

Home

An anthology of poetry
and art by members of Crisis



At Crisis, we believe art can have a transformative effect on people. For some, it is a vital tool to express themselves and for others it can help overcome trauma. The pieces in this book have all been created by Crisis members during the nationwide coronavirus lockdown and explore themes of home, belonging, and identity.

During lockdown, Crisis service teams have been able to provide remote mental health support to people isolating in temporary accommodation. This includes wellbeing packs – filled with sketchbooks, paints, pens and pencils and other craft materials – and creative challenges focussed on poetry, photography, painting and sketching. Even a quilting project, where each individual is making a patch, to be sewn together and create a unity quilt.

We hope you enjoy the collection of pieces in this book, which showcases the truly inspiring creativity of Crisis members.



Artwork name
by Crisis Skylight Coventry member

Morning Shadows

by Demelza

Leaves dance
 on my bed sheets
 flickering, grey
 like a lightbulb that's weary
 I'm sleepy, silent

Reaching me,
 The sun falls down
 through the leaves
 too bright for dreams
 to survive the day

Colour-less shadows wash over me,
 the bed, the walls
 and swaying slowly
 how I love a morning
 no matter what she promises.



Photograph
**by Crisis Skylight
 Merseyside member**



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Artwork name
by XXX

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Artwork name
by XXX

Vultures

**by Lucia Kali,
Crisis Skylight Oxford member**

I can't resolve what it is I think.
I see the sun dying on replay.
I've seen some things I can't repeat:
They alter softly. Day to day.
The truth is sly, it hides under feet
that pulp and crush and then reclaim.

Now everybody has to claim
& drown in what it is we think.
Things like wings are pinned by feet
that march and shuffle on replay.
The mantra stays the same each day.
The sky is snagged on repeat.

I set the cycle on repeat.
I check the journal on my claim.
I breathe the briefing of the day.
It does not tell me how to think.
I rack the track back on replay.
It's running trains along my feet.

The ground is fracked beneath my feet.
The droplets merge and then repeat.
Viral sequences replay.
The crown of thorns is there to claim,
with IV bleach to help you think
in phases that rephrase the day.

We now are warned against the day
& steer the steppings of our feet
so that the coppers will not think,
we do not heed what they repeat.
Bandits now all have to claim,
their medicine is in replay.

My medicine's not in replay
yet I can score this scorching day
while bumbling, they stake their claim.
Cannot obtain my week's repeat
& circle, solemn, on my feet.
I can't resolve how vultures think.



My Why

by Crisis Skylight Croydon member

Why am I valuable to the world?
I am a really bad singer but my off key effort's guaranteed to make anyone's hearing clearer.

Why am I special?
I can easily spread laughter. This is stand up material – I am the comedy master.

Why am I beautiful?
I have soft chocolate hair
Enticing, enchanting – could cause a love affair.



Photograph
**by Crisis Skylight
Merseyside member**



Photograph
**by Crisis Skylight
Merseyside member**



Artwork name
by Ayat Qawy



Artwork name
by Ayat Qawy





Artwork name
by **Crisis Skylight**
Coventry members

→
Artwork name
by **XXX**



Summer Outside

by Demelza

It was hard to believe
It was summer outside

I know the sun is there
and nature's green
and thriving
birds singing
at least the earth is born again

Large Oak rooted deep
Tall strong old
Blocks my view of the outside world

Squirrels and pigeons
in routine
grey residents
ordinary
tied to their habits
but happy in their own way

Can't we be at peace when we're laid
to rest?
not now
not in this glorified graveyard
in this glorified shed
this isn't
where I belong

The people on the outside
aren't aware of me
I see them all like I'm watching fish
swim past, free
in the river or see

Against the backdrop of the bluest sky
they are alive
and where I want to be

Radical Empathy

by Jadine Steer

I am a front line loyal unconditional
love at its most toxic.
Tearful at its most enraged and angry at
its most passionate radical empathy.
Radical empathy at its wavering and as
discreet as my boldest blindest minutes
and hours divided into my skin.
Multiplied by the drink doubled per pill.
And still.
I am a frontline loyal.
One with morals and nakedness.
I am a messenger without a gun.
The lone survivor in a glass house
without windows.
The sacrifice of the village.
The widow inside the blackness
I am glue without the fumes or fumes
without the glue.
But still
for you.
I am a frontline loyal.



