

**Tell
Your
Story**

A collection of work from **Tell Your Story**

Alphabetti Spaghetti

A is for Answer

Bubble is for **B**

C is for Confusion

D is for Dean

E is for Education

F is For Goodness Sake

G is for Grumpy

H is for Happy

I is for Impossible

J is for Jack and the Beanstalk

L is for Limousine

Mustard tastes like **M**

Not in a million years

O is for Opportunity

P is for Toilet

Q proceeds the P

R is for Relief

S is Shall We Move On

T is for Tea & Coffee

U is for Useless

V is for Victory

W is for When Will This End

X is for Hugs & Kisses

Y is Y Are We Doing This

Z is for Zombies

A is for Arghhhhhhhh!

A morning group poem



Blue

Blue teddy bear

Blue dressing gown

Greenish blue eyes

Blue parker pen

Putting her feet into the sea barefoot,
didn't matter how cold it was



Yellow, the sun that brightens your day.
Lifting you up until the sun is all you see.
White, the absence of any colour. A
perfect reflection of life.
Purple, the shine of my wheels allowing
me freedom to live.
Black, all colour as one. The
combination of what life truly is until all
that exists is acceptance.

Stevie

SEE IT.

SAY IT.

SORTED.

Off-Peak Day Return
Valid for one journey from
Ipswich
to Norwich

See restrictions on the back of this
adult Standard Class
with Disabled Persons Railcard

