

Look At Me

It must be so easy for you
From you pedestal of ivory,
To dismiss me as a person
Not part of your humanity.

As you drive by in your flashy cars
And I peer through windows of dirt,
It's easier to pretend I don't exist
That I have no feelings that can be hurt.

As you saunter through your fanciful life
With your designer Pekinese-Poodle fluff,
It's hard to meet my eyes, and share my pain
So look away, instead be consumed by stuff,
With glossy phones, and virtual lives
And posing for the perfect selfie.
Focus on editing away all your flaws
Perfecting the art of frivolity.

But I don't hold it against you
Or judge you as harshly as you judge me.
Because if I'd had the option, and I'm honest
I wouldn't have chosen this reality.
I wouldn't have chosen the struggles I've faced
Or the battles I've fought for you to be free,
And I certainly wouldn't get the lump in my throat
At the blood crimson of the November Poppy.

I don't ask you for much in return,
For the friends who live only in memory,
For the loss of my leg and scars on my skin,
And the constant battle with PTSD.

All I'd like, is for you to look at me,
And take off your designer shades,
Just take a moment to consider my life,
And understand the sacrifices I have made.

And remember as you judge people
Only by the things you think you see,
You've no idea what they've been through
Just like you don't understand me.
My comrades and I fought to give you the right
To think for yourself and be free,
Please don't throw away our sacrifices
Or give up the rights to your own humanity.

40 lines

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