

Poetry writing submissions

WOMEN & GIRLS OF HILLINGDON



25th November –
International Day for the
Elimination of Violence
against Women

Hillingdon Women's Centre are asking women & girls of Hillingdon to submit their poems to celebrate International Day for the Elimination of Violence Against Women

Make sure:

- Poem is no longer than 2 pages
- Email your work to isobel@hillingdonwomenscentre.org
- Email no later than 20th November at 11am
- You are happy for your poetry to be displayed on our website
- You identify as a woman

Theme of poetry
Resilience of
women

Thank you for your poetry

We were overwhelmed with the number of submissions we received to mark this important day. We are so pleased that all of the submissions we received are stored here in this collection.

I KNOW I CAN by Tessa

I think I can, I think I can, I think I can
change my life.

I know I can, I know I can, achieve a
better life.

A life with peace and tranquillity,

A life without hostility

.A life without anxiety.

A life with joviality.

I think I can, I think I can, I think I can walk
away.

I know I can, I know I can enjoy another
day.

A day with hope and positivity.

A day that starts with clarity.

A day of fun and frivolity.

A day of love and sincerity.

I think I can, I know I can.

Who are they? By Mel G

They say when you get knocked down, to get back up,
They say a future can be read at the bottom of a tea cup,
They say the grass is greener on the other side,
They say problems can be washed away like an evening tide,

But who are they?

They wish you well and say good luck,
They give you hope and say chin up duck,
They listen carefully and give you cuddles.
They listen to your woes and mop up your tear puddles,

But who are they?

They watch you cry and tell you one day you'll get over it,
They tell you to move on and forget every bad bit,
They tell you, you are worth so much more,
They tell you, you are treasured and adored.

But who are they?

They give you hope when all you feel is despair,
They talk to you with tenderness and care,
They make you rise and stand a little bit taller,

They know you need them and they become your regular
night time caller,

But who are they?

They are the women that have been there before,

They are the women that know you have to fight from your
very core,

They are the women who will stand by your side,

They are the women before you, who will be your guide.

They are one of us.

They are the women who will help make you mend,

They are the women who will fight your corner to the bitter
end,

They are the women who will help make you stronger,

They are the women who memories will stay with you
longer.

They are one of us.

They are the women who have gotten back up again,

They are the women who carry on after counting to ten,

They are the women who have learnt and are fully skilled,
They are the women who are happy and fulfilled,

They are one of us.

They are now you, who survived and are standing tall,
They are now you, who is living life and having a ball,
They are now you, who is full off smiles and full of future
plans.

They are now you, who helps other women every way you
can,

They are me.

A poem by K McGarr

You saw a victim you set your trap, I
always thought I wouldn't fall for that!

But that's what you do, it's a skill well
rehearsed you make your victims feel
like they are cursed.

You drained all hope and made me
want to die, my soul was gone I was
dead behind the eyes.

But then came our baby, born into this
mess I refused to be the victim, I wasn't
worthless.

No longer would I let you abuse and
control my life, despite daily threats
that you would use that knife.

The fire started burning inside of me I
knew what I had to do I could finally
see.

My life had purpose, you would no
longer control, there was better out
there for me and my girl!

A poem by K McGarr

Hey I'm that girl that you wanted to
break, can you see me now im finally
awake.

I am strong and you are weak I have a
voice now hear me speak.

I'm not all those things that you called
me I'm a survivor, can you see!

I am free, I am alive you cannot hurt
me, no more, you tried.

I'm a lion hear me me roar, the abuse is
over, let me show you the door!

Divine Feminine by E.Shepherd

To mistreat me, is to mistreat your mother.

The Divine feminine are ONE, there is no difference between one another.

See,

your mother is my sister,

The same bloodline as your daughter.

The same family of the heart's YOU choose to slaughter.

Slow down.

Why do you scowl at the sight of your Divine's phone call?

She's probably only asking if you're okay, and how was your day?

That's all.

But still you CHOOSE to be cruel...

Men drop their seeds where they
please,

So they can breed.

But do their breasts produce milk to
which their baby can feed?

