

**THE
FRAME**



An abstract watercolor artwork featuring layered washes of color. The composition includes a prominent bright green rectangular block at the top center, a purple wash on the left, and various shades of blue, orange, and yellow. A thick, dark brown horizontal line runs across the middle. The bottom half is dominated by large, swirling, concentric shapes in shades of orange and yellow, resembling a stylized flower or a spiral. The overall effect is one of depth and texture, with visible brushstrokes and overlapping layers.

THE
FRAME

From the artist...

For me, creating art is a way to access feelings by giving them shape, form, colour, texture. It's an intuitive and body-based process; I don't know what I'm going to make until it's in front of me.

The covers of this issue are 2 parts of an artwork I've named "Expressions of grief." I made these pieces to help process loss and heartbreak that is very alive for me right now.

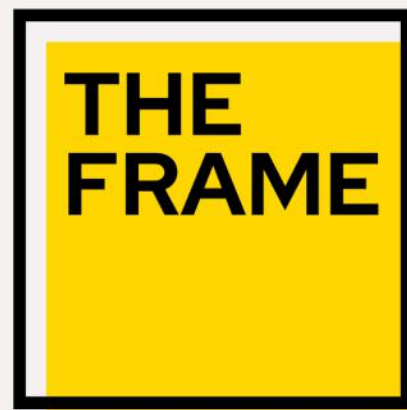
As I look at the shapes in the artwork, a dance unfolds—fluid and organic forms mixing with rigid geometric boxes, suspended seemingly weightless above.

Thinking about grief in a more analytical way, I'm drawn to the contrasting experiences of clinging to facts and surrendering to feelings, a challenge to navigate when braving loss. You can see this contrast in the artwork through playful colours and straight lines.

I picture the softer, curved spaces as inviting nooks, sanctuaries where you can linger, self-soothe, and marvel at the colourful world around us. The artwork becomes a refuge, inviting us to take a moment to explore and find comfort.

Leanna Manning

Instagram: @leanna_manning
www.leannamanning.com



@theframefanzine



@theframefanzine



@theframefanzine



theframefanzine.com

Proud Sponsors Of



www.EnglandFansFC.org
Twitter @EnglandFansFCI

The Frame Team



David L
Editor

@theframefanzine
editor@theframefanzine.com



Chelsey RW
Contributions Co-Ordinator
and Editorial

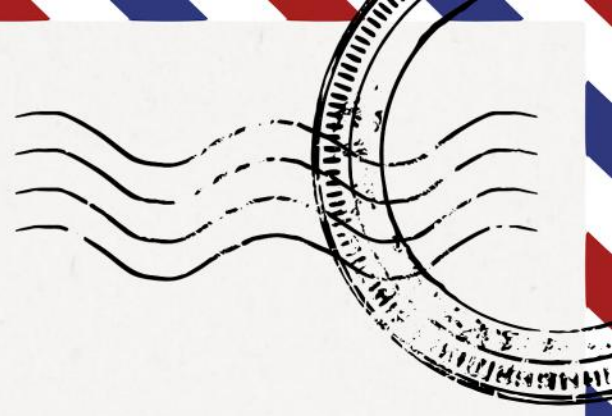
@throughacateyelens
chelsey@theframefanzine.com

ISSUE 05

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Q&A with Dr Poppy Gibson** Pg 3
Educator, author and mental health activist
- Writing Submissions** Pg 7
- Poetry and Art Submissions** Pg 18
- Pick of the Pods** Pg 6

from the office of the editor



Welcome to the fifth issue of 'The Frame'.

I'm often asked why I started this magazine. I'll answer, honestly, that I have a passion for mental health and people's wellbeing, and that in my working experience as a therapist, it's often in the sharing of people's experience that others find the most healing.

This is true, but not the whole truth.

Some years before I married the person who became my wife, I dragged her from the uber-hip and to quote her "a bit edgy" Stockwell in South London to the decidedly un-hip and un-edgy area of North London in which I was living at the time. As we moved around over our years together, a plan began to emerge that would eventually see us relocate to near her family in Hampshire, a concept I admittedly took some coming round to.

As the years rolled on, I began to formulate my own plan - including how I would transport the work I had painstakingly built to our new location. The concept of The Frame had been in my mind for a while, but it was the ever-approaching potential of this big life move which gave some momentum to its creation, with an eye on it being something I could continue to develop regardless of my location.

