Open Mic Participant**: Lyndsey Rowe**

Lyndsey – local Salford resident, poems not related to OMA show though really, more personal

What’s that word I cannot spell?   
What’s that word I cannot write?  
Can I not just type?  
What’s that word? Is it “who”?  No it’s “how”  
Or is it “what” for  “where”?  
The constant confusion sends me in such a delusion  
When my 8-year-old niece tells me,  
to  put my comma there!”   
It’s bringing me not to care  
Siri send me in despair  
Using a dictionary sends me everywherei  
I just want to tear out my hair  
Why don't you go English class?” they say  
So I can sit there and look daft  
because you all laughed  
when I can’t spell the word bafed  
What’s that word I constantly have to edit?  
 or it doesn’t make sense?  
 This is making me tense!  
When you have to face an exam, its content fills you with dread   
Sweat’s pouring off  my head  
When you can't play Scrabble or Boogle  
constantly have to use  Google   
Do you want a yellow or blue sheet?  
Sitting there trying not to admit defeat   
What’s that word? Is it dyslexia?   
What does it matter? I can't spell in any way  
Desbite all this I'm proudto say ,  I have dyslexia every day  
  
 22/10/19 lyndsey Rowe -Gidley  
  
(c)poem i write about homelsneas  
 sleeping on broken glass or narrow streets with having nothing on there   feet dn were there  going no were to turn with  feeling hopless and out having nothin but dought eating  barly nought sleeping with  on eye open and one eye shut picking up cig buts while the public tuts  
with cuts and grase on the skin  looking so dreaey and thin thinking were do i begin how did end  up with no home im all alone just skin and bone  people speeking  at me with that tone  do u take drugs ? or are you  a thug? I just give them a shrug  it not a bug you can catch   I don't want eat from the trash  because I don't want to take ur cash or have a lash in the street hopefully being homelessness  something you never meet  
(c) lyndsey 24th September