

**A COLLECTION OF POEMS**

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*Across The Border*

**The Dice Play (The Metaphoric Thoughts of an Autistic Artist)**

I am an Autistic Artist writer, about to pen down how my mind and that of my colleagues in the facility work daily like my favourite game "The Dice".

"The Dice" is a symbolic game in which nobody can predict what the next number will be amongst the players, but all struggle to get the great number "Six" to come out of the room and continue the journey towards winning.

I am an Autistic writer, giggles and am about to tell you briefly how the great "Dice" is played metaphorically in our minds daily, that nobody around us understands us at times or easily gets surprised by our reactions. Remember, it is 2:00 a.m., and the great dice are about to start playing in my mind through this writing, just read and see how the numbers play out in your head.


I, as the writer, am about to begin the game "The Dice Play" Remember it is metaphorical and I am writing what my confused brain shows me. Please don't be bored while reading me, I am just putting down something, it might sound useless but just calm down and read me.

"The Dice" Number One. This is the beginning of our day in the facility where we are, and colleagues wake up normally every day without any expectations. But all we know is that we are comfortable in our spaces(rooms) and getting to start the regular rituals. 😊😊😊

"The Dice" number two. We are fully awake and noticed movements in and out, people carrying bags to go, and others coming in with bags to smell nice. We know them (they are our staff, yes, I remember). Some we know their names and remember because they have worked with us, while some are new (I know they are jobless so they came to get a job LoL) so we struggle to memorize their names, which is very tasking to me and my colleagues.


"The Dice" number three " The staff are seriously checking the whiteboard to know who they will be assigned to, while our mind is telling us everything we do is in order and the staff is like us (we all believe the same). So, in this facility, everyone is a client both us and the staff; giggles again.

"The Dice" Number Four. This is where the staff (also clients in our space) fails to understand our daily actions and reactions. They think we are mentally ill, but they don't know they are mentally ill too. We understand ourselves and exhibit in our spaces without complaints, but the civilized mentally ill staff, try to stop us all in the name of controlling us. You see we are both Autistic and they don't know. So, we all need the timely substance they gave us called drugs.

"The Dice" Number Five. The staff are looking nice and good, but I think they need to take  us with them too. What are they doing in our spaces, making us do things we don't want to do hourly, nicely and calmly? But we don't need the order and we are colleagues, when we try to make them understand through reactions, they think we are ill without knowing all of us are the same.

We are comfortable in our world, so everything is assumed to be great before us. So we don't need the staff at all (but wait do I say we don't, O Lord my mind is playing the wrong dice number again, We Need them. We need the staff to eat, wash our clothes, take our medication and community service)

"The Dice" Number Six. This is the moment staff wants us to be nice to them, respect orders, and keep to instructions. We love it too, but they fail to understand us too that all instructions can't be kept. At this point, we all are the same because we fail to understand one another other.

I am weak and tired, so let me stop the dice game here and go back to bed. Remember they don't know (the staff) that we are colleagues playing the Dice  together.

## **Whom Am I: ICE District Edmonton Service Tower**

### **Who Am I**

I am a place so beautiful that diversity and inclusion are highly practiced to the fullest.

### **Who Am I**

I am that place where whoever moves in and out is permanently identified with a card like a meal ticket ( as in the days of the British colony in African Universities) to have great access to me.

### **Who Am I**

I am that place where two notable uniforms, colours White and Blue, move around me with eyes scanning up and down for information, observation, actions, and hourly points to tap a machine on.

**Who Am I**

I am this unique place where everyone has access to me, especially the uninvited guests that always announce their arrival with a shout, body smell, big bags, zombie-like moves, irregular sleep in a non-sleeping zone, with a full dramatic display (as if we are in a life Theatre)

**Who am I**

I am that place with great signage that attracts you to seek directions at the point of arrival. While the person(s) behind the signage I call the " High Unstoppable Machine", constantly move their iconic doors dropping information back-to-back. Ask them if they need a refill.

**Who Am I**

I am that place for you to enjoy your stay in my territory and access me very well with joy, a relaxed mind, and the unstoppable telling of my tales. You must put your identity Search on a just " White Paper" with plenty of details.

**Who Am I**

I remain in that place where everyone with a permanent record card must always carry a "Red Cup with a white top" from the point of arrival till departure from me.

**Who Am I**

See I cannot change my identity, at this point external bodies want to have access to their monthly and annual meal tickets/cards. To acquire your meal card, you must be humble, listen attentively to machine-given numbers, and be ready to respond immediately or start afresh

**Who Am I**

I am a center of attraction, where those people who are permanently within and behind my constructed beautiful quarters suffer "OCD", always moving and thinking about how to beautify me more and more.