I was really proud of last year's issues. Looking back through them, I can see how my work in understanding how to design them has changed and developed, and the level of talent in the work featured is absolutely stratospheric. Our last issue, on Neurodiversity, was something of which I'm incredibly proud.

This next issue, originally planned for last year, was going to be about family. It's a topic I'd like to explore more at another time, but want to thank the insanely talented Karla Byrne (@duckymomo.65 on Instagram) for her work in creating the cover for the issue.

However, last year, my personal life was thrown into chaos as my marriage very suddenly ended, and I was catapulted into a test of my own internal resources unlike any I have ever known. Time has allowed me to reflect on my actions during this time and see myself in a way I am not sure I would have articulated or conceptualised before - with pride, and as a person of integrity, strength, and character. Heartbreak is not something I'd recommend, but in that respect, it's been a gift.

As I began to piece together the shattered pieces of my life, I found an awful lot of comfort in the experience of others who had been through similar. Their experiences and their tips and tools accelerated healing, gave me hope and perspective, and encouraged me to share my own experiences in therapy and with friends and family.

Time passed, and strength beyond just surviving the day or being present for my clients began to emerge. And The Frame came back into my mind - not as a draw on my already depleted energy, but as a tool. And that's where we are now, Issue 5 - all about love and broken hearts. Issued fittingly, it felt, on Valentine's Day. (well, that was the plan anyway)

Loss is something we all experience in different forms, and in the great contradiction of the human experience, it's in the most acute pain that we reflect the most acute depth of feeling. In looking back at my own experience, I am able to see the depth of my feelings in loss as a mirror of the depth of my feelings in the life of my relationship, and while the pain of loss is great, I am thankful for the chance to have felt it.

Or, as I have said to many since - I wouldn't want to go through it again, but I'm not sorry it happened.

Love and loss is not an easy topic to broach, and there are a lot less enthusiastic voices advocating for experiences of love and loss than there are about neurodiversity or COVID-19 or the other topics our issues have covered. But what is contained in these pages is a rarity in a world coloured by the sanitised experience of social media or a lack of space in one's immediate world to reflect and to shape a thought or a feeling. What is contained in these pages is deeply personal and deeply revealing, and its entirely understandable that so many contributors wish to remain anonymous.

Thank you, all, for sharing your words and your innermost selves.

And to those reading this going through your own experiences, this issue is for you. These pages tell of love and loss, but also of healing and hope; of rebirth and of new beginnings. The greater your pain, and the greater the depth of feeling, the greater capacity for love you have. That's a rare gift, even if at this moment its one you'd rather not receive. And pain passes, but that rare quality will endure if you let it.

Yours exhaustedly,
David

Editor, The Frame
@theframefanzine



Dr Poppy Gibson is an educator, lecturer, animal lover, mother of three and sepsis survivor. After 11 years as a primary school teacher, Poppy moved into Higher Education and currently leads two degrees in Primary Education. Dr Gibson is considered a leading voice in wellbeing research and development in education.

Dr Gibson is on Instagram @drpoppygibson and on Twitter/X @poppygibsonuk

Hi Poppy! Thanks for talking to us.

My pleasure! As a massive fan of your mission with The Frame in talking about mental health and wellbeing, I'm really excited to be part of this issue!

We know you well from your previous contribution ('To Label or Not to Label' from Issue #4) but would you mind telling the readers a little about yourself?

Outside of my work I'm a mother, a nature lover, a keeper of animals, and someone who is passionate about enjoying life and helping others find joy in theirs.

How did you end up in education?

I'm a qualified teacher and have been working as an educator my whole life, first in primary schools, and

now running two degrees at university. When I was finishing my PhD, which explored how social media influences the wellbeing of children, I fell in love with research and migrated into lecturing. I just love learning and supporting others in their learning; I think knowledge is the more empowering entity in our lives.

This issue is all about love and broken hearts. It's a tough question, but what does love mean to you?

