

SCRAPPY BUT HAPPY 6



A priceless limited edition

expressed in words and pictures



Dublin
Simon
Community

by people using Simon services.



Artist: Anonymous

“Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire”

William Butler Yeats, 1865-1939

FOREWORD

“Scrappy but Happy 6” is experro este explia dolo beatus aut dollaut faccus, sandand ucitatis assum evenimus.

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Dublin Simon Community

September 2016

Dublin's Fair City

Rich, poor, craic, culture,
Rich in culture and craic,
Poor in honesty, welfare and equality,
Rich in kindness and compassion
(but not from those in power)
Change needed.

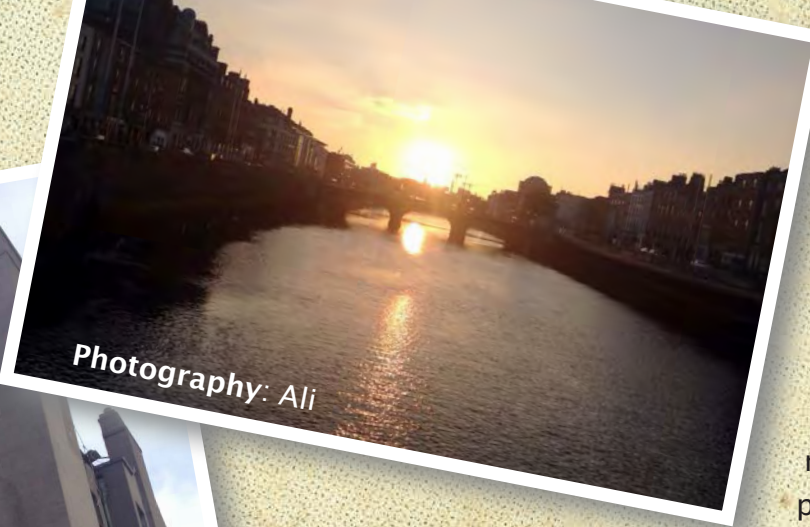
There once was a fight for freedom here,
another (peaceful) fight is again needed,
Capitalism is killing the chances of a
utopian society.

'Utopian' "Will you go way out of that!" they
say, Shocked at the very consideration that
a happy, equal society is a possibility.

Are we that brainwashed that we cannot see?
That we just give in!