Outward
Date of Travel
11-NOV-24

78885-2342-7217-31-06-408
1029 111124

£15.35X

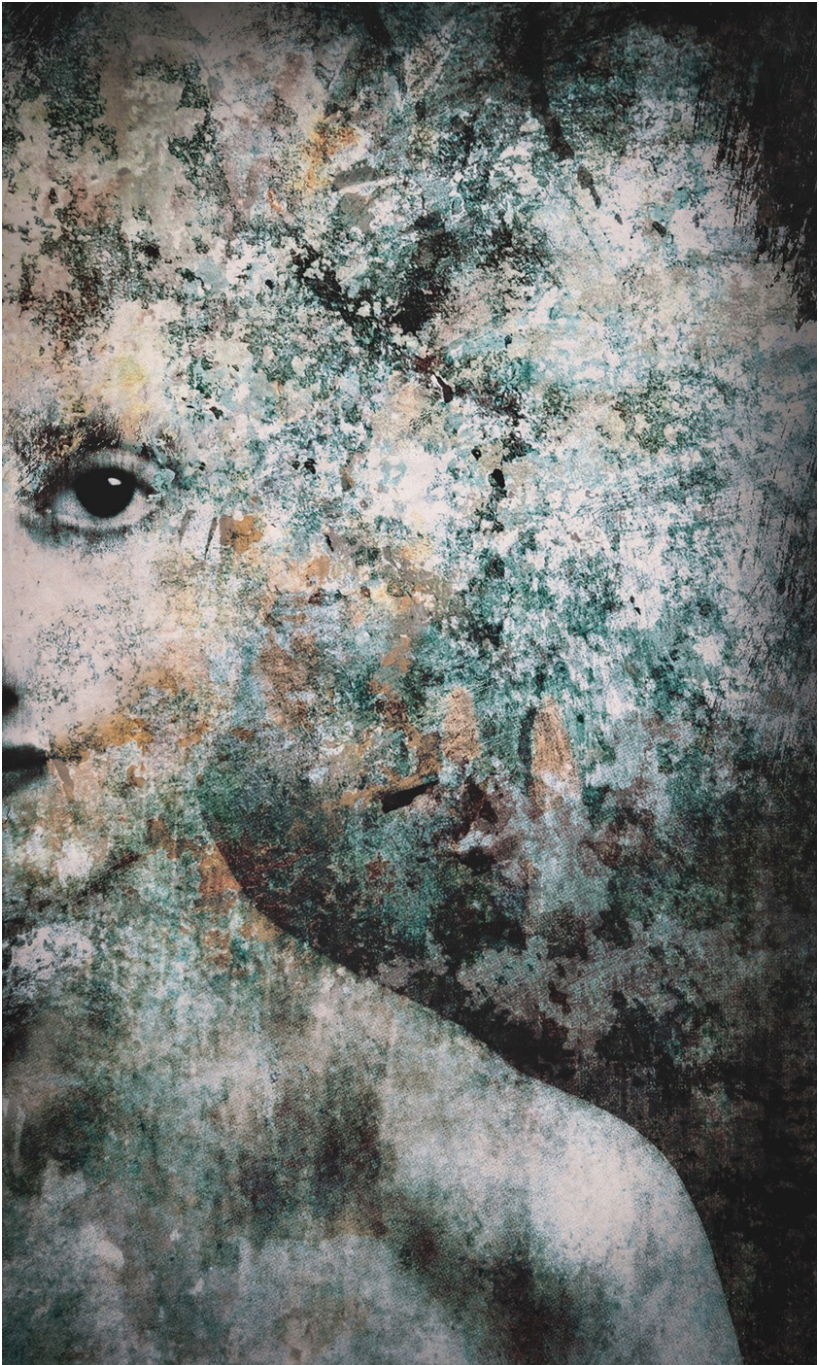
I'm sitting waiting for the bus

7 minutes to go so I check my phone and open Instagram. I check my messages to see if I have any to reply to and that's when I see him. A big picture of his face at the top of my screen with that green circle that means he's online.

My brain begins to spiral. All these thoughts rushing through my head with a hole in my stomach so big I wish it would swallow me. Should I reach out? No don't be stupid, it's been 5 months and he hasn't even read my last message. He won't even acknowledge me.

I'm sitting, waiting for the bus, my breath out of sync, oh great I'm having a panic attack. Thoughts racing at super sonic speeds. All about him. It's my fault, and these thoughts won't stop. So I put my headphones on and once they power on. Silence.

My thoughts are silenced for another day, as I sit waiting for the bus.



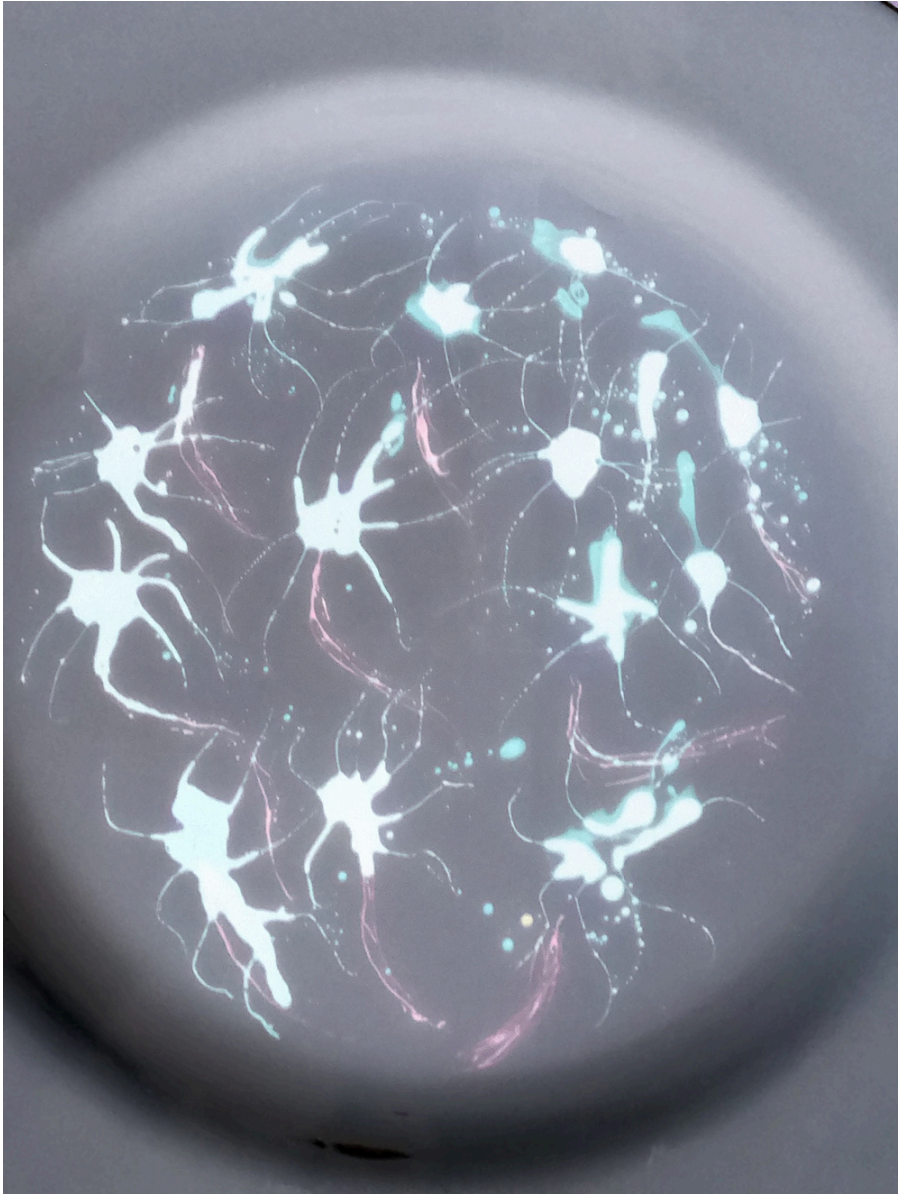
Quietly looking through confusion
Explosion of memories
Survivor in transition
Silent scream
No emotion
Pain with lifeless stare
Stillness
Healing

