

Poetry
from a
Quiet
Body
and a
Screaming
Mind

TRUDY ELDERED

I hope you enjoy reading
my poetry book.

T.A. Eldred.
~~CA~~





Poetry from a Quiet Body
and a Screaming Mind



Trudy Eldred

walkojak

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A Dedication

This poetry book is dedicated to my Mum, Jil.

She always supports and encourages me throughout my writing process when creating poetry, giving me honest comments.

"Thanks Mum!"

Also "Thank you!" to Katherine Twigg who drew the portrait of me.

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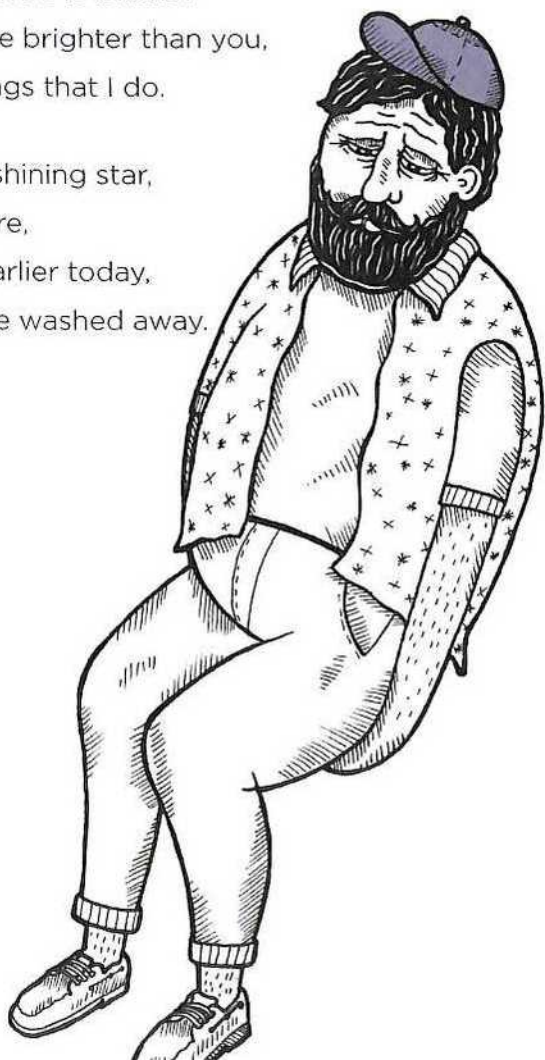
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Every Day

Every day, a new shade of blue,
I can't tell you what I'm going through,
I just can't afford to let myself go,
"Ohhh NO!"

Everyone is just the same,
They touch me, but who's to blame?
There has been no one brighter than you,
I can't deny these things that I do.

You're such a bright, shining star,
For this is what you are,
I thought I saw you earlier today,
Felt like my fears were washed away.



Why, Oh Why?

Why does my heart feel so sad?
Why does my soul feel so bad?
And yet on the outside, I may appear glad.

This is because my time with you
Has come to an end,
Though, I hope there are no grudges,
And we're still friends.

But I do feel better, yip, a whole heap,
I'm even able to finally sleep.
Yay! Oh yay!
For you've made my day.





Tears...

I don't like tears,
For they tend to expose my fears,
Sometimes they seem to last for years...
But, in the end who really cares?
I'd chase these feelings away,
But I don't have the right gears.



Shoes

Without a pair of shoes,
I'd constantly have the blues.

Very rough feet,
Life would not be as sweet,
Nope, definitely not too neat.

I reckon my sneakers rule,
Soft and comfy, they make my insides squiggle,
Yip, for me they're real "Cool."

Even my sheep-skin slippers are quite funky,
But, nope, probably not quite as spunky.

But I couldn't handle,
To wear a pair of jandals.

Even to wear a pair of flip-flops,
Would truly make my
bottom lip drop.

Undies

I would most certainly care,
If I haven't got clean underwear.

Still, I'd rather wear none,
Than to have a smelly bum.

No, not a nice pooh-tang,
Perhaps that's why no one's rang?

I try to keep myself clean,
But it isn't that easy, some people are just mean.

I mean, I don't like to stink,
I'd much rather be dressed in poofy pink.



Hours Passing...

As the hours ever so slowly pass...
So does the liquid from my drinking glass.

I wish you were here with me,
Just to help pass the time.

Because without you,
I feel so damn blue.

Yip, sitting here, listening to Sting,
"Buta-Bo, Bing, Bing, Bing."
I'd better shut-up, as you know I can't sing.

But I really do miss you heaps,
In fact, some nights I can't even sleep,
I just lie there, in bed, in a heap.



All the Stuff You See...