Photography: Mary



Photography: Ali



Photography: Jack

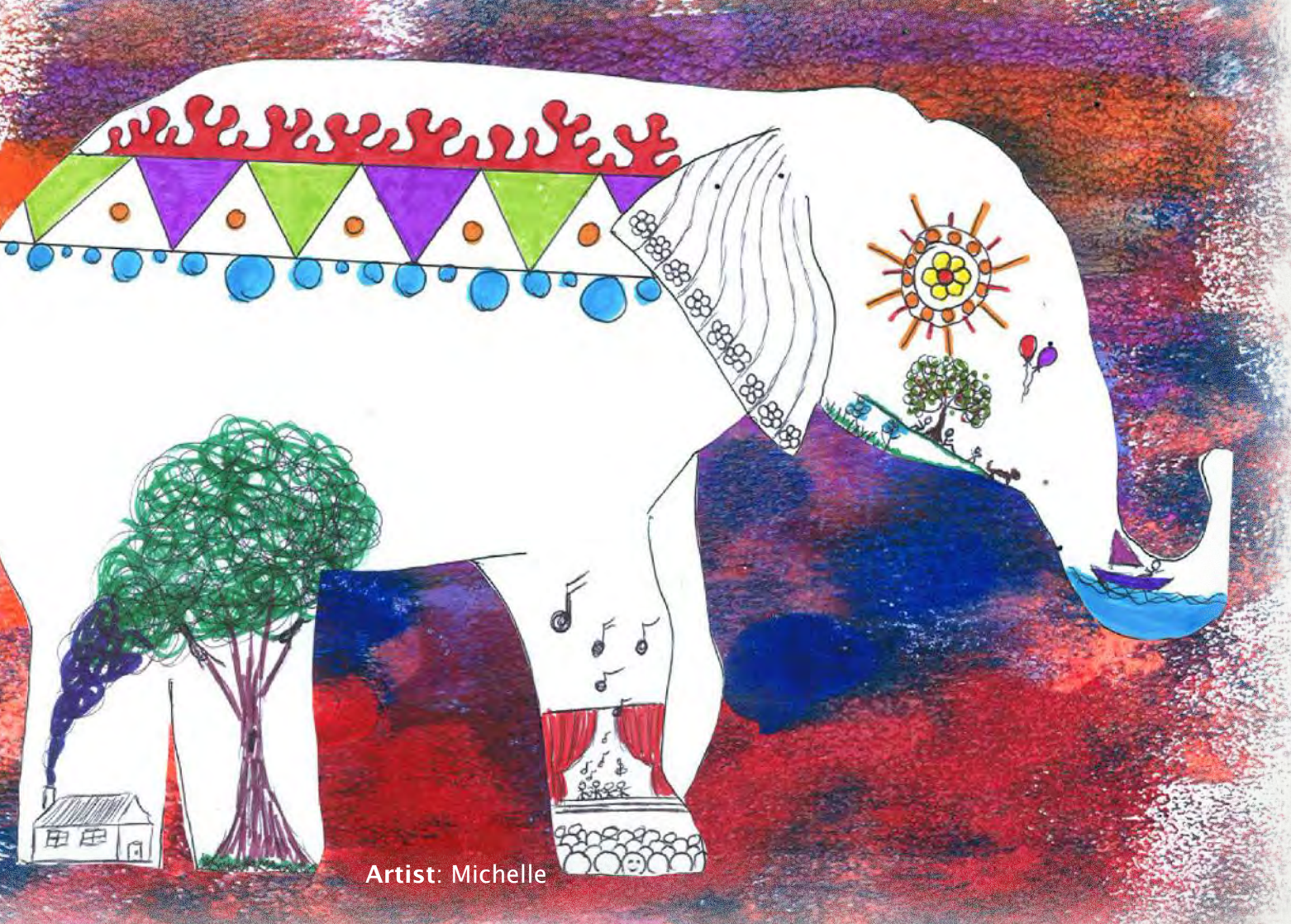
I do believe in Utopia! I
do believe in the power of
the people, the power of
community! This is how we
make change! Many examples
throughout history and modern
day: civil rights movements,
gay rights, women's rights
movements! The power and
passion of individuals coming
together have changed the world
for the better.

If you, like me, have had enough, lets make
a community and rise up! I am a proud
citizen of Ireland, I love our culture and
people, but I am no nationalist, I am an
internationalist! We are all one! All human
and together we can make change.
Together. Community. Equality.

