

A circle of faces, all staring in,
Each with a question, each with a spin,
They talk in words that twist and wind,
All trying to fix what they think they'll find.

The social worker with her careful notes,
The therapist digging where no one floats,
The teacher who's seen it all before,
The doctor with meds that might restore.

They speak of plans, of steps to take,
Of all the things that might break the ache,
But in their eyes, I see the glaze,
Of well-meaning words that fill the days.

Too many voices, too many hands,
Each with their maps, their coloured plans,
But no one asks, "What do you feel?"
As they talk of charts, and what they heal.

I'm more than numbers, more than tests,
More than a file on someone's desk,
Yet here I sit, a piece to solve,
In a game of which I'm not involved.

They say it's care, they say it's right,
But all I feel is the weight, the might,
Of every word that falls like stone,
As I sit here, quietly, alone.

Where's the space for my own voice?
The chance to speak, to make a choice?
In this crowd of minds, I lose my way,
A sea of help that seems to sway.

So many hands to guide my path,
But what I need is a quiet bath,
A moment to breathe, to just be still,
To find my own voice, my own will.

Too many minds, too much advice,
All with good hearts, but at a price,
For in their care, I lose my say,
As they guide me, lead me, far away.