

Stars in the Sky

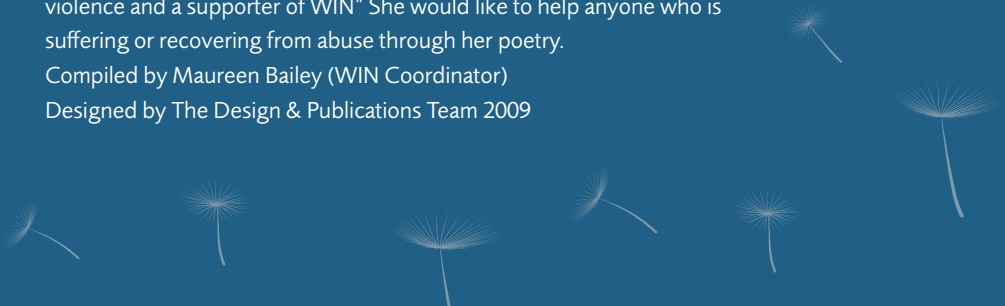
Book of Poems



The poems were written by Natalie Collins as survivor of domestic violence and a supporter of WIN" She would like to help anyone who is suffering or recovering from abuse through her poetry.

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Confidence

Holding your head up high
And your shoulders straight
Striding about with ease
Feeling you have got no weight

Watching the world go by
Knowing it will all be good
Feeling you will always win
And knowing you always should

Looking people in the eye
Talking with power in your voice
Saying no if you want to
Knowing you have that choice

The knowledge you're good enough
That you don't need to take the bad
That you have a priceless worth
You are the best you will ever have

Live

Laugh like you're never going to cry
Cry like you'll never laugh again
Live like you're going to die tomorrow
Die feeling you have lived forever
Love like you will never get hurt
Kiss like it will be your last
Never regret something you have learned from
Always believe the best of people
Live life to the full

Living For Today

If tomorrow should ask me
What I'm going to do
I would just say
'What's it to you?'

If yesterday should remind
Of what I did do
I'd just tell it
I'm not talking to you

Yes, bad things have happened
There are bad things that I've done
But I've said all my sorrys
And nothing can be undone

The things that have hurt
Have made me so strong
And the mistakes I made
Shaped who I am

Yes things could go wrong
The future's a blank
But you can't raise the ship
Unless it has sank

So I'm living in the now
Thinking about today
No need to think about
Tomorrow or yesterday

Your Secrets

Don't let your secrets hurt you
Don't let them make you fall
Don't let them take a hold of you
Don't let them build a wall

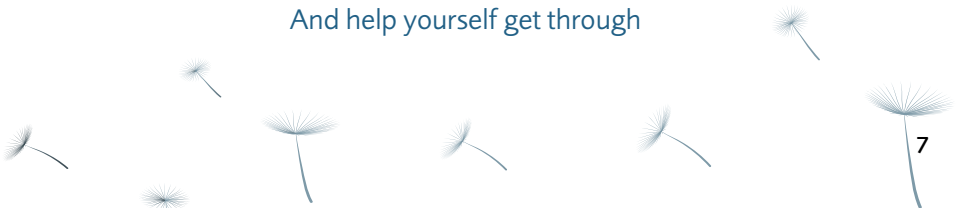
Because secrets have a funny way
Of controlling your life
They make you cry and die inside
They make you resort to using a knife

Please believe me,
I really know this is true
I just want to say
Don't let it happen to you

Tell people how you are feeling
And write down all your pain
Don't lock your problems inside
Because that's how they start to reign

Do not ignore them
Or try to hide them away
Because then they will rip you apart
They will squash you like clay

Instead try to use them
To help others like you
Let the secrets make you strong
And help yourself get through



God's Patchwork Plan

The scars in my arm are a faded white. No more will there be, now I'm truly in light I feel more beautiful than I have ever felt. The ice of self hatred has started to melt

For I'm a child of God
No more listening to lies
Satan's hold is all gone
I've severed all ties

One day God up in Heaven
Had a wonderful plan
'I'll make a patchwork quilt,'
He thought 'In the lives of a woman and man' A quilt of such beauty Sewn together by Me
An amazing part of my bigger plan
Different to any other it will be'

So He formed the pieces
In the life of a special man
Every choice He made
Used in God's patchwork plan

The lessons that he learned
The jobs for which he got paid
The relationships he built
The mistakes that he made

And other parts God knitted
Through the life of a woman
From her very beginning

Used in God's patchwork plan

The roots she was given
The paths that she chose
The hurt and the triumph
The highs and the lows

God collected their pieces
And spread them on the table
He got out His special thread
And His special identity label

The pieces were sewn together
With situations and friends
With timing that was perfect
With new beginnings and necessary ends

God finished the first section
Of His patchwork quilt plan
My life's all in there
And so is yours, my lovely man