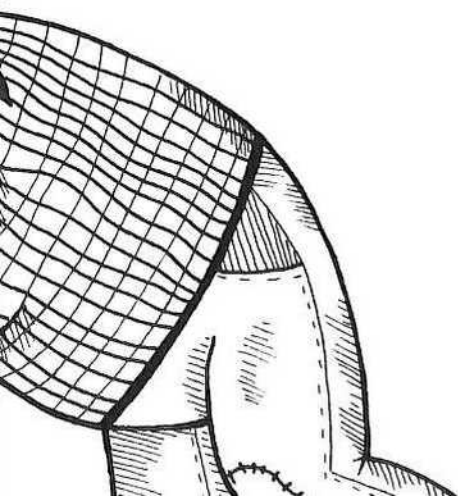
All the traffic that you see,
All that stuff between you and me.

All the lies and deceit you find,
All the truth that's left behind.

It will continue forever . . .
To stop it, you can't ever.

Here we lie, on the bare ground,
Without making a single sound.

Looking up at the sky,
Oh, why oh why...





Fading...

The harbour lights are fading fast,
Soon they'll disappear,
Meanwhile, I sit in silence,
Hoping someone will come near,
But perhaps this is something I fear?
For my mind feels so empty, almost bare.
Though, I wait, and I cry,
Still, NO one ever comes: Why?
Will someone contact me? Try!
This lonesome feeling glides over me,
In my face it's very easy to see.

In Tinseltown

Looking around,
All I can see is Tinseltown,
Underneath the fake smile lies a frown.

Where no one EVER thinks of tomorrow,
Just think of how much you can buy, steal or borrow.
While most people are left with a look of sorrow.

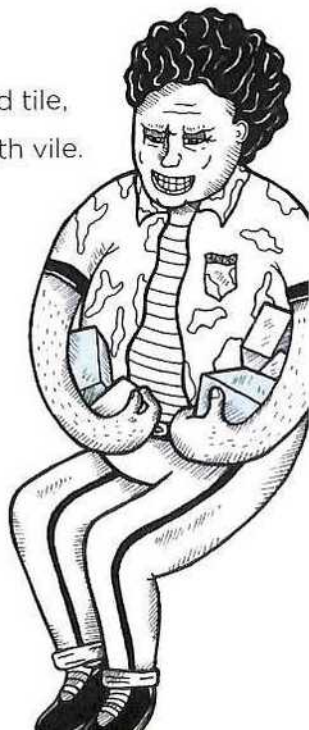
Everyone is having so much fun,
Not caring for what's been done.

With all the pretty bows,
Where will the madness end?
Who bloody well knows?

Everyone's wearing a fake smile,
I feel they must be some sort of painted tile,
Meanwhile, it tends to make me sick with vile.

How I wish I wasn't me,
For these surroundings are not to be,
But what else would I like to see?

Always trying to be the best,
We're always trying to beat the test,
Always trying, keep trying...



Missing You...

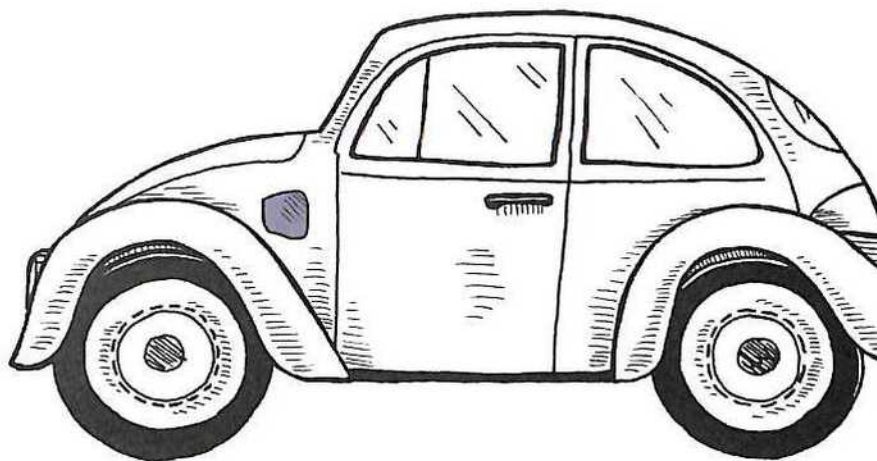
The harbour lights are fading fast,
Soon they'll disappear,
Alone I sit in darkness,
Hoping that someone will come near.

I don't know why,
But I'm about to cry,
Perhaps just perhaps, I'm lonely?
Sometimes I wish someone would invite me.

I don't want you to go,
This you should know.
It's the truth, for I'm telling you so.

I'm not much, just what you see,
Yip, unfortunately, what you see is 'Me'.
Just me and nothing more,
Is this why, inside I feel so sore?

We seem so close and yet so very far,
Oh how I wish I owned a car,
Then I'd come and see you,
Perhaps then I wouldn't feel so blue.



Though, I wait and I wait...
And I try
Not to cry,
Still no one ever comes.

Sometimes, these feelings are so true,
They tend to make me feel blue,
I'm sure nobody would care,
If I were no longer here.

Money, oh Money

Touch the mirror,
Break the surface of the water.

