

A Megaphone for the Mute – David Silkoff_

In this modern world of the internet
And the electronic information
It's no surprise that we simply forget
All other forms of communication.

Because its form seems so far out of date
If you're not online your voice is not heard.
And we so quickly underestimate
The mighty power of the spoken word.

A poem is phenomenology
It is the journalled lived experience
So it has its research validity
And therefore can count as a form of science.

This is a study for those who can't speak,
For all of those who seem to have no voice,
The disadvantaged, ostracised, the weak
Those involved with drugs by need or by choice.

Here then is a spoken word performance
Exploring the journey, sights, twists and bends
Of the river of dreams, that lifestyle dance
From conception all the way to the end.

It takes the foetus, the child, the parent,
All the ambitions of the callow youth,
Visits to the casualty department
And light-bulb moments, insights of truth.

I will stand here behind the microphone
To inform and hopefully entertain
For those with no voice, for those with no home
And Speak a Drug and Alcohol refrain.

I Have A Name__ – David Silkoff_

There are so many ways that I can be defined,
So many descriptions that can come to mind.
With all my achievements, you just see one mistake –
So why do you only see the drugs that I take?

Am I the needle?
Am I just the pill?
Am I the fever,
The shivers, the chills?

To the Police I am merely an animal,

And to most Magistrates I am a criminal.
To most Social Workers I am a hopeless case,
And to my Family I am just a disgrace.

Call me an addict.
Cards on the table.
But I am much more
Than your quick label.

I once had my dignity, but I cling to my pride.
I had self respect when I had nothing to hide.
Then I made some wrong choices, I made some mistakes,
And with a run of poor luck I had some bad breaks.

I still have my hopes
And I have my dreams,
Even if I lack
The ways or the means.

I am not a statistic, not just a number.
I'm not an article for media fodder.
I am still a person, I'm no different from you,
With a broken heart, ruined life, and lost soul too.

When you look beyond
The sorrow and shame,
I'm still a person –
I have got a name!

What do we do? We support, care, speak for those who others turn their back on. Because they are not a number or a label. Because they are people, with value, meaning and purpose.
(Except from 2014 DANA Conference presentation)
David Dwyer