



suicidebereavement*

They Say Nout

They say nout. Won't give it away
Que up for the bus get on and pay
Engaging in saturated small talk
And make do smiles.

They casually smirk around the clock
Keeping it schtum from him and her mum,
And the big mouthed neighbour's son
Next door.

They won't un-bite their lip
Keeping hold of that tight grip,
Of their family trees façade
And fear of being found out.

Recovering from the worst kind of theft
A loved one they cherished left them bereft
but it aint talked about.
Not around 'ere.

With every belief and religion
They can't set the cat amongst the pigeons
in fear of being blamed
Or judged.

You see them tucking into pie and chips
Nothing leaves their lips,
Revealing how they really feel
Inside.

They take it all on the chin
Man up in a thick skin,
And bottle up
The guilt trips.

In trepidation of the odd quip
They remain stiff upper lipped,
And Silence
Their struggled thoughts.

Not knowing how to confide
That they're loved one, died of suicide.
So, they still abide by societal taboos
And they say nout.