



Creative Writing Portfolio

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Dear Veronica

Hundreds of people walk past hundreds of people every minute of every second of every day. Some days are significant; most days aren't. This particular evening the pregnant air hung down hugging the sharp, studded shoulders of a woman's leather jacket as she stood waiting to cross the road. She stared ahead as if transfixed by something in the air: A dandelion head, a skeletal leaf, a strand of a young girl's long brown hair. There were no cars on the road and if she wanted she could have crossed but she still stood there staring at the wonder of nothingness.

"Youse alright chuck? You can cross t'road you know? No cars!" An old woman screeched next to her, waddling across the road like a toddler finding her feet. The woman watched the lumpy, fleshy ankles of the old woman comparing the skin to a bruised grape been left in the sun to burn, before following her footsteps methodically. Wading through the current of the accusing air she arrived at the supermarket. Unhurt. Unharmed. Unfound.

As she went to place both hands on the transparent door she caught sight of herself in the glass. A perfect example of Arian beauty: Knife blue eyes, blood stained crimson lips. Hitler would have been proud. She noticed there was a smear of lipstick on the right side of her lower lip giving her the appearance of a vampire post-dissipation. She sniggered at the irony of this image before purposely correcting the error and stepping nonchalantly into the shop. She grabbed a basket and began to meander down the first aisle. The distant sound of *The Beatles* resonated through the air from the shopkeeper's wireless. The reverberations of noise became slightly muffled as she concentrated on the solid tapping of each step her thigh-high black boots made on the cheap plastic floor.

Love love me do, you know I love you. She hummed along. *You know I love you Ian, you know I love you.*

She stared at the shelves of jars and packets and tins and cans; pondering. She was the scientist in her laboratory choosing which experiment to deal with next. Jam sponge and custard for pudding. As she extended her arm to reach to the top-shelf for a tin of *Birds* custard she noticed the excessive dirt surrounding her fingernail, acting like a riverbank; crumbling and muddy leading into the murkiness of the nicotine mottled nail. She stood staring at the mixture of devotion, love and fear in one fingernail. She tried to ignore the trepidation that pinched her and struck her every nerve as she grabbed the tin of custard.

Birds custard. Birds. Flying overhead. Over Saddleworth.

The birds see everything.

Someone to love, someone like you.

She continued down the aisle as the world around her became less vivid. The colour furiously stabbed out of the fresh fruit and vegetables, the clarity rung out of the necks of the other shoppers. But she continued. She thought about her favourite food as a child: Grandmother's cheese and pickle sandwiches. Far from the beads of gin clinging to the breath of her drunk father and the regular sound of thumps and slaps. 'That's what I'll make', she

thought, 'cheese and pickle sandwiches'. She searched down the aisles looking for a jar of Branston's pickle. It had to be Branston's; it was the best. At first the search started slowly with a casual glance left and right; scanning the shelves. But, then the search became much more frantic. She was tearing down the aisles, unaware of the expanding ladder in her already frequently ripped tights. None on the left. None on the right.

"'Cuse me Miss are you looking for summit? I can help you, you know?" The shopkeeper questioned.

She started to grab things off the shelves, pulling them, heaving them with all her strength. No shelf must go unturned. She would find it.

"Miss, I'm going to have to ask you leave the shop Miss. You can't throw things around in my shop. Miss...Miss!"

Jars and packets and tins and cans lay maimed and scattered across the aisles as the shopkeeper's voice finally shattered the impenetrable glass inhibiting the woman from hearing. It was sharp in her ears, like the tip of a long fingernail as it scrapes the first layer of skin. She lay intermingled with the chaos and commotion of a kitchen's contents. Staring up at the pairs of eyes interrogating her she rose to her feet, dropped her basket and casually made her way out of the shop.

As she stepped out into the suffocating ice-blue air she heard shouts of a middle-aged woman and a younger boy.

"Pauline? Pauline! Where are you? Excuse me have you seen my daughter Pauline? She's been missing for about two hours. Come on we need to keep looking."

"Excuse me mister have you seen my sister? Mummy says we can't find her and we need to search everywhere! We must find her!"

The woman stood there rooted to the spot as she swallowed the burning sting of the evening's events before continuing to walk on. Staring at the wonder of nothingness.

14th April 1961

Dear Veronica,

I saw him today.

My fingers hammered each key of the type-writer frustratedly and I felt him behind me. My eyes saw him without having to turn around; my fingers slowly began to grace each key as if I was stroking his face, my heart rattled in its cage.

How does he do this to me?