Photograph
by Crisis Skylight Merseyside member

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Artwork name
by Bharti

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Artwork name
by Crisis Skylight Brent member

My Why

by Shakeel Ahmed

No need to explain my value,
I'm valuable because I exist,
Never mind when they get mad at you,
Stick to your guns friend beauty is a
myth,

We waste too much time on people,
Herds of sheep and shit when I'm a
unicorn,
Stop caring, don't let them mislead you,
They're not walking the same path that
you're on,

I don't know the meaning of life,
But I think it's about the experience,
Rejoice in the day and dance all night,
Always be ethical not just when it's
convenient,

They ask me "why you? Who do you
think you are?"
I say "no one, everyone, an angel,
a devil, a peasant and a king",
Among stagnated planets I'm a
shooting star,
There are no explanations, I'm just
doing my best at living.

Home

**by Crisis Skylight Merseyside
member**

A simple comfort, a sense of security
Where memories are born and smiles
grown
Laughter heard and tears lost
Carrying the home where the heart
belongs
A city, a house, a family and more.

Home sweet home is where our
happiness
is born and our pain is hidden.
A place to rest and energise
A place to love and care
Home is everything we make it and
want it
to be.

→

Circles inspired by Kandinsky
by Demelza



The View from Here

by Demelza

Like falling from a ladder
and the penny drops
I awake and see
this isn't what I wanted
this isn't enough
the sky clears
there is more life in me

More than surviving
in this shed-like house
more than making my priority
someone else
more than staying small and missing
out

This isn't disappointment
it's a new day opening
it isn't being lost
its my heart now wondering

But wondering for me
and holding my hand
making me see and understand
the life outside this room
is really coming true
there's really a pathway
out of the gloom

Like climbing up a ladder
or finding a penny
there is still another day
there is more life in me



My Why

by Debbie Medhurst

I care about the little fly that walks around my table at night in the light of my table lamp. It has a black dot on each wing. I love to watch it wave its long antennae around.

I am good at looking after plants. When I was at primary school my cress was always the best and I was very proud of my bean plant. I have fond memories of propagating a kalanchoe plant with beautiful pink flowers with my boyfriend one summer in the flat I used to have in Thornton Heath.



Painting
by XXX



Red Tulip
by Demelza

Home

**by Crisis Skylight Merseyside
member**

Home to me is a safe, comfortable
place.
Somewhere to relax and unwind.
Home is a place for family to visit.

Home sweet home
Home is not just four walls and a roof.
It is the essence of belonging.



Artwork name
by Crisis Skylight Brent member



Artwork name
by Crisis Skylight Brent member

Morning love

by Demarijay

First thing in the morning when I rest
my eyes upon thee. My immediate
thoughts are to thank the Almighty,
for His grace n His mercies.

As I rise from our bed wearily, cross
the rugs on the floor, bare footedly,
fondly glancing back to see you reach
out for me... I smile silently...

Just when I thought I loved myself
enough, you found the pattern,
spun the yarn an wove a unique cloth

You borrowed colours from the
rainbow, You stole my heart an my soul,
by brushstroking my crooked edges and
curved my every line, you coloured me
by numbers & patent that design.

So with each passing moment of each
gifted day, you keep me grounded, safe
n happy and I hope I can do the same

