



Centre for  
Independent  
Living CIC

**Body Shopping**  
**Poems by Simon**  
**Brisenden**



## Aim of document:

- This publication reproduces the first, of two, books of Poems written by Simon Brisenden, who founded SPECTRUM Centre for Independent Living (Then known as Southampton Centre for Independent Living) in 1984. Simon was a poet and a prominent Disability Activist from the very earliest days of the UK Disability and Independent Living Movements. This book of poems, published as they were written in the 1980's, powerfully represent the feelings and frustrations of Disabled People at that time. SPECTRUM feels that these poems are as relevant today as they were in the 1980's – and we are proud to republish them as a tribute to Simon Brisenden.

## Prepared by:

- SPECTRUM Centre for Independent Living:  
Email: [info@SpectrumCIL.co.uk](mailto:info@SpectrumCIL.co.uk)  
Phone: 023 8020 2625

This version dated: February 2018

Copyright (c) 1984-2018: SPECTRUM Centre for Independent Living CIC

All rights reserved. No copying or reproduction of any part of this document without prior written permission of SPECTRUM.

### **Acknowledgement:**

We would like to thank SPIRIT (Southampton Platform for inclusive Research and Ideas Together) at University of Southampton for their support to update our toolkits.

<https://spiritdisabilityplatform.wordpress.com/>



**BODY SHOPPING**  
**POEMS**  
**BY**  
**SIMON BRISENDEN**



<b>CONTENTS</b>	<b>Page</b>
Body shopping.....	5
Dancing Out in Style.....	6
Lesbians, he whispered.....	7
Surviving.....	8
I'm on your side.....	9
Face-dance.....	10
Too f***** stupid.....	12
Just Thinking.....	13
Big love.....	14
She Done Me Wrong.....	16
The Wheel Thing.....	17
Gentrification.....	18
Dollars.....	19
Sidney Vicious.....	20
The Pattern of the City.....	21
I'm So Well Adjusted.....	22
Completely Non-Sexist Man's Blues.....	23
The Perfect Woman.....	24
Brown Eyes.....	25
The Battle for the Elephant and Castle (July 28 1988).....	26
Salvation Army Blues.....	27
Vaseline (Country and Western Poem).....	28
Suck it and See.....	30
Let me use your Bidet Baby.....	31
Equipment.....	32
Love is Over.....	33
Another Motorway Poem.....	34
Bed-Sit Break-up Moonlight Suicide Poems	35



## CONTENTS

## Page

Renaissance.....	37
The Nature of the Task.....	38
The Body Musical.....	40
Acts of Defiance.....	41
Call Yourself a Woman?.....	42
Life.....	43





## Dancing out in style

your ignorance like a bullet  
hits me between the eyes  
you're so vicious and indifferent  
but its no longer a surprise  
you may be against my reproduction  
and say I have no right to smile  
but let me say by way of introduction  
that I'm dancing out in style

you have weapons of destruction  
you'll destroy the world I have no doubt  
but you can't destroy a secret  
if its already been let out  
you may never hear me talking  
but I'm speaking all the while  
and you may never see me walking  
but I'm dancing out in style

your eyes may stab me in the back  
you may ignore what I've achieved  
but you're the one who's bleeding  
you're the one who's been deceived  
like the wolf you never hunt alone  
like a Nazi you keep our bones in a pile  
but I've got some weapons of my own  
and I'm dancing out in style

I've just joined the Resistance  
and I've had enough of your Vichy viciousness  
all we need is a little confidence  
and a spot of murderous maliciousness  
we'll burrow like worms inside your head  
(the effort is still just about worthwhile)  
and while you regret everything you said  
we'll be dancing out in style



## **Lesbians, he whispered**

Lesbians, he whispered.  
I said, are you sure ? Can you tell ?  
He said, it's obvious

A strange silence descended between us.  
I had never felt this close to him before.  
They're drinking beer he said, gently quaffing  
his third pint of HSB

I said, so are you, sensing that I had put my finger  
on the essential ambiguity of things.  
They serve real ale here, he said, fingering his pint glass  
lovingly. It seemed an obscene gesture, like a dog  
licking its penis in public.

