

POEM

Either side of the door

*I hear their footsteps outside the door
They shout, loudly, I cant take anymore
'It's the police, we have a warrant'
My bodies numb; thoughts incoherent*

*I panic; they want to take me away
Are they deaf? they hear NOTHING I say
Cursing, shouting, I scream unclearly!
Holding the door- I cling to life dearly*

****** Off this is my house, my front door"
Within a second I am thrown to the floor
They bind me in cuffs; I am pinned to the ground
I shout loudly, drowning out background sound*

*Forced out the door, I try to kick out
They tie my legs; I scream loudly, swear, shout
Tearing me away from my home, my freedom
There it awaits; I have lost; I am beaten...*

*A locksmith, five in blue, four of us
Beaten in number, sanity and force
Atmosphere awkward; breathing tense
We are here for their best interest?*

*We wait behind the door patient, poised
emotion clouded by background noise
all sounds drown out my inside thoughts
Shouts resonate: "Stop I cant take anymore"*

*The door is broken, they run inside
They launch, pin, pull them outside
The assessment is brief but this they find
No one's safe, in this state of mind*

*Relentless, screams spread so paranoid
Attempting to avoid the inevitable:
An admission,
But in this mental state theres no joint decision*

*Strangers stare, confused, full of fear
Blue lights, sirens pierce both ears
It speeds, steady, loud down the street,
I stop, breathe, he is safe
Relief.*

C Cliffe

Correspondence to C Cliffe, Junior doctor and MA student, Dickson Poon Law School, Kings College London, London, UK; Charlotte.cliffe@nhs.net

Competing interests None.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.



CrossMark

To cite Cliffe C. *Med Humanit* 2017;**43**:137.

Published Online First 1 December 2016

Med Humanit 2017;**43**:137. doi:10.1136/medhum-2016-011119