

Who Am I?

May I have your attention? A few minutes of your time, Take a break from your life, I'll tell you how I live mine. See this face? See this smile? See these eyes open wide? It's a mask to disguise how I'm feeling inside, I'm one in twelve in my city, yet it's hard to describe, But just give me a moment, I promise, I'll try. I'm a cook; a cleaner; a doctor; a healer, A helper; a sitter; a supporter; a leader, By my demeanour, it may not always be clear that I'm needed, When my mum takes a fall, has a fit or a seizure, When my brother breaks his toys and I pick up the pieces, When his autism means that even though I pleaded, He kicks and he screams and every day this is repeated, But before bed, I still hug him, because I know he doesn't mean it. And some might say that this sounds strange, Why I have all these skills and I don't even get paid, When I get home from school and make sure the table is laid, Because my dad is upstairs, still in bed, still afraid, Oh, I'm sorry, did I not mention? That his mind is affected by stress and by tension, Depression that means he requires my attention, So my homework goes unwritten with no chance of extension. I shop; I feed; I help shower and bathe, I wash; I make sure that the beds are all made, I talk; I listen; I cuddle; I play, I make sure that the medicine is stored safely away. And even though I know that those who love me understand, It's hard to keep up friendships when I have to cancel plans, When phone calls go unanswered, when they say they'll lend a hand, Sometimes it feels that it's only me who can. So thank you for listening, To the words I have to say, About how I live my life, About what I do each day, I hope; I dream; I wonder; I pray, Because I'm a young carer,



And I wouldn't have it any other way.