

Voices of the Forgotten

In corridors where silence grows,
Vulnerable voices, unheard, untold.
Eyes cast down, seeking support,
Yet access and care are a distant thought.

For communities fragile, under strain,
Each facet of life bears heavy pain.
Unpaid carers, rough sleepers, migrants in flight,
Asylum seekers, searching for light.
Black Afro-Caribbean mothers, standing tall,
Caring for sons in a system that stalls.
Families with children in SEND's tight grip,
Struggling, yearning, but futures slip.

Blood pressure rising, anxiety swells,
Care workers racing, trapped in red-tape hell.
Permits lost, travel time in vain,
Lives delayed in a system's strain.
Mental health hangs by a thread,
While older hearts seek light instead.

Peckham's children dream of more,
Theatre halls echo with wellness in store.
Support for young minds, growing bold,
But in this system, care is cold.
Lack of information clouds the way,
For services, health, where to stay.

Financial aid for youth in despair,
Job loss looms, but who will care?
Retirees, too, seek a space,
A hub for connection, a needed place.

In the shadows of care, under-staffed walls,
Ethnic divides echo, bureaucracy calls.

Rough sleepers shiver, left outside,
While unpaid carers quietly cry.

Yet, gratitude shines through weary eyes,
For those who lift and empathize.

Appleby Blue, a beacon bright,
Support workers easing the fight.
Silverlock's follow-ups, a kind embrace,
Their check-ins bring a steady grace.

King's Hospital, with healing hands,
Shingles treated, with care that stands.
Honour Oak, though time takes its toll,
Their top-notch service enriches the soul.
Good hospital transport, a helping hand,
In tough moments, they understand.

Appointments made, cardiology care,
In every step, satisfaction is there.
Gratitude flows from hearts once torn,
For those who help, who care, who warm.

The costs for the disabled rise,
Diabetes, menopause in disguise.
Cancer awareness, mental health strain,
Stress management whispers through the pain.
Cyber security, a modern need,
As the vulnerable continue to plead.

Yet whispers of hope rise through the fight,
Community Ambassadors bringing light.
"Listen," they call, "to every voice,
For change will come if we make the choice.
Invest in support for the weak and the bold,
Let their stories finally be told."

For in every tear and every cry,
Lies the strength to lift us high.
In every corner, in every plight,
We will spark the flame to ignite the night.