

Too Much Stuff

*Too much stuff,
Does your nut in,
You cant move around the house,
Squeeze through the boxes,
Scramble over bags,
You play hunt the sock, you haven't seen for ages,
To try and make a match.
You feel quite embarrassed, to have visitors look around,
Inside it's a dump.
A burglar would be in danger, of having an accident,
There's nothing worth of value, even the tele doesn't work,
It's covered with thick dust and spiders.
Bed time is a nightmare, the bed is hidden under junk,
It's hard to find somewhere to sleep,
What started off as a collection, ended up as a mad obsession.
Its no joke when you're stuck in a rut,
all it would take is a lit up fag, to ignite a fire.
The exits have all been blocked, the fire alarm doesn't work,
If you screamed, no one would hear you,
You'd need a miracle to get out,
You wouldn't think it was a problem, buying to excess,
When your home is invaded, by piled up crap,
Stuff you thought you needed,
Its just a vicious circle, trying to D.Clutter,
The emotional pain can leave you depressed,
You need to admit you've got a problem, not to be in denial,
Before you can get help, you feel overwhelmed,
Its hard to know where to start, or where to get support,
You're not on your own, there's thousands of us out there,
But once you start to make progress, and just take one step at a time,
There's light at the end of the tunnel, its not going to be easy.
Its going to be tough, but going to the D.Clutter Club,
You can meet people like yourself,
Who don't pre-judge you,
You can pat yourself on your back, for making an enormous effort,
Just never give up trying*

– Diane (member of the DClutter Group)