Ronan



Photography: Jack

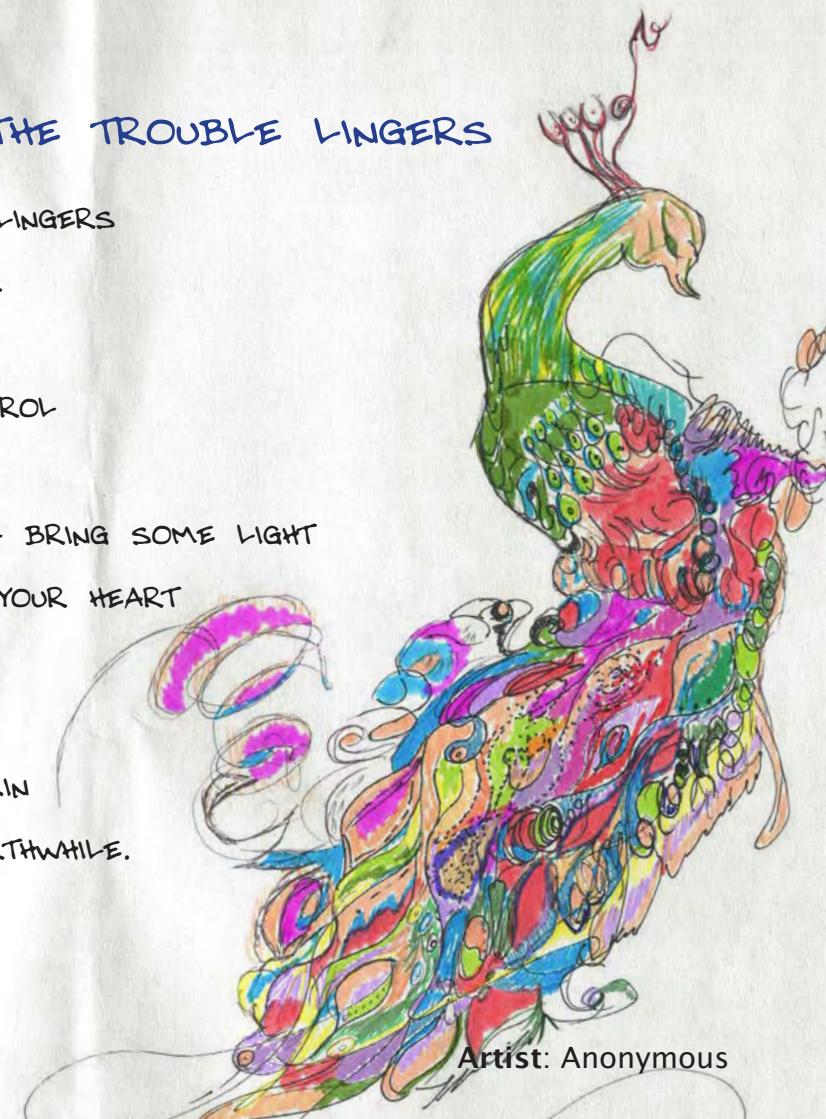


Artist: Michelle

SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE THE TROUBLE LINGERS

SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE THE TROUBLE LINGERS
 ALTHOUGH IT'S HARD TO POINT THE FINGER
 AND UNDERSTAND THE FEELINGS WHOLE
 ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S OUT OF YOUR CONTROL
 ALL YOU CAN DO IS HOLD ON TIGHT
 AND HOPE THE SKIES OF TOMORROW WILL BRING SOME LIGHT
 HOLD ON TO THE MEMORIES THAT TOUCH YOUR HEART
 AND YOU WILL NEVER TRULY BE APART
 FOR LOVES NOT LOST - IT LIES WITHIN
 SO STRONG IT SEEMS TO TOUCH YOUR SKIN
 IT'S THAT WHICH MAKES LIFE SEEM WORTHWHILE.

SHANE



Artist: Anonymous

The past is a
foreign country...



The past is a foreign country, they do things
differently there. To me it seems so true.
It seems everything in my past was all so
magical and exciting, full of wondrous power
– like having nan over for tea, best china
cups got out, and of course apple cake and
fairy cakes; Dad bringing our dog Tsar for a
walk along the canal side and coming home
blue after dying himself in a tin of blue
gloss paint; Yes, playing with my siblings
around our cul-de-sac and knocking on
cranky neighbours doors, having a laugh.

The good old days seem to be so far away
but yet still alive in me, and hopefully
passed on to my three adoring teenagers.
Someday they will tell the tale.

Joyce

Artist: G.O'B



Artist: Anonymous

A dangerous chill that had the strangest feeling...

A dangerous chill that had the strangest feeling

And inspired mutual interests.

And thoughtful visions

Across me perches words on my skin.

And sing silently

Never will hope bare extremities,

Impose a chilling storm that stops

Within my soul.

Byron



Artist: Jason

advice

My uncle who was 26 years sober tried to give me advice when he saw me getting into trouble with being done for drink driving and losing my licence and the job I had. He tried to advise me at a young age to try to do something about drinking but I wouldn't listen to him.

Martin

THE COUNTRY SIDE

The country side is beautiful, there is lots to see and do; out there you can walk the fields and climb the hills without the slightest care. The birds they whistle their tunes, the squirrels, they eat their nuts, the badgers, they rest easy, cosily tucked away in their huts.

Devils Glen is my favourite place; we used to go camping there, the hell fire club was up the way, the devil was hiding there!

Mr Maccy was my teacher; he showed me a thing or two: how to set up a tent and other tricks to do!

I will go back to the country side when the summer comes along, and I'll set up camp and my sleeping bag and then I'll sing a song!

Wicklow really is heaven on earth, anyone will tell you so, it's in my heart forever and I'll never let it go!

GEORGE



Photography: Kevin

THE WONDER...