No

Because beneath the skin of a
woman,

She is a home.

The same place you came from,

So your disrespect is not something
that can be condoned.

Sit.

Lay your head on my chest,

I ask you to allow the emotions these social constructs have led you to suppress.

I know your heart is in distress.

I know someone told you

"to love is to be weak"

Alas, without love, life is simply bleak.

Can you not just let it be?

Let us join forces.

I will love you, and you will love me.

There's no such thing here as vulnerability.

I want to live in a world where men cry.

To cry does not mean you're allowing your manhood to die.

It's about cleansing all the ancestral wounds you have inside.

To love me,

Is to love your mother.

Set free yourself, your son, and
your brother.

Silence and Strength by anonymous

My silence

My silence does not mean
that I welcome your kiss,
your caress; your hands
upon me, stroking soft,
quicken my heart beat,
promising fulfilment -

fat fingers of memory,
intrude, desiccate
speech, leave me powerless
to stop you. Skin shrieks,
shrinks.

I am locked inside.

My strength

My silence that has me

imprisoned

rises up, revolts, rages
round all the corridors
of my inner life.

I love you. But
no longer will I lie
in silence
tears upon my face.

I will no longer submit:

I am my mind's safekeeper.

The guardian of my own body.

My light. By K. Gill

Grace jones once said that she had her own concept of time

but I have my own concept of light.

I created it from dark and

it isn't a fluorescent bulb that the moths attack,

it isn't the blue middle rays of a torch,

it isn't the static glow of a television that's never turned off.

It's the type of light that is often dark

that's often grey,

that's often gunmetal.

It's the type of light that isn't on one

end of the colour spectrum

but instead on the other.

It's the type of light that only seems light because everything else is so dark. It's the type of light that is intelligent enough to shift its hue to grey, just so you can see it in amongst the navy darkness.

But you can see it.

You can see it,
with the pads of your burnt
fingertips.

You can see it
because it sinks, so wonderfully
into the spiralled pads of your aching
fingertips.

If you squeeze them tight enough,
against each other
you can harness it.

You can pinch it
you can squeeze it -
Until the angry top can't take it
anymore.
Until it yields
until it bursts -
against the pressure of believing
fingertips.

And it bursts
in a way that shoots

blasts -
throws itself, against the blank canvas
of a dark space
in a pattern
that makes no sense,
other than its colour.

There is light

that is lighter than it ever
has been before.

That is lighter for the first
time in a long time than
it's shadow

ever was.

A poem by Hadia Shahabi

Come out of the prison of the minds

Minds of those who are actually blind

Come out and fly like a free bird

You're a world of power in a word

A lifetime friend by the name of woman

Who can find such a powerful
champion

You always put effort and do your best

Which is not easy for the rest

No one can easily know and explain

How can you bear this much pain

Never give off your precious smile

It's filled with hope if we think for a
while

Come out and show who you actually
are

You are the sun for each shining star

“Hit a girl, hit the world, and the world hits back” by Minam Sheikh

I wake up daily scheming my escape
But what about my family/children?
He pulls my hair.
He slaps my face.
Almost all the time,
you are kicking her,
You twist her arm because you think
she could be a weaker vessel
There's blood on my face.
Everything hurts,
And all I can do is cry and suffer.
Because no one will believe me
Who will give me a home?
Years have passed by and I am still
waiting
What kind of a demon possesses you?

When will this end?

My makeup doesn't cover my bruised
face

My smile doesn't hide my haggard
visage

Yet, no one comes to help

They say: soon it will get better They
say: don't talk about it They say: this is
my fate

They say: a woman must tolerate

Don't air your dirty laundry,
they say.

When will this end?

Once again, he drags my body to the
floor

He chokes me and I beg him not to kill
me in front of children

Once again, he demands my silence

Despite all you, have done to her,

You are not still contented,
You use her as a sexual object
You force her to watch indecent
shows.

Sorry, but you have lost your
humanity

Once again,

he tells me I don't deserve to live

I have had enough

I will not be silent anymore

I will live freely

I will find freedom everywhere

This will end today.

