

Poetry Series

**jodi glass**  
**- poems -**

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## jodi glass()

hi I am starting out poet, and like poetry as unlike prose is friendlier for dxlexia. so if my spelling off spell check cant understand the way I write.

I started off at art angel in Dundee as something to do and have improved over the years and learning every Friday about how to write even better.

I have borderline personality and anxiety. so some of my poetry will be dark at times. its either black or white.

now or my influences, sylvia Plath and her autobiographical style. kinda like the way i use my writing to sort out my emotions.

i am the oldest of four and took up writing properly after dabbling in it for twenty odd years. i was published in a school poetry competition at thirteen. unfortunately that was fourteen years ago and didn't keep the poem. so this time round while i have the time i am trying to go far was possible.

i am addicted to my iPod, love punk 1978 to 1982 and punk now. i Love reading and have currently 310 plus books and i have read them all. i am a bit kooky, and i am nuts he-he.

i am a cat mummy and pj will be mentioned alot. and there is a lot more, my biggest hope is to publish on book. only one as my main aim is to work with people in the future and writing will always be a big part o my life.

## 27 Turned 14

forcibly shoved in my own wee world  
in a bubble that came free  
books, music and can you tell me what else?  
that desk in the door-less cupboard became my universe

clear years where nothing happened  
photos i cannot date  
events and places i cannot remember  
but tell me this, is a hyper fun filled state any better?

when in truth, a mood swing the wrong way  
can take me back to that desk, being 14 again

jodi glass

# A Poem To Remember For Hard Days

tomorrow is a new day, fears will evaporate  
and smiles will be permeated in  
our world  
sorries will be given and unicorns will  
take over

yesterday will be forgotten, but not forgiven  
feelings changing and community's forming  
against the big machine  
don't let the chains keep you down  
because lessons they learn

today, harness your feelings, and formulate  
a action plan  
don't cheat, just leap into loop holes  
and tomorrow ingrained smiles will be worth it

yesterday cant last forever  
today wont be your future  
and tomorrow is possible

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# Books With Me Forever

George Orwell and Sue Townsend how will they be?  
If I bounded up to see them in the spirit world  
I would love to hear their thoughts on abstract words  
and 1920s poverty.  
And to find out If Adrian Mole finally married Pandora

a big massive library sorted by genres and authors  
with a big comfy chair so sink into  
Sylvia Path would read her work and I would finally understand  
and she would become johnny panic  
and I would saviour the moment, when she smiled at me

new books would magic up, all for free  
I would nick them from the library, pop down just to see  
and will my book still be there under my pen name?  
The one that bought me my flat  
or did in my dreams

books in heaven, a dream for me  
books In heaven, how to choose what comes with me

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# Building 54

building 54 was not an exciting place  
not the tallest, nor the smallest  
with 200 more along the street  
an ordinary building in the city

the faded black door, little noticed on a cloudy day  
and even more ignored by the sun  
with 200 more along the street  
on ordinary door in the city

the round door handle, tainted with unseen finger prints  
brass coloured, with sliver dotted about  
rusted and cold to touch, grinding metal opening the faded black door  
with 200 more along the street  
an ordinary door handle in the city

the unlit room, stripped with sunlight  
the grimy floor, covered with growing grey dust  
strips of light hits the floor  
with 200 more along the street  
an ordinary empty building in the city

building 54 was not an exciting place

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# Cider Fuelled Confidence And Reply

boy do i love myself, i am amazing and perfect  
equally unstoppable and will set the world on fire

100% attitude and no longer needing to hunt my self esteem down  
with pj fed and sleeping on my duvet

hoping this feeling lasts longer than the sheppys cider  
cos i like this women, strong, smiling and uber confident

reply to cider fueled confidence (sober 2 days later)

hey carefree girl, good to see ya  
can you bottle that confidence  
an give me a sip  
keep on smiling and i will catch you up someday

with your opinionated personalty  
an your grown up quality's  
don't miss me too much  
when you achieve our dreams

cos i am your shadow  
who hides behind doors  
not quite connected to you  
but give me time, i shall be soon

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## Dont(Not Celebrating Hygge)

Hygge, don't make me laugh, a nice meal, telling  
your aunt about that one good bloke  
wandering around ansruther, for the day to  
end with seeing your deceased granny in  
a lovely Mahoney box

fudge, the latest addition to the farm, putting  
a smile on your ten year olds brothers face  
and a sad 19 years too  
pretending that Monday is not 5 days away  
black clothes donned for one day only

a family reunited from the three corners  
of the uk  
false smiles and how do you dos  
when hate is masked for the one gran  
we liked

