

I Am by Bali Rai

I Am

Forever the last chocolate in the box. That least popular. Kept, but unwanted since before the plastic wrapping was torn away and those best-loved flavours were devoured with glee.

Liquorice, fluff riddled and superfluous, forgotten in the pocket of a jacket never worn. The jacket too. Left hanging in a cupboard reeking of redundancy. Redolent with musty rejection. Threadbare and barely seen.

A cup of tea left to grow cold. Later rejected as rigid and emotionless. Disallowed affection for disallowing affection. For refusing to believe in hope. Never having experienced hope. No one's cup of tea in the end.

The jar overlooked. Out of date. Never best, not even before. An afterthought, thoughtlessly abandoned, forever languishing in the darkest recesses. Out of sight, paid no mind.

Flotsam, alone. Abandoned, excluded. Worthless and unwelcome, cast aside. Pushed to the edges. Ruining the façade of purity, no more.

I Want

To be a sunrise, every day. Good day, bad day, indifferent day. To be warmth and light. And seen to be so. Anticipated. Expected. Approved. Smiles to welcome my existence. Given for no reason beyond that.

If not smiles, then acknowledgement at least. Here walks someone permitted to be seen.

Perceived for what matters. Accepted as something worthwhile.

To speak to my own existence. Explain my own moods. Not tested and listed and given as example – a case study, unheard. Scream and cry if I choose to. Laugh and sing too. Never to justify nor apologise for simply being. A voice legitimate for its own sake. Its own worth.

Nothing else.

Love without boundaries defined. For the very fact of being. Not measured in conditional units. Not bartered, nor quid pro quo. Not rationed due to conduct. Taken away as punishment. Just love. Simply given, irrespective. Because I encompass soul and light, with merit requiring no validation. Deserving.

To deem essential the essence of my worth. As much as anyone else's worth. Not more, not less. Just equally. Trusting in hope, because finally given hope. Persuaded that hope is deserved. Believed in, so that I may believe in. No longer refused nor denied. Recognised. Inconsistencies celebrated, not excused. Imperfections allowed. Cherished as a whole.

I am human.

I want to be human.

I am not asking for very much.

#EmpathyDay



#ReadforEmpathy