

**Write Now** is a unique talent development programme for 16–18 year olds that aims to nurture young people’s creative writing abilities. Participants are supported through mentoring, workshops and networking as well as having an opportunity to take part in **The Times and The Sunday Times Cheltenham Literature Festival**.

Here’s Write Now participant Adrianna with her poem ‘#36 – Untitled’.

Not to be dramatic but this feels like Hollywood, and in the true spirit of Hollywood I am a..

Surviving artist- slightly struggling.

See, she’s a padlocked cage of secrets, safe guarder of intimacy and a.. creative.

But with that title comes a burden,

A yarn ball in infinite knots that you tried to cut free once

Ending up with frayed snakes of string that just tickle your fingers and chortle at your incompetence.

To have a brain with so many loose ends.. It builds character as my mother would say, as my father would say, my grandparents and every other motivational Facebook page.

Except, not really. That’s cliché. And honestly I don’t know my family all that well but, I believe they were bred for a more human purpose than over used one-liners with a less than positive stigma

AND she’s a padlocked cage of secrets.

In her soft white room, complete with enraged walls, she keeps a mirror by her bedside to watch the life she leads.

Breathe,

inside the brains that perceive her.

Who am I to you, stranger?

Where did I put the space I used to enslave my heart, assigned to me at birth that vessel that churns away at me while it beats and barks for my attention, Every now and again.. and again and again.

An indignant lover.

Still, my one companion is consciousness, in responsibility- despite how hard the anxiety riddled stomach below my chest tries to vocalise her opinions.

Me and me in here.

My movie would be kaleidoscopic, dazzling in its complexity, oozing the essence of forgotten Gods and glazed,

with a sour fragility,

When all those secrets leave my lips.. alone.