

from **The Centre for Mental Health**



...They begin to congregate past midday
like ragged butterflies
around the buddlia.
A park bench out front
offers some dignity
but most prefer the door-step
and way before time
start leaning on the door-bell,
having nothing to be
here for but here.

From the hostels the bed-sits the bare flats
from lives lived in shadow
and on the edge of everything
it is here they congregate
to establish meaning.
Here is their centre.
They say this :

“ I am someone here
I am heard
I am not alone.”

“ Here I have substance
I matter
I mean something.”

“ I feel more at home
here in this place
than I ever feel at home.”

“ I have a share in the world.”

“ I am not odd
I am even here.”

“ I am not assailed.”

Rogan Wolf

When this poem was written, the community centre it described was being “put out to tender.” Twenty years later its future is again in question.

Poems for... Self at Sea

<https://poemsforthewall.org>


Central London
Clinical Commissioning Group


United
Response
support that changes with you