



Artist: Martin



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**Serving**  
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Artwork: **Bonfire**



# SCRAPPY BUT happy

**A priceless limited edition  
expressed in words  
and pictures by people  
accessing Simon's services.**



# “Everybody is talented because everybody who is human has something to express.”

*Brenda Ueland, 1891 – 1985*

Dublin Simon Community is delighted to launch the 8th Edition of **Scrappy but Happy**.

Since 2011, the **Scrappy but Happy** series has showcased the amazing talent of those who access Dublin Simon Community's homeless and housing services with this annual publication of artworks and creative writing pieces.

At Dublin Simon Community we believe meaningful activities are central to providing structure, purpose, wellbeing, intellectual stimulation, self-esteem, socialisation and independence in the lives of people accessing our services. The Literacy and Personal Development Team coordinates and facilitates a range of different classes and therapeutic programmes to those accessing the service. The team facilitates arts and crafts, creative writing, dance, computers and gardening groups as well as literacy tuition and open mic nights to inspire creative thinking and encourage self expression. In taking a holistic approach to learning the team aim to support participant's individual needs and enable them to achieve their goals.

As the writer Brenda Ueland states; *“Everybody is talented because everybody who is human has something to express”*. As humans, we are all creative beings – we are all unique, with original thoughts and ideas. We all have something important to give. This book celebrates diversity, equality and inclusion. It is a beautiful representation of the wonderful creative talents of those accessing Dublin Simon Community services.

A new addition to the Literacy and Personal Development service this year was a 10 week gardening programme on Airfield Estate – an urban farm and garden in the heart of Dundrum. Poetry and artworks inspired by the programme are included in this publication. Thank you to Airfield Estate for offering us the use of their fantastic resource.

The Literacy and Personal Development groups could not go ahead without the support of staff and volunteers in all of Dublin Simon Community services. Thank you!

We would also like to thank the staff and volunteers who coordinate and facilitate the classes:  
Anna West, Denise Roche, Janis Porikis, Mary Lally, Ana Martinez, Louise Gambrell and Grainne O'Carroll.

Also, most importantly, a very special thank you to all of the incredibly talented participants who have attended classes and contributed artwork and creative writing to this book. Thank you for your commitment and openness in sharing your talents, your creativity knows no bounds!

**Dublin Simon Community**

October 2018



**Artist: Paul**

# Spring

I was asked one time about my favourite season of the year. I thought to myself and I said yes, Spring. After winter comes Spring. It can be chilly and cold, but with those lovely crisp mornings and evenings you can go for nice long walks. Also we see budding in our lovely daffodils, yellow and white and we can think of William Wordsworth. A bunch of golden daffodils. Also the lovely colour yellow is worn in Spring by young and by old. Yes, Spring is my favourite season.

Rita



Artist: Brian

# Hello

Hello to everyone who has a moment to stay still  
And feel the power, it's in your nature to feel free  
And let ourselves share the same with others  
And I like to say hello to others  
Hello, stay still for a moment, please stay

Janis



Artist: Rita



Artist: Donal



Artist: Norman

Steve, you don't seem to fully understand. I have had to bring up Andy without him having a father, or me a husband, a lover and close male friend to share my life with. It has been hard, lonely and soul destroying, not knowing in the last few years, where we both will live, and how I will pay for our food. I have been frecking unwell all this week... and you expect me to keep a smile on my face... and pretend that our lives are normal and smooth sailing, like normal people, with a gaff, and income from a job or social, while facing the reality that no one really frecking cares, Steve! (as a tear drop rolls from her eye down her face). Jessica... I truly appreciate, respect and understand what your life must have been like for you, with no gaff, and often sleeping in Grafton Street with a sleeping bag. However, one thing you have to realise. You have found a person in me, who does really care about your happiness comfort, safety and future, without any strings attached, or wanting anything in return, other than to know that you are my friend.

Stephen C

Artist: Gerard



Artist: Janis

# Airfield Gardens and Farm

Poems by  
Dublin Simon Community  
Client Group

## Airfield

As we stepped off the bus,  
We left behind the daily rush,  
Surrounded by the harmony of nature; the Dublin Mountains on our right,  
And Airfield gardens within our sight.  
The sound of the bees working amongst the flowers,  
Like God's keys, releasing his powers.  
Walking through the garden you can hear the sheep bleating,  
The birds cheeping, their melody completing.  
The children and their families playing,  
The trees in the summer breeze are swaying.  
We set out with a sense of adventure, not really knowing what we'd discover,  
Until we got there, a sense of freedom we did uncover.