Paula



People can pick on vulnerable people:
I've had to learn which battles to have.
We have a system. But it doesn't work.
It's difficult to get support, and to get benefits to pay for
it. Only if you need 24/7 care is it easier to get help.
Others are missed.
People who make the decisions DON'T work in care
homes, DON'T often talk to people with disabilities, so
how can they cut staff and funding?
People will ignore the fact I'm in the right because they
think they can do whatever, because of my disability.
I've struggled with my own mental health: For half the
time I dealt with it alone.
My own family didn't know: And still don't.
Why should I have to pay to talk to someone?
Walking around, I feel I can't be nice to people, I feel I
need to make a wall around me.
The things I've been called.
I'm part of the movement to create change.
If you want change to happen, you have to be part of the
solution.
I don't want you to fix my disability.
But I want you to help me deal with it.

Sebastian

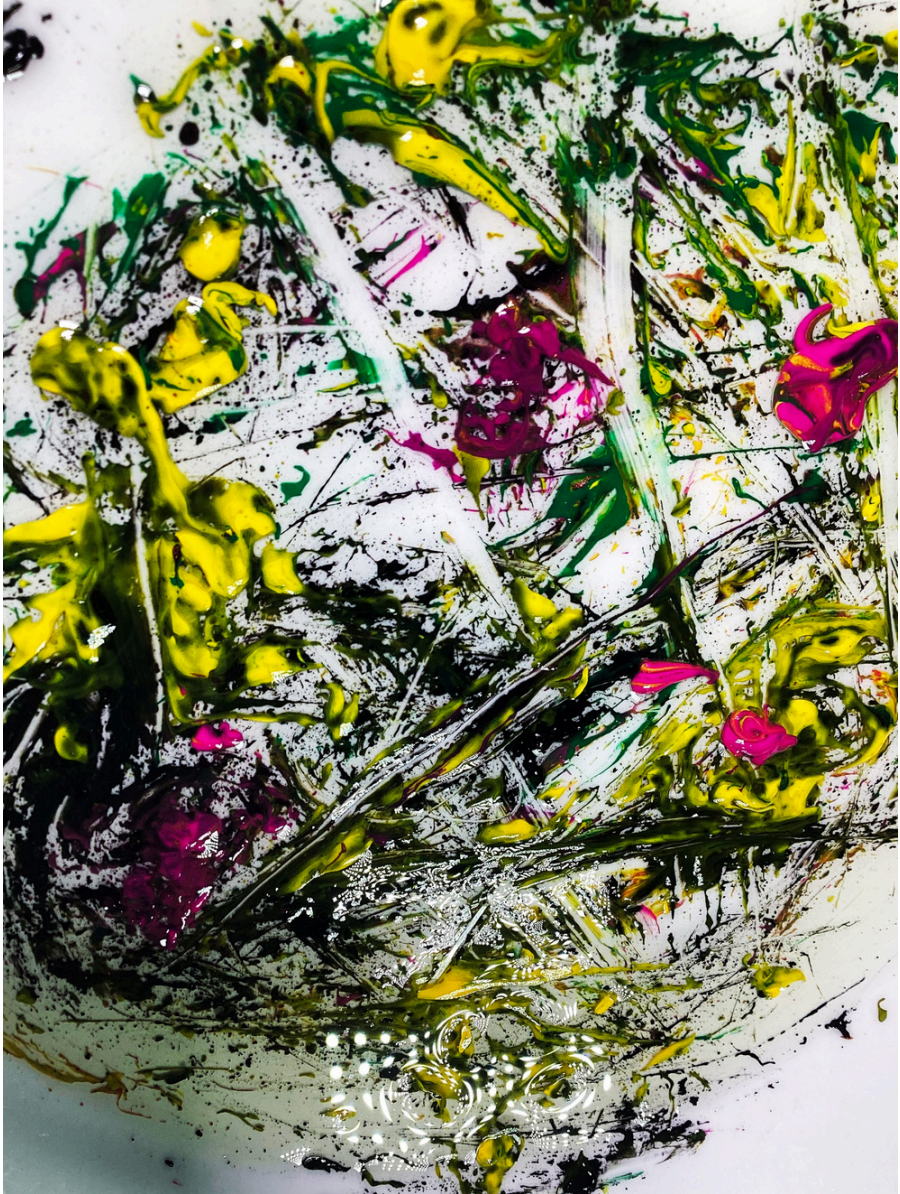


Bioluminescence

Marine life has always fascinated me from a very young age. Whether it's from the shallow coral reefs which gleam with beauty, or the darkest depths of the midnight zone where sunlight cannot penetrate.

In a way, these two places often reflect upon my own life and wellbeing. The darkest depths being my bad days, where I feel anxious, inconsolable and unmotivated. Whereas, the shallow coral reefs are a complete change in thought and perspective, and I relate them to moments in my daily life where everything goes correctly, I feel content within myself and I feel confident enough to do something impactful.

Alexei



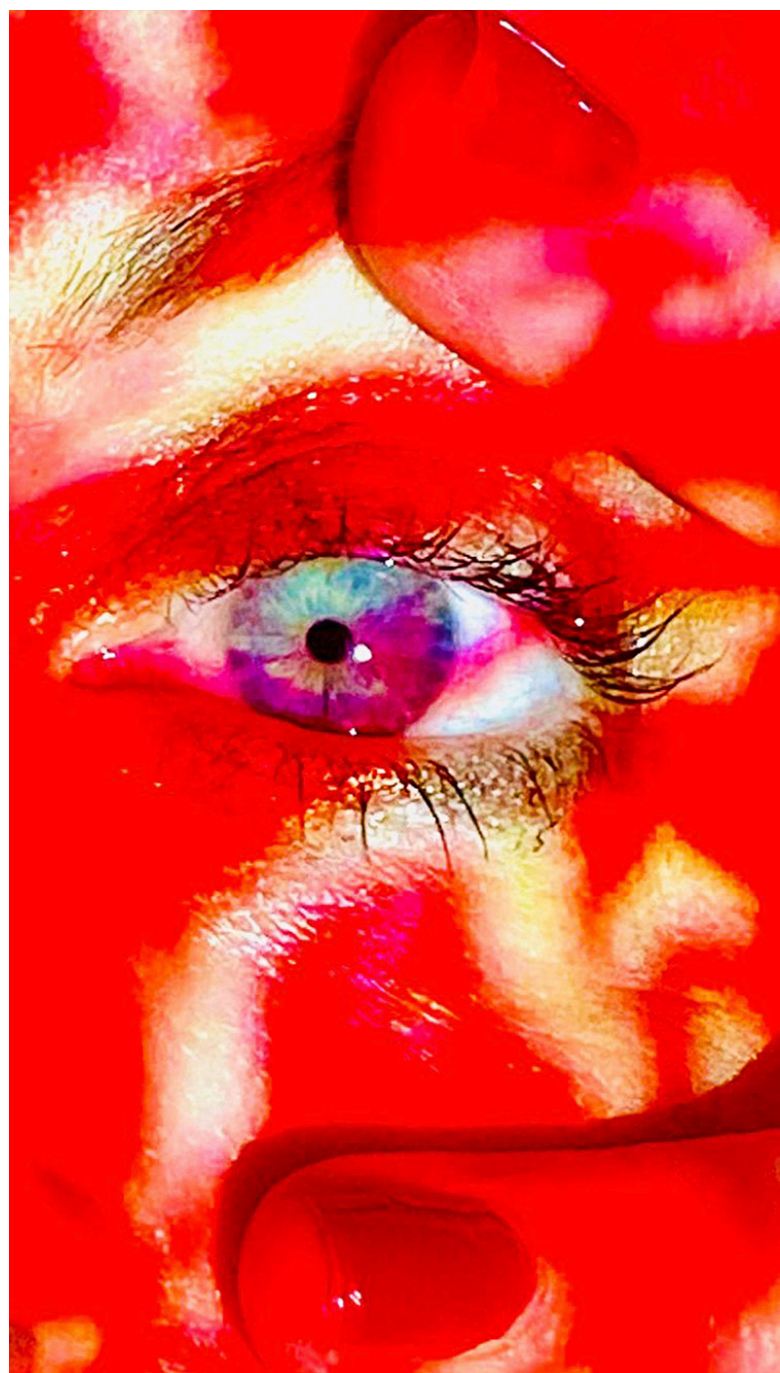
I've Got a Thing About...

