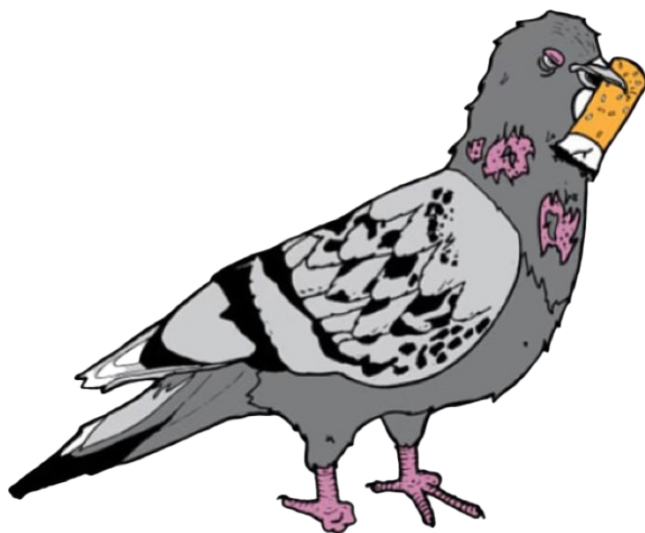


# THE PIGEON PARK GAZETTE

Issue 1



Published by the  
Patient Participation Group  
(PPG)



Welcome to the first issue of The Pigeon Park Gazette. It might only be a few pages long, but we hope that the next issue is going to be few pages longer. The content is provided by people who are homeless (including those living in hostels and temporary accommodation). In future issues there will also be a few updates from the Dr Hickey Surgery about news and events we want to share with you.

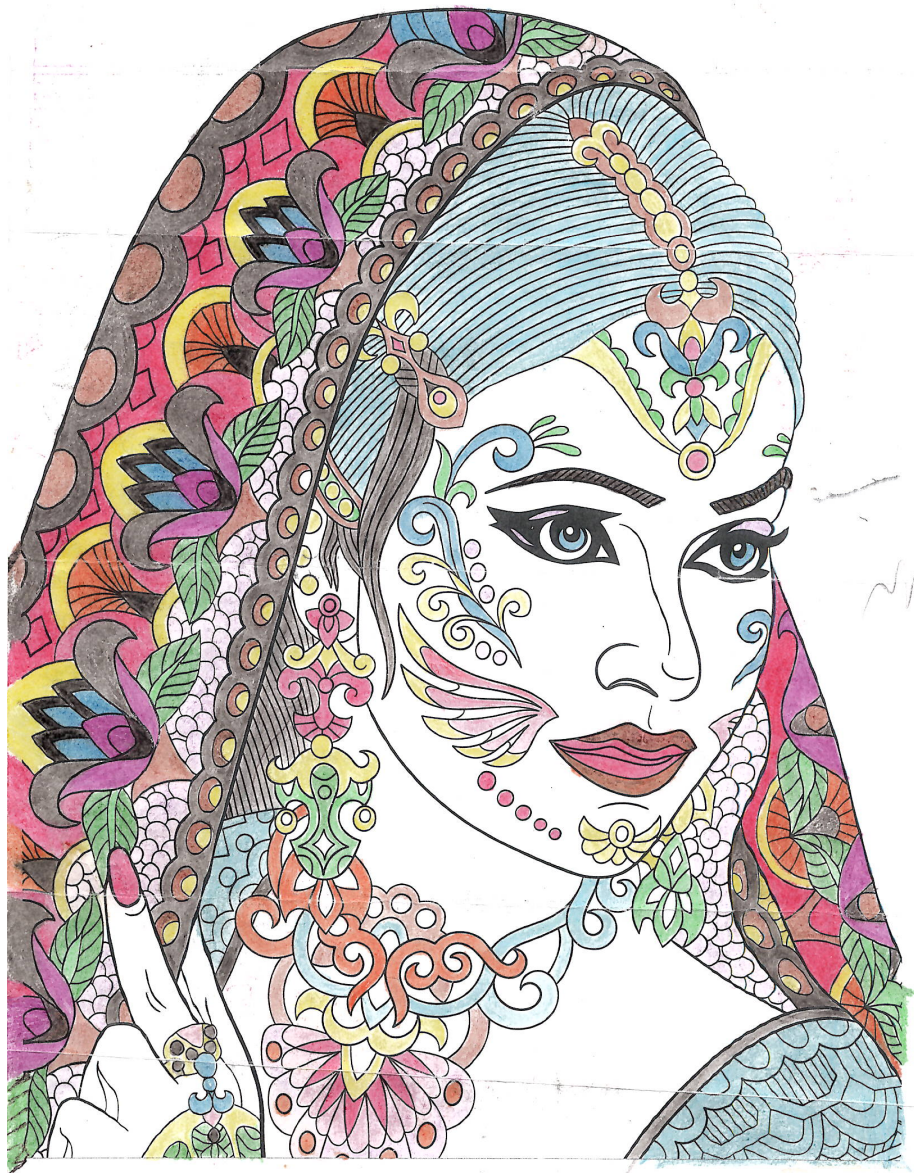
I am a nurse and work for the Surgery. I have always written. I first started trying to write when I was a teenager when I made my own home-made magazines, a bit like this one. I would often write about the music I liked. While I have not written any best-selling books, the act of trying to write, one word after another, usually deleting more words than I end up keeping has been a constant in my life. For a while I wondered if I was simply wasting my time. I can now see that there have been many ways the process of trying to write has benefitted me. Making this small publication now is one of them.