*Dublin Simon Community Gardening Group*



## Airfield

40 shades of green,  
Lovely smell of roses,  
Lovely smell of lavender flowers.  
I could see the mountains, from the  
Big house I was in.  
When I stepped out of the bus,  
I left behind the city,  
And I enjoyed the lovely farm, and all the animals,  
And the lovely Dublin mountains.

*Margaret Rose*

## Airfield

The dew it rises, the day is sealed  
We're up here sightseeing in Airfield  
The sun was beaming, my skin had peeled,  
From 2 pm to 5, after this we did yield.

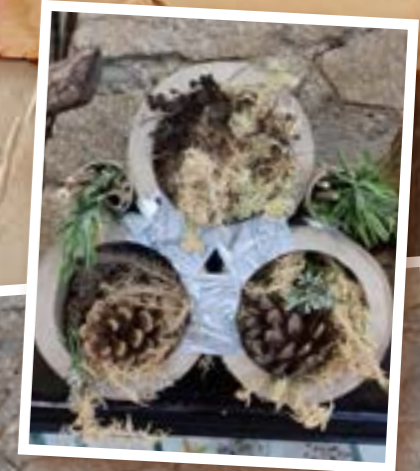
My anticipation was full of living,  
Country way of life, sharing all that giving  
The sight, sound, and smells, all reality is believing  
Reminded me of paradise, Airfield I am missing.

Beautiful animals, fruit and vegetables  
Mountain ranges, some plateau like tables  
No underground tunnels, or overhead cables,  
Tranquility and serenity, peaceful grounds and stables

*Gerry*

The falling leaf is not the end,  
It is the beginning.

*Janis*



All Photography: Dublin Simon  
Community Gardening Group



Artist: Anon

## Reality

I dislike reality cause I can't find normality  
Yet still I struggle to find a strategy to help my sanity  
What's wrong with me ?!  
Stupid question, what's right with me ?  
I'm the cause of and solution to me,  
I'm my own worst enemy!  
Constantly up late,  
Questioning my fate,  
Overestimating the hate,  
Inside me that I create,  
And underestimating the odd few things in this world,  
That are great!

Sarah



Artist: Derek



Artist: Emmet



Artist: Michael

*one day*

I'm used to living life on my own, with not even a hand that I got told I could hold,  
 Stuck on the streets with no place to call home, not even a friend that would answer the phone,  
 I know these streets in every which way, from the cracks in the pavement to the doors that we lay,  
 To the benches we weep at in murderous pain, that we're forced to endure as it eats us away!  
 So when you are hopeless and you can't see a way, you just sit and you hope, that help's on it's way.

*billy*



Artist: Jadson

# SUMMERTIME

## May

All is dandy, fine, ok  
First month of Summer, the month of May  
Nighttime comes at the end of the day  
Last night passed, now is the day  
Yet Summer is here, that is true to say  
Yippie yi yo, yippie yi yay

## June

Half way through the year, good old glorious June  
Comes mid-year, not a moment too soon  
Mid-year, like a seasonal tropical cocoon  
At the end of the month July will be brewing  
At the end of the day comes the June moon  
Covered in good weather as like a sand dune

## July

Today we welcome in July  
Across the sea I would like to fly  
Up above the clouds in the sky, high  
On each other we do rely  
Cheery up no need to cry  
With the boldest laughter we will reply

## Summertime

Once again it's already Summertime  
Sparkling water with fluoride and lime  
Don't ask my name or who I am  
God lifted a curse when he lifted a damn  
He knew what he was doing making woman and man  
May, June, July, wonderful Summertime

Gerry



Artist: Sarah

## CLOSED DOORS

Carefully never really knowing what's behind  
Carefully and bravely opening the door  
Carefully quickly look behind  
Carefully and sadly it's empty.

Happily opening your eyes in the morning  
Happily seeing our family  
Happily seeing the sun in the sky  
Happily birds playing in the sky

**Janis**



Artist: Patrick

## THE TRIANGLE

We called it the little triangle  
It was in the middle of a big junction  
It was like an island  
For the kids in the city  
A small piece of green in the middle of a concrete jungle  
It is gone with the reorganisation of the city  
Roads made it disappear  
And now it is just a big giant avenue  
No place for the kids of the neighbourhood  
For them to play...