Hygge is for next year but this  
year don't make me laugh

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# Easy Like Sunday Morning

Ashtray filling,  
TV watching,  
Points gaining,  
Facebook watching,  
Cat is annoying,  
Internet stalking,  
Sofa denting,

Cos its easy  
Easy like Sunday morning

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# Good Things Find The Mind

in doom and gloom, lives belief  
in dark days, there are people who are buoyant

good things find the mind  
a chocolate bar, an even better book than before  
a bus trip to nowhere or to somewhere  
either way its a freedom bus trip  
even with masks

great things find the mind  
that one connection, love or friendship  
that lasts a lifetime  
or that brief fling that leaves soft footprints  
fondly remembered

amazing things find the mind  
cuddling nephews, who like to be sung too  
and hearing auntie, called through a glass door  
when you manage to make them smile  
or only you can cuddle them

horrible things find the mind  
a brain that recycles thought over and over  
not relenting or giving breaks  
insecurities that plague and dement  
that give the good things a sour taint

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# Guilt

it the chewing gum stamped in to the pavement  
slowly multiplying cell by cell, blocking your way  
no way round, through or jumping over

it had the bitter lemon taste, and was  
throwing grit into the throat  
it how it ended up on the pavement

the smell of seaweed wont go away  
the noise of drilling whirs in the brain non stop  
it bigger than the house,5 miles high

its too slimy to push through  
and it taunts me, you did wrong!  
and you will never get rid of me

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# Its Never Over

legs weak and sweat beading not so slow  
ears deaf and eyes floating  
the uncomfy seat growing ever more

overflowing with nerves and un wanted memories  
standing on command, the truth is to be told  
another chair and I may as well be in the floor

deafening silence's and whispered sentences  
minute details leaving my gob  
embarrassment growing while she witters on

what colour is the walls? what is her name?  
please let me out!  
sugar! here comes the tears!

small and weak I didn't want to be  
emotionally spent and dog tired  
walking out the shrinking box

I felt 3 feet small

small and weak I became  
dyed blue and streaked with blue  
I was hung to dry and forgot

fresh air was a relief, for the child  
who realised what life was  
step by step, stomp by stomp

breathing in air unpolluted by scum

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# Lottie

covered in heavy words and dried acrylic paint  
taking in all, hard to voice feelings  
a non judgemental, never to be seen friends

an out of date phone and a gratified diary her home  
quietly taking in red rage, green jealousy, and the bluest blues  
calmly listening to insecurities waging war on the inner child

Lottie will never say hi or bye  
but will soothe pain by not saying a word, just reading  
Lottie the good one, the strong one and the silent one

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# Mr Archibald Lives At My House

educational services and debt collections

Mr Archibald, please unhide

i know you don't want to, but im fed up

are you in my red boots, or with my precious cat scratched books

am i looking in the wrong place?

your not in the 3 day old milk carton

or stored with the toilet roll

dam there is the phone again

Mr Archibald its for you!

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# Once Again

the house was built in 1850, seven fireplaces  
10 servants and four members of the Joneses  
on the cold windy october day  
no holes in the roof or trees  
destroying the east side  
on a even windier day

There was rooms galore, green baize doors  
just for us servants  
we knew our place, we didn't want to get higher  
overwhelming at first, with bedraggled  
walls, because it was just us

the pantry was old Tom's responsibility  
wine, sugar, salt and tea  
only he could give it out  
and mrs sue, the cook, gave us  
jobs to do if we dawdled past

clean the aga! ,  
isn't it wash day today?  
hurry up and clean the pots,  
the queens cousin is  
due tonight, whilst hoping  
i got to bed before midnight was a regular thing

the Joneses never met me, i wasn't  
a butler or a footmen  
i had to clean before they got up  
and hide behind the baize door  
if i heard them

living there 365 days of the year, gave me the family i was never given  
i turned 12 in 1850 and the poor house got me this job  
the job where i met Lottie the kitchen assistant  
and philip the gardeners assistant, siblings they became  
and old Tom became like a dad  
mrs Sue was just scary

and now its 1925, i still mourn the day  
they moved away, wanted the factories  
but not the smog  
at 87 i will not see the blitz blow the house away like a sandcastle

but tonight i am going to dream of 1850 and the family i will once again meet  
'lottie, where is Philip? mrs jones wants a bouquet for dinner'  
back to being an general maid happily once again

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# Paranoid Guilt

a fear of saying the wrong thing  
a voice saying, don't offend anyone, don't say a word  
i don't like 1D, ignore, stare or a thank god  
what response is hard to gage  
OMG is the right word, right?  
no my brain will ignore that minefield  
a safer route is to be classed as stupid or being quiet  
an internal lack of free speech

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# Retitled

so called damaged, still alive hiding scars  
battles fought, wars won  
standing strong, support required, but we are not damaged  
life is just lived differently

trauma bought side effect, sensitive, but flip the coin  
and they can say I survived, I still stand  
but treated like egg shells that are scattered in a circle  
strength pulled us through like when the black dog came to stay

personality affected. Patience and frustration lead a path,  
newly forged. Not a detour. But life found a way to  
show the real path for us  
we found our way out of darkness

praise be, we were, like all, born with braveness  
built in. to be used in case of emergency.  
Scars show we won, and its the reason  
these words are being read out

stand tall, shout out, I am me. I might be variant of the old me  
BUT I AM ME.