I looked around me with the eyes of a hunted man.  
I felt surrounded. A surge of urban alienation coursed  
through my veins, and I decided to go on the offensive.  
I said, if they're lesbians I'm Samantha Fox.  
For a moment he didn't reply. He looked like a man struggling  
to keep his grip on reality. Then he said,  
I'd give her one.

Something inside me snapped.  
I went to the bar and ordered a real lesbian.  
That night I dreamt that I was drowning  
in a sea of large breasts.



## Surviving

Standing in the dust of so much suffering  
in a landscape where a hollow wind is muttering  
breath lands like sculpture in the air  
for history has called its final dare  
and the butterfly of death is gently fluttering

earth and blood and grass and bones and bricks  
the politics of madness has had its final fix  
now we are protected by our loneliness  
and only to ourselves can we confess  
our mediocrity and our magic made a lethal mix

humanness falls silent and solid as the stones  
the language of insanity is speaking out in groans  
innocence and guilt are not distinguished  
everything is merged or else extinguished  
the world is a hospital for surviving clones

surviving clings like mould to shuffling objects  
and gripping by degrees decay to each collects  
and dust is all there is to grow anew  
memory is the weed where life once grew  
surviving is the memory one most regrets



## **I'm on your side**

when your life makes no sense  
and you're an enemy of coincidence  
when the wrong words have been spoken  
and all your dreams are broken  
when your heart is an ocean  
and you're drowning from inside  
all I want to say is  
I'm on your side

when some lover disappears  
into the darkest night of tears  
when your life's been overturned  
and a bitter lesson learned  
when from here to tomorrow  
seems a long, long ride  
all I want to say is  
I'm on your side

When your life is a compromise  
and you need a good disguise  
when it's like being in a foreign land  
where understanding is contraband  
when you've been all day on the run  
and you've got no place to hide  
all I want to say is  
I'm on your side

when you're out of innocence  
and life speaks in the past tense  
when a promise by someone you trust  
is broken and a gamble goes bust  
there is one fact of life  
that cannot be denied  
whatever comes to pass  
I'm on your side



## Face-dance

you may think your body is slim  
you may abuse it all the time  
you may think that when you dance  
its like scoring an own-goal  
well let me tell you the face-dance  
can really save your soul

you don't have to wiggle your bum  
or even shake your hips  
you just raise an eyelid sharply  
or purposefully purse your lips  
you don't need any energy  
you can even do it privately  
you just carry right on drinking  
whilst you're rhythmically blinking

you may not qualify as hunky  
but you can still be downright funky  
there's no need to jump and jerk  
just let your face do all the work  
grin absurdly, pass a manic glance  
get right down and do the face-dance

and as the disco lights are flashing  
your teeth will be groovily gnashing  
no need to ponce about or prance  
just move an eyebrow, look askance  
move it on down with the face-dance

you don't need a musical sense  
or even basic competence  
if your limbs are akin to a monkey  
and you've all the joie de vivre  
of a junkie

then wrinkle up your forehead  
make your eyes roll  
let your face  
be the route to your soul

continued...



## Face-dance (Continued)

natural rhythm  
load of crap  
do the face-dance  
do the face-dance rap

healthy living  
it's a trap  
do the face-dance  
do the face-dance rap.