**Ana**



Artist: Patrick



## THE CRUSH

Having endured a forty-five minute lecture from her mother, Cassie stared at her phone. She couldn't shake the feeling that this was a bad idea but she knew this was the only way her mother would finally get off her back. With the light from her phone illuminating her face she took a deep breath and tapped that tiny green button. She watched the green button disappear and stared. The thin grey line slowly started to turn blue bit by bit. Every second she watched that blue line grow longer and longer she worried even more. Her worried thoughts were soon interrupted when she saw the "Application installed" message on her screen. She pushed okay and there it was, the Tinder icon. She took a deep breath and opened the app. If only opening up emotionally was as easy as pressing on a screen.

After countless left swipes and a handful of right ones, Cassie finally got her first match. She scrolled through his profile. She smiled slightly when she discovered words like "dog lover", "creative" and "passionate". It was almost like they popped off his profile. She sat there thinking maybe this was what she needed all along but quickly shot herself down as to not get her hopes up. She locked her phone and placed it on her bedside locker. Just as she closed her eyes, her phone gently vibrated on the wood, the phone lighting up her room slightly. She shot up from her bed like a bullet. What felt like a thousand butterflies tickled the inside of her stomach and she felt like a child all over again. What

if this was Tinder guy? What if he was asking her on a date? What would she say to him? She hadn't talked to a guy since the "accident". The excitement and butterflies quickly turned into nervousness and knots. A lump formed in her throat and she began scratching the back of her hand, eyes still glued to the phone. Her heart pounding louder and louder with each beat as her finger came in contact with the screen. The phone unlocked to reveal it was just her mother who sent the text to ensure Cassie got home okay. Quickly she replied and set her phone back down. She got back into bed and drifted to sleep.

The sun peeked through Cassie's venetian blinds. Light steps could be heard in Cassie's hall. Just as Cassie was about to awaken he was on top of her and showed no sign of getting off.

"Get off now!" Cassie screamed yet no results. His wet kisses covered her face. She grasped onto his collar and pulled him off the bed. "No! Bold boy Zeus!". He looked at her with his big ol puppy eyes and this tug o war rope at his paws. Cassie flung the frayed rope out of her room and he was gone as quick as a whip. She picked up her phone to check the time and realised Tinder guy had messaged her. Even though she was nervous and the thought of the unknown scares her, she took a deep breath and opened it up. It was him. Tinder guy. Up until now Cassie only focused on his profile bio but

now she was seeing the whole picture and boy, was that a good picture. I don't know if it was his gorgeous blue eyes, his perfectly styled hair or his muscles bulging under his shirt but Cassie took a liken to him. Cassie replied to his message and within minutes Cassie's phone was buzzing more than it had since she had bought it.

Sunlight illuminated her face just enough to see each freckle dotted on her face. She looked so peaceful while she was sleeping. There was no mouth hanging open, no strings or pools of drool. So calm. As soon as her eyes open so was her new message from Tinder guy. Her hazel eyes moved like swift ping pong balls and her lips curved as she lay there reading it.

"How is this gorgeous morning treating this gorgeous girl?"

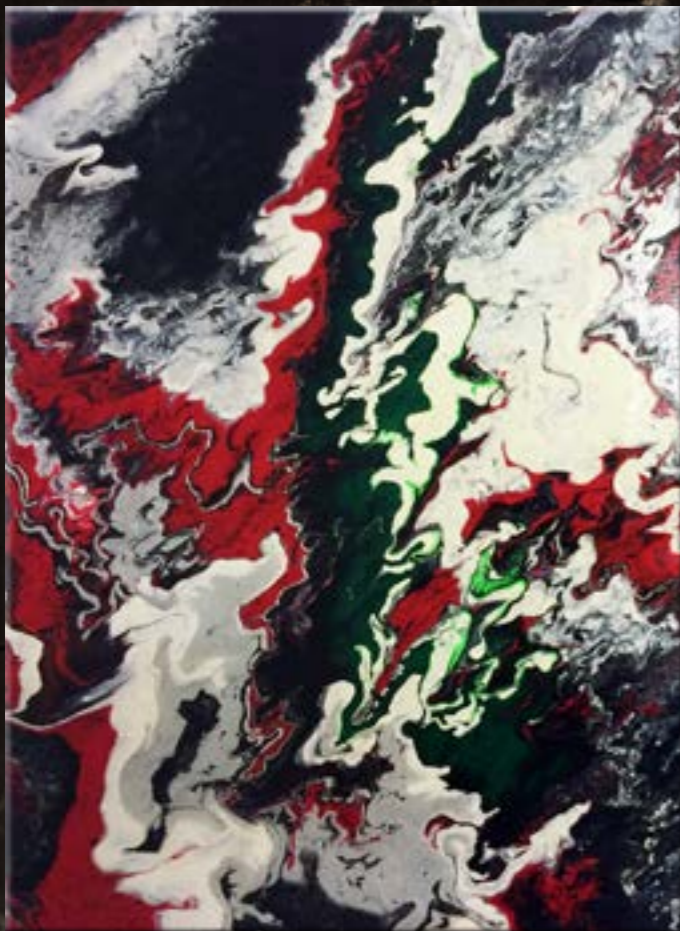
She felt herself about to blush. She shook it off as she was really trying to not get her hopes up, remember?