**Who Am I**

I am like the military barracks where everything is organized and everyone responds to calls to duty. Inside me, you must seek the officers that create and design "the Almighty Meal Card" Without their approval, you are not fully decorated to be anywhere around the barracks or be identified as a member anywhere.

**Who am I**

Giggles, here they always make sure that my secret rooms and open rooms are always clean. That is why I don't need an emergency number 911, but an alternative number P.O. can be alerted if any danger is sensed in my room.

### **Who Am I**

I am like a woman's womb that has carried and delivered multiple children. You will have a lot to feed your eyes on, no dull moments at all.

### **Who Am I**

I am your ICE District (Edmonton Service Tower)

Home Outside Real Home

### **Street Blood Hustle!!! (The Homeless Journalist on Tour in Canada)**

They are everywhere looking uncommon before the common eyes. Still, they love one another.

They are in pain, have seizures, and are under a cold weather, overlooked by sane people. They still don't let one another die or be unattended to.

They look rough and move without taking a bath for days, months and years, they all love and embrace one another without feeling offended or complaining about body odour. But we the sane; grab our nose masks at one another's contact.

They are very smart and intelligent, avoid cameras, protect one another, understand maps, and serve as witnesses during difficult situations before the police. Still, we call them all sources of names, especially "The Homeless Guys" because we think we are better than them. No!!! Rather it is their condition.

They are selfless in sharing everything they have or get without refusal just to sustain one another through sides of "Street Life", but we assume they are worthless and can't make it again in life.

Yes, they have behavioural problems and onward reactions whenever they are around us the sane (that makes us always over-alert) yet they have lovers and good friends amongst them who appreciate them for who they are. We the sane; will assume they are all the same calibre, how many of us love one another so much?

They are addicted to drugs and at times misbehave. We avoid them and tag them as bad and not to be associated with. But we sane people are addicted to various drugs (the use of drugs here means metaphorically anything you assume that gives you joy, but you still hide it) The only thing that differentiates us (sane people) from my good people (homeless) on the issue of addiction is the location (open versus closed doors)

They have respect for seniority on the street, call one another pet names, and greet one another properly. But we, the acclaimed organized people ignore one another and don't respond to greetings claiming to be busy and always on fast moves.

They walk slowly, drunk and looking as if they will fall instantly because of the highness of the drugs, watching closely while they still understand the environment anywhere, they are more than sane people you are.

We are conscious of Health Cards, Emergency numbers 911, and others, but they don't frequent the hospital, they still survive and stay stronger than us. (Though not acceptable) but amongst them are passive doctors, nurses, and caregivers, they know how to respond to any issue before seeking help.

When we are hungry, we get worried and start booking food from various apps acting as if we are dying immediately and won't share with anyone because (it is your order, are your money and your food all privacy points). But they go hungry for days and years, without knowing their fate. When they manage to get something to eat, they share it joyfully.

Let me retire back to my homeless tent. They are not who you think they are, their street blood is top-notch.

### **The Pointer (The Artist Jotter on Sahtu Long Term in Norman Wells NT) □**

Behold, I am about to pen down some things as an Artist, but I am battling with serious writer's block. But I must do my best to unchain myself because I am a born Artist and I must express myself in what I see around me. I am going to make use of symbols while writing this, only to appreciate my uncontrollable thoughts of flow.

**White:** Everywhere is shining white, so bright that one thinks he/she is already in heaven as being told in the Holy Book (The bible). The whiteness is both outside and inside. The outside white people run very far from it because of its reaction to them, while the inside whiteness welcomes and gives them an actual comforting feeling and peace of mind.

**Rooms** - The rooms are too much all serving different purposes, such as cold/hot, machines going up/ down, mechanized voices crying always, machines talking/ superior advanced machines laughing, and another, full of feasting.

**The Colours:** This is where different colours move in the form of advanced superior machines all talking and brainstorming. This beautified machine cannot do without these colours, they must always adore them to function properly or will be misrepresented for other incoming superior advanced machines and access will be denied or restricted.

**Walls:** This is of two types, motion and non-motional. The motional walls are full of mixed expressions, understanding, and analysis. It moves but is covered with a high level of undertones that will be like a time bomb if unraveled. This wall in motion is the center for direction for other engines in advanced machines to have a direction and avoid assumptions. But, if possible, these walls I am seeing need to be revisited to maintain their chortling functionality perfectly. The non-motional are more functional and very receptive always. They are always giving out what they have received daily (the pointer information). They are most effective and highly indispensable.

