

Like a normal day

It's like staying up late.

When the night somehow invites you in.

Crevice of black worn thin, glowing amber from the dashboard

Night drives with a friend, sharing secrets you'd never say in the harsh light of day.

It's the small things; It's Red jumpers on and rain down the windows, it's old music and shrieking female vocalists, it's stepping home, through the thick warm scent of cumin stew on a low heat, a simmer, a glimmer of a book-shelf life, a shadow cast before the hazy autumn sun pulls the grey clouds over like a blanket, like the day you cried, at the bus stop because you hate the way the puddles gets inside your shoes although you thought you'd gaffa-taped them dry.

It's like when I say to you I'm using cash now, so we can argue the case if they try to take it away, it's like how I said family can be closest thing to you and also the furthest away.

It's like a normal day.

Self - sabotage Tuesday.

It's like knowing you exist in a system that cannot feed you but eating anyway.

It's like the fact that when I sit and write at my desk, even with my finances in tatters, I smile. It's like the freedom that comes with the unknown; even those who are really secure can taste that freedom during terrible storms.

Windows rattling in their frames.

It's like when you're being challenged again by the DWP to prove that you're entitled to benefits like me, it's like people assuming you're lazy because you have an invisible Disability, it's like having to look after an elderly relative, get her dressed, comb her hair, If you don't then the cost of state care will take all of the money tied up in her home;

The same home that weakened my Granddads bones, that cost the graft of a lifetime to pay for.

We both know you're safeguarded from this stuff ever financially impacting your future.

You know, honestly, sometimes I still can't help but feel jealous of the people with French doors, that lead out to green, fresh, lawns... apples and pears falling from their trees...

The inequality barely sleeps-

It's like when you catch yourself in the mirror while brushing your teeth,

With white foam stained blood pink,

And even after hell-hard weeks,

It doesn't stop.

We dig our heels in

With comrades and queers,

Working -classes pulsate and with that there's escape,

In the underground,

In the pubs-

You know the type;

With dusty red carpets and faces worn like masks,

Such wrinkled maps,

We navigate.

It's collective.

In Isolated times I hear the lack of communities chime.

I'm tired.

My rebellion once looked like fierce chats around the dinner table, kicking off,
protesting – rollies puffed over cursed words and banishing Tory cuts with sips of
Aldi champagne- that's modern day witchcraft if you ask me...

But now,

Rebellion is quiet, it's on the outskirts, it's all together something else,

it's Happening whether or not you're ok,

it's hard. It means applying anyway, forcing yourself to slay,

Slows mental decay,

Rebellion now- is just a normal day.