Parking my car, cars too close behind me
Narrow country roads
And approaching large vehicles...

Too many people in exhibition rooms
Too many rooms, too much info
Keep it simple
Unnecessary music with documentaries on TV

In my space let me rock
and let it all hang out
Or maybe some Taverner to fill my soul
Along with Leonard in a midnight choir

Christina



In she comes, that lady in RED
She woke at 4 and made her bed
Took her seat, with legs in RED tartan
Curtains drawn and the room darkens
RED lips, nails, legs and chair
White screen, dim lights, spot lit Claire
The Holly bush and the berry
She started the day feeling merry
The RED changed from bright to deep
Trigger's flow, RED veins seep
The colour is LOUD and NOT empowering
She shrinks in her seat, slowly cowering
The RED of her legs take her away
But, she will be back, bright again another day
fear not, for it is okay
The RED in her lips will allow her to say
RED is my mask because it is bold
Inside I am scared if the truth be told
Let's all stand and remember
Colours can be our protector
It does not mean we are always okay
But we show up with our colour
To live and learn another day

Claire



Green & Red makes Yellow,

A poem to make you mellow

Red is from the
heart, without it
we would always
be apart.

Green is for a new
start, as fresh as
the spring, helps our
wellbeing.

Yellow is the sun,
you and I combined
makes it fun, together
forever ensures it shall
never run.

Walnuts are wealth,
we may have poor
health, but together
we are strong, which
is where we belong.

With the blue sea
all around, it began
with a sound, I got
down on one knee,
you became fully
Glee!

As yellow as the
barley, you and I
wed, 'I do' you
said, as husband
and wife we now
live our life.

Peter



New Beginnings

I look back at our friendship its easily seen
He's no different to how he has always been
It's me who has changed from the subservient Octavia
The ever-willing side kick, his long-suffering saviour

I now realise why it all lasted so long
This dysfunctional friendship so crazy, so wrong
A reflection of me, my old life in the mirror
The Consortium, the octopi, the abuse, horribly similar

Yes, our friendship had mimicked my own wretched story
Trying to lessen my pain if I could just lessen his fury
Then jubilantly shout 'yes' I've made everything right
Feel the power at last, a short-legged octopus knight

And I'll get off a his case he's never gunna change
I'll get outa his face or mine he'll rearrange
And accept that the past no longer applies
And smile at my therapist, and sever old ties

Helen



I've Got a Thing About

I've got a thing about autism
People might think I'm strange
But to me, we are special.
I have a thing about mental health
People think we might be crazy
But we are unique.
To me mental health means we
Can achieve anything if we just believe.

Matthew

The Awesome A to Z

A is for Awesome

B is for Bottom

C is for Cauliflower

D is for Devilish Dentist

E is for Effervescent

F is for Fiddlesticks

G is for Godly

H is for Horrendous Hippopotomus

I is for Interesting Igloo

J is for Justification

K is for Kit Kat Chunky

L is for Lorry Red or Yellow?

M is for Majestic

N is for November Nonsense (it's Notorious!)

O is for Ordinary

P is for Piles!

Q is for Quarrelsome

R is for Rainbow

S is for Simple

T is for Teabag

U is for Underneath

W is for Windy

X is Obviously Xylophone

YMCA

Z is for Zembrano

and Zee End

An afternoon group poem

A collection from ***Tell Your Story***, a social prescribing creative wellbeing project, produced by The New Wolsey Theatre and led by artists, Gillian Allard and Dean Parkin.

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Suffolk Libraries

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