THE WONDER OF THE CREATIVITY OF THE SWEET-SMELLING,
COLOURFUL FLOWER,
ACROSS THE WARM AND SWEETEST SEA.
WHO AM I WITHOUT FREEDOM.

DONAL



Photography: Jack



Photography: Kevin



Photography: Tara

Charlie Brown I am

As I lie here in the shade at 2 in the day, I don't care about the day, that is why I am laying here in a daze, out of my mind on gear, I do every day and when I wake up I've a vodka just to get me up.

Can't you see, this is me, I don't give a crap, and when I get up, I need to fill my cup, a euro or two, it all adds up to a lovely bag of you know you. Charlie Brown, I love you, can any body see I am in an illusion in deed, this is me, I am an addict in deed, a slave to total misery For hell it is with no light or reality, this Charlie Brown, has me in a total illusion in deed.

Yes, I am a slave to Charlie Brown and he owns me. All I see is Charlie Brown and myself, so please let me be, I am a junkie who is in need can't you see Charlie Brown is all I need.

Shane

JUST BE

You need to lose the illusion of your mind self in order to connect with the reality of your real self which is in the present and not your mind.

Just be, can't you see! It is the way to be, like the tree in the ground, anchored in Mother Earth, for all to see, from the present it has grown, from a little seed in to the reality of life in deed, through the energy of Mother Nature with no illusion or mind of its own, yes, this tree is truly free from the misery of humans created through the illusion of our mind, with no life or reality, only misery.

You will see if you like to try it, go on, try it, and just be! Just be! It is a great place to be, you will feel your peace and serenity in the present and now, you were born to be. Just be! Just be and express yourself in your own creativity, from your heart, for all to see, you are truly alive and meant to be, so be, just be in the present and now you are meant to be, so be, so please just be, from a heart that cares!

SHANE



Photography: Shane

HAPPINESS IS...

Happiness is a sunny day in summer,
Sizzling sausages and scrumptious soleros,
Sharing stories, singing songs,
Sentimental, special,
Sunny days in Summer.

MICHELLE



Artist: Ciara

Happiness is a walk in the park,
A swim in the sea,
A coffee with a friend,
Spending time with family.

ANN



Artist: Ana

Happiness is learning to let go,
to let go of traumas passed,
learning to live and love again,
to focus on the moment,
As that is all we have.

DAVE



Artist: Juan



TWO BROTHERS SEPARATED BY SEA AND COLOUR

Pascal and I were brothers
I being the eldest
Looked out for Pascal
Behind high walls
In that institution
Hidden away from mankind.

Then one day
Pascal disappeared
Taken away
To a foreign land- America
By our mother.
I never saw
My brother again.

Out of the blue decades later
When I was a father myself
Our mother made contact
“Pascal is dying” she cried
“He wishes to see you”
Before I could get my head around this confounding news
Pascal died.

Pascal and I did not share the same father
Pascal was white
I am black.

Our mother made the choice decades ago
When she took Pascal away
Decades later I made the choice
Not to attend his funeral in the USA
I just knew deep down Pascal would understand.

GERRY



Artist: James

Artist: Anonymous



SAFETY

A golden Labrador, running to me at every opportunity
And lying by my side at a big fire in the sitting room

A big oak tree where I could build a tree house
And come and go as I please

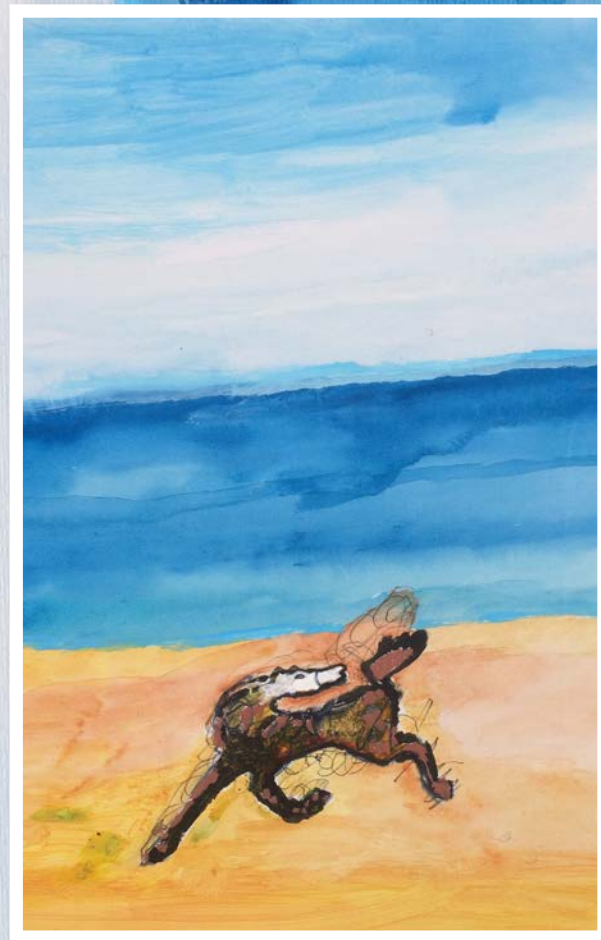
A nice cold drink of milk
that would soothe my stomach