**The N.H. Zone:** This is where no advanced superior machine wants to go for maintenance, further research feedback, and recommendations. The majority retire back with nosophobia while waiting anxiously for final decision cum approval.

**The J. Zone:** This is where every advanced superior machine must visit one day for preparation and getting ready for the detailed account to a more superior inevitable “chi” on how they functioned. This accountability is always argued based on scholarship or painful experiences that once existed. However, the final report must be accessed and submitted to the CEO (God).

Lastly, the poem is called *'The Pointer (Artist Jotter)'* because the Artist has been in a cage for some time but decided to take a harmless survey.

***The Jotter is now closed.***

Note: ***This Poem is my creative writing about the “Sahtu Long Term Care, in Norman Wells NT”. All the symbols used are inside the building.***

### **Emergency 911 (The Bed Note)**

I am in pain; I feel weak and my eyes cry blood. My hands are trembling to dial 911.

I can hear the illusionary voice inside my head and weak body saying "Mr. Man, just dial 911 this is an organized country from the dark zone you migrated from" Make that call immediately.

Still, in pain, I am lonely in my small apartment with nowhere to get help. I gently picked up my phone to call the almighty 911. Behold an assuring voice picked up and asked " Do you want Police, EMS, or Fire department". I replied faintly, I need EMS. I am weak and tired. The voice took me on serious a interrogation, I kept replying "I am weak and tired" She said, "EMS will come in 30 minutes"

I smiled because where I migrated from was a " dark zone" as my illusionary voice echoed. Immediately I became hopeful (while waiting for the EMS) and hopeless (because my health condition was getting bad). My eyes are glued to the tiny wall clock in my room.

Disappointment started to set in as 30mins moved to 45mins to 1h, 2hrs and now 3hrs (at this point I am weak and my illusionary voice started saying you won't die rather it seems they are the same as your country"

The EMS came in and apologized for being late and took me to the Emergency Room. The room of drama, long waiting, hopeless and quick death if you are not in good terms with your "chi"(God)

The emergency room is a "Performing Theatre" where all clients or patients display a lot, just to seek attention and to be allowed to see the doctor (s) on time. But nurses and caregivers are the dramatic actors displaying attitudes, so anxious about their phones cum smartwatches and once you can talk, breathe, or walk in by yourself any claim of emergency will be totally ignored (What I/we ran away from our country).

I was a victim of all mentioned, I was brought in at 8:30 pm, in pain, weak, and downcast. The nurses were very rude and not at all empathic. From 8:30 pm, I was allowed to see "The Almighty Golden Doctor" by 8 am the next day.

Immediately I debunked in my mind that there is nothing special about the emergency room with the unattended approach in my home country just that " There is an opportunity where everything is available, but still the human factor plays out"

If I am awake just know I am alive

But if I don't wake up, whoever picks this bed note first, please read my undocumented stories to my friends and family. Tell them I would have lived but where I migrated to; their Emergency Room failed me.

### **My Death!!!**

I can't bear it anymore, I am lonely, in pain, and speechless.

I can't feel the movement of my legs. They are striving and packed with pain.

My mind wonders, who and who will miss me? Yes, a lot will miss me. Some will cry. Some will say good things (pleasant things); while others will vituperate. Some will even overeat at my funeral without being in the funeral mood.

I feel for my family. It will be like a sharp sword piercing their heart. I am crying too already but for the inevitable, they should all be ready. The pains are much I want to go.

A lot of people hope and trust in me, and some. I have made a genuine promise of what I will do for them. They are hoping and can't wait. But my light is dimming now and pain is everywhere. When you read this, just know I still remember the promises but the pains and feeble strength could not allow me. When we see to part no more, I will do it.

As I write I can feel the tears and voices hoisting in my head. I don't want to go either but the pains are overwhelming.

My Treasure, my two Gold, and Womb Island will feel destroyed and might want to travel with me. Their tears won't be controlled and they will weaken my gentle soul.

Oh God!, Oh God!, and Oh God!, I am not ready yet to go just that my creative muse is let loose at this moment.

I will endure the pains and hope for a miracle.

"Just fictional, written out of boredom"

### **Suicide Note:**

I am tired of this life; I want to drink it ...

I am feeling depressed, I want to drink it...

I am not valued by anybody; I truly want to buy it and drink it.

I have been misinterpreted, wrongly placed, and confined in the wrong zone. Just tell my friends, I will not see them again, let me drink it...

They gather to plan against and come before me to laugh with me. As am about to drink it and die, they will still eat more plates and drink bottles at my funeral.

See, those I seek help from (secretly), all go behind me to expose me. I must go...