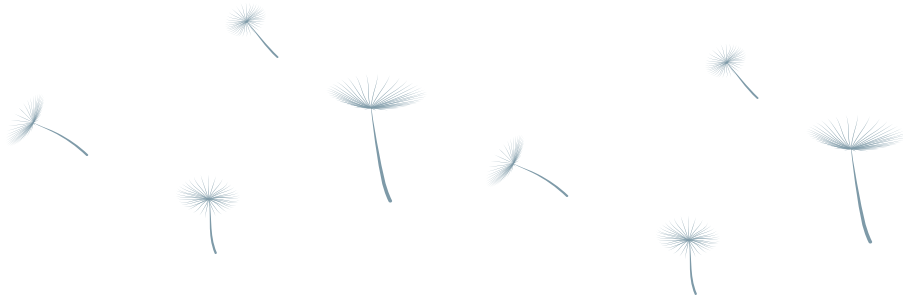
God's collecting more pieces
In the brand new part of our life
The part where you're my husband
And I'm you're very own wife

One day the plan will be complete
We'll see the blanket in full
God's patchwork quilt of our life
So amazing and beautiful

I Hope

I hope never to die without the sun on my cheeks
I hope never to die without music in my ears
I hope always to be surrounded
I hope always to feel life

For your kisses are my sun
And your sweet words are my music
And your love is perpetually around me



Stars in the sky

Stars in the sky are beautiful at night
Some scenery by day is a beautiful sight
I cannot see beauty on the outside of me
 Inside of me no beauty I see
Others may tell me I am pretty or fair
Even if my beauty was beyond compare
I would not believe them, no matter what they said
They would be contradicting the voices in my head
I will always tell myself I'm bad and blackened inside
 Not fit to be a mother or any person's bride
I am tired of this battle between myself and my sense
And I wish more voices would come to my defence
 But they never do and the loathing grows more
And most days I want just to be swallowed by floor
 I do not know the purpose of these ramblings
I think it's to tell people I'm sick of just scrambling
 And that I need help as I hate feeling such hate
So please if you can, help me to find a new fate

I'm worse

I'm worse than him
I'm worse than her
I'm such a prat
I'm insecure

It started off with problems
Of bullying and abuse
That made things so difficult
And set the feelings loose

Feelings of uselessness
And a need to please
A want to be good enough
To be the bees knees

But I always hated me
How I looked and felt
To cut my skin and bang my head
Was how with it I dealt

Then along came a lovely guy
To love and help me through
He liked me lots and I thought
His feelings were true

So I started not to hate myself
How I looked and felt
I stopped the cutting and the
banging. And with the insecurity dealt

He asked me all about me
And really wanted to know
He said I was pretty and liked me
And to him my feelings I did show

But then the problems started
Because unfortunately
There was a person better
Better than me

She was his world before
Before I was around
And when he was with her
True love he thought he'd found

But it was very sad
As he did not treat her well
And eventually she found
Her love for him had fell



So that was when he met me
And had tried very hard
To like me and forget her
But his heart it had been marred

So there I was half healed
And then the problems came
Although he liked me lots
I was not the same

So through tears and hurtings
He loaded off his heart
To let me know how he loved and
missed. The one that had to depart

And slowly I realised
I could never be as good
As brilliant and perfect
As his first true love

Also as these problems came
Other ones arose
As he found his pleasure
With other young does

Then I fell pregnant
With a child he did not need

So I had to fight with him
For my feelings him to heed
Then his friends and family started
As I came undone
I would never be good enough
For their best friend or their son

Next he hurt me in a way
About which our lips are sealed
And the pain and scars that problem
left. Have never had a chance to
be healed

So all these problems came
After my problems as a child
And though my love, you may think
This is all so mild

It has resulted in
The pain I feel inside
That knowledge that I hate myself
And the thoughts I have to hide

Because I know I'm worse than him
And because I'm worse than her
Because I know I'm such a mess
And because I'm insecure

Greeted by a grin

Greeted by a grin
Welcomed by a smile
Whether I'm gone a day
Or just a wee while

Flapping his arms
In anticipation
All excitement
No complication

Eyes so wide
Legs always kicking
So happy
Brain always ticking

A burning in my tummy
As I look at my boy
A love so huge
An eternal joy



Painted Face

Painted Face
An emotionless blank
Lest the pout
Be disturbed

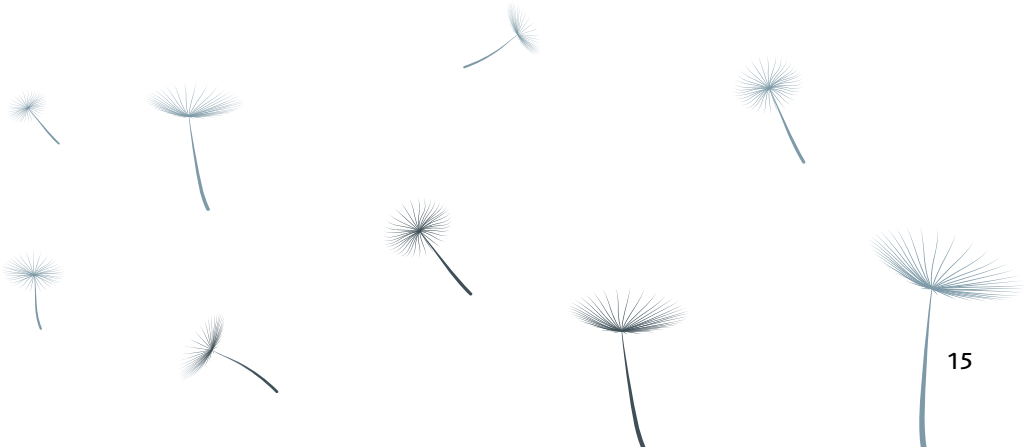
Orange skin
Cheeks defined
All in the aid
Of making a beau