## Too f\*\*\*\*\* stupid

moving in the shadow of his own indifference  
he's got nowhere to go  
he wanted to be a success at being a success  
or at least own a bit of reality  
but he's just left school and he can't spell his name  
and he's too fucking stupid to know who to blame

he's used to digging ditches  
because he's being shoveling shit all his life  
like a cliché looking for a lip to spill from  
he moves with all the beauty of a concrete block  
but in his mind he can dance like the kids from fame  
and he's too fucking stupid to know who to blame

he values himself less than a bottle of piss  
he started from nowhere he's been going backwards ever since  
there's a glut in the market for backwardness  
and he goes out every night looking for the stone age  
he sees happiness in adverts and its such a fabulous game  
but he's too fucking stupid to know who to blame

being such a nuisance to society in general  
he has a certain entertainment value  
be he doesn't want to be anywhere except where he is going  
between hard-ons and hangovers his life is contracting  
he's got nothing to be grateful for but he's grateful all the same  
because he's too fucking stupid to know who to blame

he had a personality but now he's on supplementary benefit  
his ambition is to be a product with a shelf of his own  
and one day get some tins together  
with a government grant for exploding sanity  
he's swimming in silence and we're drowning in shame  
because we're all too fucking stupid to know who to blame



## Just thinking

I spend a lot of time  
just thinking about you  
it's a kind of luxury  
you come to mind  
so naturally  
I spend a lot of time  
just thinking about you

I spend a lot of time  
just thinking about you  
paradoxically  
I like you best  
completely free

but I hope some times  
you think about me.



## Big love.

my love is further than you can see  
my love is leafier than the greenest tree  
my love has more goods than a supermarket  
if my love was a car  
there would be nowhere I could park it  
I think you'll find  
I've got some really big love on my mind

my love is wetter than the wettest fountain  
if I was part of the EEC  
I'd be a love mountain  
my love is more frightening  
than the shower scene in Psycho  
my love is speedier than the fastest  
aeroplane can go  
my love has more impressions than a painting  
by Matisse  
my love has much more food than a feast  
it's the biggest thief  
that's ever been released  
it's the funniest thing since Coco the clown  
and it's the biggest disaster since  
the titanic went down  
my love has more money than a stockmarket killing  
it's the greatest discovery since  
they discovered penicillin  
it's got more beliefs than the whole Christian religion  
you might as well be resigned  
I've got some big love on my mind

continued...



### **Big Love (Continued)**

My love has more big things to say  
than Macbeth or any other Shakespeare play  
if my love was an executive  
it would own a corporation  
if it was a train  
it would never fit into a station  
my love is the surfiest wave that ever hit the shore  
it's greediest child that ever asked for more  
it's the biggest baddest boot that ever kicked in a door  
my love has more rivets than an ocean liner  
it wears better clothes than a fashion designer  
it's a holiday for two  
that goes right around the world  
it's a suitcase into which everything I own  
has been hurled  
everything I own and nothing left behind  
I've got such a big love on my mind.



## She done me wrong

With one hand on my heart  
and the other on this blade  
by a table in the dark  
a decision must be made  
should I slit my throat  
or write a song?  
in either case you know  
she done me wrong

she does me wrong, she done me wrong  
it's as plain as ABC  
and as old as history  
it's either death or poetry  
she done me wrong

this whisky bottle is my friend  
there's no need to be afraid  
I know my future lies  
between the word and the blade  
the knife is sharp and quick  
the word it lingers on  
in either case you know  
she done me wrong

someone told a lie  
that love will one day fade  
it just gets rigor mortis  
when the empty bed is made  
a heart can slice in two  
but not a song  
in either case you know  
she done me wrong

death can also rhyme  
on a dark night 'neath the moon  
but although I have the words  
I do not know the tune  
suicide seems so silent  
and I like to sing along  
in either case you know  
she done me wrong.



