

A Writer's Block

— *Poems* —

Richie

2026

Foreword

For the first time, I would like to showcase some of the writings that I have been quietly scribing over the years. You may have seen me in various places with a pen and some piece of paper scribbling away. Well, on here is where it becomes real!

I have more of my writing coming over the weeks and months ahead, so watch out for more!

Hasta la vista, baby!

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Chapter 1: Man of the House

Recite in the name of the lord who created,
created man from a clinging substance — complicated,
recite and your lord is the most generous,
most generous,
who taught by the pen, taught man what he knew not —
gave us every lesson that we never knew we'd got.

This book is dedicated to my brother,

Edward James Clevet — there will never be another.

And care others are forged in darkness and held in fear,
ours was different, ours was built right here —
carved, shaped, then moulded in song,
dance, heartache, laughter — we've been at it all along.
Tears, smiles and moments of joy between the pain,
the kind of memories you carry through the rain.
What developed was a loyalty that never floundered,
a trust that knows no betrayal, never countered,
and a friendship that has stood at the gates
and the test of time — through the worst of the worst of states.
Helped along the way with a double Irish malt whisky,

not for good measure — nah, that was just the company we'd
keep, see.

The world was our teacher and the lessons hit us hard,
bleak, even harsh, unfair — every hand a losing card.

But whoever said life was fair? Nobody I've met.

And that's a lesson in itself that I won't forget.

I am my brother's keeper — that's not a line, that's law,
and may the gods always be at your side through every open
door.

And if they ever waver and abandon you and you find yourself
alone,

know that I will always come for you — that's carved into the
bone.

I will always be in your corner, in this life and the next,
no hesitation, no conditions, no small print in the text.

All my love,

Richard — this one's for you.

"Stuck in the Middle with You"*

** Tribute to the song by Stealers Wheel*

July, 2026

Chapter 2: When in Hell, you need a friend

"WHEN IN HELL, YOU NEED A FRIEND"

not someone who says they'll be there — someone there at the end.

The war we fight's not only against powers and principles,
it's against temptation itself — raw, personal, clinical.
Our battlefields bring us closer to chaos, disaster, despair,
and when you hit the bottom you find out who's actually there.
Nobody warns you. Nobody sits you down and explains.
Nobody tells you the worst bit isn't the death, it's the pain
of losing hope. The end of dreaming. For all eternity.
Not a metaphor. Not a lyric. That's what it did to me.
But victory is always within reach,
and I didn't read that in a book — that's what the scars teach.

Revelations — to him who overcomes I will give the right
to sit with me on my throne, to step out of the night,
as I overcame and sat with my father on his —
that's the promise. That's the covenant. That's what redemption
is.

This book and the ones that follow are based on a true story and
real events.

Not dressed up, not dramatised, not hidden behind a fence.
I'm telling it now because not telling it would be the crime,
and may God have mercy on my soul — I'm running out of time.
Forgiveness is earned through redemption, it's not freely given,
not a gift, not a pardon, it's the price of keeping on living.

Dedicated to anyone it reaches, anyone who understands,
anyone who feels its touch, in the pull, in the shaking of the
hands.

To my mother, my children, my friends, my family — every one,
to anyone I've ever loved or lost beneath the sun.

Those I've hated, those I've hurt, those I'm destined to meet,
tomorrow or the day after, on some ordinary street.

The poetry is dedicated to none. Not you. Not them. It's mine.
My only release from the pain, my only flatline
between the torment and the breathing, the only thing I own,
the only room I've got where I can be alone.

And my testament is for those who know no faith at all,
who've stood at the edge and stared and waited for the fall,
because "it can only be seen by the eyes of the blind"*,
the therapist.

"THE BEGINNING IS THE END AND THE END ONLY EVER JUST
THE BEGINNING"

London. 2023. July.

** Tribute to the lyric in Billy Joel's "River of Dreams"*

July, 2026

Chapter 3: Isaiah

Isaiah

why should you be beaten anymore why do you persist in rebellion

your whole head is injured your whole heart afflicted

from the sole of your foot to the top of your head there is no soundness only wounds and bruises and open sores not cleaned or bandaged.

you are desolate

and still you smoke that hell with your fire

lord I still have clean air in my lungs to pollute

I can still crawl on my belly or drag my blistered feet across town my body is tired I'm exhausted frail and seem weak my mind is distorted but there's still blood flowing in my veins to poison the fire in my belly is yet to ignite I find no shelter from your bitter wind relentless rain and to you I curse daily with my sharp tongue with such vicious words of hatred I wish to live not yet I'm too afraid to die as I know what awaits me in death you ask why I persist I'm too cowardly to take my own life so I continue to struggle in pain completely lost and destitute hoping one day I shall be found and given a soft bed to lay my crown and maybe even one day find the peace I once knew as a young child but

until that day I shall persist and live each day to be beaten
relentlessly as I only find comfort in pain

August, 2026

Chapter 4: The Wisdom To Be Foolish

Study with the pen you was given
question with your Sharpe tongue
listen with both your ears
reflect in your heart
command respect with your softly spoken voice
and speak words of wisdom and truth that you now know
and trust in God as I trust in you

and after all is said and done
you can have the weekend off to be as stupid and childish as you
so desire
and I will love you all the same
Amen

October, 2026

Chapter 5: The Poem

The poem I never finished
diminished responsibilities, so many possibilities
lost abilities
threw it away
time and space will not give way
not today, not ever
the poem I had to sever
cut short not sold not bought or even given much thought
reading and writing learnt not taught
too painful to write or insight just fight or flight
no wrong couldn't write
I never really started
same old shit broken hearted
dearly and deeply departed
when's your hearts truly broken
The dead can be woken
hear their soft words spoken

I walk among the dead
when I sleep with no bed
completely lost and off my head

hear the words never been said
all alone another world I roam
no family no phone no home to call home
I lay down to die
no one to hear me cry
or question why
strangers pass on bye
morning noon to nigh
am imaginary friend who would stick it out to the ve
oh what an ending that would be
and a saw sight to see
and would mean so very much to me
instead I speak with the dead
like you just read
If I wasn't so lonely
not one single friend me only
I could share my writing and continue inciting
and what an ending that would be
and something I'll never see
as all I have is me

October, 2026

Chapter 6: Money Spider

I remember laying on my prison bunk once flat on my belly on top of my mattress laying there looking at the floor

my head was hanging off the end of the bed and my legs were dangling in the air I was just starrng at the floor aimlessly I lost track of time I could of been of staring at the floor for hours for all I know and I remember a little spider crawling along the floor I remember thinking to myself I wonder where you are going little spider in such a hurry I just kept starrng at him and watched him hurry towards the gap underneath the cell door and I realised he was also desperate to escape too

I could have stomped on that little spider's head and squashed him scraping his remains off my boot

killing all his dreams of freedom like mine were and crushing them into oblivion completely forgotten like my future which had become just shadows and dust

but I let him run free

and I knew right then one day my time would come too

and I would also run free

realising I still had one dream left

all I had to do was keep running

and pray no one stamped on my head

“Yesterday”, The Beatles

Dreams don't die people - they just stop dreaming

August, 2026