Ok, a weird memory— when I was 14 and on a French exchange trip in Strasbourg, my host family took me shopping and let me choose a jumper from the mall. I remember choosing this rainbow sweater and saying to the host mother, in French, 'je l'adore!', meaning I love it, and the mother reprimanded me and said, 'no, you like the sweater, you love God'. Although I'm not religious, this has always stayed with me as a reminder, I guess, that love is something bigger than an object; but a feeling, a presence and a connection that has endurance and meaning that impacts our lives. I think everyone's experience of love will be different, shaped by the care and love they have witnessed or felt through childhood, and into adulthood. Love isn't just about humans, of course, but is something about 'connection'.

How do we know we love someone?

That's a good question... honestly I'm not sure we always fully know at the time what is love, or what is lust,

or infatuation, or something else. Sometimes we don't always fully appreciate what a relationship was until it's over, I think. I suppose if you love someone, there is something in you that wants to protect them, to want the best for them, an altruistic urge to support their happiness. Love doesn't have to be romantic, and it isn't always up to us who we love, if we look at the love for a parent or carer, or for a child, sometimes we can love someone despite toxic behaviours or even if the relationship is distanced or estranged. But I think that if we care about someone strongly, that can be seen as love.

Do you have any thoughts about how to best build a strong emotional connection with a partner?

The best way to build a strong emotional connection is through the quality time you give each other. We are living in an age with so many distractions, so much information to scroll through, so many videos to watch, so many people to connect with in our networks. So if you want to build the connection, make time for them. Show them you choose them over the distractions. And make quality time through experiences, meals, talking, asking questions, trying new things together. Grow and learn together and share the highs and lows of life as you make memories.

What are some effective communication strategies to prevent misunderstandings and conflicts in a relationship?

I think sometimes even with those closest to us it can be hard to verbally say how we are feeling when faced with conflict. One thing that works well for me is wait until you are in separate spaces, such as at work, and then to put my feelings into a text or WhatsApp message instead. It gives me time to think about what to say and how to say it, instead of in the heat of the moment saying something I might regret. But the most effective strategies will be whatever work for you and your partner; sometimes we can show our love and loyalty without words— through your general behaviours.

How do you differentiate between healthy compromise and sacrificing your own needs?

Oh another good question! Yes compromise is important; and even more than that is verbalising how you feel about the compromise. Now it could be anything, from who picks the next show you binge watch or the takeaway you order, or something more serious and meaningful such as where you want to live in the country when you are looking to move in together; talk through your choices and reasons and see where the compromise lies. As long as there is compromise on both sides at times, and understanding behind the decisions, it should not feel like a sacrifice. If you are in a loving relationship, the decision needs to be right for you both, and should feel as such.

What advice can you give about navigating challenges like trust issues or insecurities within a relationship?

The top tip is 'just ask'. If you are confused by something your partner says or does, ask for clarification. They might not be able to give it, but at least you have asked. Often we communicate through text, even with those we are in a loving relationship with; if your partner types something you don't understand or that upset you, ask them about it and talk it out, don't just let it simmer away because that will slowly lead to resentment. Trust issues is a difficult one, often triggered by past relationships with someone else, but if you understand each other and care about each other, hopefully you can build up that level of trust.

It can also be about just being courteous letting your partner know where you are or when you'll be home; this doesn't mean it's controlling, it is just communicating to avoid those misunderstandings especially if your partner is insecure.

What are some signs that a relationship might be experiencing a lack of emotional intimacy, and how can this be addressed?

Well firstly, I suppose let's check in with that term, 'emotional intimacy'; this would be different from intimacy as in fact we don't need to be physically

in-touch to achieve it. Emotional intimacy means feeling close to each other, and understood, in a relationship where feelings are shared and we can feel validated for who we are.

To help address it? Don't be afraid to be vulnerable or admit your fears or anxieties; a true connection is built on something more than just the perfect Instagram-able moment, it's about being there for each other through the highs and lows too.

Are there common patterns or behaviours that contribute to the breakdown of relationships, and how can these be recognized and addressed?

Yes, and the common pattern is it comes down to the people in the relationship. It comes down to communication, or lack of it! If you feel the relationship isn't meeting your needs, whatever those needs may be, that's when you may become dissatisfied, angry, and seek other ways to meet them.

In the face of a breakup, what steps can one take to heal and rediscover a sense of self-worth?