I know what they say about him. His record is stained; blemished. He held a knife to someone's throat. He's stolen everything, even hearts. Sometimes I sit there and let my thoughts glide and skim happily above the deep blue of reality and I find myself wishing that it was I he had held the knife to. Just so I could have his soft, blood stained hands around my neck, his warm deathly breath in my ear, the feel of his body behind me like my own shadow; inescapable.

I finally managed to pivot my head and he was there.

He stood there in his grey suit, tie slightly undone, his ebony hair curved in a wave-like quiff enticing me to dive in. As he laughed his eyes fell downwards towards me. I looked back up at him it was as if the ocean had parted and a channel had opened between us before he turned away and the surge of water entered leaving me to drown.

Ian they call him.

I.A.N

I. Am. Nothing
I'll write again soon.

The sharpness of the sun pervaded through the wafer thin glass treating the inhabitants of the enclosed office like plants in a greenhouse. The rows and rows of typists were positioned in a military fashion all indoctrinated and focused on their typing. The pink candy floss rinsed hair of one of the young women bobbed up and down as she worked, like a buoy on the water, petrified of drowning but having the inability to do so. She stared at the writer in front of her acting as if she was encapsulated by the words she was typing however her mind was distant.

All she could think of was him.

Since the day she had started work at Millwards she no longer felt she had control of her mind. It was as if she had undergone a lobotomy which removed every living memory she had every held before the day she had seen him. Years later, when she felt herself spiralling out of control, she would repeat: "My eyes saw him without having to turn around".

There was a shout from the other side of the office.

"Myra! Myra! Can you come and see me in my office please?" Mr Johnson the office manager bellowed her name across the floor, sending his voice like a bowling ball as if he were hoping to knock all the typists down and get a strike.

Immediately she stopped typing and rose to her feet. Neatening out the creases in her ankle-length, pleated skirt she scuttled across the floor. She was a needle weaving and threading her way between all the other women, too engrossed in their typing to notice her, or too aware of her prickling, sharp presence. She rose her hand to knock on the office door just as it swung open. And there he stood.

Colossal. Confident. Cruel.

"Sorry about that Myra. Just been having a little chat with our Ian here. Have you two met?" Mr Johnson's rough, northern voice was a polite intrusion but it was inconsequential. She stood there and stared as the nausea bubbled and rippled in the pit of her stomach.

"Hi. Nice to meet you." He stretched his arm towards her hesitantly as she looked down and saw his hand. The large palm, the long fingers, the hands she wanted to touch her and hold her and rip her and maul her. She said nothing.

"Well...introductions over," Mr Johnson said awkwardly. "Do you want to step into my office Myra? Thanks Ian, I'll see you later." He widened his door allowing enough room for Myra to step in with ease. She remained routed. The sticky substance multiplied underneath her armpits as she watched Ian walk back into the ocean of bobbing heads; a pebble she had thrown into the sea as she watched how far it went.

"Come on in Myra, I just wanted to have a chat about how well you're getting on. These last six months have been a delight and your work is really..."

Mr Johnson's words were now futile. She'd picked and found the best pebble on the beach but thrown it all too far.

1 October 1961

Dear Veronica,

I walked for hours today up and around Sandheworth Moor. I wanted to be able to see sky that was crystal blue but instead it was perfumed with the greyness of industrialism. It reminded me of a 'family day out' we attempted to have when I was 13. The four of us: Me and Maureen, Mother and Father. From a distance we must have seemed a flawless, family portrait painted finely and delicately to perfection. However, when you looked closely you could see the paint had started to run, tears were streaming down my face and there was bruise on my heart. We ended up leaving before we even began eating. Father shouted at me for wearing inappropriate shoes and made me go home. I knew it would be more than the shouting for me that night. I had a 'special' punishment. One that involved unspeakable actions that would remain staining my skin like a tattoo. Boredom has begun to suffocate me. The date with William last week was fruitless. Never again will I go to a dance. William was the kind of boy who looked like he should have been stood next to a prom princess in a sugar-cane-pink dress talking together about how to spend Daddy's money. He said he hated my hands. He said they were blotchy with nicotine and lectured me on how smoking is apparently detrimental for your health. So obviously I lit up in his face and ensured I blew smoke towards him. The smoke obscured the image of him, deleting the fact he ever existed. By the time he had wafted the smoke away I had gone. A ghost. A mirage. A nightmare. I only want him. Ian. I want him to father me, look after me and protect me. I see him very rarely at work and when I do see him he ignores me. These moments are like paper-cuts. Small and inconsequential but sharp and deeply painful.