Resilience of WOMEN by A

She is fierce, strong and independent,

She is fire,

A strong foundation, vulnerable yet
unbreakable

It is said "when you educate a woman,
you educate a nation" cause she is
resilient, brave
and strong.

She stood in the storm even when the
winds blows and chooses not to be
blown away,

She survived the storm,

She falls seven times yet rises eight,

A mother, a sister, a daughter...

A queen who turned her pain into
power,

In spite the pain, insecurities and
abuses, she chooses not to fall
That's how strong she is...

A goddess made in God's image who
brings forth life

Given God's gifted nature,
she walks gracefully,

Yet flawed but still worthy of the
crown

A masterpiece and work in progress.

She became the hero she needed,
She is a badassery, a winner, a
warrior.

A Smile is a Dangerous Thing by P. Bolger

A smile,
A gesture of kindness,
A sign of happiness,
My mother taught me manners-
It is polite to smile.
Assembly's taught us a smile can
brighten someone's day.

A smile,
Something that once was so natural
Becomes so rare
Not a hello,
Not a scream of please harass me,
Not an open sign.

A smile,
Something that was once so natural Is
so rare.

I am now aware of the consequences,
12-years-old hit on
Due to a smile.

A smile,
Becoming rare
The popularity of the resting bitch face
ascending
Something that is not a sign of
rudeness,
But a way to put your guard up,
A way to prevent harassment,
A way to scream closed.

A smile,
Becoming a dangerous thing.

Nobody Owns Her by Rachel

Fernandes

Nobody owns her

She's just a woman but a whole lot of
explosion

She believed in her heart and still has a
whole lot of sparkle

Flames of fire burning in her eyes

Pay no heed to the critics but she'd
hurdle

Got her feet grounded beneath the
surface

Standing a little taller

Chin a bit higher

She got the power,

Cause nobody owns her

There's more to her than just what they
know

Her comeback cannot be tamed but
she'd hustle

And when she quit,
she still rise higher

Unmasking herself, fixing her crown

Speaking a bit louder

Soul a bit stronger

Heart a little prouder,

Cause nobody owns her

She's just a women but she's
unstoppable

She needs no one to believe in her,

Cause no one can stop her

Nobody owns her.

The Battlefield by Chloë Sibley

A field of pulled roots
whimpering against the wind, watching
their seeds torn away. Fruitful
carnations now limply
dull enriching water refusing to stay.

The soil besieges the roots, using green
claws to lock them in and push the
spirits down.

But the ground bleeds tears for every
strength that is found.

A river of cries runs its course across
the bruised field,
rejuvenating the roots below. As they
rise against the dirt new seeds begin to
SOW.

A field of freed roots
dancing in the breeze,
watching their seeds thrive. The soil
stays, trapped under fruitful carnations
coming alive.

Violence against women by Sonia Islam

You are not a real man if you are aggressive to a woman.

This is no way to show her how much strength you have.

If she says nothing it doesn't mean she is weak.

How dare you to touch her?

If you are a real man stop getting your anger on her.

Even though you are stressed about work or not able to manage money to pay your bills

or not able to manage money for the house mortgage you are living in.

How would you have felt if someone had given bruises to your mother or to your sister. Just think about how you had felt if you had seen it happening to your loved

one. Wouldn't you feel disgusted?

I feel really disgusted and ashamed of this society and I spit on this society who doesn't

get their hands up to stop it right there. Why not?

I ask why don't you dare to put your leg in this situation.

Still nowadays happening in asian places even though it is the 20th century.

Why people became so ignorant and selfish.

Why shouldn't a woman be given help?

Why should a woman be ashamed to come home to her parents after getting bruises from their husband?

Why women should suffer in silence by themselves.

Society! you should step up as a brother as a shoulder to protect women from violence.

You man how you would have had borned if there was no woman

What If there was no wife to look after you when you are sick or well,cook for you and stay

with you no matter what in happiness or sadness.

Why can't you man control your anger.

Why can't you hold your hands to yourself.

You man should just use these hands to be kind not to use them for violence no matter what.

You man should not even slap your wife.