My best advice? Be honest about what heals you. Is it meeting up with those people who listen and care and make you laugh? Or is it being alone to reflect in solitude? or is it both? But when you feel ready, please remember there are people that care about you who can help restore you again. Spend time with the people who make you happy.

Please remember you are worthy of love, and you are valuable, and you matter. Don't let a break up take that away from you.

Can you tell us something you do to keep your sense of self topped up?

I end each day looking into the mirror when I brush my teeth; ok I know that sounds odd, but as a busy mum of three, brushing my teeth before bed is one of the times I am truly alone. I look in the mirror and really 'see' myself. I ask myself three questions:

What am I grateful for today?

What am I proud I achieved today?

If I could change one thing about today what would it be?

Ending my day with these three simple questions reminds me of all that has been achieved, whilst also making me acknowledge those things that were not so smooth, and gives me an idea of what to improve moving forward.

Do you have anything you'd like to pass on to those either falling in or out of love?

The most important thing, whether you are in a relationship or coming out of one, is to stay true to who you are. The relationship should nourish and nurture who you are, giving you freedom to be who you want to be, offering an expansion and further opportunities for joy in your life and to share that joy with others. If you're falling in love, question what it is the relationship brings to your life, and be realistic. If you find a relationship ending, reflect on what is missing and remind yourself that there will be other relationships, friendships as well as personal space that may better serve us.

Any reading, listening or watching you'd recommend?

I am a huge fan of true crime or psychological thrillers! A few things I have been fascinated by lately- the documentary called the 'Curious Case of Natalia Grace' about an adopted girl in America, and I love '24 Hours in Police Custody' too. I recently watched a three-part psychological drama called 'Too Close' which was haunting... It is fascinating to see how people respond and act in desperate situations; sometimes it is heartbreaking to see what people go through. Books wise, anything escapism and fiction; but honestly I think reading anything is good for us, whatever it may be, because reading causes us to make that space for ourselves, to be quiet with ourselves and content in that space.

Podcast with Good Pods



Web: www.thedivorcepodcast.com

Instagram: @amicable_world

Twitter/X: @Divorce_Podcast

In the tumultuous journey of divorce, loss and separation, finding a guiding light amidst the darkness can feel like an insurmountable task. Yet, nestled within the vast expanse of innumerate podcasts, lies a gem of empathy, understanding and hope: "The Divorce Podcast," led by the insightful and compassionate Kate Daly.

With a background steeped in psychology and counseling, Daly brings a unique blend of professional acumen and her personal story to her role as host. Her voice, warm and reassuring, feels like a comforting embrace, inviting listeners to lean into their vulnerabilities and find strength in their struggles.

What sets "The Divorce Podcast" apart from the sea of self-help resources is Daly's unwavering commitment to empowerment. Far from dwelling on the pain of separation, she encourages her audience to view divorce as a transformative journey towards self-discovery and renewal.

Through a curated selection of expert interviews and heartfelt anecdotes, Daly navigates the multifaceted landscape of divorce with grace and poise. Legal intricacies, co-parenting dilemmas, and the delicate art of self-care are all explored with equal parts pragmatism and compassion.

Listeners are not merely passive spectators in this narrative; they are active participants in their own healing process. Daly's gentle guidance empowers them to reclaim agency over their lives, fostering a sense of hope and possibility even in the face of uncertainty.

writing submissions.



THE
FRAME



***LOST IN REGRET:
A HEARTFELT
REFLECTION ON
LOVE AND LOSS***

In the quiet corners of my mind, where memories linger like shadows of a once vibrant life, I find myself wrestling with the weight of regret. It's a heavy burden, one that has settled in my heart like an unwelcome guest, refusing to leave. As I navigate the path of reflection, I can't help but dwell on the choices that led me to this point—leaving the one who loved me unconditionally, and in doing so, irrevocably altering the course of both our lives.

There's an ache in my chest that accompanies the realisation that I didn't understand the true value of the life I had. A life built on the foundation of a love that was steady, unyielding, and, unfortunately, unappreciated. As the words spill onto the pages, I hope that someone, somewhere, may learn the lesson from my story; a lesson about the fragility of love and the irreversible consequences of taking it for granted.