I can hear my grandmother's shouting me from downstairs and the smell of dinner is seeping up through the floorboards. It's time I was of assistance.

I'll write again soon.

Snowflakes fluttered down with each flirting blink of the sky's eyelashes. They stuck to the office windows so precisely it seemed they were attempting to communicate a message; nature's answer to the Merry Christmas banners hanging from each store window in town. The office was humming with the excitement of the impending Christmas break. Everyone was packing away their work and donning their winter coats preparing to brave the dark, freezing Narnia that lay behind the front door. The laughter and giggling, symbolising the hope and expectation of the romantic Christmas period, soared above Myra's head like an eagle as she slid her leather jacket onto her already chilled shoulders. She wanted to shout and scream that "Father Christmas wasn't real" like she did as a child but she knew this was purposeless. All that little Myra usually received for Christmas was a firm punch, a deadening slap and all too much affection from a whisky inebriated man she was forced to call 'Father'.

She was just preparing herself to endure the shivering, fearsome darkness when she felt a hand on her shoulder freezing all the nerves in her body, so much colder than the outdoors. She knew those hands.

"Myra? It is Myra isn't it?" He spoke and her body began to slowly thaw out like Grandmother's Christmas turkey.

“Hi. Yes I'm Myra.” She replied, feigning nonchalance unpromisingly.

“I'm Ian. We met a few months back. I have been meaning to speak to you but it's been so busy. Not just here but I've been teaching myself German at home in the evenings.” Ian spoke nervously and quietly as if he had been trapped in a cave and had just been set free. An apologetic smile crept across his face.

“Out of all the excuses...!” Myra replied humorously trying to act naturally calm within the tense atmosphere.

She gradually she felt at ease. She was a sharp knife slicing through warm blood.

“I promise. No excuses. But I would like to get to know you. There's a showing of this picture on the Nuremberg trails tomorrow night down at the big picture house in town. If you would like we could see it together?” Ian questioned tentatively “Only if you want?”

“Well I should be free. Sounds great.” She reprimanded herself for being all too accepting.

“Great I'll see you there at 7”

As the details were finalised and they parted their separate ways Myra struggled to feel the tiny lumps and bumps of biting cold reproducing themselves on her arm. There was a fire burning within the very nucleus of her stomach. Burning and also damaging.

She just wasn't aware of that yet.

23nd December 1961

Dear Veronica,

It was last night. The date. Or as I like to hyperbolically call it The Apocalypse of Life as I Know it.

We met at 7pm at the bus station in Manchester. I'd travelled the 15 minute (which in reality felt like 15 days) journey from Gorton. He wore tight trousers and a leather jacket and his hair was perfectly emulating a tsunami wave. Once again I wanted him to destroy me.

We remained silent during the 5 minutes walk to the picture house. There were no words needed as we wrote and revised the play script of the evening between us silently. As I sat there, unable to focus on the moving images, I felt his hand slowly grip my thigh. A striking combination of pleasure and pain electrocuted all the nerves travelling down towards my groin as I stared at him. But he continued to look forward, completely enraptured with the picture.

Afterwards, once again we were silent as we walked slowly back to the bus stop. There were no words needed as he followed me onto the bus back to Gorton. We had both written the conclusion of our play ending up back at my Grandmother's house. I was the first to speak as I told him I knew my Grandmother had some German wine in the house. A non-drinker herself she had received it as a present from one of her admirers, a soldier who lived in Germany. We would open and share it.

We entered my Grandmother's house as I held my fingers to my lips initiating silence he lent towards me. In the darkened hallway I stared up at him pursing my lips ready to devour his tongue within my mouth, swallowing him, relishing him as if he were my last supper. He bent down, his lips slightly grazed mine like a soft breeze before he entered the house. It was not enough. I wanted more. I wanted to savour his saliva in the taste buds on my tongue.

He wandered up the stairs as if he held a map of the house along with a map of my heart. I quickly scrambled around the cupboards in the kitchen looking for the wine. The cork was stained a rich sanguine red as it popped of the bottle. I was ready.

He was sat on my bed flicking through my weekly music magazine enamoured with my love of rock music. He didn't fit in with the pink laced bedspread my grandmother had chosen for me. And I loved it. He sullied and blemished everything everybody wanted me to be. He was my dirty secret and I was spreading and smearing him over every wall.

Whispering we talked about music, art and film before he spied my camera. He was in awe of its mechanisms and technicalities.