Morning love

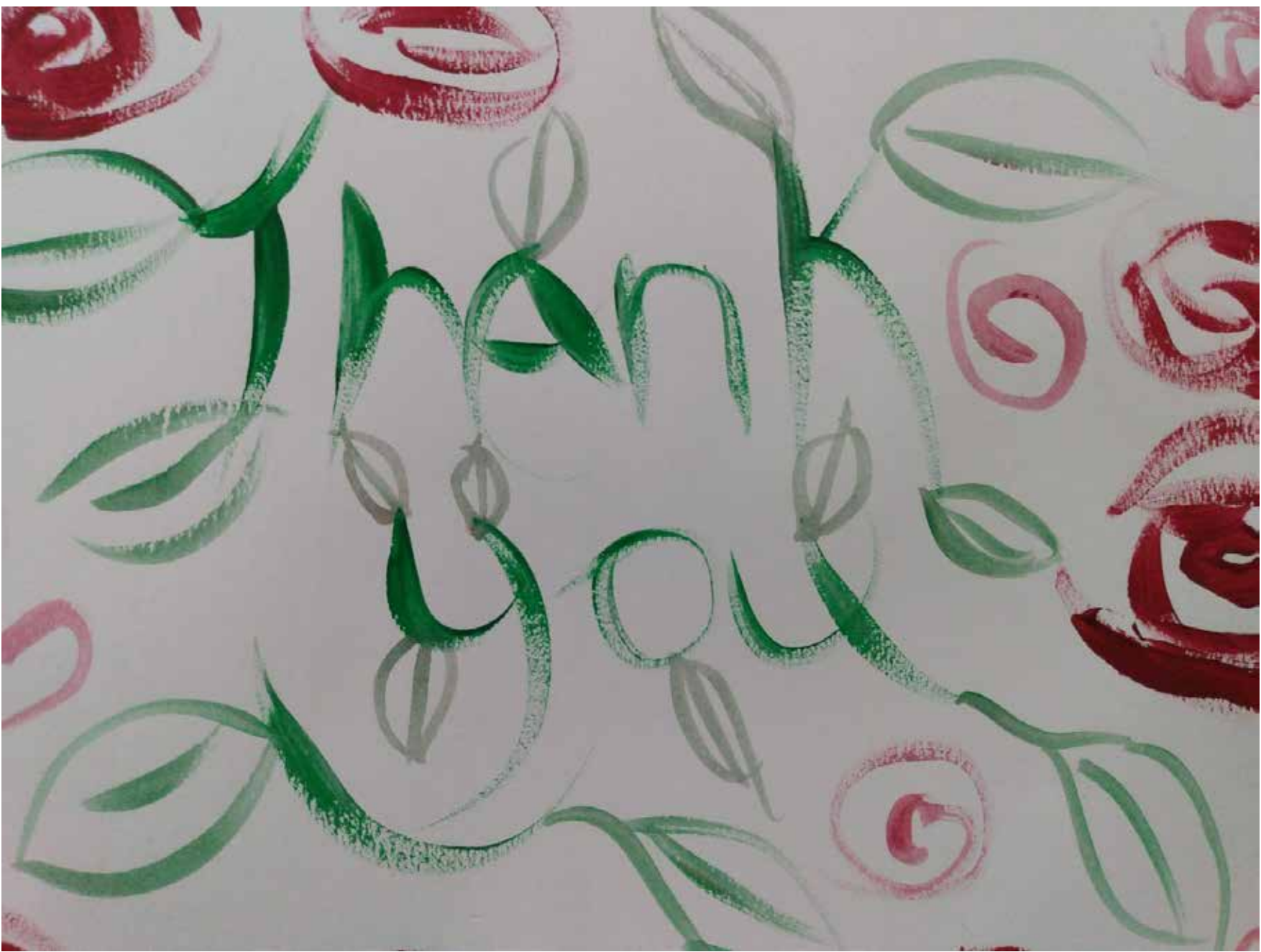


Photograph
by Crisis Skylight Merseyside member



Crisis Skylight Croydon members, staff and volunteers have been creating patches. Debra (Art tutor) calls members every week for a chat about how they are doing, their ideas, inspirations etc. The patches will form a quilt to display in the Skylight after lockdown eases.