In the beginning, our relationship and burgeoning love was a tapestry woven with threads of laughter, shared dreams, and a promise to weather life's storms together. But as time passed, I became blind to the subtle shifts in our foundation. The cracks, almost imperceptible at first, began to form beneath the surface. In the monotony of routine and the demands of daily life, I failed to see the beauty in the simplicity of our connection.

It wasn't until I looked into his eyes one day, long after our end, and saw a reflection of the hurt I had caused that I understood the depth of my oversight. His love, once a constant in my life, had become strained, burdened by the weight of my indifference. Sadly, I now see I had been taking the most precious aspect of my life for granted, and it is forever lost.

Leaving him was a decision fuelled by a misguided belief that there was something more out there—something I thought would fill the void I felt within myself. The irony is that, in chasing an elusive fantasy, I left behind the very essence of happiness. The silence that now fills the spaces we once shared echoes with the haunting reminder of a love lost and irretrievable.

In the reflective depths of remorse, I am haunted by the knowledge that I failed not only to appreciate the love we shared but also to support him in his moments of vulnerability and growth. As he grappled with life's challenges, I retreated into my own world, blinded by my selfish pursuits and misguided resentments. In my shortsightedness, I failed to recognise and acknowledge the strength it took for him to navigate adversity and make positive changes in himself. Instead of being a source of encouragement, I allowed resentment to fester within me, a poison that tainted the very fabric of our connection. Now, as I witness the echoes

of his resilience and self-improvement from a distance, the weight of my regret intensifies. I have lost not only the love but also the potential for shared growth that slipped through my fingers in the haze of my own shortcomings.

As I find myself navigating the waters of life alone, I am forced to confront the stark truth that the grass isn't always greener on the other side. The love I once possessed, freely given and reciprocated, has been replaced by a hollow substitute. The warmth of his touch is now a distant memory, replaced by a longing for the familiarity I once dismissed as ordinary.

Yes, I have ventured into the world of new connections, hoping to find the fantasy I sought. Yet, each attempt only serves to magnify the void left by the person I once took for granted. Across candlelit tables and bars and in the laughter of strangers, I find myself yearning for the familiarity of his presence—the warmth of a smile that once belonged to me. As I fumble through awkward conversations and superficial exchanges, I am struck by the realisation that the qualities I now desperately seek in others were the very essence of the person I left behind. The depth of his kindness, the strength of his character, and the unwavering support he once offered are qualities I entirely took for granted until they were

conspicuously absent from my life. Now, in the harsh light of hindsight, I comprehend the rarity of a love that held steadfast through thick and thin, and the profound emptiness that accompanies the absence of a love so unconditionally given.

Regret, a bitter companion, has become a constant companion to the quiet moments. It gnaws at the edges of my consciousness, reminding me of the irreversible damage I've done. The nights are the hardest—when the world is hushed, and the weight of my choices presses upon me like a heavy quilt of sorrow. I drink alone, more than I should.

Knowing that he has found solace in the arms of another stirs an ache in my heart—a realisation that someone else is now experiencing the love I once took for granted. I hope they see the extraordinary value of the treasure they have found—a person who possesses qualities of compassion, loyalty, and love that can transcend the complexities of human relationships. In the dance of my emotions, my jealousy is tempered by a genuine hope that he has found happiness, and that the lessons I've learned in loss may serve as a catalyst for their shared journey of love and understanding. But I confess, in my dreams there lives hope of reconciliation; that his sadness at his own loneliness propels him to return to me.

I find myself retracing the steps that led me away from him, grappling with the understanding that I was blind to the richness of our life together. The regret is not just about losing him; it's about losing myself in the process, thinking I was journeying to discovery.

If there's a silver lining in the storm clouds of regret, it lies in the lessons learned through pain. I have come to understand that love, like a delicate bloom, requires nurturing, attention, and gratitude. I failed to appreciate the beauty of my love story, but this has become a catalyst for personal growth and introspection.

As I navigate the complexities of life without him, I strive to be better—not just for myself but for those whose lives I touch. Regret, while a heavy burden, can be a guidepost for change. It's a testament to the capacity for human growth and the resilience of the human spirit.

In the quiet moments of reflection, I've come to accept that the road to healing is a marathon, not a sprint. Regret may linger, but it doesn't define me. Instead, it serves as a reminder to cherish the present, to acknowledge the beauty in the ordinary, and to honor the love that once graced my life.