As the wine welcomed me into a content numbness I lay back on my bed as once again I felt his hands crawling up my thighs. As he began to unzip one of my thigh-high boots I felt like my whole body drifting into euphoria. The moment I had waited for.

He yanked my legs as if he were attempting to tear them apart. I yelped in pain but he smiled at me and I suddenly realised pain and pleasure were the same.

I began to hear clicking sounds and a lightening bright light blinded me. I realised he was taking pictures of me. He moved and pulled my legs in different positions, some uncomfortable. He stretched and extended my muscles as if he was attempting to mould and shape me. I was the clay on his pottery wheel.

He asked me to remove my clothing and I obliged willingly. As he pulled my breasts and dug his fingernails into my skin waves of pleasure spread all over my body. The clicking sounds became erotic as he groaned and moaned at the images he took.

As he stood up, swigged the last of his wine and put on his leather jacket I cried out with pleasure as my climax took over my body. As he exited my room claiming he'd bring my camera back after Christmas he shut the door. I lay swimming in my own sticky pool, a new-born child floating in amniotic fluid.

I count down the hours till I see him again. He has changed my life.

I.A.N

I. Am. New.

I will write again soon.

The Church was a pipe busting and overflowing with families, couples and singles swarming into every crevice as they attended the Easter Sunday service. Myra stood on the opposite side of the road waiting for Ian smoking a cigarette and silently laughing at the gullibility of every single member inside the church. She was baptised a Catholic. She had even been confirmed: "Myra Veronica Hindley". She thought it sounded like she could be in a West-End show, on the local wireless station or in a headline.

She used to believe in God. She would often pray for help to get those drunken roaming hands away from her pre-pubescent body. But she knew better now. He had taught her better.

Myra and Ian had begun an unconventional relationship over the last year. They initially would meet at lunchtimes and converse over the Nazi atrocities fascinated by Hitler and his uncompromising power. She was turning herself into an Ayrian beauty bleaching her hair the whitest blonde so each strand broke and weakened praying for moisture.

They spent every night together at her house, taking pictures, listening to music, reading stolen books. She was transfixed with him. He became her guidebook, her gospel, her God. They did not make love they made pain and she relished in it. Often he would bite her until the teeth marks bruised, scratch her until she drew blood and penetrated her so aggressively often she would stain the sheets a purple tinge; a virgin on her wedding night.

But every time she would climax so intensely she would forget her own name. But she never forgot his.

He often told her stories about murder claiming it to be a perfect art. He would describe the cutting of fresh skin, the ripping of thin muscles, the breaking of pure white bones. She would sit there and listen intently as if he were singing her a nursery rhyme. Every word that came out of his mouth was sacred.

She wrote and revised their love story over and over in her head each night she lay unable to sleep without his arms around her. She was drunk with him.

As she saw him walking up the hill towards her she put out her cigarette and thought 'I want him and all of him and I will do anything to get that'.

She just didn't know how yet.

28th June 1963

Dear Veronica,

It's been two weeks now since Ian moved into my room. Grandmother wasn't too pleased initially. She hears what everybody says about him but eventually I convinced her.

It feels as though my life has been covered with a large dose of treacle; dark but sweet. We are rarely awake in daylight. Our own draconian lifestyles exist of sitting by candlelight at night whilst Ian reels off his fantasises and desires each becoming more and more sinister as the nights continue.

We don't go into work any more both feigning serious illness. I often hear the telephone during the day as I lay awake contemplating the stories I had heard the previous night. Grandmother is too deaf to hear it and I am too petrified to move from the safety of Ian's heavy breath both warming and chilling my body.

Last night he told me he wants to commit a murder. I was silent as he described how he aims to complete this perfect act. It is an art. He treats the human body as if it is his art materials, the bones are his paintbrushes, the blood his paint, the skin his felt.

I find it hard to gage how serious these thoughts are. When he tells me how integral I am to the plan I merely nod silently as to not upset or annoy him. I'd do anything for him he knows that.

I'm sure it won't go that far. He doesn't really want to hurt anyone it's just his art, his trade, his love of the human form.

The sun has just come up and I can hear the milkman whistling his happy tune as he wanders down the street. I picture all the terraced houses waking up to the hustle and bustle of a weekday morning collecting the milk and making a pot of tea.

I'm wondering at what point I will be able to have this life I have never received. With Ian.

I will write again soon.

