

Listen(er) Up!

Being locked up, no place to turn, no-one to hear your complaints or concerns,

Don't give up, you're never alone, these people will help you and you don't need a phone,

The Listeners.

Impartial are they and never judgemental, willing to hear no matter how sentimental,

A code of conduct to which they must stick, "We'll be there for you through thin and through thick",

The Listeners.

Confidentiality, united by a bond, a call of duty to go above and beyond,

A peer support scheme to help you through your years, they're here to help alleviate your pain, your anguish and your tears.

The Listeners.

Isolated, alone, no family to call, dejected, frustrated and feeling ever so small,

Don't feel abandoned, they're just a buzzer away, they'll sit and they'll listen no matter how long the stay,

The Listeners.

They're trustworthy, professional, secure and discreet, nothing you tell them will get out on the street,

Advice! They don't give it, it's a comforting ear, to vent your emotions, troubles and fears,

The Listeners.

They come from all backgrounds, its open to all, a copper, a banker, even a robber can call,

4-days training then they're away, a t-shirt, a jumper but not any pay,

The Listeners.

Go anywhere in the prison, unlimited freedom, walking in two's so everyone sees 'em,

All dressed in green, all pristine and neat, strutting around like a peacock
on heat,

The Listeners.

A hidden agenda, rotten to the core, it's not about helping folks anymore,
Brown-nosing the staff, out for themselves, and getting one-up on
everyone else,

The Listeners.

A slip of the tongue, your secrets they share, what happens to you they
"really" don't care,

It's all a big laugh, a joke, just a game, when you've been played by a
Listener, you're never the same,

The Listeners.

O heed my advice and give a wide berth, here's what I think for all that
its worth,

Go out, get some mates, tell "them" how you feel, from another's
perspective it's not a big deal,

You don't need to confide in a jumped-up clip-board twat, to get on in life
all you need is a pat on the back from people around you who are honest
and true.

I wouldn't tell "squat" to a Listener, now how about you?

Word Count – 383 Words