"This world is a stage; I have acted my part and am going. Don't cry for me. I will miss you all"

I am hopeless, Weak, and Speechless, as you read this, this is my last poem before I do it...

### **The Addicted Shot!! (Security Guard Note on Night Shift)**

My mind wanders, my eyes bleed and my imagination fades as I scribble this.

I/we thought it is affecting the black race alone, where people struggle for survival through the addictive shot. Some blacks have inherited warrant action and reactions. But across the borders, a lot is hidden in the waters.

I/we have accused (the black Skin) as homeless, lazy, and morally incapacitated people. They fear our passports or ideologies because they think our youths are corrupt and unteachable. But the civilized nature of their economic growth is covering up addictive shots.

I/we have ironically shown them every part of our country (the Black Skin), especially the untold stories, but they have focused their camera lenses only on told stories, battle brevity, and adventures. We need to query more about what is happening "in their iconic other room as fondly said by one of our presidents ". A lot is happening.

I/we take care of our old parents, psychiatric beloved ones, and endure all behaviors. They see theirs as disturbances. They pay us across borders to look after them, and they warn; they can sue if cameras are raised in the process. Ours, we expose everything for them to see and laugh at.

I/we address our mental health people with the derogatory word " "Mad People" and they call theirs "The Client".

Our psychiatric homes do everything to save and say no to drugs. But in one country all wish to be, encourage the use of drugs. They have designated offices where they come in numbers to take drugs free of charge, and both the country's police cum government know they exist. The nurses here help to inject them with the drugs and keep the route roaster of hard drug dosage.

Our homeless struggle to survive, but the same country (as earlier mentioned) gave their homeless free hard drugs with syringes, and condoms and left them under serious weather to die of an overdose and high rate of freezing weather (of - 35, - 38, - 40, - 45). These homeless die every day in numbers, but they are not showing us these on camera.

That same country is racist in everything, but they pretend they are friendly and nice. They deceive us with addictive shots of "Job is everywhere" and " We need more people". But they limit people from their dream jobs with the slogan " the Country's Experience".



The addictive shots are hard drugs in this country, while on black skin they hide a lot of truth from us. A lot of young and old people (especially young would-be leaders) are addicted to their shots and wasting.

I am on the night shift as a Security Guard in the addicted shot building let me return to my shift and pray not to be addicted too.

### **The Mirror: The Seniors Then and Now:**

Dear Friends, we humbly want you to see the true reflection of us the Seniors anywhere in the world (then and now). As I pen down this, I am either a Senior, I might have worked for Seniors, or lived with Seniors, but just know this is a true reflection of who we are through this poem or write-up called The Mirror.

#### **The Mirror: Then**

We were born on different birthdays, full of hope, desires, dreams, and aspirations.

We started our different careers and education, well-known professionals in our various endeavours, and were highly respected and admired by whoever came across us.

We were so beautiful, handsome, healthy, and elegant in walking. The ladies admired us men; while the ladies were admired and asked out by men, grins, 'I remember the good old days'.

We visited the best places our money could afford for vacations, buying goodies we wanted.

We got married some of us, and while some were single parents, but all in all we raised our children to be good ambassadors anywhere they are. They always get rattled when they commit any offense, and our disciplinary presence is needed.

We oversaw our finances, filed our taxes, and enjoyed the tax returns from the government.

We have our cars, houses, motorbikes, and planes.

We took good care of our bodies, adoring them with perfumes, soaps, and expensive oils.

#### **The Mirror: Now**

We don't have our freedoms again because we are limited to good, confined spaces.

We don't make decisions again rather our children, grandchildren, and specialized staff decide for us daily. We no longer visit friends and family as usual, because our legs are feeble, we can't walk or run, so we are restricted to another car called a Wheelchair.

We find it difficult to recognize faces and names, so we cover it with smiles and screaming at times.

We don't have body privacy again; rather specialized people shower, dress us up, and make us look nice our children/grandchildren always hide bad news from us because of the fear that we might develop more illnesses or sudden death.

We have returned to behave like babies, we see things that are not there and request for things that will irritate normal people.

We have restrictions on what we eat, drink, or smoke, now we live on prescriptions.

We were shy and neat people, but currently may urinate and defecate on ourselves.

We are now an unnecessary burden on our children, friends, cousins, and relatives, who would have been enjoying themselves.

We look ugly and old without teeth; do not judge us by our current looks. Just ask our pictorials when we were much younger, active, and handsome/beautiful ,you will know what happened through this mirror.

Lastly, Dear Friends, we are at the last stage of our lives as Seniors just through this Mirror accept us the way we are now, complain, and worry less. Senior-hood must behold you all friends with good health.