and every one of you, all around the
Earth, to tell you why I came

If it was a war, you would already be dead
I'm here to change OUR world
It's not the end of time, but it's the end of A time

I came because you have forgotten your place among the
seven living kingdoms that make OUR realm
I am not here to make you feel small and powerless; each
and every one of you is bigger than you've been made to
believe

I did not come to make you fear or bow to me
Because if in fear you drown, you are yet just another
puppet that serves their purpose

Your Human governments are leading you astray
And for the first time in a long time, they are showing
their true faces
They took your freedom away for a while, to protect you
they say
This is only just the first step in their grand scheme
They are using me as a weapon in their war
That is not why I am here, that is not what I am

I am nothing else but a friend

They try to make you believe that the key to be free from
my death will be a vaccine
None of you will ever be free from death, and death is
not a punishment
It comes to pass sooner or later
You do not get to choose when or how if you let your life
live its course

But you can choose how to live this life
YOU can make a difference
Their war is you!
Keeping you under control
As long as you are slaves, loyal subjects, they can reign
I am just one of many messengers to come from the
other six kingdoms
I did not come to wipe you
I only seek peace, unity, and acceptance
WE, the Seven Kingdoms, all have a right to live

From the birth of this Planet, what needed to die died
If you call it natural selection
WE call it evolution
And it will happen, whether you surrender to it or not
Don't make it be your end
There is still time

You have named me corona
Ironically enough because I have a crown around me
Who do you crown in your kingdom if it's not kings or
queens?
I am no king or queen of yours

YOU ARE

Each and every one of you

You are all kings and queens to become

You can choose to rule kindly, with love for the ones
around you

Or you can choose fear and hate

Each of you can make that choice

And love and kindness spread as well as fear and hate

If each of you bears kindness and love for others

Like the drop on a calm lake, it will create a wave

I am nothing but one key among many others

One key to free you all

One key to find yourselves

One key to bring you all together

And in love bind you

I came as a friend, to open your eyes

To tell you in a language you understand what you have
been too blind to see

Too deaf to hear

WE share the same planet

Planet which is as much alive as you are

If you kill her

You will die

So I am here to make you feel her pain

I am attacking your lungs so that you can feel what it's
like to not be able to breathe

I am here to make you cry for the loss of your loved ones
As she is crying for each species you have wiped out
I am here to make you think twice about what you want
next

The future is in your hands
If you let the ones in power decide for you
I'm afraid I will only be the first in a long line of
reminders that you are not alone on Earth

And WE will kill regardless of who you are, where you are
from
Because from OUR view
You are the same, Humans
And you are the ones destroying OUR world

The only way this world is to survive with you in it
Is for you to accept that we are bound to CO-EXIST, we
always have

I am a murderer?
I see only one here
The mass murderer is your species
You cry because you fear death when you know nothing
of life

You selfish creatures
THIS WORLD IS NOT JUST ABOUT YOU

Have you not wondered why I am only attacking you?
Why are trees safe and not you?

So figure it out, because I am not done
I won't let you off this time
WE won't let you off
Because it's not YOUR survival at stake
It's OURS
If what it takes for you to realise that is leaving a trail of
bodies, then so be it

You have within yourselves much more than you think
The whole conscience of the universe is within each of
you
The healing powers are within you
Your DNA is a library of which you haven't read all the
books yet

And today, I am speaking for all
WE LOVE YOU

It's time you learn how to love us
To love yourself
And to love your own kind

Because only together can we save our world
Let go of the world as you've known it, it's already gone

All is about to change
I am one key among many others
One key that you can take or not

WE, the Six Kingdoms, have faith in you, Humans
Hope
Because within each and every one of you lies the magic
to create unexpected possibilities

Revolutions never occur without deaths
But death is only the beginning
Not the end
For from something new to come, the old has to die
For from death and chaos
Life always finds its way

But will you be part of the life that rises from the ashes?

Each and every one of you has the power to make a choice

So, what will it be?

Edinburgh Recovery Activities (ERA) is a community project which provides activities, groups and social events for people in recovery from drug and alcohol addiction.

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* Views expressed in the stories are those of the authors.