

Speaker's Corner Simona 27/04/13

Life is given to everyone.
Life completely equipped with love, joy and happiness.
Life detailed with sadness, frustration and theft.

People who do not clean up after themselves make me want to shout
and steal my voice.
Passerbys who assume everyone else, but themselves, can wait shove me aside
and steal my mobility.
Teachers who make demands which they know are ridiculous add fuel to my fire of rebellion,
and steal my brain.
Friends who start a conversation and center it on themselves drain my patients,
and steal my heart.
Family members who forget things I've told them ad nauseam make me cringe,
and steal my composure.

Breathe.
Go Home.

Father who takes advantage
steals my generosity.
Mother who gives away kindness like it's a plague
steals my pride.
Brother who soars
steals my confidence.

Room.
I have stolen myself away.