"Good, thanks. And yourself?"

"Well now that you have replied, I'd say my morning is going pretty great."

Okay, scratch that, her face is redder than red itself and those hopes might as well be the twin towers because they're scraping the skies. Let's just hope they don't get knocked down.

Anon



Artist: Mark G.

## Slip Up

To see the light, lighting up the darkness  
 Leads us up to the greater progress  
 Clearing up this whole mess, eating up to digest  
 Gliding around, like the point of a compass

Bubbly people are gobbing about good vibes  
 Broken down to claws, proud tribes  
 The onus on the one who holds the libes (liabilities that is)  
 None of this, that, or the other jibes

Hi dee hi, hi dee ho or so goes the greeting  
 Hi dee hi, hi dee ho, opens the meeting  
 Have a chair, there's plenty of seating  
 Homeward journey, the ship is fleeing

I meant to write a story, but I made a slip up  
 At mass the Royal chalice, some say the cup  
 Take a sip not a sup  
 I made a mistake, but I'm not a pup

In doom and gloom there is darkness  
 My son, is there something you need to confess?  
 We aim to deflate you and not to depress  
 Gods light will illuminate every recess

Louder and louder, only making noise  
 God says he loves those that tries  
 Only the first degree of perfection he applies  
 Then he fills them up with positive good vibes.

Gerry

## Down Deep

Down deep, in the dark dark ocean  
 The cork gave in on a long awaited potion  
 And from the potion whirled a multi-coloured motion  
 Inhaled by all of the fish in the ocean  
 An from each fish there came a bubble  
 A huge colourful metallic shiny bubble  
 They rose to the oceans surface  
 Not long after they were hovering the earths crust  
 And from each bubble emerged a creature  
 Each one with its own strange distinctive feature.

Sarah

## wings

If these wings could fly my heart would follow,  
 seeping blood but also hollow,  
 To find a way to fill this space,  
 With thoughtless thoughts all wrapped in lace,  
 To live a life where the mind it rules,  
 And look upon the past so pitiful,  
 But now it's time to break these chains,  
 To pave a path that has no shame,  
 To gaze and step into the light,  
 If these wings could only fly.

Billy



Artist: Jeff

# OFF the ROAD

Having largely settled in a community, by now, one complete advantage is stability. To have a fairly good idea where one will be, from one day to the next, is nothing short of miraculous, at times!

For years, the road or the sea beckoned and the life of a wanderer seemed romantic; however, it was anything but, most of the time!

There are many reasons why people take to the road; on the one hand, you have the spirit of adventure but, on the other, there are feelings of panic and desperation.