The cooling summer breeze swept through the open window of the pea-green Volkswagen van. Myra's hands slipped and licked their way around the wheel drenched in their own perspiration. She kept checking her rear mirror to look at the motorbike following her. The tinny sound of *The Ronettes* trickled out of the van's wireless as she attempted to lose herself in the lyrics. *Be my be my baby, won't you be my baby?* She was waiting for the

flashing signal from the man following her. Her one and only love. *The night we met I knew I needed you so.*

She was part of an intricate plan. She was a chess board on which Ian was to move his pieces and plot out his objective. He told her this so it must be true. She had to drive arrive town and act natural: You must act natural Myra! He was the eyes of the operation. She was the device, the tool which could help him achieve his goal. She had to give him what he was searching for.

She hadn't really thought it would go this far. This was a long way from candle-lit stories; this was real. And she knew there was no way of having him, of capturing him unless she carried out this plan. Hum along to the radio and don't think about it.

She was leading him down the roads and streets she had walked her whole life: As a child on her way to school, a teenager wandering and smoking and now as an accomplice.

She saw the lights of the motorbike flicker and blink at her. She knew the signal. Paralysed by fear she struggled to slow down and look at the innocent little girl. She was a neighbour, not a day over seven. Myra often saw her playing outside with a ball, dancing around as she flung it up the air trying to reach the clouds. As she put on her indicator to pull alongside the girl she heard the silent scream of the girl's mother as she would realise her child was missing. The sound filled the car as Myra wound up the window. She continued to drive.

She felt Ian's anger as he accelerated alongside her until she had reached another street and pulled over.

"What the fuck do you think you are doing you good for nothing slut? She was perfect. I said to you, when I signal you pull over and offer it a lift didn't I? I give you one fucking instruction and you disobey me! You're nothing more than a piece of shit!" Ian's face swelled in a blotchy fit of anger as he cursed her, metaphorically burying her under a mound of soil.

Myra for once was pleased by the distance that stood between them. He was still on his bike, her still in the car. There was time to rectify this. He was right, what was she doing? Had she ruined her one and only chance?

"I'm so so sorry, I'm so sorry. I recognised her. She lives near me. I couldn't do it. I just couldn't," Myra pleaded "I'm sorry. Please let's try again I'll do anything. Please"

"Right okay. Do your job properly this time yeah?"

"I promise I will." Her affirmation was swallowed by the noise of the motorbike's growl as he prepared to follow her once more. She knew this was her last chance.

She turned right onto Froxmer Street planning to continue up towards the centre of town. It was sooner than she had expected but once again she saw the signal. There was no turning back now. She indicated and pulled over to see a pretty teenage girl in a long, pale blue coat and white high-heeled shoes. She looked like Cinderella. But unlike Cinderella she wouldn't be home before midnight. Myra recognised her as a Pauline Reade, a friend of her younger sister. There was no turning back now: She had promised.

"Pauline!" She shouted through the open window, "It's me Myra, I'm Maureen's sister. Do you fancy a lift home?"

Pauline looked at Myra with innocent relief. "Myra! Oh I'm so glad I've seen you! Would you mind giving me a lift over Saddleworth? I've seemed to have lost my favourite glove whilst walking over there and mother will kill me!"

As Myra drove off towards the moor with Reade by her side, for the first time she felt excited. It couldn't have happened more perfectly. Her heart accelerated furiously as the two females sat and discussed Pauline's school day, her dance class and boys in her year. The trivial chit-chat acted as foreplay to what Myra saw as her last attempt to have all of Ian Brady.

They suddenly arrived at the edge of the Moor and Myra suddenly noticed how isolated they were. She felt like she was in an impenetrable bubble that even the sharpest knife, the hardest punch or the most piercing scream could not break. The howling of the motorbike caught the attention of Pauline as Myra introduced her to Ian. He's my boyfriend: The words fluttered out.

"Pauline why don't we go and have a look for that glove of yours whilst Myra watches my bike?" he spoke casually.

"Yeah sure!" She replied.

Myra watched them disappear over the undulations of land. They were a couple travelling into the sunset, a double-act on a mission, a criminal and a victim.

All she had to do now was wait.

13th July 1963

Dear Veronica,

It's done.

I sat in the van waiting. I tried to count each second he was gone but the pounding of my heart interrupted the count. Afterwards, he told me he had been gone thirty minutes. He held my hand and said he wanted me to walk with him to see his work, assess him and critique him, as if I were the reviewer of an exhibition.

My heels dug into the soft ground with each step I took and I felt my brow percolate with fear. Then I saw her.

