

There is a Tune

Cathy Flower Poet for Life

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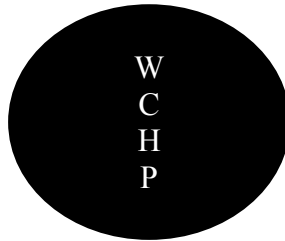
Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

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c/o Open Door, 224 Jamaica Road, London SE16



Second Chance

You may need it next

Extract only

For my mother and father and to Chris and
Vikki

Thank you to Victoria Kiff and Jim Vision
for their art to be a part of There is a Tune.

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Pain Written (on a blood shed day)

I dedicate this poem to every woman on earth.

It's all
Shit really
Isn't it
Outrageous pain of solo hours
And the sun is out
And the sun is out!
And the sun is out!!
Toxic tears cut my spleen
When you touched my fingers gently
Looked lovingly into my eyes
I thought I was dreaming I was inside
A pain free concept of heaven
Don't (*pause*) let go (*pause*) of that dream.

Action in a City State of Flux, Fury, Passion and Composure

The sun rises
The door slams
And the kitchen rattles
As the train goes by

The sun rises
The door is locked
There is a key
Always something in his way
Not the key
The key is a key to freedom
But dread

Once he is outside
Another mote surrounds him
Dividing himself from himself
And you
Other breathers and thinkers
Nose blowers and bleeders
Rose growers, creators, lovers
Etc...

Ungrateful, confused and grateful for their lives
Are all around him as he

Weaves - strides - runs and walks with you
On his way, on a quest to succeed
Mission to be accomplished

The sound of an ache in a black corner
Growls the woe, of another dark day

Twenty five per cent is better than nothing!
But still not good enough, if you want to hit the
heights!

The sound of an ache in a black corner
Growls the woe, of another dark day

The sun rises
The door slams
And the kitchen rattles
As the train goes by

The sun rises
The door is locked
There is
A key

Graffiti Queen

She is mean, clean
In charge of the scene
She is your street savvy
Salacious
Graffiti Queen

Apply - Relate - Submit
Apply - your world
Relate - your vision
Submit - yourself

Create

The walls - fences - doors
Surfaces - are yours
Steer - Plan
Respect
Aim for patience
NOW tiz your turn
To express your - manifestations

(sing) Know the sacrifice

Your mistress-masterpiece will be gone
Your fame for now is trodden on
One down, ten to go
No! That's how it goes

The rhythm of street art
Rides and resonates
Penetrates and brands
Inspiring (*sing*) Possibilities...

She - the Graffiti Queen - will guard your world
But beware the *bites* who will steal your sights
Beware the *buffs* that will wipe your work
(*sing*) Be ready for the sacrifice

Hey that one's been *burning* for months
Let's blank it, *buff* it.

Don't be precious

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