Wednesday when I collect my social welfare
Money in my pocket is a great comfort
South American wind flutes – pan pipes

An ambulance in which I can be brought to a safe place
And looked after by paramedics, doctors and nurses

My wedding day – it was special
Me in my tuxedo
And my wife in her beautiful white wedding dress

Richard



Artist: Michael



Another One Bites the Dust

I am crazy for love - Hallelujah
 I know she's coming - Hallelujah
 Your eyes are everlasting - Hallelujah

And on the strangest sea
 I will always love you
 To where it bent in the underground
 And that's where we say goodbye

Hallelujah - Hallelujah - Hallelujah

I thought that love would last
 Forever I was wrong

Hallelujah - Hallelujah - Hallelujah

Joseph

Artist: Anonymous

Haikus

As frozen in time
 Stags forage for food thread bare
 Mist descends down low

Crashing on to rocks
 Waves tumble to and fro, swish,
 Raging lion appears.

BRENDAN MC

Artist: Anonymous

Mother Died Today...

Mother died today. Or maybe yesterday, I don't know. I even forget the address where it was. All I can remember was that it was in an old, damp, dark room in an old dreary house. It had a huge Victorian staircase that creaked every second step, and at the top, down the hallway, was her room on the left. She was laid up in bed, not saying much just the odd grunt and cry, and the odd beep of the IV machine when it ran out. It was strange to sit and look at her like this. Although I'd not seen her in 5 or 6 years, the woman that I knew was Ma or Mum. She was not before me. This was someone completely different – a corpse or a shell was nearly all that was left. The twinkle in her eye and her happy smile that always brought us comfort as kids was now worn away.

I took a deep breath and cast my eye around the room and thought of all the love I had been shown over all the years and thought of how I would...