She lay there on the roots of a huge tree. Death and life combined. Her throat had been cut and butchered whilst blood seeped out onto the ground colouring it like a canvas. It was then that I noticed that her dress was up round her waist and there was blood trickling down her legs.

I swiftly realised that he had *had* her.

I vomited profusely over the corpse in front of me, throwing myself to the ground. My nails dug into the earthly soil as I contemplated whether it was the smell of death or the fact he had touched her in a way I could never possibly imagine him touching anyone that caused my own personal addition to his work of art to materialise. Ian grabbed her heavy cold body and threw in into the already prepared pit; the self-made coffin.

He told me to act natural. That's what I had to do. Then he held me in his arms and kissed me deeply as I tasted the metallic tinge of a young girl's blood.

Go shopping like I told you to do. Buy us some food for tea.

'I love you Myra' were his next words.

I would write again soon but I have to destroy you now. Any evidence, especially a diary, could be the end of Myra Veronica Hindley.

I have to go shopping like he told me to do.

What Do You Want To Remember?

The carousel of my memories wrap around my neck
 The sights are silent and grey
 How long this continues I cannot say:
 It could be a day, it could be a week.

This speculum of the spent is not my friend today. 5
 My bruised soul hides away, my wounds seeking shade as

I analyse this painful image; knowing it's a cliché
 It breaks, it shatters, I am a million pieces
 piercingly penetrative and on display.

I see the wind blowing leaves down the never-ending pathway as I stare at them 10

hearing the crunching of a thousand hearts underfoot and then
 tasting you as you walk away.
 Trying to do my best to unsay

the endless soliloquy that replays.

Picking up a segment it is ragged and sharp; 15
 A memory that persecutes to remember and
 relay. Blood trickles from my right hand

to the left hand side of my brain's mèle
 as I sit and wait and contemplate
 if a dose of amnesia could be sent my way. 20

The Heart Thief

One,
 two,
 three,
 four,
 five. 5
 Once someone stole my heart alive

In the darkness, dressed in black, he is creeping up the drive
 With his face entirely covered only his eyes

I can see I'm trying to remember if he really knows me
 As I wonder this time if I will survive. 10

The door creeps open of my enclosed beehive
 as I lie in my sticky honey trying to arrive at a conclusion

as to why the man in black wants to deprive
 me of my heart tonight.

Starting at my feet his fingernails strike deep 15
 as the skin comes off he begins to thrive

off the smell of fresh blood and skin and love as I begin
 to strive to escape his sin.

Next my thighs, he knows them well as he
 rips and soars and dives within

He travels upwards knowing the jive 20
 he performs his dance upon my skin

as I do my best to rise above his weight. His hands move fast
 as he ignores my cries and looks inside.

With my heart in his hands I can only surmise
 That I am left empty and hollow as I count to five 25

Six
 Seven
 Eight
 Nine
 Ten 30
 When will I be whole again.

Stuck With Her In The Same Black Shoe

Daddy she shouts Daddy Daddy I'm through
 And the words erupt from her pen into my mouth
 It's not that I always hated you
 But suddenly her words make sense to me
 I'm also stuck in that old black shoe 5

Daddy, she says I have had to kill you
 And I do the same to you I do
 I tear away the flesh and skin that attaches me to you
 The leeching corpuscles of an invisible cord
 No longer exist for me 10

You were once a giant, big and friendly and new
 From a place and a school now stained ink on a page
 The people are behind bars like you
 Stuck in a solitary world of loneliness
 Trying your best to undo 15

the past. She says I never could talk to you
 And I feel the same as much as I try
 Sandpaper tongue with you dry as a cactus spike
 in my throat swallowing broken glass, smashing my life in two.
 Because Daddy that's what you do. 20

Daddy, I am not like you
 With your idealised world and your idealised life
 I am the drowning child you don't want to rescue
 Unless I bring the ocean's treasures for you
 Forever I will own the stained ink of your narcissistic tattoo 25

You're shouting Daddy in the image I hold of you
 Your bloodshot rose face guilty as the red tulips
 You're smiling with a hyenic snarl the image sticks to me like glue
 When you look at me innocently Daddy and say Darling Make Me A Brew
 The root of your problems 30

they tell me to give up on you
 She says she's killed one man and then she says she's killed two
 Is this the way it must feel to have every dream cloud darkened by you
 I don't want that Daddy I really don't
 Daddy Daddy I'm through 35

There's pain in your heart, there's a pain in your soul
 As the flies circle you corpse
 They're laughing at you Daddy I hear them I do
 They know like I know that it was you.
 Daddy I am through Daddy Daddy Adieu