

## **Two Voices spoken word poem**

### **Voice 1**

I used to look forward to work. Sometimes we'd see a show afterwards. My time was my own and I never felt bad about it.

### **Voice 2**

It's great when mum's doing well, it makes dad happy too. It feels like the worlds spinning right. I'm excited to see where life takes me.

### **Voice 1**

Now caring is my job, where's my annual leave? Where's my overtime? I've given up my life so that she can have hers. I'm exhausted, they say I've lost my zest. I was happy before I was a carer, and I feel guilty saying that. I don't know what my role is. I'm doing more than 'just being a dad'. I care for others but nobody cares for me.

### **Voice 2**

Today is not so good. It could be a while until things change. I worry about my brother and sister. I know people can help, I just don't know where they are. Earth's not spinning today.

### **Voice 1**

But tomorrow will be better. I'll be leading my team, and they'll listen to me. I'll have my life back, friends around me, I've got the afternoon free!. I'll proudly tell people 'I'm a carer', but it won't be my whole life. We'll think about the future, mine and my son's, and maybe even look forward to them.

### **Voice 2**

Tomorrow, help will be in front of me. I'll know where to find it, and I won't have to fight for it. I'll take on what I can, but when I need help I'll just pick up the phone. I know my team and they know me, we're in this together, an extended family. And I talk to other carers sometimes, it's still a bit lonely but at least we're alone together.