Responsibility

Have you ever noticed that blowing out candles on a birthday cake
seems like a loaded weight of responsibility
Like the world's problems are somehow forcing an ever so
present amount of pressure down on your shoulders
As if with each clamber out of bed gets harder
With a heaviness so heavy it feels as though you're wearing a crown
The poundage dragging my feet with each step I take
And each breath I breathe

I have responsibilities

Not like how the sun has a duty to burn
Or the earth has to roll and turn

But to live in a world where the only thing I shall amount to is your idea of me
The expectations people set of me
The way people look and perceive

I have responsibilities

To keep people happy
To fight for justice
To listen to those who feel they have no voice
To speak for the people whose pleads and shouts turn into whispers
and murmurs by those who decide to drown them out

I have responsibilities that seem really small but in reality
with time being an omnipotent reminder
As a countdown for the end
It seems like an awful waste of it

To make my bed
To tie my shoe lace
To move that one hair that just won't get out of my face
To sleep
To dream
To brush my teeth

I have responsibilities
And it matters

It matters to me that because I'm not 100 years old
People believe that there was no real struggle or restraint for us in this era of society
But the way you perceive us as getting it easy
Might possibly be the stupidest thing I've ever heard

I have responsibilities. Ones that matter and ones that are routine.
Equally as important as each other.

Jazzy - Drama for Change, Cracked Slipper Company

<u>Responsibility</u>

I often get told I have it easy, and that being a 'child' is easy, and that I don't have to worry about anything because it's all so very 'easy', and that of course being a child comes with no responsibilities.

Every morning I wake up with a black fog in front of my face, I often have to close my eyes for a while waiting for it to go away, if I get up too fast I pass out.

I always wake up feeling sick. The pain is sometimes so unbearable I have to lie on my bathroom floor, feeling the cold on my skin makes it more or less bearable.

Every time I eat the voice in my head gets louder and louder, telling me not too.

Every time I walk past someone, I can't help but worry for hours on end what they thought of me, my clothes, my hair, my style, my body. People I don't know or even a best friend.
I'm always constantly thinking who am I through their eyes.

I was born into the wrong body and every single day I look into the mirror, and I am disappointed.

My head constantly hurts from the amount of stress my parents, teachers, friends, family, peers, and random strangers are unconsciously putting on me to be 'normal' and to be 'ordinary' and 'outstanding' and if I don't meet those expectations every single day I feel as though I have failed everyone that loves me, I feel as though I have let down everyone. I feel as though it's all my fault that I can't do the things a 'stereotypical' person can. And that's because I am NOT stereotypical. No one is. But almost every day I convince myself I am wrong.

I can't walk down the street and hold my partners hand without getting some strange look or shitty comment.
I am scared to walk alone because of what happened last year.
I am scared of hurting others, and not knowing how to control my actions.

I am scared to mess everything up.

I go to school every day, I get given homework every day, I have to socialise and try to keep a steady breath every day. I have to face homophobia almost every day. I have to try and not hurt myself every day. I have to stay out of the house because I am scared of myself every day. I have to squeeze their hand because I'm scared every day. I have to step in every day. I have to not talk back every day. I have to get ignored every day. I have to try and not think of almost a thousand things every single minute of every single day.

I have to lie and say I'm okay.

Every, single, day.

I have the responsibility of getting through every day with a smile on my face when I walk through the front door at the end of my day, trying to hide my arms from my six year old sister. I have the responsibility of telling them if it's bad again. I have the responsibility to not have a break down in the middle of street when he calls me a 'fag' for the fourth time that day. I have the responsibility of being a sibling.

A role model.

I have the responsibility of getting through every day still being here.

I have responsibilities.

Ash - Drama for Change, Cracked Slipper Company