It is obvious to anybody who has spent any time in the waiting room at the surgery that many of our patients are natural story tellers, recounting their trials and tribulations with such verve that sometimes you feel like you have been transported into the stories themselves. Some of the people I meet are already practicing writers, working under difficult conditions to produce new, original work. Others are waiting for the right time to start working on ideas or still trying to work out what might be the best way of expressing them, be it through poetry, a short story or a letter to a loved one they have been thinking about writing.

I hope this magazine will be a testimony to some of our community's ongoing creative efforts. If you would like to contribute any writing (fiction, poetry, letters, anything), photography or artwork please ask to speak to Matt or Tanya at the surgery. Nothing will be outright refused but we can't have any racism, sexism or any other sort of human intolerance. Feel free to send me any questions. Peace and Love!

**Matt**

**Matthias.connor2@nhs.net**



*Mary Magdalene by D.H.*

## **Pigeon Park**

I am just sitting on a wall in a park and always in front of  
Those lightly trees and green green,  
grass, the park even has a name it's called Pigeon Park,  
It's just so lovely to sit, I've just seen a pigeon walking by me.  
I suddenly said oh sorry, sitting on your wall but it's me Tracy  
when I go I'll be back on call.

The leaves are falling in their lovely time they just fall down  
at their own pace and they  
are definitely not having a race.

They all look light brown but that doesn't matter as they  
touch the ground, the sky is still up there,  
the white clouds look like they are sailing by and the lovely  
breeze I'm feeling is just touching me as it floats by.  
The birds fly to me and then from me, they live in the park so  
naturally and they're not lonely

## **The Shining Golden Star**

I went for a walk in the street one night and looked  
up at the dark blue sky,  
It was ever so bright the, the power it had felt very  
warm and not loose or tight,  
I looked up at it and it made me feel so special  
Because the way it was so alight it looked like a  
golden star inside of me and it was like a lovely golden  
star,

When I went home it stayed in me that feeling all I  
had to do, do was go out and look up at the sky  
see that gold star then I knew I knew that I started  
healing. To stop me cry.

**Tracy C**

## **Chains to Freedom**

I have to unchain myself from all ties and  
restrictions  
Free my mind from all pain and addiction  
Am shackled and battered but not a broken man  
I will stop all this shit as soon as I can  
Freedom for me is when my mind's crystal clear  
I am making a new me suddenly appear  
So the next time you see me I'll be on the up  
Not outside Tesco's with a plastic cup  
I will free myself forever and a day  
Living my life in a totally different way  
**G.E. 10/08/24**

## Vape Pen Battery

We woke up full of life today  
To start our jobs  
During toilet breaks and sneaky hidden moments  
I began to lose power but I remained consistent and persistent  
The stress I see on my owner's face  
As he puffs away after being reprimanded by his manager  
During the inspection of the warehouse floor  
I have to remain hesitant and silent  
In my owner's waistband  
Work is over so now I'm in full swing  
But as my energy wanes  
I see my owner pull out two other ones  
And I wonder if I had become obsolete  
And may never be used again  
I get placed on the shelf lonely  
Distant, wanting, yearning and waiting  
As my owner goes out  
And leaves me in total solitude  
I think about my brothers  
From the factory floor where we were produced  
Was this my path, am I now defunct?  
I see all the other clutter in the room  
Pondering the notion that I was  
Nothing but a used up relic now  
He comes in picks me up  
I hear his cellmate ask if he can use me  
But Aaron says no as I am his main one  
Not just a spare  
He says go and get your own Bro  
Then he puts me on charge  
I feel elated again  
While I sleep soundly  
When I wake he grabs me and says  
"Let's go champ"

