

TOMORROW WE BEGIN

POEMS TO FIND YOURSELF IN



MATT GOODFELLOW

BLOOMSBURY

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WE BEGIN**

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HERE

Nobody ever told me there was a space called poetry
where I could find a shape for the thoughts I carried
thoughts about my life and why it seemed to be so
different from all my mates
thoughts about the lives I saw spiralling around me
thoughts that lived inside my head knocking on the
inside of my skull
thoughts about anger and frustration and sadness and
happiness and strangeness
I didn't know that poetry would allow me talk about
whatever I wanted
and do it in the voice I was born with should I choose
to use it.

I want you to know that there is a space called poetry
and if it interests you
if you're the sort of person whose head is filled with
ideas and feelings
that don't seem to match curricular targets
I want you to know there's a space called poetry
and this space will always be here.

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THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOIN IN I LOOK LIKE A MUPPET

The blazer sleeves are stupidly long and the shoulder pads are ridiculous.

The shoes are clumpy and way too shiny and my feet are comin out the back when I walk.

The shirt collar's already makin my neck dead sore and blotchy.

My bag's stuffed full of pens and pencils and rulers and a calculator that's built for massive-brained rocket scientists

not an 11-year-old kid with a particular allergy to all things maths.

You look fine, Mum says, without lookin up from her phone.
Everyone's in the same boat, stop worryin'.

Are they really? I say,
but she's already turnin her laptop on and mutterin
about people pullin sickies

so I stand and look at myself in the mirror.

First day of high school
and I don't look fine

I look like a muppet.

TRIBE

I'm slippin and slidin
just breathin survivin
I'm needin to find a new vibe.

My mind lets the tide in
I'm surfen and ridin
on break times that keep me alive.

The kids I was close to
don't know I'm supposed to
be chillin with people who see.

My pathway is steeper
my darkness is deeper
the tribe that I need starts with me.

SOMETHING CARRIES ON

High summer, y'know, like times'll never end
bleached on the beach with a stack of safe friends.

Waves chillin low and the tunes flow smooth
relax with the craic lettin jokes set the groove.

Trains in the distance, man, the world rumbles by
waitin for the stars now to tear back the sky.

Every wall must rattle when this change comes crashin in
before we start let's fall apart – tomorrow, we begin.