Eyebrows thinned
Lips enlarged
Feeling good
Looking better

The eye of the beholder
Sees the effort
But will the paint
Hide her enough?

Positive

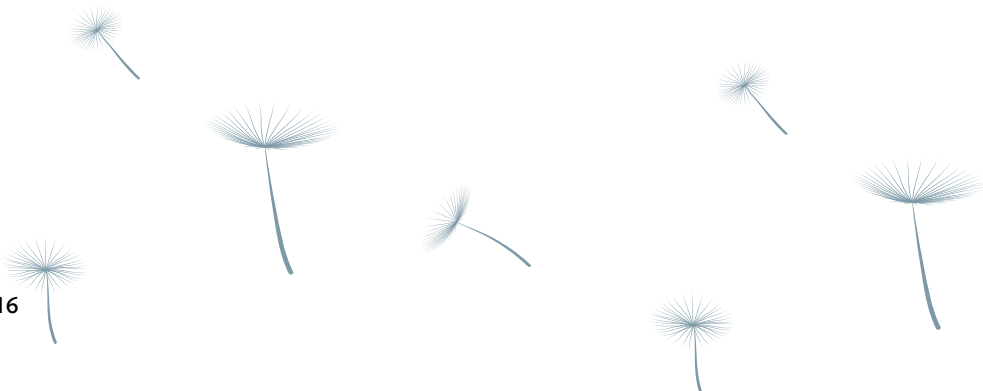
Horror, excitement, happiness or pain
Wonderful, beautiful, nothing lost, nothing gained
A miracle, a blessing or a punishment and curse
Nothing could be better, nothing could be worse
Just the beginning or so much nearer the end
Breaks up relationships and others does mend
Confusion and panic, fear verging on dread
Joyful, awesome, something unbelievably sacred
Knowing the outcome, whatever, is good
Heart sinking like a welly into mud
Choices to make, options are open
No choices, only a must to start coping
A moment to forget or a moment to revere
When on that little stick, two little lines appear
Life can be complete, or completely messed
When the result is positive, on a home pregnancy test



An almost resolution

An almost resolution, before
An absolute anomaly today
My posture would deceive
That which my heart does portray

Self belief lost one moment
Shame surfacing, overtaking
A child in an adult's body
Innocence defiled, I am breaking



The Vase

Something so beautiful
So pure
Delicately sculpted
Dedicately painted
Put on a shelf
No time to waste
On giving the vase
A dust or a polish

Along came Mr Nasty
He noticed the vase
And thought what pleasure
That's vase could give
So beautiful, so pure
Delicately sculpted
Dedicately painted

So he polished the vase
And made it shine
Others thought he was good
But his intentions
Were selfish and bad
Towards that vase
So beautiful, so pure
Delicately sculpted
Dedicately painted

An the time came
And the vase was ready
For Mr Nasty to break
and smash
As the sculptor cried
And the vase was gone
So roughly smashed
And left a mess

But Mr Nasty was not done
He knew that vase would be
glued back Some pieces missing
but still OK So he waited and
had his way again
As the sculptor cried
And the vase was gone
So roughly smashed
And left a mess

Too many time Mr Nasty
smashed it
That the vase that was so
beautiful, so pure
Delicately sculpted
Dedicately painted
That it became a mess
Of pieces and pain



Hey mister

Hey mister see these scars?
Hey mister look at this
Hey mister are you happy now?
Of this opposite to bliss

Oh yeh I have forgiven you
But where did you get the right
To mess around with people's heads
And blacken all their white

These scars aren't merely marks
Of stupidity and pain
But are the reflection of
A heart that has been slain

Now the angers rising up
Because the bleedings ceased
It's getting bigger, bolder and stronger
Niggles act as yeast

Hey mister I'll fight it
I'll fight it to the end
My weapon will be love
And with it, broken hearts mend



Natalie Collins

Natalie Collins is 24 years old and lives in Essex with her wonderful husband Baggy and her amazing children, Megan and Joshua. She was a victim of domestic violence, then a survivor of it and now considers herself a conqueror of it. She is a committed Christian and she coordinates Faith and Freedom, a project engaging Faith groups in the issues of domestic violence. She also is a facilitator for a domestic violence education programme called The Freedom Programme and speaks publicly about her experiences, in order to help change society's belief systems about domestic violence.

