**Why not?**

‘Where’s your homework?’ Mr Webster asked,

invading Rosie’s space, his voice an icy blast.

‘You’re constantly yawning and your eyes are all red.

So what unearthly hour are you crawling into bed?’

*My mum’s very ill,* Rosie Richards thought,

her eyes all heavy and glazed.

*And I’m her full time carer,*

*so I think you’ll be amazed*

*at the stuff I do every day,*

*like washing her greying hair.*

*And looking in her fitted wardrobe*

*for her favourite clothes to wear.*

*And getting her breakfast ready,*

*like hot, buttered toast.*

*And smoothing on her make up,*

*a clown or ghoulish ghost.*

*And sorting out her daily tablets,*

*medicines large and small.*

*And welcoming doctors and nurses*

*into our lounge and hall.*

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her eyes all heavy and glazed.

*And I’m her full time carer,*

*so I think you’ll be amazed*

*at the stuff I do every day,*

*little things folk never see.*

*Like pushing mum into the toilet,*

*maintaining her dignity.*

*And pushing a bulging trolley*

*around a supermarket store.*

*And cleaning up my mummy’s sick*

*from the cold, kitchen floor.*

*And collecting doctors’ prescriptions*

*from the pharmacy in the town.*

*And making mummy a cup of tea*

*when she’s all fed up and down.*

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her eyes all heavy and glazed.

*And I’m her full time carer,*

*so I think you’ll be amazed*

*at the stuff I do every day,*

*like having our grown up talks.*

*And tucking my mum into bed at night,*

*for dreams of countryside walks.*

*And watching all my friends walk past,*

*on their way to the boys in the park.*

*And hearing them scream with laughter,*

*sprinting past my house after dark.*

*And looking at posts on Instagram*

*of normal teenage things.*

*And feeling life’s just shattered dreams,*

*like birds with broken wings.*

‘Where’s your homework?’ Mr Webster asked,

invading Rosie’s space, his voice an icy blast.

‘You’re constantly yawning and your eyes are all red.

So what unearthly hour are you crawling into bed?’

‘Sorry, Sir, I haven’t done it.’

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‘WHY NOT?