

Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> July, 2004.

# ALONE

6.00am Friday

26th March, 2004

1. "Darkness, my old friend."
1. Silence my, old friend!
2. Silence "WAS" Golden!
3. The Hidden feelings of Tormented Shame
4. The Unreckonised Fear of fettered Suffering and Pain.
5. The Invisible child.
6. Living Without LOVE!
7. The abusers who had "NO" Shame or Conscience.
8. Innocent, However "GUILTY".
9. Not a WORD of "LOVE"
10. Our Scars could not Be Seen.
11. We were not ever to say NO!
12. Our Voices could not be Heard.
13. We had to exist with Utter FEAR of EVERY KIND.
14. We lived through constant PAIN.
15. I dont know who I AM!
16. We were always WRONG!
17. We were misunderstood, yet could not Speak up for ourselves.
18. Punishment was dealt out in Rage and they would SMILE.
19. The Authoritarian figures would have made excellent
20. We were not allowed to express our FEELINGS or Needs. <sup>Warders.</sup>
21. We were ALL BRANDED one way OR ANOTHER.
22. We were HUMILIATED IN FRONT OF EVERYONE CONSTANTLY.
23. And we felt THEIR HUMILIATION.
24. We were ABUSED because we were not WANTED.
25. They showed no love, because we were nobody.
26. I felt of myself as NOTHING.
27. AND I AM NOTHING.
28. They took my LIFE away from me.
29. Why was Ashley + I so INSTITUTIONALISED?

Lynn  
DALLMAR

## THE BIG BLACK SEED.

I CAN'T FEEL ANY LOVE WITHIN,  
SO EMPTY THAT I CAN'T FEEL A THING,  
THE SCREAMS AND THE CRIES ARE JUST ANOTHER THING  
I CAN ONLY FEEL THIS, DYING WITHIN.

THE DARKNESS THAT ABSORBS ALL THIS PAIN,  
SCARES ME UNTIL I'M SHAKING AGAIN,  
SO SCARED THAT I CAN'T EXPLAIN,  
WHY I BOTTLE UP ALL THIS CONTINUAL PAIN.

THE QUICK WITTED PERSON THAT I USE TO BE,  
HAS BEEN DEVASTATED BY THE ONES WHO HURT ME,  
AND ALL I WANT IS TO BE FREE,  
OF THAT BIG BLACK SEED THAT KEEPS HAUNTING ME.

kyu  
" DALMAR "

June, 2002

The EMPTINESS that is STORED WITHIN  
Is like a HOLLOW TREE that is BORN TO THE R<sup>h</sup>IME  
The Trees are DEAD, the Branches are THIN  
SO SYMBOLIC OF DEATH IT CANT SWAY IN THE WIND.

From DEEP WITHIN the PAIN just GROWS  
Its like a FUNGUS that TORMENTS YOU SO  
SO HUSH these SILENT SCREAMS TONIGHT.  
That PALPITATES CONTINUALLY ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

When YOU ACHIEVE ALL OVER WITH SUNKEN DESPAIR  
Try to find SOMEONE WHO REALLY CARES  
BECAUSE ITS VERY HARD GOING THROUGH IT ALONE,  
HOWEVER ITS A HABBIT, BECAUSE YOU'RE MADE OF STONE.

The LIGHT that SHINES IN THE DISTANCE YOU SEE,  
Was there YOU KNOW, just for YOU, YOU SEE  
SO STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND TO THE ANGELS YOU SEE  
AND WALK BESIDE THEM, ONE, TWO AND THREE.

Lyn

Torment within me Rages,  
Like a Tornado that whips the ground Bare,  
You cannot mend this Broken House,  
Because it simply isnt There.

Lyn  
"DALMAR"

18th July 2004

" Oh Babe " My Dog

Oh Babe, You always see,  
The Hurt and Pain that Flows through me,  
You sit beside me with Loyalty and Patience  
Although I'm not aware your always There.