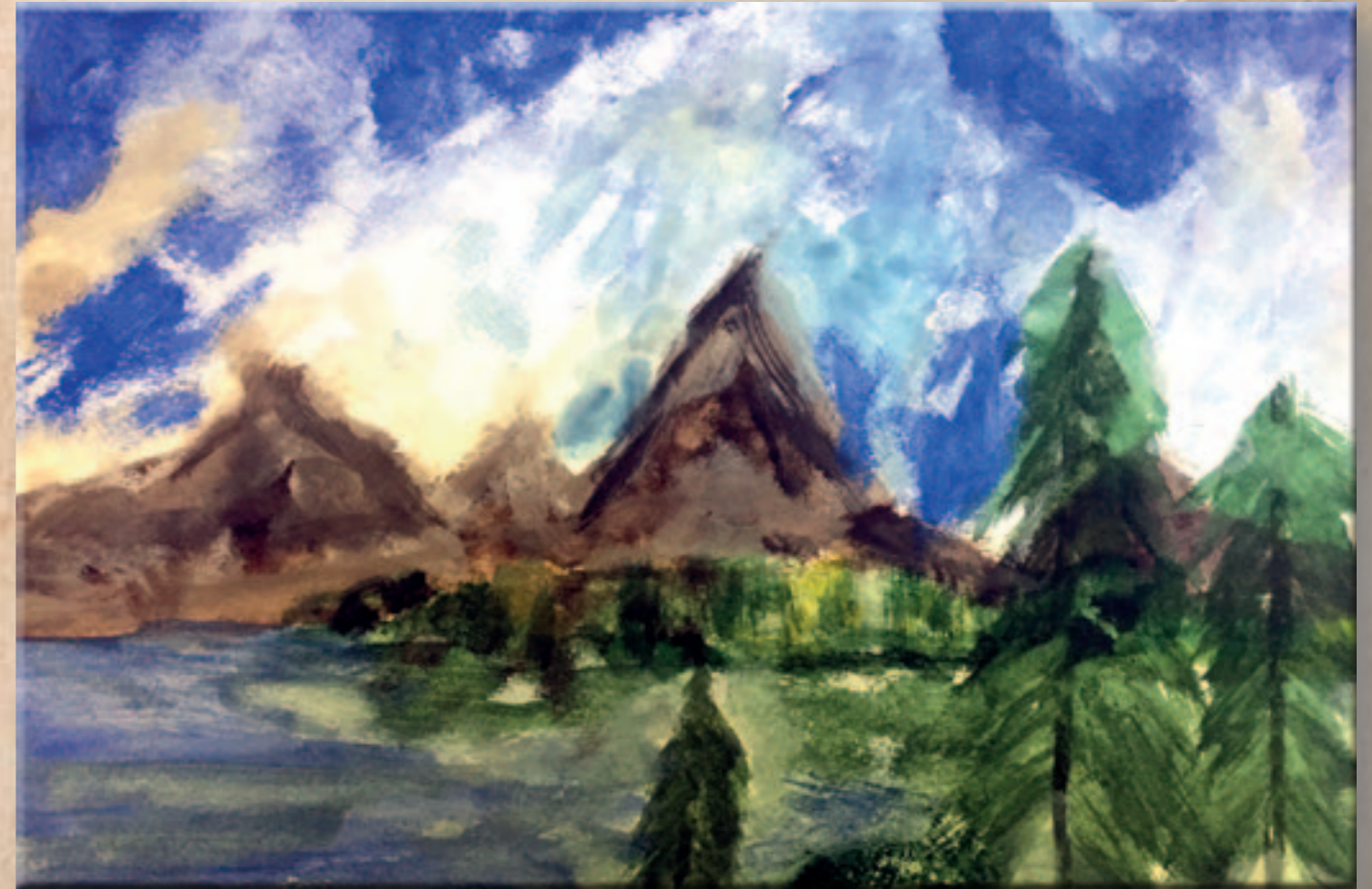
Work can tax a person but lack of it is no easier; days merge into one another and the only peace some of us do have is, for example, to do something like meditating at 3 or 4 am – the most depressing hour! At times you feel – this is depressing, but at least there is a roof. And then, the roof goes...

Getting back on track is something so many of us could never have envisaged we would do. But taking this for granted and becoming complacent is foolish. An affirmation I suppose, would be to say to oneself quietly every day, "I have a home". I did not really expect this home and it is a reason for hope.

Donal



Artist: Colm



Artist: Martin



Artist: John A.

# Just say NO

It takes only one time to say no  
 To feel the power; you are in control  
 Come on, don't be afraid, just say no  
 Just say no if you cannot say yes  
 Just say no unless you are willing to say yes  
 Just say no and no again.

Janis



Artist: Anon



Artist: Anon



Artist: Janis

Artist: James G.

Artist: Mark G.



Artist: Micheal

## coffee

Is a drug; a nice one that is permitted because it wakes you up,  
I love it and so do many of my friends,  
I used to have one day a week to drink coffee with my girlfriends,  
It was really fun, we would chat, drinking coffee,  
At the end we had to go back to our activities,  
We would have a new book, movie, or record, to read, watch or listen,  
We enjoyed it very much, we were like drunks but without alcohol,  
It was just coffee but it was very stimulating, like a drug,  
as I already said.

