

All original spellings in these poems and creative writing have been left unchanged, please remember that these are genuine residents of a homeless project.



**A collection of**  
*Poetry and Creative Writing*  
**by the Residents at  
Lawrence House**

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## *A Home from Home*

I need to get out, So need to get out  
I shout it again, I need to get out  
All the arguments, I've had enough I feel alone  
I need to get out find my own home  
I need to find a home away from home  
When I'm at home I have a timeline to relax  
When my mums had a bad day I can no longer relax  
My stress is high my confidence is low  
All I need now is some were else to go  
So I just decided to find the telephone  
Five months in a hostel and lucky for me I found a home  
A nice new home away from home.

## *A New Start*

Project Worker - Lawrence House  
November 2009

For me, I see every young person as an open book,  
When they first come through the doors of Lawrence House.  
A brand new chapter has begun in their lives.  
You can guess and surmise about their life story before.  
But for now, a new and fresh start awaits them.

For me, I hope that this safe and supportive home,  
Will enable them to take positive steps forward in their lives.  
Some take massive leaps, some take pigeon steps...  
Some take one step forward and two steps back...  
But for every young person, it is a start of a brand new journey.

For me, it is exciting to watch the transformation.  
To encourage, empower and support them through this metamorphosis.  
Be it the start of a training course, or finding a new job,  
Or learning to cook their favourite meals and cleaning their room,  
Or having pennies left at the end of the month!

For me, learning to read behind the lines, and listening for the unsaid,  
And keeping myself aware of the content of their story from before is vital.  
Because in learning and dealing with their past, this new chapter is one of hope.  
Sometimes the new chapter is exciting, and the positive change is clear as the dawn.  
Sometimes the new chapter is exasperating, and the changes are harder to detect.

For me, I hope that Lawrence House is a place of positive change for everyone.  
It can be a place of great laughter, sadness and a variety of different experiences.  
Seeing the young people from Lawrence House from arrival to departure,  
Seeing them steering their lives in a new direction is rewarding and encouraging.  
The futures bright for them and the future is in their hands.



# Homelessness

Dug - Lawrence House

My dreams and goals were once filled with glory  
But life was so cruel  
So I'll tell you my story

Once when I was younger  
I thought I was cool  
But the truth be told,  
I was only a messed up fool

Who only knows what difficulties  
Tomorrow I will meet  
For you see, I'm homeless  
And my home is on the street

Daily life on the streets is like a helter-skelter  
I wonder if that tonight  
They'll have room at the night shelter?

How life turned out is a damn shame.  
But with a few more fags,  
I'll forget who is to blame.



## Life before Lawrence House

L - female resident - Age 21

Been in Lawrence House two weeks now and feeling a hundred times better then I when I lived with my dad in Earl Shilton, I couldn't call it home at all, never felt welcome and always felt alone and unwanted by my father, the only time we would speak is when we argued even though it was over silly things it was the only time I could tell him how I was feeling even then he wouldn't listen and walk away, I lived under his stairs for a year cause I was so scared of my big sister as she would threaten to kill me while I slept so I had to put a lock on it, I wouldn't go sleep till I knew she was asleep then I would set my alarm so I was awake for when she got up for work, I was constantly tired for only having a few hours sleep every night, living in fear 24/7 is so horrible.

When my sister moved out there was a big weight lifted of my shoulders, but still didn't feel like I could call dad's home. I never have been able to say I'm going home, I always say I'm going to dads, because it wasn't my home, I left my mum's home when I was 17 and regret it everyday of my life because I wouldn't be here now if I hadn't left.



I could be at my dads for days and he wouldn't know I was there because I felt I couldn't sit in the living room, and I wasn't allowed to eat food he had brought, so I tended to stay in my room or away at my grandparents or friends so I didn't have to see him. I hate arguments with a passion as I was brought up in an argumentative environment until my mum and dad separated. So I tend to stay away from places where I know there's going to be an argument.

Now I can move on with my life and get my confidence and independence back. It's really nice at Lawrence House and I feel I can all it my home already because I know I'm not alone anymore, I have made new friends and the staff are all really nice to be around and easy to talk to. To be fair, I am never really on my own for long and I can do what I want, when I want and eat when I'm hungry without having an argument all the time.

So over all, Lawrence House has helped me feel happier and safer and I have only been here for two weeks. Thanks to the Staff and Friends



## *Life in Lawrence House*

I was nervous when I moved into Lawrence House as I had never lived on my own before, However thanks to some help from my friends who also lived there I found it a lot easier to settle in

Arguments with my mother forced me to move before the arguments turned violent. The move has helped me and my mother, and our relationship grew stronger thanks to it.

I would still be living at home under the stressful conditions if my friends did not advise me to move to Lawrence house

Life used to be good at home until things went out of control. Arguments rapidly grew more and more out of control until I couldn't take it anymore and went about finding some were else to live.

My time at Lawrence house has helped me as I've got my own flat and have started a college course.

## *Life in Lawrence House*

Room 8 Lawrence House.

I was scared when I moved into Lawrence House because I have never been on my own and I have always been with family.

I was supposed to move away but never did, but when my mum gave up her house, I had nowhere to go.

I heard about Lawrence House through the council. I went into the council and they gave me an application form for Lawrence House.

My life was alright most of the time but I had loads of arguments at home and it always got me down and most of the time I didn't want to be at home.

My life has changed in a few ways since I moved to Lawrence House. I have got my own independence now, and made new friends and my confidence has improved lots.