My mind Sinks into Distractions  
Where the Time just Passes By  
Although I'm not aware of this  
You still continue to sit beside my side

Should I Ponder in Deadly Silence  
Knowing No One Really Cares  
I may lift my Head and Look around me  
Oh Yes Babe, You will still be there.

I then look down into Your eyes Babe  
Where I wonder how much You know  
From the Expression in Your Eyes that Tell me  
Just how much You Really Know

My  
" DALMAR "

Friday 10:30 PM.

18th December 2003

Yes I crumble, Crumble and fall,  
Especially when I recall,  
The Sadness and Trauma of it all,  
So I Stumble, Stumble and fall.

To Conquer the Fear that Besets me,  
A Song can tell it all,  
Although it tells the Story,  
Pressing all my Buttons that Wither, and fall,  
Under the Constant Pressure  
I don't think I can take anymore.

The Love God gave for me to feel,  
Was Taken from me to Fulfill,  
I have Never experienced that Love to Feel,  
That was Given to all that felt wanted,  
For Love to Show and Share,  
To that Special Person I Shall Never Know.

My Children that need my Love to Show,  
That remained Fettered by the insecurities they Live,  
Now matter how much I try to Install,  
The Hurt they Feel after all,  
However they Try to Stand Tall  
So Courages, that I am Proud of the<sup>n</sup> all.

~~Nyn  
"DALMAR"~~

## Nightmare

As the darkness draws towards me,  
I cant help but feel the fear  
of my trembling body holding onto  
all the terror that is near.

I lay there, in the quietness,  
without a sound to stir the air,  
Though the blackness race towards me  
as though I wasn't there.

My body sunks into the mattress  
my head is everywhere.  
Fighting this frightening creature from me,  
that displays its threatening snare.

I shake my head, open my eyes,  
to fight this night of terror.  
But this creature doesnt go away,  
just turns around at its leisure.

When I see the things that cant be seen  
and hear the things that cant be heard,  
I want to run and hide away,  
to forget the tricks that are on display.

my body aches with so much pain,  
that I cannot and will not be able to explain.  
The Terror that hides within, in silence,  
yet creates such trauma that, I want to die.

lyn  
"DALMAR"

" A MOTHERS LOVE "

A Mother's heart is warm and dear,  
And yet somehow it disappears.  
Submerged in a maze that cannot be found  
That lies in dormant tears.

Below in the depths of sunken despair  
Lay hidden festering scars that ferment  
For Life has taken that Spirit away,  
That would have gleamed on sunny days.

The time has come to say goodbye,  
Even from those sunny skies.  
It's Peace of mind and Heart Disguises,  
That bottles all this sadness inside us.