## Ans





Artist: Anon



Artist: James



Artist: Jadson



Artist: Anon



Artist: Donal

# Homeless...

## The Real Story

Many homeless won't go into hostels,  
 Preferring the cold streets instead  
 Because they just can't get their head around  
 How to make a hostel bed.  
 Duvet covers and pillow cases,  
 They're the easy bit,  
 It's that stupid elasticated sheet  
 That doesn't even fit.  
 You get three corners tucked in  
 Then go for number four,  
 Suddenly there's a big "twang"  
 And the sheets across the floor.  
 After several more attempts  
 Just after you've got it right,  
 Staff knocks for a room check  
 "Twang " the sheet got a fright.  
 You find yourself sneaking around the room  
 Don't want to upset the sheet  
 Climbing ever so carefully into bed  
 Gradually extending your feet  
 Lying there happy and snug  
 Then comes a big big sneeze  
 The end of the sheet which was at your feet  
 Is now shooting past your knees  
 Half a sheet is better than none  
 But I knew it wouldn't last  
 For when I got up to use the bathroom  
 "Twang " the sheet flew freely past.  
 So I'm getting on to the minister  
 Tell him of my plight  
 Sheets attacking homeless people  
 C'mon that surely isn't right.

Ed



Artist: Sarah

THIS IS  
Sunny 6am-6pm  
LUNNEY 6pm-6am

## Living Alone

Homelessness is a sad thing,  
something you don't want to experience.  
You meet all sorts of people,  
Good, bad, happy and sad.

People from all sorts of backgrounds,  
Ones that hit the sky but then it was ground.  
At first they don't know where to go,  
But all day long you get people who show.

Show them things like where to eat,  
Then there's people who show them where to shower,  
Places like Brother Luke's and The Little Flower.

There's always places, you won't go unfed,  
The main thing you're looking for is a bed.

You'll feel there's no-one out there like you,  
But believe me there's not one or two.  
There are thousands of people sleeping out,  
People don't listen, even if they shout.

They come from all different backgrounds,  
Some from good, some from bad,  
Some from happy, some from sad.  
It's the ones from the sad that you really feel sorry for,  
But always remember there's more & more.

I see homelessness as an experience some people go through,  
To some people its old and to some it's new.

Ann



Artist: Janis



Artist: Ana



Artist: Margaret Rose

## The Sound of Silence

I have to stay quiet, but I feel like shouting,  
Cos she's always taking selfies and her lips are always pouting.  
Can't stand one more minute of the silence that is shutting me out,  
We're back on the poison again, the two of us, silence brought my soul back out.

You see, we'd a battle on our hands and it had gone a bit rough,  
But it couldn't be any rougher than the past we'd gave up.  
The roaring whispers came from silence growing stronger each night,  
Went from overlords in our dreams to the sweats at first light.

Two hospital appointments that happened all in one week, said that;  
***"Our condition was disastrous and our futures looked bleak"***.  
Laid there in the bed counting dots on the ceiling,  
The silence in my head and no answers to my feelings.

10 days later we were lucky they were letting us go,  
To a realm of unforgiveness, then to a tent in the snow.  
The silence inside me was begging me to leave,  
But I'm carefree and I love her, I'll wear my heart on my sleeve.

I tried to leave full of silence, I'd had enough of this life,  
From the lies and the phone calls, to the trouble and the strife.  
I shout from the rooftops that I'm free, Satan's claws unbounded me,  
The lord had commanded him to release me and let this young man go free.

So from this day forth I'll never go back, NO Way!  
No more whispers in the silence that can be felt the next day.  
I'm starting painting & writing and found an interest in modelling clay,  
It's all so quiet right now, silent mind is here to stay.

MARK



Photo: Francis



Photo: Anon



Photos: David O'C.



Photo: Matt

## The Client, I

Just because I'm in a hostel,  
It's not all doom and gloom,  
The place I'm in is a deadly gaf  
With a key to my own room.  
I've a nice telly on the wall  
And an en suite toilet too,  
Plus a fridge and a microwave  
And a kettle for me brew.  
I get a massive dinner each day,  
There's stuff for a sandwich at night,  
Although the only thing in my wee fridge  
Is basically the light.  
The staff I couldn't praise enough  
It's a comfort to know they are there,  
You can tell by them it's not just a job  
Because they really care.  
Here I have a laugh at bingo  
Where after a win or two  
I'm skipping back to my room  
Clutching shower gel and shampoo.  
I do arts and crafts when I can  
I'm currently colouring in an owl  
I'm 5 weeks into this project  
Couldn't give a hoot I'm having a howl.  
There's a notice board on the wall  
You'll always find something to do  
So it's not all about doom and gloom  
It's very much up to you.

Ed



Artist: Anon