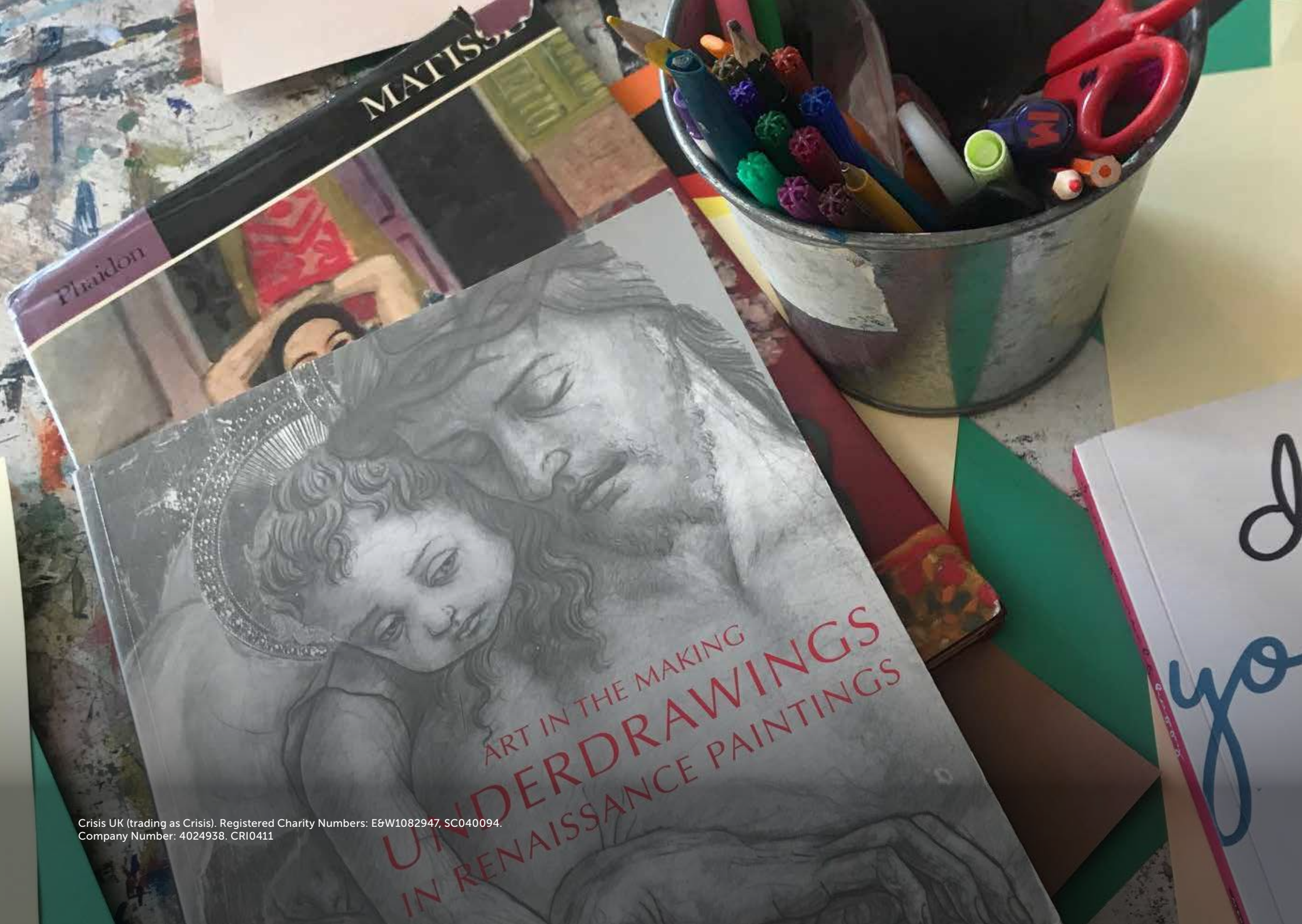


"Without the support of donors like you during this time, the help I received from Crisis wouldn't have been possible. No key worker; no calls offering hope and perspective; no groups online to discuss things we enjoy and can do to take our minds off all the uncertainty and fear that this brings up in people well used to living through trauma, constantly in flight or fight mode, whether street homeless, sofa surfing, fleeing abuse or battling addiction. Thank you for your continued support to help Crisis retain these key workers and all their committed extraordinary staff who are determined to keep our hope alive."

Matthew, Crisis Member Ambassador

"I'd like to say to everyone who has been supporting us throughout this time a massive thank you. You have made big differences to a lot of people's lives in very tricky circumstances."

Tony, Music Tutor and
Temporary Food Bank Manager,
Crisis Skylight Merseyside



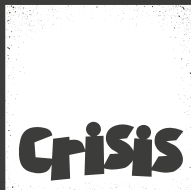
MATISSE

Phaidon

ART IN THE MAKING
UNDERDRAWINGS
IN RENAISSANCE PAINTINGS

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Together
we will end
homelessness