Lyn  
DALMAR

## MOTHER

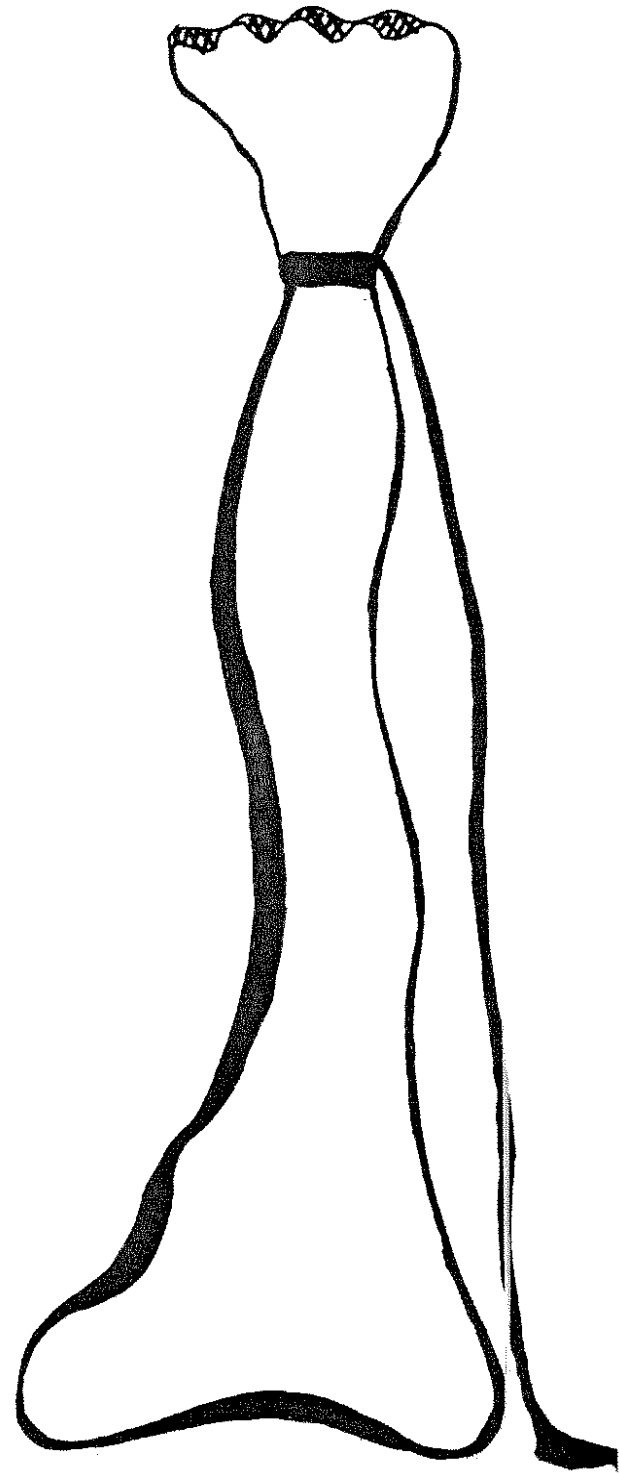
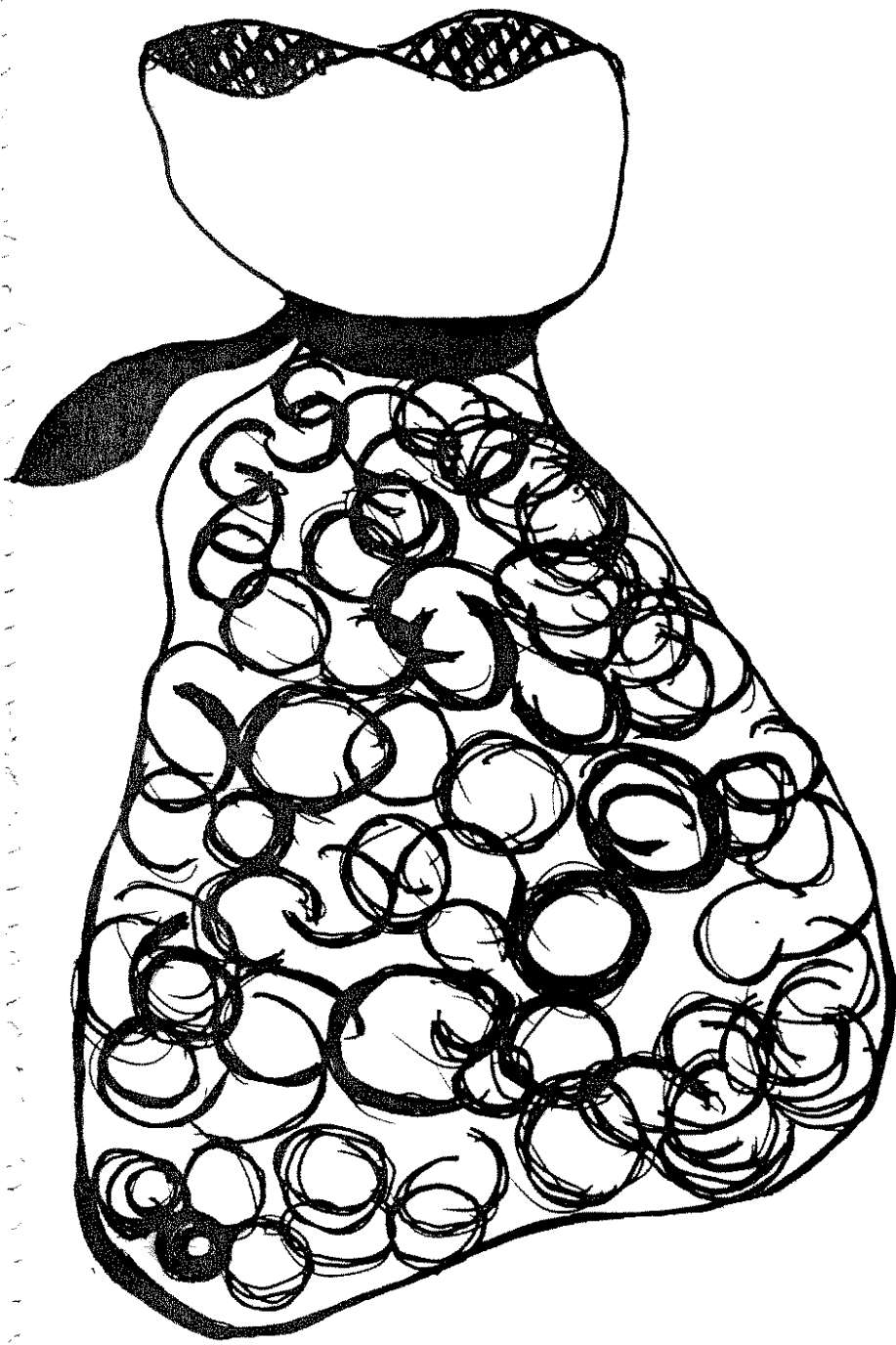
Mother, I never felt Love or Care from You!  
And yet that is the very thing a Mum should do,  
I feel that now there will ever be  
A SPECIAL place in your Heart, just for me.

