

## Human Rights

### A Cry From Within

I can't externalise your fears,  
I don't have your years of experience  
though tender years they may be.  
Innocence in one sense is to blame -  
"what got into you that night?"  
Yes, you are only human, right, I see,  
and now there's me, just beyond the  
twinkle-in-the-eye stage, barely known.  
Your life's your own, I see that too.  
A small word is two, the same size as one.  
Will you miss me when I'm gone?  
Do you even know me - *mum*?

I can't punch or scream to let you see  
I'm in need of you - and *me*.  
And yet I know that if I make it to your arms  
and our eyes meet your life in some way will be  
complete. You'll forget you had doubts and  
realise I am the future you wanted all along.

But my plea cannot be heard. Not one word  
reaches your ears. Instead you have the fears  
that others offered you: a life that needs to be fulfilled  
- alone, rich with choice and possibility.  
My brother or sister may come, when you're ready,  
further down the line: when you've done uni,  
the outback trip, Thailand, and got a job  
- that maternity will make you leave.

Hear me now - *mum*, while there's time.  
I have a right to life,  
but that choice is not mine.