



EMBRACE THE STRENGTH

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West Yorkshire, and artists Becky and
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In association with the Diocese of West Yorkshire and The Dales



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Me Myself And I

I feel fresh as clean linen when I come out from the shower.

When I look in the mirror I count my blessings,

I say to myself that you can get through hard times.

When I look in the mirror I know I am alive.

I like the colour of my eyes. They are big and brown.

My children have the same colour. My eyes shine so bright.

I like my skin because I catch the sun really easily.

My hair is long and flowing

like ribbons in the sunshine.

My hair changes colour in the sun – dark brown, light brown
and sometime ginger and white stripe going through.

I have long straight hair that I can style multi ways.

My creative hands give me an artistic, celebrated feeling.

I celebrate my tattoos because they are my kids' names.

I celebrate my ears that allow me to experience music.

I celebrate my body when it shows I've lost weight on the scales,
no matter how small it might be.

I celebrate my body as it allows me to stand and worship.

I love the way swimming makes me feel weightless
and I can float on the surface.

I feel floaty when I put a dress on as it's not usually my kind of attire.

I love when I get really dressed up for a special occasion,
dressed for the season.

I love to wear pastels in the summer, soft floaty materials.

I like wearing my heels when I go out on an evening.
Walking up the hill to come home makes my legs ache
and makes me short of breath.

I celebrate my legs because they walk me.

My ankles hurt when I walk up hills and walk for a long time.

I walk through the days on my long legs, my feet walking happily.

My Master

I used to have a master of an evil kind, he used to totally control my mind, body and soul. At first he was fun and cool but soon I became his fool – a victim without a f***** chance. He took my life in just one glance.

He's so sneaky and full of deceit. I wonder why we ever had to meet. Thanks to my master I'm now someone I hate. I used to have a life and it was somewhat great. Now all I do is lie and steal from my family and then at night all I do is pray to die. Still, I can't leave my master for any reason he's too strong and completely in control.

He's the one I run to - morning day and night. I used to be loving, caring and enjoyed my life. Everyone closest to me says I don't look the type. They can't picture me locked away in my room, smoking a high.

I once was a pretty girl from the north but the master soon took my looks away, he says you'll never be clean - you love me too much. He loves that I don't even bother and grovels when I'm miserable, crying. I'm already dead, well, I'm just a shell of the woman I once was.

My master gave me a life of pure hell. Yes, I have a master of an evil kind. He took over and everything good was left behind. I pray you never meet my master. If your paths cross, run and then run faster and never look back.

Destiny

In all my nightmares,
where demons dared to tread,
sweat crept across my body,
holding me down like vines
intertwined with cement.

Back then, I saw life through
tinted black windows.
Where were my friends then?

Ten became two.
Who knew
what years separated
friends from me?
Snap them off
One by one
like branches from a tree

Who could forgive me?
Behind black tinted windows
I travelled in my own self-made tomb
to a destination my nightmare,
could not even picture,
a place of hate and pain
lost in echoes of past mistakes.

Too late.

I had found my fate and it was there with you in friendship's wings
You shielded me to my destiny.

Friendship

Friendship is a lifetime healer,
it happens all year round,
loyalty, caring, loving and friendly
or that's how it sounds.

Although the love is a different kind,
true love is hard to come by.
So when you find that true best friend
Never let go, it was a god send.
Appreciate every minute you get to spend
Because every good beginning has an end.
15 years and still going strong.
Who would have thought it would have been this long?

Untitled

I push all my problems to the back of my mind, then they surface in my dreams. They come alive. I sweep all my issues to somewhere I can't find in hope that I'll forget but there's just so many times.

Why can't I be strong and just confront all my fears when the fear is hurting you by being sincere? But how many more days can I run? How many years emotions flooding and now all seeming so clear.

Crying for no reason, feel the tears roll down. I felt strong but I'm not, breaking now, crying for no reason cause I buried it deep. I made promises I could not keep cause I never faced all the pain I caused now the pain is hitting full force.