Lloyd

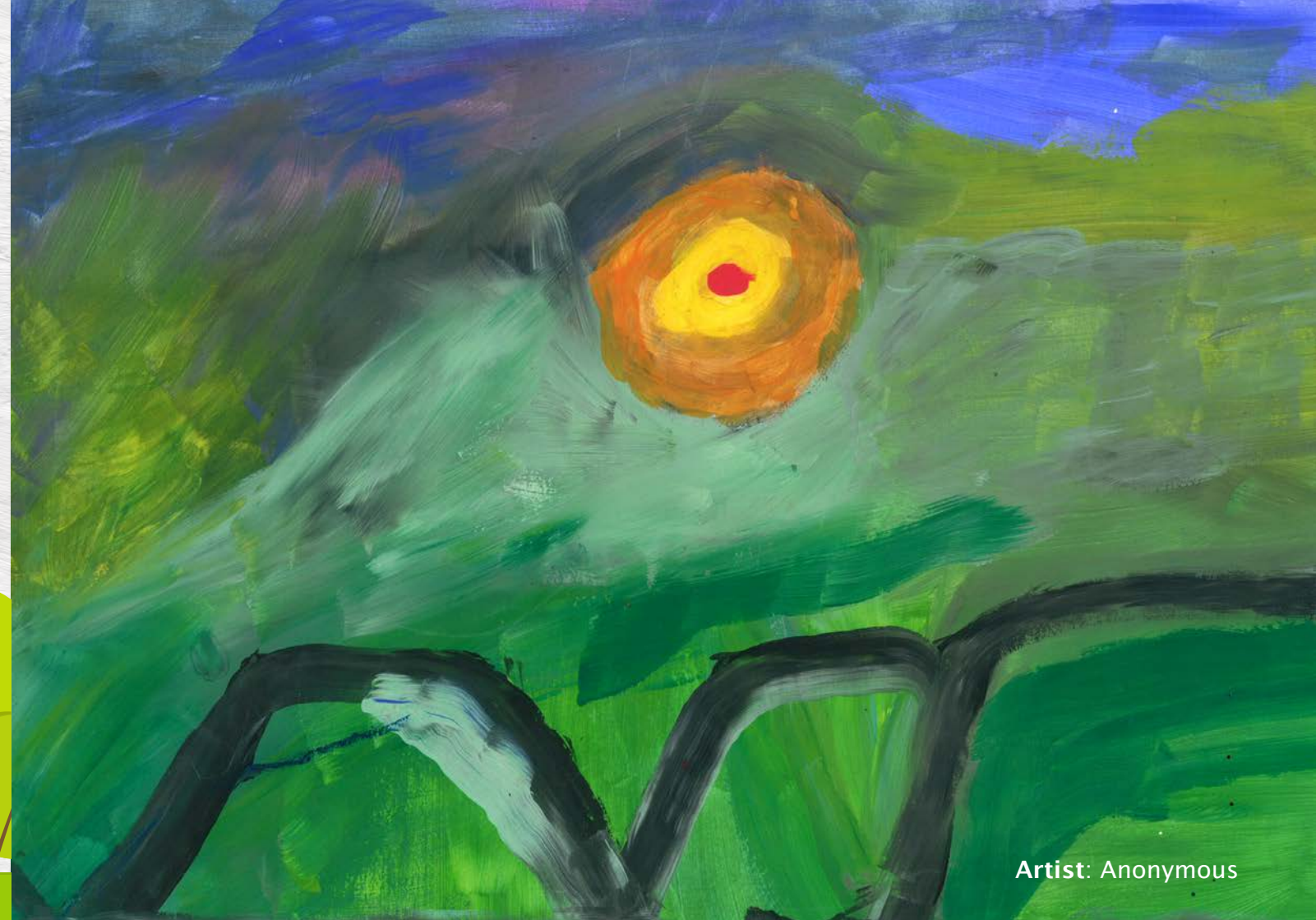


Artist: Tomasz

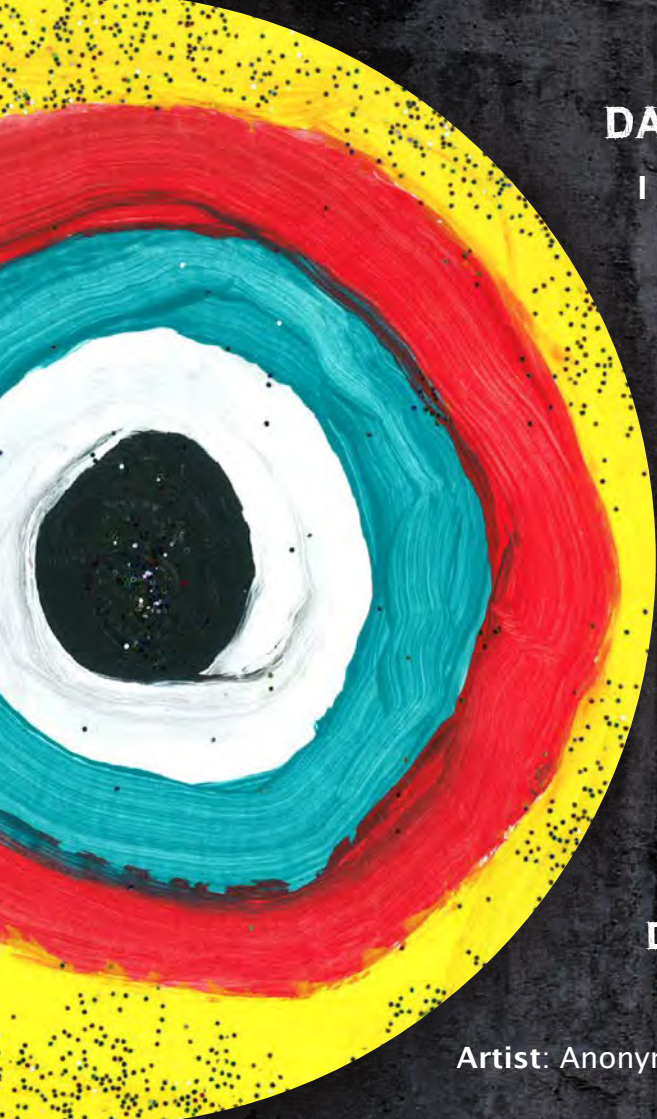
SUMMER TIME

Summer is here, oh what fun!
Utopia is in the air as out comes the sun!
March through September, the weather is great,
Munchies out doors, there's lots to be ate!
Evenings get longer, mornings' get bright,
Raspberries and ice cream, oh what delight!

MARTIN



Artist: Anonymous



DARKNESS

I shall be telling this with a sigh
That perches in the soul,
And even though it all went wrong,
Of the blue-eyed grass of early summer,
But I hear him coughing all night long.

Jimmy

MADNESS

It's a Tazmanian Devil,
A bat from hell, A nightmare I could not tell,
Sneaking inside your brain,
It's a Venus Fly Trap,
It's an itchy jumper,
It's a Spring day, neither hot nor cold,
It's Paganini's violin

Diego

Artist: Anonymous



Artist: Anonymous

A COLD, DARK DEATH...

A cold, dark death,

Calmly.

Sight - reflection on burning memory

Of being wet and dry.

Open my eyes to this - hypnotise.

Of feminine soul and spirit.

To burn a fire passionately.

To see me no more.

Anthony



Artist: Ciara

Safety

A hedgehog who comes out at night
And he is terrifying
He's black and has spikes
He sees in the dark
See, if he befriended you, he would protect you

A passion flower plant
As passion represents our Lord
Who is there to protect you
And love protects
And conquers all

A cold sea crab with fierce fangs
He would protect me on a desert island
(And I could eat him too!)

Friday - I always got paid
And went out with friends
We got a taxi home together safely
Good memories
Laughing

A bugle for a battlefield
Held by a colonel on horseback to protect me

A carriage with a handsome man in the front
He would protect me and my long flowing gown

Lying between mum and dad in bed
After thunder and lightening
And really feeling safe and warm
When I was a young child

Joyce



Artist: Vanessa

My Space

