

“PJ and the Dunes (A poem)”  
Written 09/11/2017 - 11/11/2017

It was a fine, sunny morning... for a walk on the beach!  
That turned into a warning - life wanted to teach.

It started off well enough: Two newly found friends  
With such different ideas of where it all ends  
Starting from scratch with a fresh, clean slate  
With a walk on the beach – It was our second date!

Two travellers together – Just sun, sea and sand...  
I said: “Stay beside me, try holding my hand.”  
But then she was off! She was light on her feet...  
As she charged on ahead - It was hard to compete!

It soon became clear, that this wasn't much fun  
Without slap, hats or water, in the heat of the sun  
We had strayed from the path, slowly losing our way  
All caught up in the dunes, in the heat of the day.

As we ventured inland, the temperature spiked  
It was tough keeping up, though onward she hiked  
Now far from the beach, so much farther away  
In the **heart** ♥ of the dunes, in the **heat** of the day.

With the sun in my face and my **heart** ♥ thumping fast  
I'd been running this race to escape from my past  
Climbing dizzying heights to find the right way  
We were scaling these dunes in the heat of the day!

Our dune walk revealed yet another surprise  
We were brutally bitten by huge, hairy flies!  
On the backs of my legs which were heavy, like lead  
I slapped them and squashed them  
‘Til my hands turned bright red!

Throwing aside all caution, the higher she went  
I was close to exhaustion: My energy spent  
With my lungs close to bursting and my shoes full of sand  
I felt I could die... in this alien land!

I had finally realised our mission was flawed  
A hopeless position, My advice just ignored!  
Hot, bothered and tired, she at last heard my plea  
To reverse our mistakes... and head back to the sea.

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So we U-turned and stuck to my plan of attack  
I could still see the sea – So we could find our way back!  
It was a long, tiring walk but I finally knew  
There was something to aim for – and my confidence grew.

I was glad to admit we were over the worst  
To be out of the sun and quenching our thirst  
When we got to the cafe for a long, cool drink!  
It was great to washing my face at the sink!

So is there a moral, a cost or a clue?  
What can we learn from our time in the dunes?  
If you find that you're lost - then what might you do?  
Well, this worked for me, and it *might* for you too!

If you follow your **heart** ♥ you *might be* okay  
But it's not always true - if you don't know the way!  
It's all very well depending on 'friends'  
But if they don't know the way...  
Will it work? It depends!

The main thing I learned from my walk on the coast...  
Was: **Depend On Yourself**... You're the one who cares most!  
**Depend On Yourself**... Whatever you do!  
**Have Trust In Yourself**... 'Cos You're The Expert... On You!  
Why trust in others who'd lead you astray?  
**Have Trust In Yourself**... to find your own way!

My *Lived Experience* contained an important discovery  
To step up and take charge of my own recovery!  
Don't rely [completely] on third parties to show you what's what...  
Find out for yourself... before things get too hot!

I hope that my story will give you a nudge  
To trust your own instincts:  
You be the judge!

So that's pretty much where this sandy tale ends...  
And all these years later, we're no longer friends  
But it taught me a lesson, that nightmarish hike...  
I'm glad I survived that temperature spike!  
(Oh...) And I no longer date... that *Clinical Psyche*!