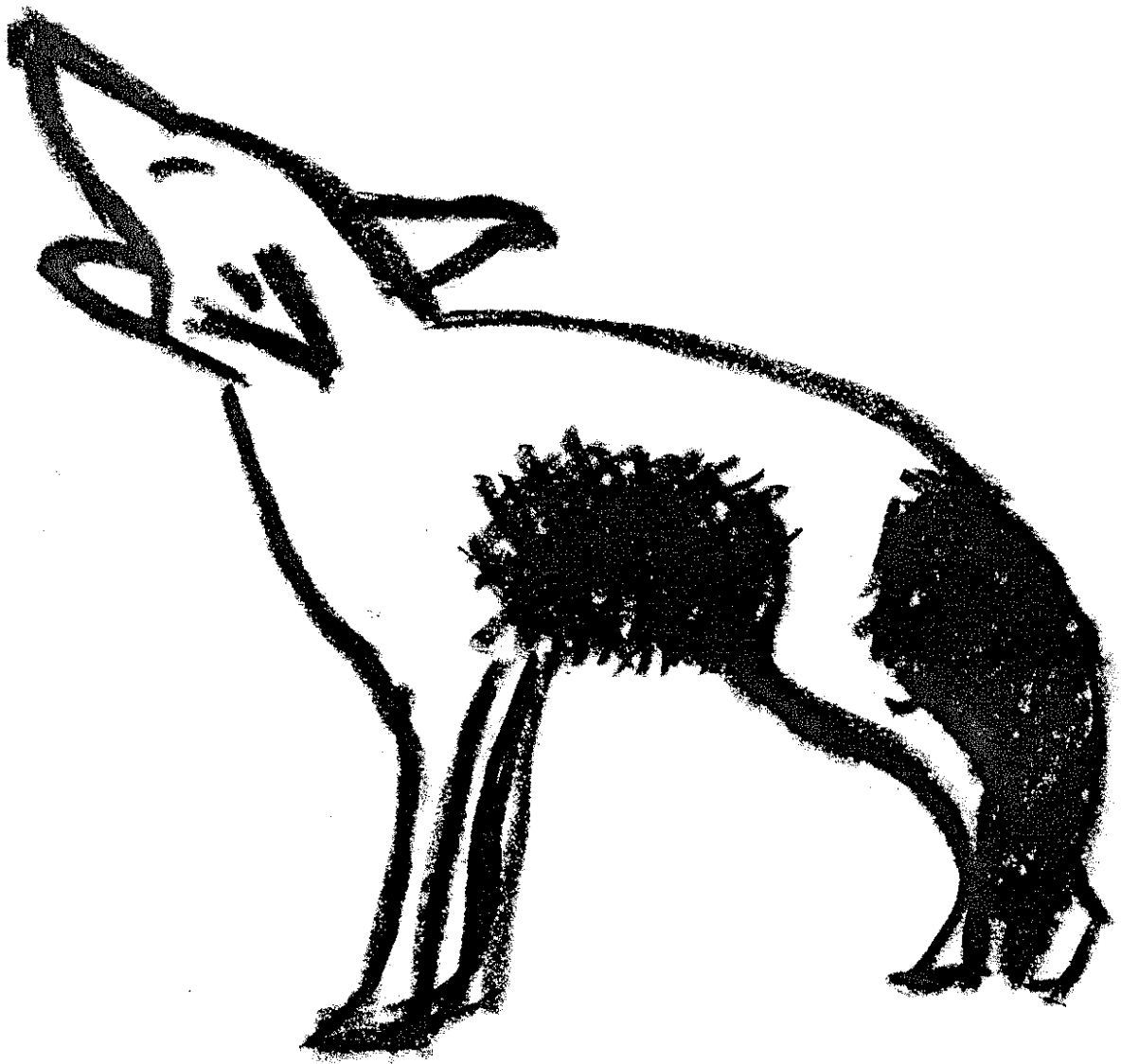
We never had a Chance to be or say  
Goodbye to one another in a Special way  
However, there is one thing I would like you to know,  
Just how much I wanted to hear those words,  
I LOVE YOU SO!