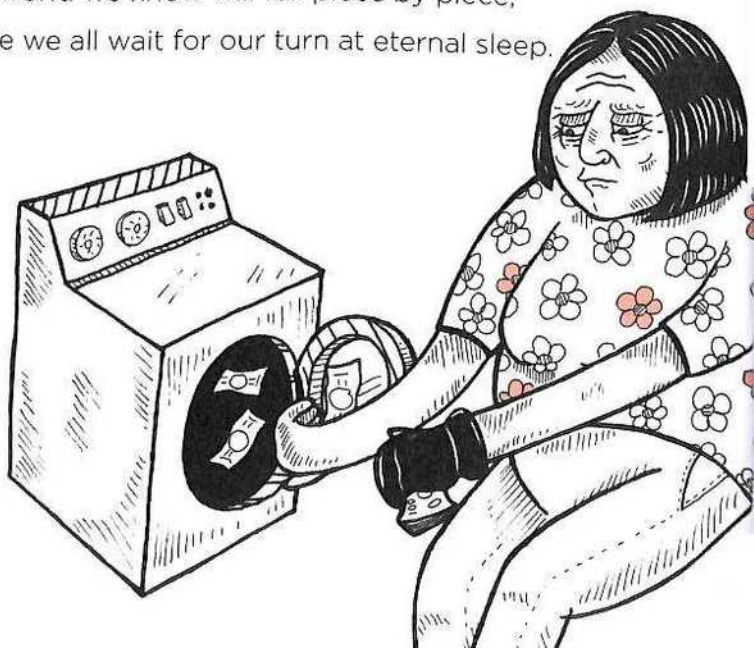
I saw my true self,
All the illusions shatter,
But does this really matter?

Money's only paper, only ink,
Put it through the wash, it could turn pink.

We'll destroy ourselves, if we don't agree,
Because you are you, and me, I'm me.

Money's only paper, only hate,
But it feels like this is our fate.

The world we know will fall piece by piece,
While we all wait for our turn at eternal sleep.





Grey Skies

I saw a rainbow earlier today,
Lately those rainbows come around less and less,
But the image of seeing one is still the best.

Deep in the worry, I have found the struggle in me,
It's only shown to those who want to see,
Otherwise, why can't they let me be?

They're all looking at me; they've got nothing to lose,
Just spread your rubber love around,
It'll come right back to you.

All I ever see is grey skies and no moon,
Seems like I'm winning every time I lose,
The rest of the time, I constantly have the blues.

Blues

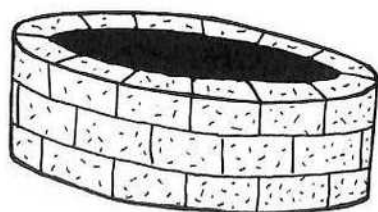
Hey, how come when
I've certainly paid my dues,
I've still got these damn blues?

Sometimes, they tend to drag me down,
But I refuse to live my life wearing a frown!

I will try to carry on,
In my mind, I'm singing a soulful song.

But I've done nothing wrong,
I'll keep trying, but it takes too long.

If given a chance for a golden wish,
Which to choose: that one or this?



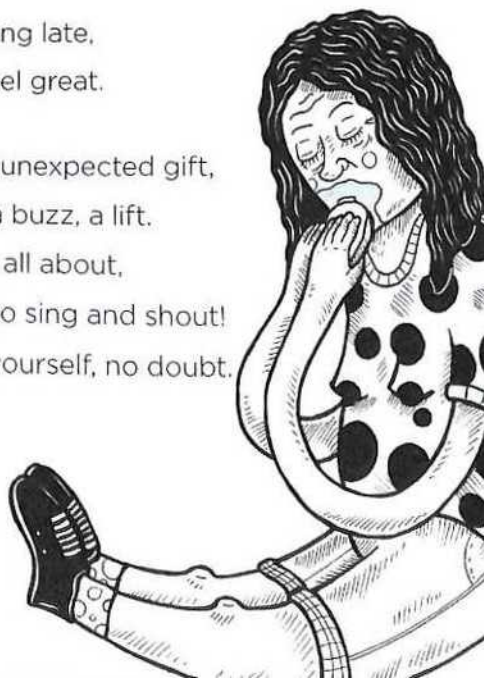
Simple Things

I tend to prefer the simple things,
Like being in a park, playing on the swings,
Or eating a mince and cheese pie,
While lying on the grass,
Gazing up at our beautiful, blue sky.

And in return this makes a mess on my face,
But I reckon "What the hey? Enjoy yourself!
Forget poise and grace.
Even composing and writing a letter,
To a dear friend, to make her feel better.

I like the feeling, knowing that you're in love,
With someone special, with whom you'd share
your favourite gloves,
But I do really dislike being late,
This doesn't make me feel great.

I enjoy giving people an unexpected gift,
This always gives them a buzz, a lift.
To me, this is what life is all about,
Getting out, being able to sing and shout!
In general just to enjoy yourself, no doubt.

