

## 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.

**To cite** Cliffe C. *Med Humanit* Published Online First: [please include Day Month Year] doi:10.1136/medhum-2016-011119

*Med Humanit* 2016;0:1. doi:10.1136/medhum-2016-011119