



Talking to Joanna

Joanna beams behind her glasses.
She laughs. “I’m the best chef in the world !”
“I’m amazing ! I’m in charge !
Friday is my day in the kitchen.
But when Monday comes,
Mum says, Upsa-daisy, up and out !”

There was a time when Joanna would chat all day
to *pretend* friends - chatter, chat, chat, chat.
But these days her friends are real
especially on a Friday
and her dreams of loneliness
have all drifted away,
those misty names
have lifted lightly away.

Rogan Wolf

This poem was written following a conversation with Joanna, who has Down’s Syndrome and is supported by United Response. The poem gives a true account of what was said, though Joanna is not her real name.

Poems for...bridges to Learning Disability

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