



suicidebereavement*

In It Together

We're in it together
And we can't look back.
It's now, its forever
We've the best comeback ever.

To those branded guilt trips
and generations of blame,
Where loose lips sink ships
And silence; was the servant, to each family name.

We're moving on, evolving
Saying: 'speak up mate'.
By talking we're solving
An overdue taboo, way out of date.

We're paving a path like the yellow brick road
Where it's blameless and its shameless
And no-one's too old
No-ones too average and no-ones too famous. To talk.

We're offering an afternoon tea
With a side shot of self-expression,
Tables decorated in care-free
With iced buns saying: 'world-wide progression'.

We're sharing a hand stitched patchwork quilt
Each person tugs at the tog.
Its heat helps us sleep free of guilt,
Like a global warming watch dog.

We're collecting an array of voices
Unfiltered authentic speak.
Together we're building fresh choices,
Being open's our new-fangled technique.

Expressing grief is the latest fashion
It's ok to wear your heart on your sleeve,
Tie up your shoes, stand tall, feel passion
Because mate; it's ok to grieve.

Your story will mirror others
Those with the similar parts.
Go on and pull on those patchwork covers,
Sharing has become an art.

An art form formed with belief
Engraved to last forever
Talking about suicide, has turned over a new leaf
This time. We're in it together.