I LOVE you although you never knew,  
There were so many things I wanted to say to you.  
This EMPTINESS that I feel within,  
Is like a "Skeleton Crying with a Broken Heart within."

~~Lyn~~  
"DALMAR"







26th October, 1991.

## Paranoia + Bordering on Schizophrenia.

This is a personal account of an illness or mental sickness of Paranoia that I experienced for some months after the death of my Father that began in St. John of God in April 1991 that I never told anyone which was absolute hell to say the least.

Due to the extreme and very unusual events surrounding his death this was for me a horrific nightmare, unforeseen but never the less in so many ways affected myself so deeply left me in shock which I still have not completely gotten over, also including for me little comprehension true in all facets of Paranoia, including Schizophrenia which is a mental disease marked by disconnection between thoughts, feelings and action.

As I write my eyes fill with tears, my heart bleeds, my understanding diminishes as to why all of the events continually occur in my life, which has left me unable to get close to anyone, including my husband because this has been the way I was raised, never being close to anyone, so this habit continues because I know no other way. I keep many of my thoughts and feelings to myself.

Lyn  
"DALMAR"

17th August 2004

I Just Want to FEEL, BE LOVED

Droplets of Tears fall down my Face,  
Yes ONLY DROPLETS, its NO Disgrace,  
My Heavy Heart is acheing with Pain  
Although I Feel I have NOTHING TO GAIN.