## The wheel thing.

thank you God  
for giving me this wheelchair  
it is a triumph of technology and has many distinct advantages  
and enables me to spit in the eye of those who walk  
or should I spit in the groin  
anyway in the general direction of the poor underprivileged bastards  
for instance I never fall over when I'm drunk  
and split open my cranium although I may slouch a little  
and I will never fall off a bicycle  
and many other reasons to be cheerful  
like being excused all strenuous sporting outdoor type activities  
for instance you can't pull a muscle if you haven't got a muscle  
and I never get tired going round the shops in town all day  
and starting moaning about having the wrong shoes on can we go and  
sit down  
well I'm already sitting down so tough shit  
okay it may give me a sweaty arse sometimes but it's a small price to  
pay  
for permanent relaxation of the lower torso  
there's only one way to get groin strain in a wheelchair  
and that's a secret from all normal people and anyway  
this is a family poem designed to reach the widest possible audience

our mode of transport is so obviously superior  
it never gets worn out standing in a queue and indeed  
used skillfully against the ankles of people ahead  
may lead to spontaneous displays of preferential treatment  
mind you I am a ceaseless campaigner for equality  
because God has chosen us to be spokespersons to for a new  
generation  
born in wheelchairs destined to put ideas in motion  
which has never had to wait for a bus in the rain  
and will not even understand the concept of blisters or foot odour  
will be free from prejudice which is the only true way to travel  
who will roll tall over the hills of stupidity  
transported by wheels of good fortune.



## Gentrification

they're tearing up the city  
dividing it in two  
its one part for the many  
and one part for the few

solidarity is crumbling  
disappearing brick by brick  
scuttling around like rabbits  
we didn't notice the vanishing trick

history is for the nostalgic  
deprived of its living blood  
the streets run with anaesthetic  
people disappear in the flood

money is thicker than water  
towards it the new world flocks  
from its Georgian Mews Developments  
and its prestigious office blocks

progress takes place by division  
and lo it will come to pass  
the rich will take over the city  
the poor will be put out to grass.



## Dollars

its a dollar for your body  
its a dollar for your time  
its a dollar for your country  
its a dollar for your mind  
and a profit of fifty cents

its a dollar for your children  
its a dollar for you land  
its a dollar on account  
its a dollar in your hand  
the price of innocence

you don't get much sleep  
in a shanty town  
you could go for a walk  
and never be found  
and just as every child learns  
that a bullet can kill  
there's nothing quite so dangerous  
as a U S dollar bill

will you take the money now  
or can I pay you later?  
I've got to make some ready cash  
to buy some Coca-cola  
I've been all day digging diamonds  
but still I am not free  
I'm a worker on the land  
that isn't owned by me  
I'm held down by the chains  
that nobody can see  
its the long cold shadow  
of U S currency  
talking hard currency  
talking IMF  
talking Third World  
talking death.



## **Sidney vicious**

Sidney vicious  
god of spunk  
anarchist arsehole  
modern-day monk

angular hips  
swear words and zips  
tired of tedium  
style was the medium

professional aggressional  
bad boy with bollocks  
and sticky-up hair  
loud lord of leather  
fart-arse professor  
with spit to spare

contagious outrageous  
he got up their noses  
and made the  
front pages.



## The pattern of the city

the pattern of the city  
sitting pretty by the sea  
they used to call it character  
now they call it misery  
the department stores are buzzing  
the factories closed down  
I sit in the graveyard whistling  
it's the hottest place in town

the dawn-sparkle women  
clean each businessman's corridor  
sweeping pain under the carpet  
living life outside the door  
there's a job in Woolworth's going  
can't afford a holiday  
and next door's kids have got frost-bite  
from sleeping on the motorway

the social workers are in jail  
the criminals on the street  
the queues are getting longer  
for the last supplies of meat  
the disco's are still pounding  
but we've forgotten how to dance  
they say life is for the living  
but the living have no chance

the pattern of the city  
all canisters and cones  
malnutrition says the council  
means less strain upon your bones  
and lovers stretch their brain cells  
for a new place to begin  
but imagination's been cancelled  
and thinking is a sin



## **I'm so well adjusted**

I'm so well adjusted  
in company I can be trusted  
with my clenched teeth and my clenched heart  
I won't fall apart

there's no need to be nervous  
I shine upon the surface  
like a vase I'm regularly dusted  
to ensure I'm well adjusted

other people live in hell  
but my adjustments are all well  
so far as anyone can tell

but one day I'll be dead  
and looking through the bullet-hole  
you will see inside my head  
all the adjustments to my soul