I push all my problems to the back of my brain, a darkness deep inside where I just can't find my way. How can I walk with a smile, get on with my day when I deceived myself pretending it's all okay?

I've tried my best to hold it all together. I know the strings have worn away and now I'm all exposed I try to hide it all away on top of a shelf. I can lie to everyone but not to myself.

Now the pain is hitting full force. Forgive me now cause I said that I'd be there for you, care for you. I let you down, I walked away cause there were things I couldn't say to you. I'm breaking now.

I burned some bridges down there must be some way out. The voices speak so loud will you forgive me now?

Stronger

I feel stronger when I know
I've done something
right.

I feel stronger now that I have
got rid of a man
who controlled me and took
something from me.

I'm stronger now I can have
a fresh start, make
new friends and meet new people,

stronger than
yesterday.

Strength In Remembering

My exit from the dock
was swift, floating, lost.
Although the handcuffs sat heavy
I looked on them as if in passing,
catching the colour, the shine
like trays of jewellery resting peacefully in a Pandora shop.

Alone I rose,
heard shouts from the gallery.
I felt hazy like the moment your eyes flutter
on a warm day and you have been sitting too long.

I'm standing slowly, walking with anyone
who feels the need to follow
like walking to town casually with friends.
Only me is left standing,
standing, standing strong, strolling into my sentence
with a strength.
I will remember this day and all the days that follow.
I will remember I stood up. I took it all in,
breathed in justice and breathed out me.

Strong

We build a bond between us. It grows stronger each and every day. Ready to move forward. Strong, that could be us. Look around us. Butterflies go past, lighten our life with colours, green, yellow, blue, suck strong vibrant colours. They move from flower to flower, unaware what life brings.

The light above shines through, bringing shards of bright light, moving through the flowers below. Following the light, the clouds form different images. A dream inside your head, what imagination we have. For a moment we are lost in a world of illusions where no one can come in, our thoughts: our fate. Just for now we have the ending. We see ourselves. Strong.

Back now from deep thought, still moving forward, still feeling pain. I step forward, only to stop. Looking up I see strength, colour and hope. The strong trunk I am faced with, the leaves falling at my feet. How humble I feel, facing this awesome beat and strength that has been around forever. My head is clear. I see around me. The past has gone. Don't look back. Let's walk among the butterflies, let's listen to the birds sing. We walk together, hand-in-hand, smiles on our faces, close at last. Tears have gone for now. Strong, united at last. Moving forward together, we are strong.

Untitled

Hot sun on my skin

Cool water around my ankles

Soft sand and my feet sinking into it

Soft breeze blowing just enough to disturb my hair

Waves making a soft lapping sound as they hit
the shore.

The noise of the other people on the beach

The rubbish and mess they leave behind polluting their surroundings

A grain of sand, just one of the billions that are there but each different, all individual,
just wanting to be.

Nature's Vision

Heat, breath, smells of smoke,
vision like a lens shutter over my eyelids,
space, colours like fire and sky, like an ocean above me,
green yellow changing all around me,
spiralling.

A grain of sand - just one
of the billions that are there
but each different, all individual
like snowflakes, all wanting to be.

Dress in the wind,
walking up a hill,
looking at all the countryside and animals,
my open hair flying across my face,
obstructing my view, the view of the beautiful moors.

The force of the wind is
stronger from the left, hair blowing, becoming
like a bouffant-rock style,
swooshing through,
hair whipping my face,
flesh pulling backwards,
vision impeded
until the stop.

My right side feels warm and contented and
makes me feel like a whirlwind of two different worlds
but both enjoyable.
With the sun glowing from afar,
the brighter it becomes, the hotter it gets.

With the rain comes the sun,
with the sun comes the rain,
with the rain comes the thunder.
After the thunder comes a bright new day.

Whistle, the noise loud but comforting,
don't fight against it,
embrace the power and strength of nature.