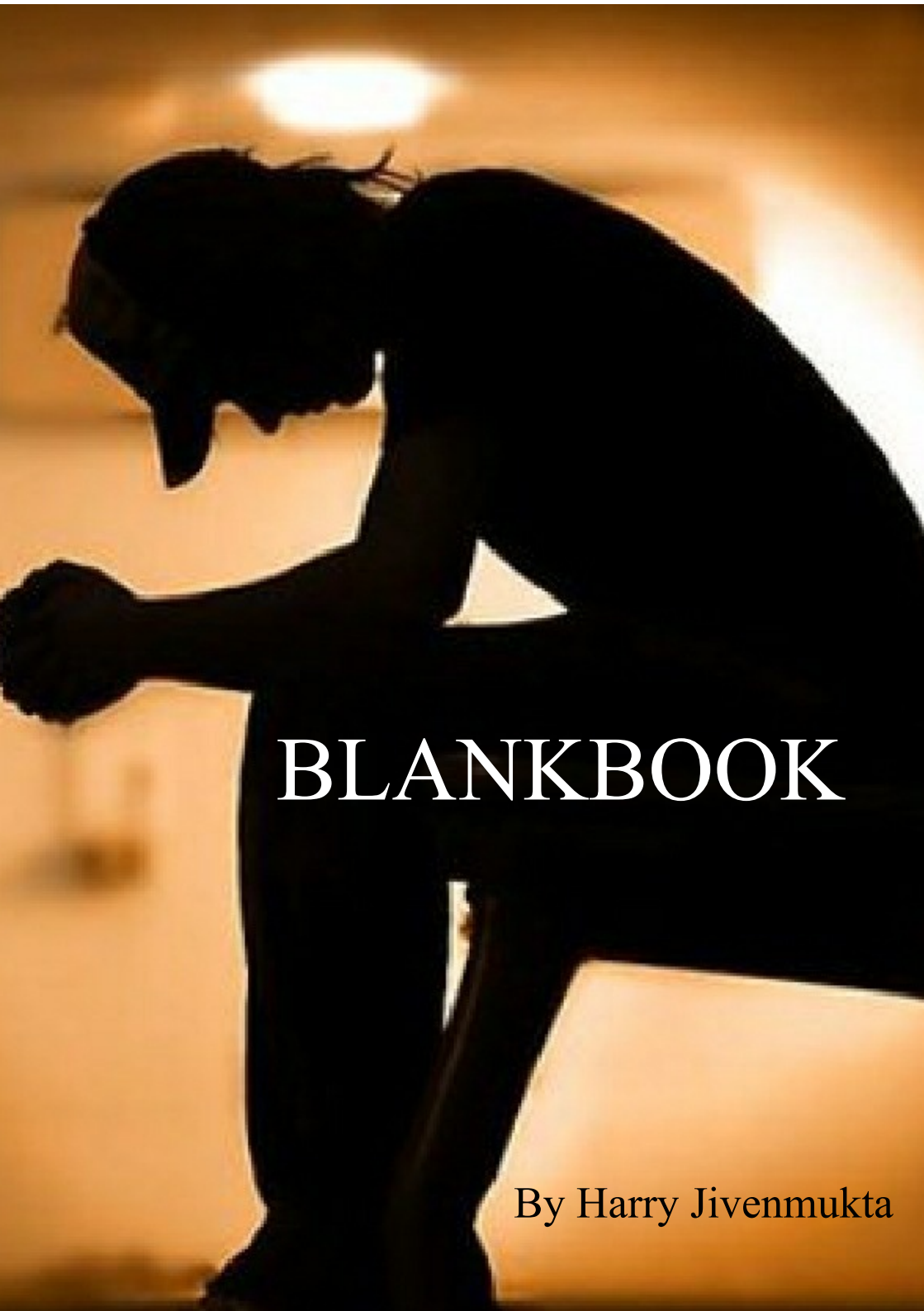


A silhouette of a person, likely a woman, is shown from the side, leaning forward and writing on the cover of a book. The person's hair is tied back, and their arm is extended towards the book. The background is a warm, golden-brown color with soft, out-of-focus light sources, creating a contemplative and artistic atmosphere. The title 'BLANKBOOK' is printed in a white, serif font across the middle of the image, partially overlapping the person's arm and the book cover.