## **Completely non-sexist man's blues**

Thanks for the memories darling  
it was a wonderful affair  
me in my muesli duffle coat  
you with your bright orange hair

for a moment the world stood still  
and life was one long party  
until over some minor disagreement  
you went out and learnt karate

but let us not dwell on bitterness  
I'm still your greatest fan  
of course you'll never find another

quite like me  
a completely non-sexist man

I'm not saying you were ungrateful  
or a sordid twist little bitch  
I gave you the food of my love  
and the diet was just a little too rich

nor do I say I'm an expert  
at the various sexual acts  
let's just I'd be bankrupt  
if I had to Value Added Tax

and now that you're a lesbian  
I still think you're rather cute  
although I find it hard to be attracted  
to a woman in a boiler suit

so thanks for the memory, darling  
it's the one thing I'll never lose  
as I sit here alone in my bed-sit  
with the completely non-sexist man's blues.



## **The perfect woman**

the perfect woman  
has a scar down her back

they cut through her beauty  
and laid a railway track

but my eyes and my heart  
and my fingers have learned

to the site of her torture  
the beauty returned.



## **Brown eyes**

talk to me brown eyes  
with the gentleness of a friend  
our love is made of whispers  
conversations without end

silence is revealing  
passion is unique  
but love is just a feeling  
that happens when we speak

listen to me brown eyes  
with your head upon my breast  
listen to the heart-beat  
of the one who loves you best

love and truth are precious  
I can never tell you lies  
for you can see right through me  
with your beautiful brown eyes.



## **The battle for the Elephant and Castle (July 28 1988)**

we were sisters and brothers  
and a whole bunch of others  
not to mention a long line of blue  
we were disabled, united  
and completely incited  
by an anger we knew to be true  
we were 2000 strong  
and a half a mile long  
as we marched to the Elephant and Castle

with no sight or no hearing  
a kaleidoscope careering  
filling the sky with our voices  
we marched down the street  
to tell the elite  
we demand a world with new choices  
we had in our sights  
a blow for our rights  
as we marched to the Elephant and Castle

we were at the beginning  
of a new way of winning  
together we could not be denied  
so we strolled up and down  
in old London town  
wearing our badges with pride  
we fought the law  
and we'll fight it some more  
at every other Elephant and Castle



## Salvation army blues

His name is John, his heart is big and strong  
but his mind is totally confused  
I said his name is John, his heart is big and strong  
but his mind is totally confused  
he is as straight as a die  
but like a baby he'll cry  
with the Salvation Army blues.

There's a bloke called Len who was the best of men  
till he took up with the booze  
I said there's a bloke called Len who was the best of men  
till he took up with the booze  
he bums a cigarette  
and he drinks to forget  
he's got the Salvation Army Blues.

The man who stands on the steps has no regrets  
he lives by the Bible's views  
I said the man who stands on the steps and has no regrets  
he lives by the Bible's views  
and when you're down on your luck  
he comes along in his truck  
singing Salvation Army blues.

He's a christian warrior who likes to be called sir  
he don't like you to refuse  
I said he's a Christian warrior who likes to be called sir  
he don't like you to refuse  
some call it charity  
but it doesn't come free  
it comes with Salvation Army blues

So say goodnight and God Bless, go down the DHSS  
get yourself a new pair of shoes  
I said say goodnight and God Bless, go down the DHSS  
get yourself a new pair of shoes  
at least they save your soul  
before they dig that hole  
singing Salvation Army blues



## Vaseline (country and western poem)

I come home at night  
after a hard day's work  
I look like a cowboy  
and feel like a jerk  
I'm all fenced in  
I got no room to move  
I need some lovin'  
to get me in the groove

vaseline, vaseline  
I'm so dirt and you're so clean  
you're the oil in my machine  
vaseline

how do I start  
where do I begin?  
I need to hold you  
against my skin  
there's lovin' in my heart  
and dust on the tracks  
and I need your special thing  
to help me relax

you are my apple pie  
you are my cream  
you are the only one  
to share my dream  
sometimes I'm so sad  
I need a friendly face  
but whenever I'm with you  
things just slip into place

vaseline, vaseline  
I'm so dirty and you're so clean  
you're the oil in my machine  
vaseline

continued...