If my story serves as a cautionary tale, let it be a beacon of awareness for those who may find themselves standing at the crossroads of love and regret. In the end, it's my hope that the echoes of my mistakes can create ripples of understanding, fostering a deeper appreciation for the love that we are fortunate enough to experience in this fragile, beautiful existence.

The author of this piece has asked to remain anonymous.

They encourage readers to accentuate the positives of their partnerships, and to appreciate the love they have.



'TORN' BY ANON.



All good stories have a beginning, so let's start there.

My mother was one of nine siblings, and it was a tough Scottish household. It is my understanding that she was never given unconditional love. When my mother went onto have her own family, she would have a total of seven children and would repeat her upbringing to some degree.

I was the second oldest of seven, and my Mum and Dad would fight a lot. They would be physically violent to each other often. Both my sister and I would get caught in the crossfire from time to time (unintentionally of course), despite my sister trying her hardest to protect me. I have a vivid memory of being 3 years old, standing at the top of the stairs hearing my mother and father fighting and shouting at each other. In my child-like mind, I thought they turned into monsters when it got dark. It was that scary.

Shortly after this memory, my Mum and Dad divorced. I don't really remember much about it, as I was only three years old. My father would stay in our lives, just not as much as we would have liked. Every other weekend we would see him and he would take us on fun adventures.

My mother would go on to get married and divorced again, and have some other short-term relationships, but all these relationships would become violent over time. As children we always thought it was mum's partners who were the bad guys or that she just chose the same kind of people. But in later life I would come to understand that my mother would bring out the worst in people, especially the men in her life.

I grew up and settled in a town in Hampshire, making my first long term friend, John, who would become my best friend. We were as thick as thieves and would get up to all sorts of trouble, as well as wasting most of our time playing computer games.

My older sister flew the nest at age 17. I was then the oldest in the house and I would soon be responsible for my five other siblings some evenings of the week. Later on, my mother would lean on me to look after them at the weekends. I remember getting frustrated a lot, as a teenager I wanted to go out with my friends and have fun at the weekends.

I confided in my then long-term boss and his wife from the Market Stall I worked at. My boss and his wife told me that it wasn't right, and that they were her children and she should be looking after them. Emboldened by their words, I told my mother "Enough is enough" and I would no longer babysit at the weekends. I was given the choice between staying and doing as I was told or leaving the house there and then.

So, I left home and slept on a few peoples couches for a while, before settling down in my best friend's house. I slept on his floor, and got a job to enable me to survive. I was 16. This was my first taste of being without a family, and whilst I missed it, I had never felt more free! I'd been self-sufficient and able to do domestic chores from a young age, and I took to freedom well.

It would be three months like this, before my mother and I reconciled and I moved back home. A few months later, my mother moved back to our old hometown of Bedford and I went back to live with John, this time with a room and a bed. My mother and I would argue, but my dad would always mediate and get us talking again. Sadly, in 2007 my father developed asbestos cancer of the lung and died in 2008.

Just like that, the glue that held the family together was gone.

My mum was left in charge of my father's estate and things began to fall apart. Things disappeared, and my mum started to buy extravagant items. We had our suspicions and ultimately, my oldest sister and I ended up having to take my mum to court, a case we won but with a significant price - from that moment on she disowned me. Whilst being disowned was understandably upsetting and felt more than a little harsh, it also felt good. The person in my life who has been the cause of so much of the turmoil and stress in my life was gone, and her absence left me free from drama and upset. knew this time she would never talk to me again but with that relief came a sense of guilt, because knowing this put a smile on my face.

What I see now is how despite their difficulties, all these things needed to happen to facilitate growth and healing in me, and to allow me to move on. In a way I wish I had just cut my mother out of my life sooner. Since then, I have developed a deep meditation practice and have a stable relationship with my long-term partner. While I continue to process my trauma, I am leading a much happier life and am a much happier human being.

I understand now that my mother didn't have the tools to love us, and only knew what she had experienced herself as a child. That experience was passed to me and whilst I am happier without her in my life and I have forgiven her and still love her, I have had to accept that I can't have her in my life. I didn't know it then, but her disowning me was the making of me.