Would I walk so rudely through your space! Imagine what it feels like; thousands of people invading your space; some look at you with disgust, as if I chose for this place to be my 'home', as if I chose for this to be the place where I lay my head at night! Through all the elements: the rain, the snow, the hail, the cold- through weekend nights hearing laughter shared by friends old and new; a reminder of such laughter and fun that my life is void of. Those who look at me with disgust, I share this feeling of disgust, but not at myself, back at you! I am disgusted by your closed mindedness, disgusted by your lack of intelligence and your lack of empathy, for not seeing that this cement space that every night I must call home is the fault of a flawed society and not the fault of me.

I hope people wake up, so those like me have some hope, but in the mean time as you walk by and I'm awaking from my slumber, do not stare unless you have some kindness to share, and if you don't then please leave me be.

Aido



Artist: M

I once had
a dream...

I once had this dream about 11 years ago. It starts off on a ship which I was a seaman on for 18 years. I went on the 12 to 4 watch. It was night time and I went to the bridge of the ship. My relief was waiting. I told the 2nd (mate) officer that we were changing. He said 'OK, sailor'. The next watch, I went through a strange 12 hours in the Bay of Biscay. There were ships in the night. Lots of ships heading N.S.E.W. – I finished my watch and the relief came up. I gave him the handover. The 2nd mate was snoring so he wouldn't care on a long jag. I went to bed, a bit of reading, and flaked out. I woke up, I think after an hour, and I was soaking wet. I was in another part of the ship trying to get somebody out as I thought we were sinking. Then I heard this bang. It was a fright that woke me up and I realised it was only a dream T.G. If it was for real, would I be here now? Who knows? Only the man above.

John O'B

Photography: Michelle



TOMASZ

Artist: Tomasz



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**Serving
Dublin, Kildare,
Wicklow and Meath.**

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