

## Flipping Me

We all have scripts, stories we tell ourselves that we have internalised. They can be positive or negative. They can be things we mutter out loud to ourselves 'you're so stupid' or something in our own heads. It can be an ongoing challenge to flip those scripts when they have become so much part of our internal dialogue.

You are invited to pause and reflect on what scripts you might have about yourself. Take one and ponder what it might look like to play with it, to flip it. One way of doing that is to write a reverse poem. It says one thing when you read it top to bottom and another if you read from bottom to top. Have a read of the three examples. One of them is mine. I found it intriguing to see if I could write one.

Take your script(s) and write your own.

Or if that's too personal take any script and play with it.

Have a look at the examples and borrow some of their ideas or lines.

Every second line is generic.

And it sort of works to have the other lines alternating negative and positive statements.

It's not an exact science - have a play.

And it doesn't have to be long. Three lines is a good start.

## **Refugees** by Brian Bilston

They have no need of our help  
So do not tell me  
These haggard faces could belong to you or I  
Should life have dealt a different hand  
We need to see them for who they really are  
Chancers and scroungers  
Layabouts and loungers  
With bombs up their sleeves  
Cut-throats and thieves  
They are not  
Welcome here  
We should make them  
Go back to where they came from  
They cannot  
Share our food  
Share our homes  
Share our countries  
Instead let us  
Build a wall to keep them out  
It is not okay to say  
These are people just like us  
A place should only belong to those who are born  
there  
Do not be so stupid to think that  
The world can be looked at another way

## **Inside, Looking Out** by Cameron Bradley

the view from atop an ivory tower  
makes me doubt the value of  
being among the vast majority  
they don't know what it's like:  
fancy cars and penthouses  
are greater than  
the needs of a global community  
it's a no-brainer that  
the throngs of the average  
are detrimental to  
the crisp comforts of a billionaire  
exorbitant wealth  
trumps  
living a half-decent life  
just being alive is enough  
to know that  
the bereft and homeless  
can wait; we need  
yachts and mansions  
without these basic amenities  
what's the point of living  
this is paradise  
a place where one can think:  
how soothing, to be in a  
world where I don't see the starving and destitute  
I prefer a  
universe of the privileged, which is why  
the alternative  
is better than  
to be outside, looking in

## **We all know the truth** by Jonny Baker

You are a piece of shit  
So don't go getting ideas  
You are wonderful  
Lest you forget  
You deserve nothing  
Don't lie to yourself saying  
You are worthy  
We all know the truth