

Dreams Can Come True

Dreams can come true.
Not True.
Had a glum day.
A day when you were taken away.
For help, they say.
You arrived at placement 1 not really understanding anything.
Or anyone.

Dreams can come true.
Still, not true so you think.
All the way through and still not much of a clue.
I'm now too old for placement 1.
Still making the same mistakes.
Risk assessments too high.
It's time for me to fly.

Dreams can come true.
Very much not true you believe.
You live in your fantasy world.
Marrying Taylor Swift is top of your agenda.
I wish, I wish, I wish.

Dreams can come true.
I'm now at placement 2.
First of all timid and shy.
I still think my assessment is miles too high.
I need to work hard, I tell myself.
So my dreams can become reality.

As I grow
With all the help and support from others
A clear path is appearing...
Placement 2 is amazing.
I can have a future, I can have dreams.
If I work hard.
Need to get my family back on my side.
As well as my life.

Dreams can come true
It's true.
You work towards them.
You believe in them.
One day you will have them.

I dream of a safe, secure job.
I dream of somewhere to call home.
I dream of safety.
I dream of a happy, safe relationship.
I dream of seeing my family again.

As you think of these dreams
A bright rainbow appears
Like a smile through all your tears
Giving you a fuzzy feeling...
A feeling only dreams are made of.

Theatre of Dreams

My life is like a football game and it was all played in the theatre of dreams. Now if you are a football fan you will know where I am talking about, but for the people who don't know, I am talking about Old Trafford home of Manchester United. But me, myself, I do not support Manchester United. I support Huddersfield Town but I talk as if I was a united supporter because the name fits well with my story.

As with any game there are ups and downs which I would call fouls but other might call breaking the law - but who are they to judge me? So I would call them the referees: they are social services. Now let's move on to the goal keepers: they are the boys in blue, they stop me from getting what I want just like they stop strikers scoring goals. Right, that's enough of them. Let's move on to the wingers, they are my friends, always there when I needed them to keep the game moving and to make those crucial runs or to come back and help me. (Listen, I would do the same for them and I did on occasions.) My midfield and defence were my family, but not my parents - they were my coaches, the ones I wanted to impress the most, listen to the most, and do the best for. They kept my dreams alive and breathing. They told me I could be anything I wanted and I believed what they told me. But the opposition got the ball from me, and I made some bad moves. To the wrong side. As if I had signed a new contract with another team and totally sold out my coaches. The goalies got more involved in my game time, along with the referees. I realised I'd fouled up but I was locked into my contract and that there was no way of getting out. Now I was constantly getting red and yellow cards. I was on a downward spiral and I knew I was getting a lifetime ban from the theatre of my dreams and I had a front row seat in that theatre. It was inevitable and that day came. I had committed that final foul. My dreams came crashing down.

No one left to help me. Theatre of dreams had closed its doors. No roar of the crowd. I did one last lap around the pitch and that was that. Off I went in the goalies' blacked out car to an even darker place. I knew I had to rebuild the theatre one brick at a time. Since then I have signed 22 more contracts. My theatre is almost back to its former glory and I am proud of the things I have done - good and bad - because I can give my knowledge to those younger players of Life's game - good tips, no bad tricks. Teach them the beautiful stuff, like a maradona spin, a cruyff turn, a rainbow flick, down the right track towards gold, the finals - a life of love.