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# Rising Waters

sauntering along when suddenly she started to  
drown in fear,  
struggling with tides and caught unaware  
and breathing, in short supply  
being dragged down wards  
her world, became scary again

tears mingling with scratchy guilt  
and an itching skin that wont calm down  
waterfalls rippling over a tensed up body  
wishing she was sauntering along again

waves of relief short lived  
when it happens all over again  
the walls crumble slowly down  
the progress made temporarily gone

and the confidence ran away the spoon

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# The Cure Wont Hold Forever

when the brain doesn't decide i should live, or i need a bit of pain for a  
temporary fix  
anxiety meds dont help, and a chunk of my personality disappears melting away,  
never to be seen again.  
only you cant find it on a old map  
leaving me to chase around in my mind, gone and always forgotten.

fight as you might, its sitting in the dark  
hiding until they need yet another chunk,  
to feed what ever they are, to feed there soul

the cure is meds, keeping invisible forces at bay  
but how many pieces of me need to run away, before i am a shell  
a lifeless scared, robot

i dont know what i will be, i aint even 30.  
a lifetime of this i can not take  
cures and routine, friends and family  
but as the years add on  
bouncing back is not easier  
for i am slipping away, piece by piece until one day  
i am a shell, oh hell

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# Things I Wish I Could Say, If It Didn't Worry You

"hello" I am your daughter, sarah lou  
or sarah to you  
I am dirty minded, clutzy and forgetful  
I a sucker for one hit wonders  
an insanelly crazy too

I have secrets, I wont say  
I like westlife, I just don't say it  
drink fuelled karaoke, I cant resist  
and I talk to pj as I he was a person

I make myself cry so I don't explode  
I think of harmful thoughts, I just don't  
and I fight them every night  
daily struggles in protecting you  
when I hate myself and battle my head, just to get out of bed

but the light is on my side  
I look for books just by the title  
wishing everyday for good Charlotte to get back together  
and Ronnie Radke would knock on my door.  
Also my teddy Bears mean everything

I hate pink lipstick  
why do people like me?  
I work hard to smile and be OK  
because the government say I have to be  
when all I want to do is curl up and cry

"hello" I am your daughter, sarah to you  
proud to be your offspring  
even I cant read this to you

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# This Hand

this hand will pick up trophies  
green guilt, kiwi flavoured  
this hand picks up pens of dreams  
ordinary yellow, leaning proudly

this hand will find gold  
shining the pacific ocean  
this hand strokes oceans  
on a cloudy day, murky, dream filled ocean's

this hand will feel the tender stroke  
of silk hands, woven specially for mine  
this hand glides over stupidly soft cats  
fur, transferring love daily from a full bank

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# Underland

the constant pounding of footsteps, caused pain to their delicate ears  
and despite being use to constant Richter scale 8, nobody slept easily  
7 trillion men, children and women got on with fixing buildings and earning their  
pay

they harvested, the` many roots that grew  
from above and filtered the soil coloured water  
to wash their plastic houses  
resources were plentiful and nobody starved  
and everyone cared about the planet  
it wasn't easy, but they managed to party despite the noise

Australia reported on twitter, a strange phenomenon, a  
blinding light with an arctic breeze  
most took pictures, but didn't really care  
and within two days holes appeared in  
Europe, Asia and the USA  
only then did people scare

panicked, the people of the world  
emptied the supermarkets an emptied the  
lakes  
when the roots disappeared and the water poured in  
it took 3 brave women and rigged up ropes  
they decided the explore, the holes that took over the news

after a hour o back breaking climbing, the women braced themselves  
for the worst  
peaking over, they saw nothing but green  
as far as the eye could see  
and rolling along was an enormous  
dark blue digger  
holding there breath involuntarily  
they let out a scream

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# Waves

under currents and over currents  
sea life floating to a calmer tune  
ruled by waters way

clear films of liquid torn apart  
by boats speeding to ports and harbours  
rocks and mile deep homes hidden

homes that surround the concrete post  
put in, so land dwellers can cross waters  
waves we only wish to know about, ruled by the mighty moon

cos us air breathers, only rush our life away

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