

She Speaks Ugly

BY

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Introduction

If you were to ask me who I am, the only answer I could give you is this:

As you are, so am I.

When it comes to my poetic self, I am still in the process of being introduced to my own poetic soul. Some parts of it carry the soothing scent of lavender, while others... well, carry something far less fragrant. My poems are a mirror to my perception of the world, a world that holds immense beauty alongside profound cruelty, passion, magic, sadness, and so much more.

I am quite bold. Boldness is both my strength and my vulnerability.

In these pages, I share my thoughts on different aspects of the human condition. I hope to offer you a glimpse into my mind and my perspective.

I am an observer of human behaviour, an explicit chronicler of the complexities of life. I have experienced pain, adversity, joy, and love, and yet I remain. Writing began as a sacred act of release for me, a way to pour out the emotions I found myself drowning in. From love to rage and hate to forgiveness, writing became my lifeline, empowering me to process, reflect, and transform.

Writing has become my voice, a way to navigate and make sense of my own journey. I have lived through many lives. I have known the depths of poverty, hunger, and homelessness—even spending nights sleeping on a doorstep—as well as the heights of affluence and so called ‘societal status’. There have been moments when I have fought, both physically and mentally, just to survive. I have endured abuse, found the courage to escape, forged a career, and worked my way to earning a respectable income.

Today, I stand as a headteacher and a lone parent. These contrasting extremes have profoundly shaped my perspective, allowing me to notice what others might overlook. Adversity has been my greatest strength, it has built my resilience and given me the ability to lift others when they struggle. It is my superpower."

To me, living means navigating many lives simultaneously. Life is not a single, linear narrative, it is a tapestry of overlapping stories, each unfolding at the same time. Love can exist right alongside hate. Joy can walk hand in hand with pain; laughter is entwined with struggle; courage is wrapped in vulnerability. And often, we find ourselves caught in the spaces in between, trying to make sense of it all.

I am still trying to figure out how much of my own story has truly been written by me. How much has been shaped by circumstance, by others, or by the invisible forces of life itself. These thoughts fuel my poetry. My work does not claim to provide answers; instead, it opens the door to questions, questions about love, loss, resilience, vulnerability and the human condition.

Take, for example, **Please Don't Forget**, a poem about two people who loved each other deeply but ultimately did not make it through. Life, with all its chaos and demands, caused them to lose sight of that simple, crucial truth: that they loved each other. In the end, they departed from each other, their love buried beneath the weight of everyday life. This poem seeks to reconcile that loss, to unearth the love hidden beneath life's façade, and to find closure in the process.

Murky Love, a poem about how pain and violence ripple through generations. It tells the story of a woman who becomes a victim of an abusive husband and, by staying in the marriage, unwittingly becomes a perpetrator, exposing her child to the same violence. She relives her pain repeatedly, through being an observer of her son's actions, a devastating cycle of inherited trauma.

Working Class White is an exploration of the political and social narrative in the UK. It examines the devastating impact of deindustrialisation on generations of working class families, resulting in poverty and neglect. This breeds anger and resentment. This anger, weaponised by a sense of entitlement and blame, turns men into soldiers, paid to murder foreign humans abroad or at the very least murder their dreams while believing their struggles are the fault of "foreigners."

Then there is **Scared Gangster**, a reflection on the young men I see every day, boys raised in 'love poverty' and 'emotional neglect', groomed by older men in their community who profit from violence and drugs. These young men carry zombie knives in their hands and self-hatred in their hearts. They murder and sabotage the futures of

their own reflections. Instead of enlisting to kill abroad they kill on their doorstep. In this instance, both the **Working Class White** and **Scared Gangster** occupy the dual space of victim and perpetrator, shaped by a remorseless environment, a 'survival of the fittest' moral compass and contrived circumstances, yet their fates diverge.

The proceeding work of poems, like all my writing, are my thoughts laid bare. They are an invitation to question, to reflect, and to see the world from a different angle. I am fascinated by the things we choose to focus on, the challenges we avoid, and the narratives we construct to make sense of our lives. My work does not claim to have answers, it offers only a perspective.

Through poetry, I explore pieces of life, its contradictions, its beauty, and its heartbreak. Each poem is an invitation to reflect, to question, and to feel.

She Speaks Ugly!

Everything is Love

Murky Love

I fell in love with a man who does not respect women
The consequences were huge
Not only because I had no means to source refuge
But also for those yet to anoint the family tree
As his propensity
For physical and emotional violence
within this insignificant union did not
begin with me
His abuse
His incredulous short fuse
Is his ingrained psychological
inheritance
From a culture that seems to despise
not only my feminine existence
But also his own male identity
Which is buried in lies of false
masculinity.



I had children with a man who is a bully
He would put me down in the same breath as declaring he loves me.
Time and time again I accepted this as the norm
Eventually I summoned the courage to transform
My life
I decided to leave I would no longer be his wife.

However I took too long
I procrastinated, drunk wine and cried to sad love songs
I told not a soul
As my only goal
Was to not feel like I have failed
Or been derailed
Into a statistic
By a sadistic
A divorcee, the thought of that description made me feel physically
sick
So I cried in silence
I stayed on the path of compliance
In a haven

Of behaving
Like a loved up wife
Holding hands with my perpetrator on the pavement of life
It did not work
It hasn't worked!
I am now suffering the consequences of making many wrong
choices
Authorising my son to absorb the ghosts of his father's voices
Has saddled me with what seems like a lifetime of painstaking debt
As I watch my son sustain the legacy of not having any respect
For the woman he claims to be his true love
She often calls me in tears carrying the shame of his recent fist shove
Or ill treatment, of which, she at times attempts to excuse and dilute
After every physical altercation or bullying dispute
I have to watch my son use her
Deny and refuse her
Of the dignity
Of a heartfelt apology
I recognise that I am a main feature in this story,
The only advice I give her is to leave
before it is too late
I beg her to go now and please don't
hesitate
Of course she does not listen, he buys
her a gift takes her on a date
She flounders into a temporary state
Of elate!
Six months later she is pregnant with a
new boy child
This violent legacy is set to continue
when this boy thumps his future bride.



Let Me Know

Is there more that I can do besides from give my heart to you
give my thoughts to you be loyal to you share my truth with
you spend all my time learning about you dry your tears and
comfort you kiss your lips and hold you share all my joyful
moments with you then laugh with you please let me know.

What else I can do because all I really want to do is love you.