If you are reading this and are in this situation or one like it, please know you are not alone. Crisis can lead to opportunity and growth, and that's where I am now. Remember, stepping away or prioritising your own wellbeing doesn't need to be forever, and it can give you the space to heal and allow you to approach building bridges when you're ready. And most importantly – whoever and wherever you are, you deserve to feel loved, supported and respected, and if that's not what you have then something needs to change.

The author of this piece has chosen to remain anonymous.



Poetry and Art Submissions



April Au

tell me why there are so many
cracks in your spirit



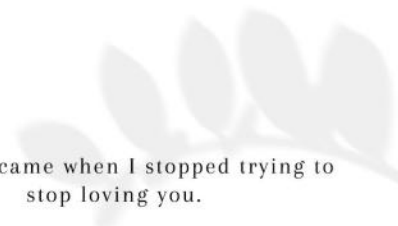
watch as light and
flowers fill
those cracks

as I run my love
through
each one.



theboulevardbetween

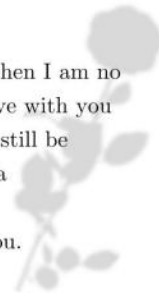
april.au_



Freedom came when I stopped trying to
stop loving you.



what we long for
is a love that
can destroy us
but chooses to
save us
instead.



And even when I am no
longer in love with you
my life will still be
marked by a
before you
and after you.



The innocence left her body the way that spring
turned to summer and then autumn.

APRIL AU



**BEFORE I COULD
SWALLOW,
I HAD
TO
SPIT
IT OUT.**

-OUR LOVE


APRIL AU

For as long as April can remember, Poetry has been her first love. In fact, her very first concept of "love" came from poetry. As someone who was condemnably sensitive, always on the precipice of feeling too much to going numb, April found herself following the logical path of studying psychology (in hopes of healing herself from the condition of always feeling too much, too often, and at extremely inconvenient times). She received her B.A. in psychology from UCLA, only to discover later on in life - through a series of occurrences and happenings - that poetry is more healing to her than any form of traditional therapy has ever been. When not writing poetry, April's favorite pastime is slow afternoons with her dog. She lives in the suburbs of Seattle, which, to her, is the most nourishing city for the poet within her.



Elliot James Fraser

At the end of 2023 Elliot co-wrote and self published 'Gallus', a Poemzine which is now on sale in several shops in the UK and is about to go digital in February 2024. Its main themes are love and friendship, confusion and melancholy.

 @gallus_words

'Mental Health Day'

No, I don't want a mental health day thanks.
I do not want it to be just duvet and pillows and ceiling and me.
Lights off.

No, I don't really have a favourite anxiety,
but I'll conjure one up for you if you wait.

And all my thoughts and feelings will rumble and tumble and roar like some great waterfall.
And I'd have to shout.

But I haven't got the Kings lungs today please.

Instead give me a pineapple and tell me he's my nephew.
Task me to look after him.

I'll take him to the park and push him on the swings.
I'll talk to him about the planets and all the dinosaurs I can recall.

I'll flatten his hair and bring him home safe and sound.
And yes of course I'll make sure he sleeps upside down.

Give me task.

Give me responsibility.

I need purpose today.

I don't want to think about being pan or being poly today,
Because some days it's just too hard and it's just so exhausting
and actually, I'm really not this character we both somehow contrived between us this last year.
And no, I'm not lonely and no I'm not really frightened at all thanks,
I just need a hug... but don't fuckin' touch me!

I just need to be told tomorrow is coming.

And it's ok, it's alright.

And in its light, there is safety.

And in its shadow, that's where I belong.

So, no I don't want a mental health day thank you very much.
I'd rather have an argument or a cat or a really big Twix.



JOSIE MEGAN

I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT YOU.

I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT YOU THAT I FORGOT TO NOTICE THAT WE NEVER WALKED IN SYNC WITH ONE ANOTHER AND WE DIDN'T LIKE HOLDING HANDS IN THE SAME WAY AND I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT YOU WOULD BE GONE FOR A WHOLE YEAR UNTIL YOU LAID IT OUT IN FRONT OF ME AND FORCED ME TO LOOK AT IT.

I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT YOU.

