

Arose By Any Other Name

Leaving The Smoke, dirty old town,
Chancing my luck;
No smile, just a frown,
Thinking: 'What the ****!'

From the Thames to the Mersey,
Same shit, different river,
Cold, tired and hungry.
A thought made me shiver:

I didn't exist, had no name;
A lost face in the crowd.
We all look the same
With our sad heads bowed.

Then somebody said:
"There's *always* a way"
And gave me a bed
Saying "You'll be OK."

I met others who helped me see;
They knew who I was
And who I could be:
At Bluecoat they opened the doors.

Thank you for songs,
For finding my voice;
My past was all wrong
But now I have choice.

I write this poem
As I go on, higher and higher.
I found a home
In your happy, anonymous choir.