



Off my Tree

I'm off my tree
Save me
Save my tree
Save my old buildings
save my
police station
save me
save my
old library.
Books
are trees.
I in my tree
I'm off my tree
I'm out of my tree
I'm in my tree
I'm nuts
in a squirrel tree
I scream.

R.

Written in a poetry workshop for psychiatric in-patients in Brent, London. Reproduced here by permission.

Poems for... Self at Sea

<https://poemsforthewall.org>


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