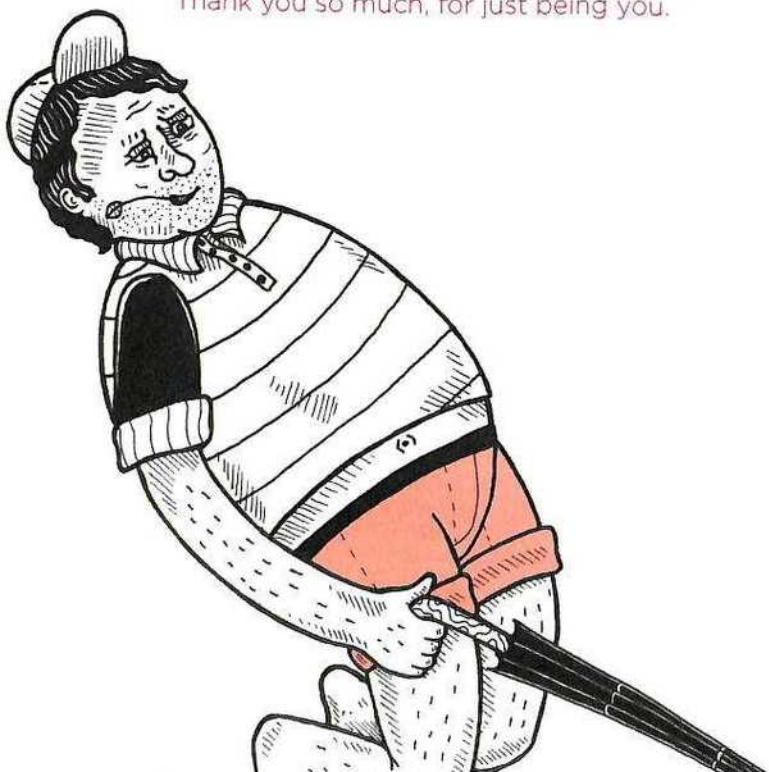


A Day Without You

A day without you; is like a day without rain,
Because on these days all I feel is sorrow and pain,
Images of you keep running through my brain,
Sometimes it feels like it's about to send me insane.

But, days that I do spend with you,
I don't feel quite as blue,
As I otherwise, often tend to do.

When I'm with you, these are the days I feel happy and gay,
This emotion stays with me all throughout the day.
Thank you so much, for all you say and do,
Thank you so much, for just being you.





Good Morning

Good morning sunshine,
I hope you're feeling fine.
Because now it's time,

To get out of bed,
Stop resting your worried head,
There's heaps to do instead.

Luckily, it's not a real yucky day,
When you can't exactly go out and play,
But, oh well, what the hey!
Home is where we might as well stay.

Still, it's always nice to spend time with you,
For you tend to make me feel less blue,
No matter whatever we do.

So, thank you for all the time we spend together,
Moments like those, I wish time would stop forever,
And start again never!

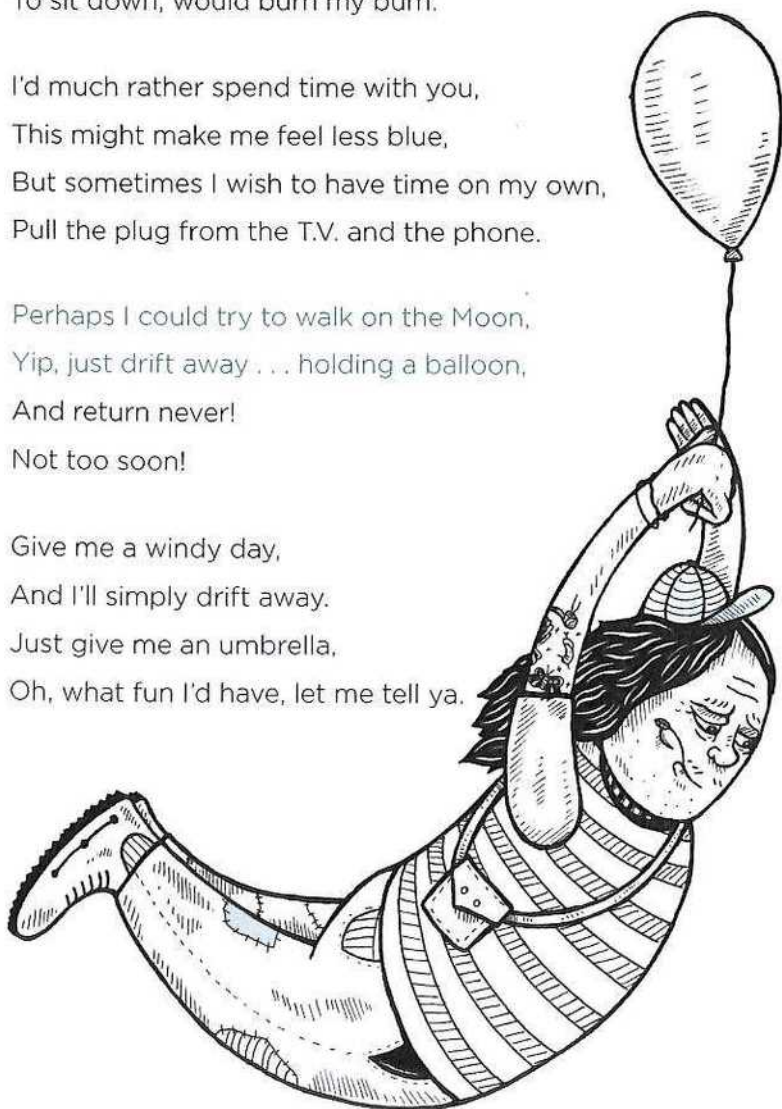
Walking on the Sun...

