

Being  
Well



By Michael



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# Running

## With thanks to The Amber Foundation

Running, running, all my life.

Running from my demons, running from my strife.

Always running from the day I was born, always running from my pain  
and my scorn.

I'm three years old and I'm running before I can walk, my mother sits  
me down saying "we need to talk"

She says "your father liked to run but his heart did not, now his spirit  
runs free while his bones are left to rot"

My mother struggles to cope while my sister turns to drugs, I'm left  
alone wondering what happened to my hugs?

I'm running into school and running back out, unable to scream and  
unable to shout.

My sister turns violent while my mum turns a blind eye, I'm running  
into fists letting life pass me by.

Now I'm running through college barely holding on, my family makes it  
clear that they want me gone.



So I pick up my things running

from home to home,

This is where it gets dangerous

as my thoughts begin to roam.

Running so fast my college life is done,  
running so fast my qualifications are non.

Running into a girl who sweeps me off my feet, she is the one who  
makes my life complete.

Many years were filled with joy, laughter and love, she made me forget  
about all the above.

I'm running so fast I just cannot see, she has time for many men but  
none of them me.

As fast as I run I just can't Escape, my mind goes dark as my thoughts  
reshape.

They tell me things I just shouldn't hear, so I drown them out beer after  
beer.

Running from the pub straight into the cells, my mind is a cage in the  
deepest of hells.

I'm on the verge now and plan it all out, my family and friends are  
nowhere about.

So I run from all and a note I send, "I'm sorry it says but my torment  
must end."

As fast as I run it's not fast enough, the ones who care most slap on the  
cuffs.

As alone as I feel that just isn't true, they hold my close and say "we  
care for you"

They tell me red is to stop and green is to run, but Amber's to stop and  
see where you've come.

Amber slows me down and shows me there is light, Amber stops me  
running now....I'm ready to fight.



# Demons

never let them win

Defy them.

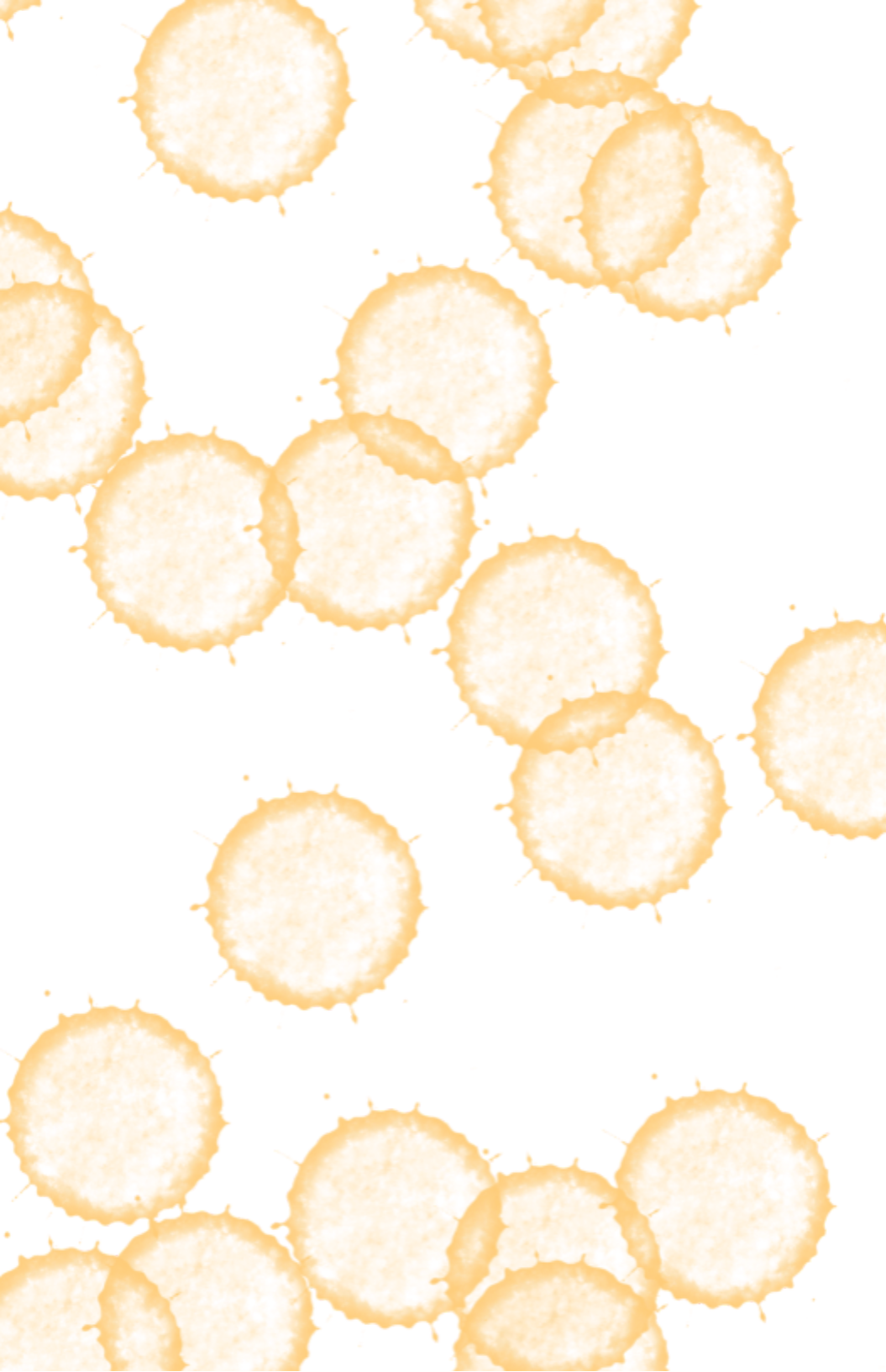
Eradicate them.

Manage them.

Own them.

Now.

Survive them.





## HOPE

When all seems dark in the world, and the final  
light of your beating heart extinguished.

When all you see is pain, misery and strife, all  
the good in your soul relinquished.

When nothing brings you joy and all can make  
you weep, you weigh the proceeds of your life  
and find them cheap.

Pray spare a thought for the innocent within us  
all and you shall see, when you open your eyes  
to the beauty of the world the stormy ocean  
becomes a gentle sea.

Now it may seem hard but I promise you will  
find, the only thing keeping you seeing thus is  
the power of your very own mind.



# Home

Home is where the heart is, isn't that way they say? If so that could be anything, be it wood cardboard or clay.

But what is it that makes a home, is it the people's place or the things? Maybe it's the neighborhood, the weekly dance of the bins.

Because a home can be a house and a house can be a home, but having one without the other is like a dog without a bone.

Furnish it as much as you like, just be sure to keep in mind. If your heart's not in your house, a home you will not find.

Many places I have been, though never stayed for long. For my heart was never in them, but simply I did not belong.

And so I traveled on and on, I sonder into the night. And as I traveled on and on, I began a losing fight.

My travels took me far and wide, sometimes farther than I'd care. Slowly my person got less and less until finally I'm left bare.

Still I searched with all my strength for a place I could belong, the more I searched and the more I failed I continued to grow strong.

Until one day quite by chance I found a reasonable place, the only place I ever found, willing to take my case.

At first I felt rather odd, unable to fit in. All the searching I had done, perhaps I could finally win.

But winning is not a result any should aim for at all, For claiming you win the game of life surely takes some gall.

My search has not yet ended but now I need not roam, because my heart has found Amber and Amber is my home.

# Special Thanks

The Amber Foundation

My light in the darkness

A safe haven when I had  
none.

Thomas

Editor in chief

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changing world.

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