BLANKBOOK

By Harry Jivenmukta

Black Eyes

She said he was in prison

Writing all the time.

She said she had to move

To make a better life.

She glows now

And has hope

For the future

Except when she

Turns up with

Black eyes

Black from drugs

And insists it will

Be different tomorrow.

Blackmail

My ex is a cow,
A fucking user.
But my son is two
And I can see him now.
I do bits for her
At her home
A blackmail job
But at least I see
My son
But she is still a user.

Can't trust her,
Bitch
But I still go round
Every day.

Brilliant

Brilliant he is

And looks it.

No heroine for six weeks.

Until she throws a wobbly

And drives him to a dealer

And he turns up pale

And fucked.

She's lovely, he says.

I love her

And she loves me

And she is smashed

As well.

Clean

I tell them I'm clean
Otherwise I'll never
Never get my baby back.

They come to search
My flat
For booze and drugs
And next month
I have a drugs test
Like athletes do
To make sure I'm clean.

I daren't do them
Until I get the baby back.

It won't be long.

Dickers And Dealers

Right, the dicker's
Eyeballed the dealer.

When the dealer
Puts the phone back
In his pocket
We've got five minutes
Before the shooters arrive.

When I say,
Everyone get up and split
In different directions.

No main roads or
Where a car can get access
Or you're dead.

Food

He is bent over the railings

Retching

Unwashed

Because there is no water

No electricity, no food.

Money, he says

Is what he wants

To get some food.

I haven't got money, I say

But I have got some beer.

He sinks back into

Delirium as he

Sips from the tin.

Have it here, he says

Because they will

Take it off me in town

And spill it

The community officers.

Drink it here then,

I say,

But I have no money

For food.

Fuck That

Stayed off it for

A few weeks.

Fuck that!

Y'know what I mean.

Fuck that!

You got 40p?

Just a bit short.

You got cigarettes?

No, I forgot you don't smoke.

OK mate, see you later.

Homework

Can't wake up at 7.30

To get my girls

Ready for school.

But now I can read

With them

And help with the homework.

I haven't scored

For at least five days.

Irresistible

Never did.

Never did sell my body.

I could have.

I'm irresistible.

You like my tits?

What about my bum?

Irresistible.

But I can be a bit of a bitch

When I'm pissed.

But I'm irresistible.

Love

I don't understand it.
She says she loves me
But I'm a tosser
When I'm pissed.

I don't like that.
I'm not perfect
But that's not right.

She's a bitch when
She's pissed
But I never say it.
She loves me.

Pissed

Can't take it.

Bullied as a child.

I've never got over it.

Can't go on.

Never get the thoughts,

The comments

Out of my mind.

They are speaking at me now,

Even now.

Just want to get pissed.

Prison Poem (Guest writer)

As I sit here

All alone

In my dreary

prison cell

I think of that

July, that

Bother, and me

And God knows

I don't ***** well

For the one I loved

Lives on

Outside.

t broke my heart

To say goodbye

And every time

I think of her

I just lay down

On my bed

And cry.

Sometimes I look

Out of my window

At night

To watch

The bright shiny stars

I feel,

I feel I can reach out

And touch one

But I am stopped

By these prison bars.

When I saw my mother

In court

She broke down in tears

All because

The judge sentenced

Me to seven years.

***** = unrecognised word.

Put The Gun Away

Put the gun away.

If you've got bullets

Pull it,

Otherwise put it away

Before someone calls

The police.

Beretta, out of

Moss Side, or at least

They used to be out

Of there.

Thing is, he's got

No bullets.

Stupid

They let me out of prison

If I attended classes.

They are stupid

Aren't they?

Prisons are full

They haven't got the

People to check

Me out.

Fuckers!

Ah well... got to

See a man.

The Boss

Boss at work is brilliant.
He gives me time off
To come for counselling.
You see, I'm a good worker.
He wants to keep me.
It's not the job though
That drives me to drink.
It's the loneliness.
When I get home
The walls press up
And crush me.
The silence.
The emptiness.

War Veteran

I just need 50 pence

For the bus.

I'm a war veteran.

Can't walk properly.

In sheltered housing.

On benefits.

Just forgot my pass

And the bus driver,

Fucker who never

Did more than drive

A fucking bus

Turned me off

Because I didn't have 50p.

I fought in Malaya

And Burma

Alongside the Sikhs

Just like you are.

Just like the fucking

Bus driver.