

'Rest'

Three nights of what they call 'respite',
I've never been so hurt and tired.
Certainly not rested.

Different worker four times a day,
Barely even ask my name,
Pronouns? No way.

May as well be cattle.

Ferry me from place to place,
Never look me in the face,
Don't care for what I have to say.

But my voice matters.

I take pen to paper,
I put it all down,
All the moments that made me feel less than.

I write down the actions that made me feel weak,
Hoping above hope that I will be seen.
I imagine a future where folk like me flourish, our voices are heard.
I rely on the power I know is held in words.

I accept an apology,
Change is slow but real.
I can finally feel,

Rested.