When My Bleeding Heart is FLOODING with Pain,  
I can FEEL MYSELF DYING, as I'm DROWNING in Vein.  
I ask myself WHY AM I FEELING THIS WAY,  
Because I FEEL NO LOVE, and it wont Go AWAY.

My Loveless Life Continues to Be,  
An EMPTY LIFE, LIKE A DEAD TREE.  
All I just want is to FEEL and BE,  
LOVED, Just loved for JUST being me.

Lyn  
"DALMAR"

Sunday 25th July 2004.

# ALL ALONE D-D-D-DEPRESSION

THIS DEEP DARK BLACK HEAVY SADNESS  
THAT IS LIKE A PLAGUE THAT WON'T GO AWAY  
AND HOUNDS YOU EACH AND EVERY SECOND  
CONSTANTLY, EVERY NIGHT AND DAY.

YOUR EVERY THOUGHT REMAINS FETTERED  
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO OR SAY  
ITS VERY DEEP AND DARK AND LONGER  
THAN THE EPI-CENTRE OF AN ALMIGHTY EARTHQUAKE  
AND JUST WON'T SIMPLY GO AWAY.

IT CONSTANTLY SMOTHERS ANY HOPE YOU HAVE  
MIGHT BE PLEASURABLE TO BELIEVE  
YES, THAT HOPE IS STRICKEN FROM YOUR SOUL  
SHATTERED BEYOND ANY UNDERSTANDING IMAGINABLE  
AND YOU NO LONGER FEEL RELIEVED.

THE DEVASTATING TRAUMA CREATES YET ANOTHER  
UNBEARABLE GRIEF OF PAIN TO BARE  
YOU THEN FALL INTO THE COLD DARK CORE OF THE EARTH  
WHERE ANY SPIRIT THAT MAY HAVE BEEN HIDDEN INSIDE YOU  
WILL FOREVER BE TAKEN AWAY.

Lyn

Monday, 8th March 2004

" ME!! "

Each Line Indented in my Face You SEE,  
Represents a name of a PERSON, or some CONTROVERSY,  
I CAN SEE IN THE MIRROR EACH DAY that REMINDS ME,  
OF MY LIFE THAT IS PORTRAYED, Everytime You Look at me.

I OFTEN wonder, why I have to look this way,  
BECAUSE I EXPERIENCE CONSTANT REACTIONS FROM PEOPLE IN  
EVERYWAY, EVERYDAY.

AND ITS OBVIOUS I CAN SEE AND FEEL  
THAT FROM THEIR EXPRESSIONS, THEY DONT LIKE WHAT THEY SEE,  
WHEN THEY KNOW OR LOOK AT ME!

~~KY~~  
" DALMAR "

Sunday 27th April 2003

This Silent Rage that Turns into EMPTINESS  
Lies Dormanted in Sullen Silence  
Likeness to a Volcano that sleeps in Peace  
Then it Vents its FURY that explodes out of Control  
Killing everything that is in it Path  
Until there is only left the Dark Fermented Blackness  
That was FIERY lava killing everything  
That would have Thrived in Blackness and Ashes.  
It is Symbolic of Depression, Fettered inside me  
Which leaves Loneliness and Emptiness  
That turns out any Light that could have  
given the Spirit of Life Everlasting  
In the loving arms that could shed the warmth  
That would radiate out to my body  
With tenderness and Care that could be felt  
For the first time in my Life and maybe forever  
Until the Soul heals from the Emptiness  
Which would eventually fade in Time.

lyn  
"DALMAR"

MONDAY

26th April 2004

My Future Doesnot Exist

The Future is not for us to see,  
However I would like to know, "Why I have no Identity,  
With the Sun shining down, feeling warm and free,  
Of the Pain and the Sorrow, of how it could be.

I open my eyes and look around me,  
Wondering whether some HAPPINESS Could I FEEL  
Like the Old Bumble Bee,  
Or sitting under a large Willow Tree  
Knowing that perhaps there is Someone Thinking of me.