## Vaseline (country and western poem) (Continued)

money and possessions  
ain't worth a hill of beans  
compared to lovin'  
a woman in tight jeans  
I need your lovin' gal  
you make me feel so loose  
ride on down to my corral  
put your head into my noose.



## **Suck it and see**

times are hard, so am I  
don't ask questions, don't ask why  
too much talking, now let's touch  
a lover's hand can say so much  
in your eyes a precious light  
let's make love, let's have a fight  
I want you and you want me  
so just get down, suck it and see

it's the same old mystery  
its ancient history  
but tonight its just got to be  
suck it and see  
suck it and see

I've got a pain beyond belief  
so use your nails, use your teeth  
do what you must, commit some crimes  
I'll give you some very hard times  
acceleration, it's in your face  
slow right down at the best place  
lubrication, it's the key  
better get down, suck it and see

it's a matter of life or death  
to touch your skin, to smell your breath  
you bite the meat, I'll chew the bones  
I'm so hungry my stomach moans  
its you and me, time stands still  
I've been told that pleasure can kill  
put me out of my misery  
get right down, suck it and see



## Let me use your bidet baby

this is the age of disposable people  
where sex is just a necessary evil  
here in the city of spies  
let me tell you some designer lies  
let me win you with a cliché baby  
let me use your bidet baby

I don't want your telephone number  
don't want to know what sign your under  
meeting you was just one in a million  
so let us dance around your condominium  
let me see your hips sway baby  
let me use your bidet baby

wasting time is such a vice  
and I'm not buying at any price  
I've got shares in sincerity  
so don't go falling in love with me  
I always make a clean get away baby  
so let me use your bidet baby

I'm a salesman but my life went bust  
and sex is the only thing a man can trust  
is this a nightclub or immortality?  
your body is the map that can set me free  
love is fast-food and you're my take-away baby  
so let me use your bidet baby.



## Equipment.

I'm not bleeding Rambo  
and you're not Greta Garbo  
I know it's a pain but I'm not John Wayne  
riding shotgun on Wells Fargo  
and don't you know you're bound to fail  
if you try to be too good to me  
like a perfect Florence Nightingale  
nothing could be worse  
than getting your hands on a nurse  
who won't take her clothes off

so lets just relax and start with the facts  
I know it's a blow  
but you're not Marilyn Monroe  
we're just naturally horny  
not extras in Love Story  
you don't have to play a part  
to own my heart  
I'm not Ryan O'Neal  
and you're not Ali McGraw  
but we've got the same equipment  
and we know what they used it for.



## **Love is over.**

Love is over  
when the one you kissed  
has been gone for days  
and is still not missed

when the one you kissed  
comes home again  
and still does not exist.



## **Another motorway poem**

In the motorway of my mind  
I just left you at the service station

you were making love  
in the back of someone's  
penis substitute  
while I had a sandwich  
in the mini

so I thought it was time  
to move on.



## Bed-sit break-up moonlight suicide poems

Love me love my room  
I come with my very own temple of doom  
just a table a chair  
and a bed  
and someone inside who could  
already be dead

I'm a one room man  
need a new lover who's  
a one room fan  
one room is an empire  
if you know what I mean  
you can live in it dirty  
you can live in it clean  
and there's nobody there  
to cause a scene  
one room is enough for me  
it's all that I need  
when I slit my throat  
don't want anyone  
to watch me bleed

you can do completely disgusting things  
without the disapproval  
another room often brings  
as a complete and utter perv  
one room is all I deserve

Continued...