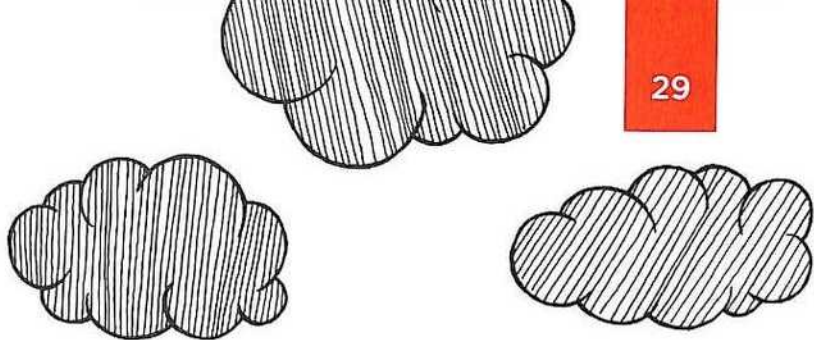
To walk on the Sun,
Wouldn't be my number one,
No, definitely not much fun,
To sit down, would burn my bum.

I'd much rather spend time with you,
This might make me feel less blue,
But sometimes I wish to have time on my own,
Pull the plug from the T.V. and the phone.

Perhaps I could try to walk on the Moon,
Yip, just drift away . . . holding a balloon,
And return never!
Not too soon!

Give me a windy day,
And I'll simply drift away.
Just give me an umbrella,
Oh, what fun I'd have, let me tell ya.





On Grey, Foggy Days

On grey, foggy days,
Makes me feel like I'm in a daze,
It can even send a few to craze,
But most people choose to laze.

Outside, everything tends to look grey,
I don't really like these kinds of days,
Unable to go out and play,
But oh well, what the hey!

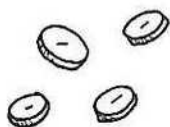
It tends to make me feel sad,
I'm surely not glad,
If it continues, then I'll turn mad!

But once the grey has disappeared... gone,
I can go back to singing my cheerful, happy song,
But hopefully, it won't last too long.

Yip, once the sun is out,
I just want to sing and shout!
Because I can get around, go about.

My Little Zit...

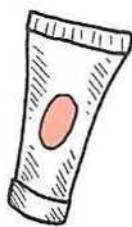
This damn little zit,
I just wish it would go away, split.
It's starting to grow,
No more is it just a little bit.



It's on the end of my little finger,
Where I know it'll stay, it'll surely linger.
My unwanted zit,
On my little finger is where it'll sit.

I've tried pills, potions and creams,
Everything on the market.
Yes, it's bad - so it seems...
Every time I see it there,
It brings on a nightmare,
Not a dream!





Maybe, just perhaps I should just give in,
And consult a physician.
But to do this, surely isn't that cheap,
I'd rather complain my little butt off,
Let it lay there in a heap,
Meanwhile, I'm still... receiving no sleep!

My unwanted zit looks like it's getting worse,
I tend to treat this thing, as though it's a vicious curse.
The more I think about it... the more it aches,
Sometimes I'm tempted to 'POP!' it, make it break.

My Ultimate Thrill

A few years ago, I dived from the sky,
Those who watched me fly,
Reckon I'm lucky to be alive.

They all thought I was nuts,
But in my prime, I replied,
"Don't knock it till you try it,
10,000 feet in the sky."

By now I was truly scared,
My bones they shivered with fear,
Martyn said, "You look calm my dear."
I replied, "Not from way up here!"

Jumping out the plane, you'd think I was insane,
Worst thing could happen,
I'd want to do it again and again...

Now I'm back on solid ground,
My feet they weigh a ton,
I've conquered all my fears,
I'm tough, I'm safe, and I'm sound.



Dreaming...