The Pain I carry DEEP DOWN WITHIN ME,  
Can become SO VERY HEAVY, When I feel I SHOULD BE FREE,  
OF THE MANY WAY I BECOME FRIGHTENED AND SCARED  
Because of these THINGS THAT KEEP HAUNTING ME  
And of THE BIG BLACK SEED THAT REMINDS ME OF ME!

lyn  
"DALMAR"





## MOTHER

Mother, I never felt Love or Care from You!  
And yet that is the very thing a Mum should do,  
I feel that now there will ever be  
A SPECIAL place in your Heart, just for me.

We never had a Chance to be or say  
Goodbye to one another in a Special way  
However, there is one thing I would like you to know,  
Just how much I wanted to hear those words,  
I LOVE YOU SO!

I LOVE YOU although you never knew,  
There were so many things I wanted to say to you.  
This EMPTINESS that I feel within,  
Is like a "Skeleton Crying" with a "Broken Heart within."

~~Lyn~~  
"DALMAR"

"Damned in Fear."

Walking sticks, Top hats and Tails  
I have to run, I've got to run,  
although I'd rather Sail.  
The Fear within, is far more than just a tail  
It's so real and its deep, so far down to my feet  
So frightening it affects my bloody sleep.  
and in the evening as the night draws nigh,  
I'm still bashing my head, with my sleepless cries.

I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't,  
Just holding my head above water.  
Then slowly sinking into depths of despair  
Then resurfacing for a breathful of air.  
That engulfs my inner self with darkness,  
With which I cannot care.  
This alone cannot compare, loneliness,  
Emptiness, holding onto memories  
That leaves many shadows hovering over me.

Lyn "DALMAR"

" MISTERY "

" 1ST )  
MY BABY

How do you say goodbye,  
to a person you never had  
a chance to say, Hello!  
This feeling you cannot hide  
although it be a mystery to you.

The Sadness that creeps into,  
the corners of your eyes.  
Cannot hide the feelings that,  
would have been swelling up inside.

Your Heart, so saddened by,  
<sup>m-i-s-t-e-r-y</sup>  
this mystery adored.  
Would create a barrier to harden  
these hidden memories incurred.

I still get a kick inside the belly,  
and a let-down of milk too.  
But thats another mystery -  
Just as wonderful as you.

I am robbed of all feelings,  
that should be pleasant to explain  
Instead I hold this emptiness,  
that draws in all the rain.

Lyn  
" DALMAR "

## "Blind Faith"

I'm holding, holding on.

Have I got the faith, to make me strong?

When my heart is heavy, and aches with pain,

Can I turn around to make me sane.

When I believe in someone

because I need to know that they care

Then they turn around as though I wasn't there.

I feel a fool, because I can't let go

then turn around and see it's just a show.

Even though my heart is cold and numb,

I need to affirm your faith in me.

Even a rock have more faith than me!

If you told this rock you can feel,

whether it be cold or strong or just imaginary.

Pierce my heart with the arrow you throw,

and cast all my bitterness and resentments within,

out like an explosion of the atom bomb

that disperses the decessase into oblivion.

my eyes are dry, they cannot cry you know,

only a trickle, a drop or so.

Yet my body is full to the brim to flow

oh so slow, oh so very slow.

Who giveth the oil to help my lamp to glow,

God from above, if I'd only let go.

Why do I cling to this garbage that drives me below,

Cause Satan possesses my being, he knows.

HyN  
"DALMAR"

"my lifeless House"

my lifeless house can be just one,  
through its insanities of screams.  
You'll never know the lifelessness,  
less you feel the things I feel.

Torment within me rages <sup>ground</sup>  
like the Tornado that whips the land bare.  
You cannot mend this lifeless house,  
Because it simply isn't there.

Your heart is dead, Your mind is dead,  
You couldn't even care.  
So forget about this burnt out house  
and find one that cares.

KUN  
"DALMAR"