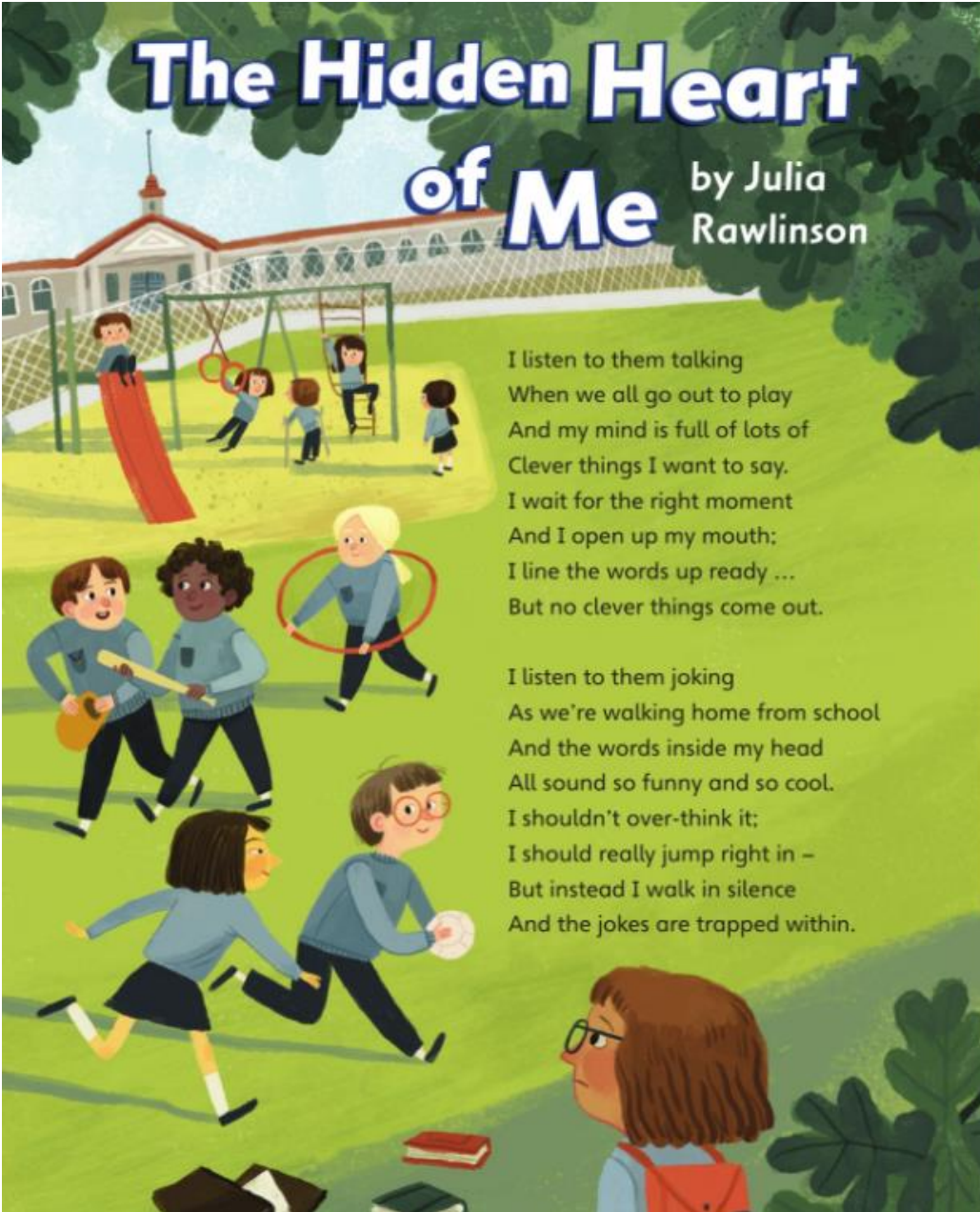



The Hidden Heart of Me

by Julia
Rawlinson



I listen to them talking
When we all go out to play
And my mind is full of lots of
Clever things I want to say.
I wait for the right moment
And I open up my mouth;
I line the words up ready ...
But no clever things come out.

I listen to them joking
As we're walking home from school
And the words inside my head
All sound so funny and so cool.
I shouldn't over-think it;
I should really jump right in –
But instead I walk in silence
And the jokes are trapped within.



I listen to them listing
All the actors in our play
And I haven't got a part.
Someone asks if I'm okay.
I find my head is nodding,
Though my heart is crying, "No!"
It's saying I could act, too,
If I'd only have a go.

But I'm not the kind of person
Who just lets their feelings out.
I keep swallowing my words down,
While the noisy people shout.
They think I'm dull and grey
But if they really looked they'd see
There's a rainbow-burst of colour
In the hidden heart of me.