



# 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.*

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