**Arron**

## **Jamaica home**

Safe secure vibrant  
Lush ferns  
Deep gullies  
Sand  
Cold salted  
Sea Water  
Ackee and saltfish  
Callaloo and dumpling  
Reggae tumping  
Bassline bumping  
It's clear that Jah  
Did Mek Ah  
Sumting

**Arron**



## A.A. Poem

Maybe  
My trauma is hereditary  
Existing Vividly  
In my memory  
Instead of seeking therapy  
Stability  
Or activities  
To be loved unconditionally  
Even a search for divinity  
Proof of something heavenly  
A prayer for serenity  
Lucidity  
I had an affinity  
To drink heavily  
Every  
Beverage in the proximity  
Of my vicinity  
Efficiently  
Initially  
Trying to block out pain and misery  
Like how I've swollen my capillaries  
Literally  
Consistently  
Failing miserably  
Broken like virginity  
With my natural ability  
Capabilities  
Wordplay metaphors and similes  
I had infinite possibilities  
With infinity  
Probabilities  
Numerous Opportunities  
To Seize  
Bottled up like a sneeze

Ready to burst  
Am I cursed  
Only making things worse  
At first  
I told myself it was only a phase  
Too late to realise till I got to the stage  
I've disengaged  
Life is a haze  
Where are most of my days?  
Hair trigger temper  
Easily enraged  
Unfazed  
Not shocked or tazed  
No display  
Badman don't play  
On my blade  
If we catch up in ways  
Try fuck around and your family home  
Will get blazed  
Or sprayed  
From the path I've laid  
Get a sponsor and attend some AA

**Arron**

## The Way Damaged People Love

Damaged people love you like  
you're a crime scene before a  
crime has been started  
They keep their running shoes  
By their souls every night  
with one eye open in case  
things happen while they are asleep  
Their backs are always tense  
As though waiting to fight  
A sudden storm that might  
engulf them  
Because damaged people  
Have already seen hell  
And damaged people that  
every evil demon that was  
exits down there  
was a kind of angel before it fell

N.S.

## **All I Am**

All I am, I give to you  
Honour me, I'll obey you  
Worship me in the eyes of love  
I have you to have and hold  
and giving you my love  
Never look at anyone  
Anyone but me  
When you look at someone  
I must be all you see  
Say goodbye to all the girls  
You and me and no one else  
I'll never be untrue my love  
Don't be untrue to me

**DW**

## **Borstal Boy**

A borstal Boy came home one day  
To find his love had gone away  
But when he asked the reason why  
With these words came my reply  
If you had led an honest life  
I would have been your honest wife  
But as you'd chose a life of crime  
Borstal boy gone do more time  
In his cell far away  
He wrote a letter just to say  
Dig my grave, dig it deep  
Put red roses upon my feet  
A turtle dove upon my head  
To show the world that I am dead  
So all you girls remember too  
A borstal boy will die for you

**DW**



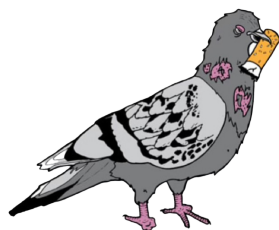
Fancy a little light exercise?  
Then come and join us for a weekly walk  
Every Wednesday at 3pm  
Departing from The Dr Hickey Surgery  
Following our walk, we will head to  
The Abbey Community Centre for a hot meal.  
If you would like further information speak with a member of the re-  
ception team.  
Look forward to seeing you soon

**Tanya**

## Quiz Corner

Your chance to enter the prize draw to win a £10 voucher. Answer will be available in The Pigeon Park Gazette Issue 2. Please give the answers and your contact details to the reception staff.

1. What is a 'Bouquet Garni'?
2. Who wrote the novel Gone with the Wind?
3. Who currently resides at Number 10 Downing Street?
4. In what sea would you find the Chagos islands?
5. How many sisters does Bart Simpson have?
6. What year did Dr Hickey Surgery open?
7. What can you catch, but not throw?
8. 'Don't worry about a thing' is a line from a well-known song. Name the title and singer
9. 'Nobody puts baby in the corner' is a line from which well-known movie?
10. What is the only London Underground station with a 'z' in its name?



October 2024