# *Living the Nightmare*

Unknown

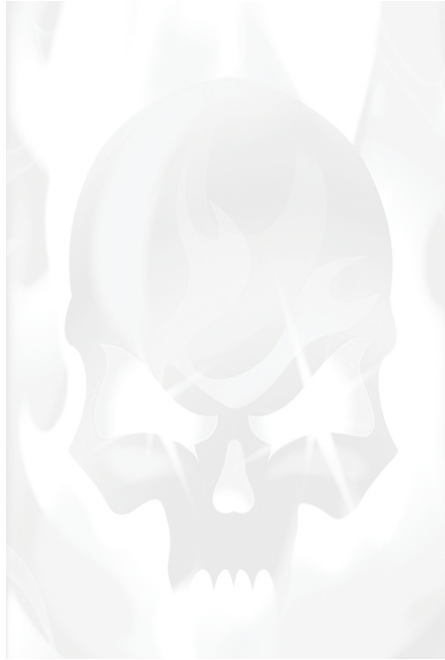
Late at night, I close my eyes but to sleep I dare. Why should I sleep if only to relive my nightmare.

Happy it began, but only for a while because what entered the house took away my smile. Me and my mum happily sitting there, until the door went. Never have I wished I wasn't there.

A monster stumbled through the door and let out a roar with a fly of the fist, my lovely mum hit the floor. Scream and shout I heard standing there, I had no choice. Rocking in the corner, I realised the screaming coming from my voice and as I sat there the monster kept lashing without a care.

He beat my lovely mother until she bled, knowing I was there. His evil eyes and smile, he said to me holding my mum tight, 'why are you crying for everything's alright', but the worst thing is, I new this was wrong.

As I stood and stared the worst thing was that this was no nightmare.



# *The Last Two Weeks*

L - female resident - Age 21

Feeling really low at the minute  
At breaking point!  
Then saw a light.  
Lawrence House in the distance.

Following the path to the door,  
Nervous but its time to move on  
And not to look at the past but the future instead,  
Think about my self before others

Moving in to Lawrence House was scary  
Feeling nervous in case they say no  
Thankfully it was yes.  
Never felt my shoulder feel so light

I've finally moved out of my dads.  
Its was horrendous, living in fear 24/7.  
Not being able to eat,  
Or do anything without an ARGUMENT

Feeling loads happier now  
Feeling safe and secure  
All I need is friends and family that care  
Thanks to Lawrence House, I'm a happy person





## *Release....*

Anonymous - Lawrence House  
November 2009

It's at times like these when I sit in bed and  
Let the noises in my head evaporate and  
Let the cold aching feeling creep across my chest  
Towards my heart....

I don't restrain, I lie down and let my heart be engulfed  
But more sad, unwanted pain, yet it still works.  
The steady rhythm of it pumping blood in and out,  
As my chest rises and falls, up and down....

I think aloud 'maybe I can make this pain stop'  
A sudden irrational thought comes to mind  
As I swing my heavy legs over the bed  
And stumbled to the bathroom....

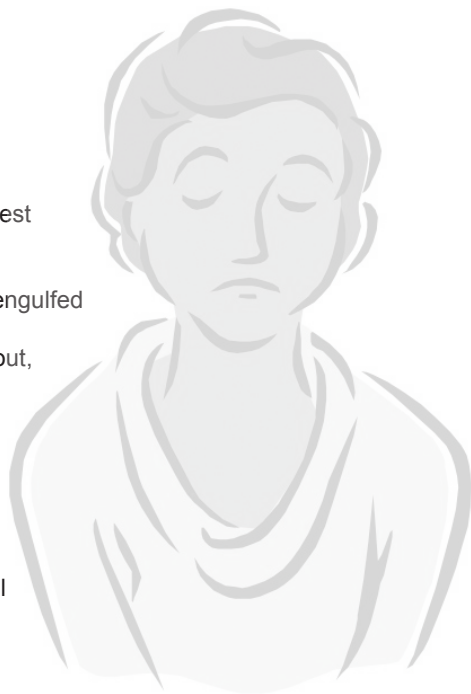
I fling open the cabinet doors and unsuccessful  
At finding what I was searching for;  
Wrenched at my toilet bag,  
Clutching it to my stomach....

Slowly pulling back the zip, I delved my hand into the small opening  
And I rummaged, seizing hold I produced the sharp looking razor.  
I ran it through my fingers. I WAS IN CONTROL NOW.  
As I slid the razor over my wrist, causing it to bleed rapidly....

A strange emotion swarmed through me.  
I stared at my reflection in the deep red liquid,  
And I realised what I had done.  
Not that I cared....

But somehow the pain seemed to seep away with the blood,  
As it ran in between my fingers and dripped on the floor.  
Things seemed strongly clearer.  
I could now think straight.  
I calmly cleaned the blade and put it out of sight....

Nobody must find out  
It is my secret.  
Nobody need ever know....



## *Unforgotten Memories*

Anonymous - Lawrence House  
November 2009

My head is so full with memories of the past and present  
Yet it feels so empty, like a forgotten place.  
People are all around me, but I still feel so lonely

My life has barely begun,  
Yet it feels at its end.

The pain and anger I hold in my heart  
Is barely contained, as it is falling apart.

But funnily enough, as I wake I the morning,  
And breath them first fresh breathes  
I am still glad to be here.

I sometimes wonder why I was put on this earth.  
As a bystander? Perhaps!

But as the world begins to progress,  
I fade into its ever-changing picture.  
Lost, just waiting to be found.

But can anyone tell me this?  
Is it possible to be found when you're all lost together.  
I'm walking side by side them but I am still alone.

Unfortunately, the world doesn't stop.  
As I lay down at night and let my eyelids takeaway the remaining light,  
A part of me wishes to be kept lost in the dark forever,  
With my empty thoughts and my unforgotten memories.