I USED A PHOTO OF US KISSING AS A BOOKMARK SO THAT I WOULD ALWAYS THINK OF YOU WHEN READING MY SOPPY ROMANCE NOVELS. I WILL ALWAYS THINK OF YOU WHEN READING MY SOPPY ROMANCE NOVELS.

I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT YOU.

THAT I OPENED UP TOO MUCH AND TOO SOON EVEN THOUGH YOU SAID IT WAS OKAY. I SHOWED YOU EXACTLY WHO I WAS FROM THE FIRST DAY AND YOU SAID THAT I WASN'T TOO MUCH AND I WAS JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT FOR YOU.

I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT YOU THAT I LET YOU TEAR DOWN MY WALLS. SHOWED YOU EVERY SINGLE SCAR. CARVED YOU INTO MY HEART.

I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT YOU.

I REALLY WANTED YOU TO STAY.

THE WALLS HAVE TO GO BACK UP.

THEY HAVE TO GO BACK UP.





'HERE'S TO MOVING ON'

HERE'S TO TAKING THE PHOTO OF US OUT OF MY BOOK AND PUTTING IT AT THE BACK OF A DRAWER.

TO LETTING GO, BUT NOT FORGETTING YOU.

I GUESS EVENTUALLY I'LL STOP SEARCHING FOR YOU.

EVENTUALLY MY HEART WILL STOP ACHING FOR YOU.

HERE'S TO PUTTING YOU IN A BOX, AND LEAVING YOU BEHIND.

TO RETURNING YOUR SWEATSHIRT WITHOUT PUTTING IT ON ONE LAST TIME.

HERE'S TO PUTTING THE WALLS BACK UP, AND MAKING SURE THEY DON'T COME DOWN AGAIN.

HERE'S TO MAYBE LENDING MY HEART TO ANOTHER ONE DAY.

A LONG LONG WAY AWAY.

HERE'S TO MOVING ON.

HERE'S TO MENDING BROKEN HEARTS AND BROKEN FENCES AND LEARNING TO FIX MYSELF.

HERE'S TO ADDING YOU TO THE GRAVEYARD, AND FINDING A WAY TO MAKE MY HEART MINE AGAIN.



darkling

The piece I have added is called Genesisister. As in the sister of the beginning of a feeling. What is meant by that is that a certain emotion can lead to another. She looks Dark Vogue, classy and fashionable but radiates pure sadness. It is a contrast that even when you look well dressed and put together, your emotions can be the polar opposite. Never judge a book on its cover.

www.etsy.artbydarkling.com

@carbonblackartgallery

HEAD FULL OF IDEAS?

This fanzine relies on the contributions of the people that read it, whether it's in the form of art, poetry, photography, essays, articles or personal experiences - as long as it's mental health related, and:

- An original piece.
- In any language, but includes an English-language version.
- Ensures confidentiality and anonymity.
- Doesn't discriminate against any protected characteristic.

To submit a piece for a future issue, please email to:

editor@theframefanzine.com

Along with:

- The name you'd like used as author.
- A short piece of biographical information.
- Any social media accounts or websites you'd like added to your bio.



**THE
FRAME**

The Frame has been edited, designed and compiled by David Levy

Twitter: @theframefanzine

Instagram: @theframefanzine

The Frame is proud to support the England Fans FC Lionesses.

Twitter: @EnglandFansFC1

The Frame was designed on Canva - www.canva.com

The opinions, beliefs and viewpoints expressed by the various authors contained in this magazine do not necessarily reflect the opinions, beliefs and viewpoints of The Frame or its editor. The Frame cannot guarantee and accepts no liability for any loss or damage of any kind caused by this publication, errors, and for the accuracy of claims made by the advertisers or authors.

The author(s) of each article published here owns his, her or their own words. Portions of the articles in this publication may be freely redistributed or referenced in other media and non-commercial publications as long as the following conditions are met: 1) The redistributed article should be linked back to the original link on <https://adhd counselling.uk/theframe>, <https://issuu.com/theframefanzine> or The Frame social media pages. 2) The redistributed article may not be abridged, edited or altered in any way without the express consent of the author(s). 3) The redistributed article may not be sold for a profit or included in another media or publication that is sold for a profit without the express consent of the author(s). 4) The articles in this publication may be included in a commercial publication or other media only if prior consent for republication is received from the author(s). The author(s) may request compensation for republication for commercial uses.