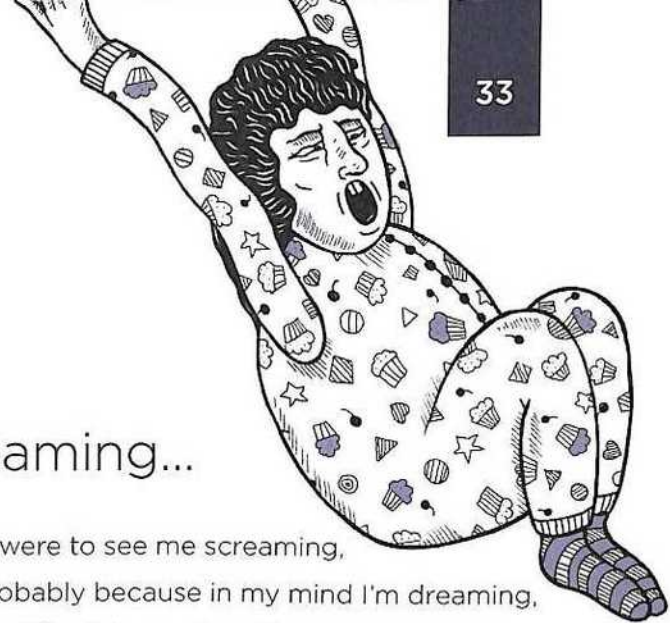
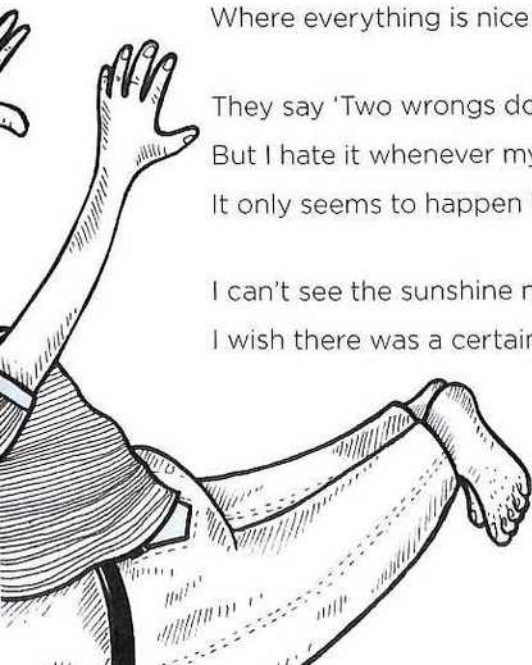
If you were to see me screaming,
It's probably because in my mind I'm dreaming,
But it's difficult to see how I'm exactly feeling.

I'm most likely in a nightmare,
As this is where,
Everything and anything can easily scare.

But if I were to wake in your arms,
This is where I'd feel safe from harm,
Where everything is nice and calm.

They say 'Two wrongs don't make it right',
But I hate it whenever my parents fight,
It only seems to happen late at night.

I can't see the sunshine no more,
I wish there was a certain cure.

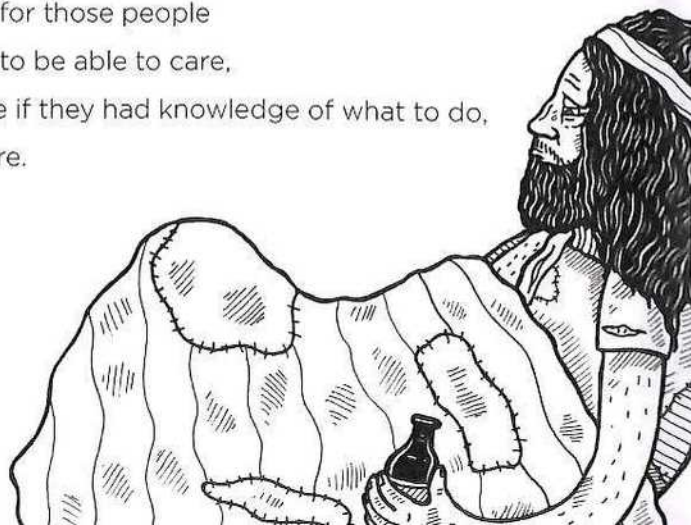
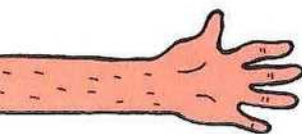


Society

To live in society,
Perhaps, just isn't for me?

'Cos to be eternally happy,
Is what I want to be.
If you could imagine,
Or see a person being free.
Living the way they want to be,
This is how I wish we all could be.

Because society dictates
How we are to think, act and feel,
Sometimes, it all seems far too unreal.
But, meanwhile, in reality...
There are many families living in poverty,
I often wish I could help, lend a hand,
But you're you and I'm me.
Often these cases just seem to be unfair,
Especially, for those people
Who'd like to be able to care,
And maybe if they had knowledge of what to do,
They'd share.



The Lonesome Sound of You

That ever so lonesome sound,
That's following me down.

A season for joy,
A season for sorrow,
I hope you know I'll surely follow.

For you brighten my day,
You warm the coldest night,
Those hounds of winter,
Have me in their sight.

I still see your face,
In everything I see everyday,
It's easier to remember you this way,
Remembering the way we used to play.



Plastic Bags and Magazines

Plastic bags and magazines,
Sometimes may portray our most inner dreams,
But amongst all this gloss and stuff,
Which some people can't seem to get enough.