Wife is precious, there is just one of her and there is not another one like her anywhere in the corner of the world.

Even if you search like her.

You wouldn't find perfect and identical like so before you do this, have it in your mind.

Remember it and fix it sharply on your brain.

If you are a real man share your worries with your wife calmly.

Nothing is going to solve if you give bruises to your wife.

So please be yourself when you do something unexpected.

If you don't stop this horrible violence right now there then you're going to lose your half heart forever.

At last you would feel guilty and you would be the murderer who killed his own wife.

You are the man who really loved her so much when had no children.

What has made you so different now?
Be kind to your wife and this woman is
the only person who will heal you with
love and no outsiders would be able to
this as she is your half part your her.
Don't bruise her with your own hands.
Don't make your hands covered with
the blood of your loved one.

Elimination of Violence against Woman by Ria Islam

Stop the violence!

My day starts with you

I do cook, cleanse every day

For a moment why don't you appreciate
my deeds

You have the right to build my
confidence

but no, you don't have the right to
attack me

The end of the day you destroy me

Every time seeing the mirror

I can't cover my sobbing

Sometimes I ask my self, why me?

What have I done, that I have to keep
my silence?

Why? the silence can't be broken for
all

I deserve to be loved

You aren't here to decide, who are
you to violating me?

I build up the life into grace

I do deserve to be respected

Why just can't you stop your actions?

I wish that I can stop the present

I love that you come home

But I don't expect to struggle with

bruises that aren't mine

I deserve to have peace

Seem everything the same

But the time carries on

Each step of life should be cherished
Not everything is in our hands

I control the headache every day that is
endless

I do calm down as is normal

But my body is too weak to keep up
with it

My mind is suffocated

I am too scared

I am not enough for anything but I have
the right to have the control of my own
body

Free the torture!

For how long am I going to remain in
silence

It going to reveal I want it or not

My happiness cannot cover it
I deserved to be loved
Get out of my life if you can't appreciate
me,
you don't deserve to be in my life

My silence is not my weakness
But your heart, how can it be so cold?
My every silence is not your advantage
of taking control of my life

The rules of the community have to
change

I have the right to get a better life
I am, who can control her own life
I will speak up

No one has the right to treat a woman
with violence

No one has the right to be tortured

Have you ever thought if your sister,
daughter or your mother
was in the same situation will you not
speak up?

Will you let it carry on as is normal.

Free the monster. Life is very precious.
Violence is the torture that is stainless
as a rotten steal.

Love can change everything
Speak up for your own rights.

Silence is the worst choice that ever can
be done.

Free everyday torture.

Women's Violence by Tasniya Islam

What is violence?

What does it mean to you?

What if it happens to you?

Why doesn't anyone help each other?

Why do you have to suffer from it?

What if it happens to one of your family members?

What are you going to do?

You are going to support them

Before you take a step

Think before you act

Because I know you are not going to let that happen to your family

What is the point of being abusive

Do you know what each and one of you are monsters

Don't support anyone if you know they
are being violating a women
You should know what to do

And womens who are being violated
You are supporting the person who are
violating or being abusive to you Why?
Why don't you stop them?

If you stand for yourself there is a
chance for not being violated

Don't be scared

Because each and one of you are dying
from the inside day by day

If there is no happiness in your
relationship

Why do you let them do this to you?
Think about it

In my opinion I think that I would stand

or myself

Would not let anyone to be abusive
to me

What is the point of letting someone
show their brutality to you

What have you done to them

Do you deserve it

If one person stands for them

There would be thousand of womens
Who would be able to stand for
themselves

Whoever is being brutal to you

No one is going to stand for them

They are going to support you

Remember there would be

thousands of people supporting you

You should not let them be abusive

to you

Or you would regret your life being
horrible

There is a chance for you being
happy

Living a good life and being loved.
Be thoughtful about your own
deeds.

Ode to a Narcissist: The girl that got away. By Lisa Taylor

Your mother wound, an aching hole
and through it bleeds your rotten soul.

A damaged man, feeling victimised
you prey on the kind with fake love and
lies.