## Bed-sit break-up moonlight suicide poems (Continued)

one room is good for your health  
(helps preserve your wealth)  
you can put your dirty cups  
on your one and only shelf  
and no-one will intrude  
when you eat unhealthy food  
no-one has to be impressed  
and sitting in front of the TV  
I can just get on  
being completely free  
and be seriously depressed  
no-one interferes  
freedom is another word for  
with your abject misery  
living in a bed-sit

and generally being  
I'm a one room man  
a worthless git  
one room is enough for me  
I only need my own company  
I always get my own way  
around this hovel  
and never end up having to grovel  
for forgiveness  
I can make my own mess  
and wallow in it  
and there's nobody around  
to follow in it



## **Renaissance**

There is more to me  
than meets the eye.

Luckily



## The nature of the task

I've come for the interview  
I'll do anything you want me to  
I'll lick your arse betray my class  
take a wage cut before I begin  
have the company motto tattooed  
on my skin  
I'll really enter into it  
treat my inferiors like shit  
I've got what it takes  
so give me a job give me a stake

I'll remember the essentials  
worship my company credentials  
I'll polish my car and prop up the bar  
swap rude jokes with all the blokes  
and learn important business secrets  
like exactly what constitutes  
the difference between secretaries  
and prostitutes

I've been practicing my interview technique  
when to speak and not to speak  
whether to smile or to look dead-pan  
if it's a woman or if it's a man  
should I be straight or should I be gay  
should I look willing to have it away?

please cure my problem as quick as you can  
give me a job as a businessman  
I've been on a training scheme and learnt  
how to grovel and I've seen my future  
in a Jeffrey Archer novel  
I'll even work completely free  
just for the privilege of being pals  
with some captains of industry

Continued...



## The nature of the task (continued)

as a candidate I can't be beat  
I know I'm unworthy even to kiss your feet  
I'll cause no commotion demand no promotion  
I'll sign away my right to strike  
just say I'm the one you like

but there's one question because I'm confused  
which I often forget whilst I'm being abused  
not that I'm complaining I know my station  
and we've all got a part to play for the nation

so I hope you don't think it pushy to ask  
what exactly is the nature of the task?



## **The body musical**

I've got a piano in my head  
and an orchestra in my heart  
I've got a singer in my feet  
and a guitar in my private parts

I've got a piano and a violin  
in the cabaret behind my eyes  
and a pair of sequined lovers dance  
in the ballroom of my thighs

when I die  
I'm going to donate my body  
to music



## **Acts of defiance**

there's computers full of people's brains  
and people on a diet

there's the noisiness of hopelessness  
and politics on the quiet

there's the speed of complication  
the technology of starvation

there's miracles of nature  
and miracles of science

and there's ways of making love  
that are acts of defiance.



## **Call yourself a woman?**

Can fairy-tales really harm  
your children ?

Are you worried that you're  
becoming anorexic ?

Do you want to meet the real  
Billy Connolly ?

Does your body reject love ?

Do you know how to be casual ?  
Is your perfume over-powering ?

Are you developing your DIY skills ?  
Have you seen a cheesecake fly ?

Call yourself a woman ?



**Life.**

Life.

The Space between  
soap operas.











Centre for  
Independent  
Living CIC

## CONTACT DETAILS



**Address:**

**SPECTRUM Centre for Independent Living  
Unity 12  
9-19 Rose Road  
Southampton  
SO14 6TE**



**Website: [www.spectrumcil.co.uk](http://www.spectrumcil.co.uk)**



**E-mail: [info@spectrumcil.co.uk](mailto:info@spectrumcil.co.uk)**



**Telephone: 023 8033 0982**



**Minicom: 023 8020 2649**

**SPECTRUM is also on:**



**LinkedIn**



**Facebook**



**Twitter**