Why do we feel we need all this?
What's the reason? Why, oh why?
It's enough to make those who care cry,
Some people in protest even resort to suicide:
Yip, they die!

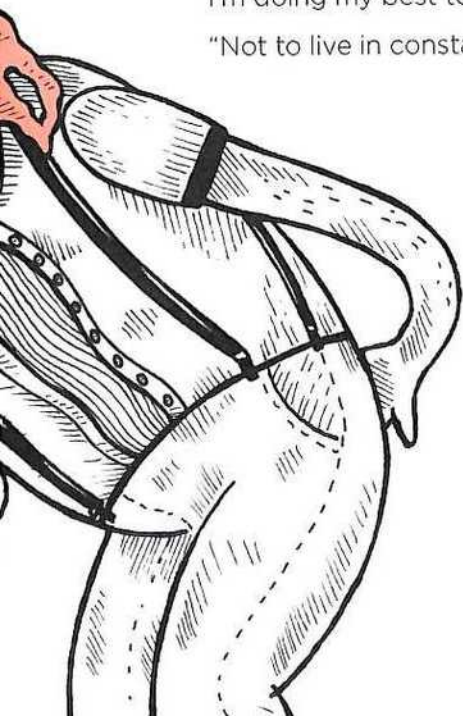
Most magazines nowadays publish false dreams,
Pop star crap,
And then they'll give it to you in a plastic bag,
Or wrap,
Which in return makes more rubbish,
More crap,
All our pollution could kill us in the end:
More and more trash.



There are many songs written and sung
for our Mother Earth,
But people keep producing more and more
babies: They don't see the hurt,
Keep pushing another one out:
"Another mouth to feed, just another birth."

I cannot wait till I see the day,
When everyone is feeling happy and gay,
This is just one of my silly hopes, but still I pray.

For those who really care,
Remember I'm usually around, waiting here...
I'm doing my best to show the world -
"Not to live in constant fear!"



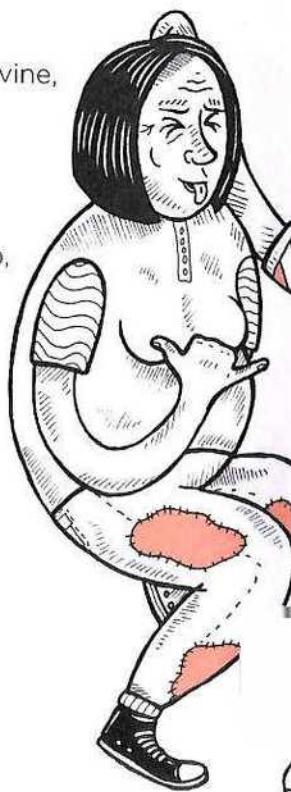
To Have a Friend in You

To have a friend like you,
Makes me feel less blue,
It doesn't matter what we say or do.

For when we're together
I wish time would stop forever,
And start again, never!

I really enjoy being with you, wasting time,
Rarely ever getting into trouble,
Nor doing the odd crime.
But whatever we do, it's just fine,
'Cos thinking of you... makes me feel so divine,
To have a better friend,
I don't think I'll ever find.

Thank you so much, for all you say and do,
Thank you so much, for just being you.



Without You

Without you.

I don't know what to do?

Those around me, see it in the way I act,
And more so, in the way I react.

On days like these,

Nothing I do seems to make me pleased,

I never feel truly satisfied,

Sometimes I'll sit in my room and cry.

My loneliness often makes me very sad,

It surely doesn't make me feel glad.

But times like these can also make me mad.





Control

Everyone seems to be out of control,
Their smiles are fading fast,
They're losing their soul,
Not by half, but more by whole.

When will we ever learn?
That we all must be patient
While we wait for our turn.
Our existence on earth,
We should cherish, not burn.

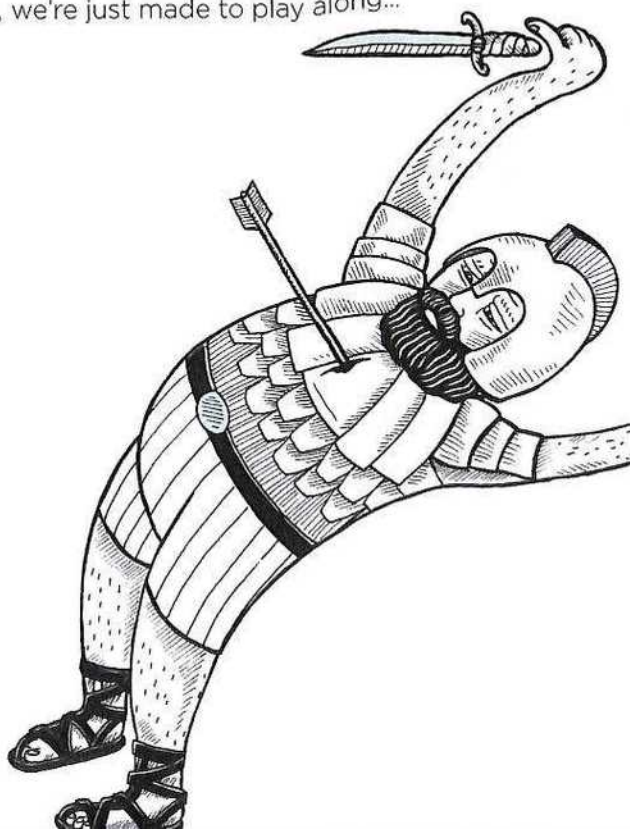
You say to me, "My, my, it's been
Such a long time."
While I reply, "Yes it has, I hope you're fine?"
Meanwhile, a cold shiver runs down my spine.