You'd strangle me with insecurity
and bruise me with your jealousy.

An attractive, handsome man you
seem,

but underneath so cold and mean.

You can't accept who you really are,
so you steal the light from others'
hearts.

They feed your soul, just for a while
like sustenance for your inner child.

You did not expect I'd know the score
but I've been down this path before.
A repeated cycle I have to break,
I'll no longer put my soul at stake
for misery and emptiness;
a life of pain and nothingness.

The scars have made me wise, you see
I'm no longer who I used to be;
slowly fading in a cage
moulded by another's rage.
Who you are, I've no need to ask,
I see the truth behind your mask.

Whilst you dwell in hate and misery
I'll be living life, so wild and free.
You'll think of me, when you're lonely.
you'll miss my light and empathy.

You'll cry and try to make me stay,
but I'll be 'that one' who got away.

Human Sponge by Suzanne Munro

Human sponge, for all, far and wide.
Holding hands, restoring spirits,
turning the tides.

Human sponge, absorbing all:
The black; the bleak;

Human sponge: on high alert for
other's calls.

Soothing, absorbing: easer of pain.
Giving, giving, giving again and again.
Forever giving, as "carer," and
"friend"....

Giving has no limits: has no end.
Giving of self, of time; shared tears,
Listening, restoring, calming fears.
Sympathy,. Empathy, given freely,
Time: talking constant: a

humanitarian duty.

Loved ones, friends, receive
consolation:

A relief from burden, a salination
Of spirit that the sponge will receive
In such limitless quantities it's hard to
believe:

There is no filtration;
Only endless communication, from
every side.

Suddenly, I can no longer push the
tide:

I feel a force pushing me, sucking me
under;

There is no warning, no rumbling of
thunder;

No warning sign

Letters of encouragement, sent with
love:

A hand held: a communicative hug,
Poems of support: a call on the 'phone;
I am all alone.

A councillor to friends;
Friends who don't notice your pain.
You listen to their story again and
again.

You're their "longest friend,"

"You mean all":

"You'll always have a bond," -

But you'll not get a call.

You voice your sadness:

It's not really noticed.

You're made to feel special; feel
unique,

But I better not appear sad, or speak

My feelings: I'm there for others: the
human sponge.

For a while I felt strong: I could cope;

I had music to write, a new friend,
Life, full of hope.

They all let you down - you gave and
you gave:

Life has become like a cave
With no light -

But "I'll be alright." I can only hope,
Suzanne will cope.

Tears well up. They need to be there:
No one else is a constant.

There is no one to care for the carer:
The carer of all:

At the moment, I cannot listen for
another's call.

Tired mind. A mind that needs to find
Compassion, care;

Understanding: to ease the pain,
To restore my being again.

To really listen, to care, to hold a hand:

Someone to understand:

Someone to receive:

Someone to give.

I cried.

Then from my mum, I received love.

I received a human touch.....

The Empty Quarter - The Desert of Care by Suzanne Munro

I walk in a desert.

A desert without much hope.

Mile after mile.

You cope.

There is little place to rest

in the burning heat of care.

The ground is rough on toughened feet;

Who tread where most will not dare.

I walk in a desert:

A desert of searing heat

Where the sun's rays

Which do not shine, beat down.

Somewhere, in the distance, is a town,

Full of people, life;

I cannot reach it.

I am cut off, by the desert,

As a rope is cut by a knife.

Somewhere, there are people,
But they will never venture into the
desert.

Where a steeple of care awaits:
The relentless heat and blowing sand
Of the desert shapes: it hurts.

I walk across the desert, so empty;
Yet it wearies mind and soul.

The desert has no soul.

It draws you in.

A desert - "sans paroles."

I walk across a desert.

I stand in icy bitterness.

It is night.

Alone, I walk in the desert,

Fighting the nothingness,

That there is to fight.

I walk the desert.

The desert steals.

It leaves you thirsty,

Burning, exhausted, and fills

Its emptiness with heaviness that feels

The weight of a thousand grains of

sand.

Alone, surrounded by a vast weight of

emptiness, I stand..