Mystery of our History

This may seem quite a mystery,
But, all throughout history,
There have been many wars,
People dying by the scores.

But why, oh why?
This makes some people cry,
Some people protest, some resort to die.

Most of us pretend to be strong,
While trying to do little wrong,
In realization, we're just made to play along...



T.V. Stinks

Nothing's on T.V.
This does not please me!

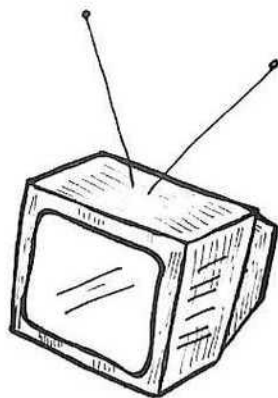
Only repeats on Sky,
And this isn't too fly.

Turn on my V.C.R.
Same one I've had for years.
Turn on my radio,
But the National station hurts my ears.

Play something on the stereo,
But the speakers sound terrible, "Oh, No!"
I can't even go out,
If someone took me out for lunch,
It would be my shout!

Pick up the telephone,
No one's there, no one's home,
Meanwhile I'm still alone,
Feeling like a dog, who's lost its bone.

I like to be out, get around.
Or perhaps, it's being with someone else.
Out of these four walls, out of the damn house.





Whenever

Whenever I feel sad,
And everything else seems bad.

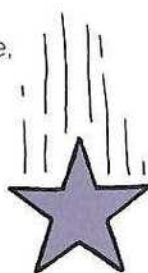
Wherever you are, or wherever you may be,
I still wish you were here with me.

For whenever the stars begin to fall,
You are the one I want to call.

Whatever I do,
I want to share it with you.

But life isn't always that kind,
A better friend I know I won't find.

You're stuck with me, and I'm stuck with you,
Yet, we pick each other up, never feeling blue.



Boredom

Being so bloody bored,
Sort of feels like being unable to score.

Nothing to do, the mind is blank,
Want to be naughty, just to get a spank.

At least this would be different, a change,
To give me something to do,
I gave my room a rearrange.

But this only made matters worse,
It felt as though, I'd been cursed.

Everything seems to take forever,
I wish to be in this situation, "Yeah, right, never!"

It's currently raining outside, pitiful rain,
Especially when most of it is wasted,
Going down the drain.

The sky is a terrible, dark grey,
This certainly doesn't make me happy,
Nor does it make my day.

Because I can't exactly go outside and play,
But, oh well, what the hey!
Inside is where I'll stay.



Oh, How I Pray

Oh, how I pray,
For the day,
That you'd stay.

Because you see,
I wish you were here with me,
For together we'd always be.


Oh yeah, we'd be stuck like glue,
Together, we'd be one, not two.

I miss you,
So much that I always feel blue,
This feeling's so cruel and yet true.

If I only owned a car,
I'd drive it far,
Then I'd come and see ya.



The Sea and Me



I used to be a sailor,
I'd sail across the sea,
Now I'm just an island,
Since they took my boat away from me.

I don't like being stationary,
If I were allowed to go for a walk, I'd go to the dairy,
But nowadays, even this seems to be unsafe...
A little scary.

So instead I'll stay at home,
Where it feels I'm always alone,
No one to text, nor phone.

Everyone's in a rush,
To get things done: Got to be somewhere,
Push! Push! Push!
Anywhere, who's to care?
If I were no longer here.

Still, I like the rocky sways of the waves,
To this movement I'm probably a slave.



Thank You

Thank you for purchasing and reading
my poetry book,

You wouldn't believe how long it has took...

If it's intended
To be a gift,
I'm sure it will give
The recipient a lift.

But even for yourself, when you're feeling down,
Just to read my poems, may reverse your frown.

Also, a big thank you to those,
Who encouraged me.
Don't cry, wipe those tears, blow your nose.
"Thanks."



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16 October 2015



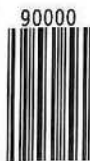
This is a collection of poems
created by Trudy Eldred.

"This has been my dream for a
long time, but because of my
disability it has been difficult
to be understood.

'Poetry from a Quiet Body and a
Screaming Mind' is one way that
I can prove that there is more to
me than others might expect."

Illustrations by Daniel Jeanes
Designed by Janet Jeanes

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