

My story is mine

My story is mine,
and I carry it with pride.
I didn't choose how I got here,
or where I would reside.
The choices were made,
I didn't get to decide.
But my story is mine,
and I carry it with pride.

They packed up my things
and took me away,
I couldn't choose what to keep
or the way I said goodbye.
I felt scared and confused,
I just wanted to stay.
But my story is mine,
and I carry it with pride.

My voice is important
and I have the right to be heard.
Whether I write, speak or sign it,
please listen to my words.

No one can tell it
the way that I do,
my thoughts and my feelings
are honest and true.

I can speak up,
I can be heard,
what I think and I feel
matters in every word.

My story is mine,
I carry it with pride.

Others may choose
where I sleep or I stay,
but my hopes and my dreams
won't be taken away.

I am **worthy** of **love**,
I am **worthy** of **space**,
I am **worthy** of **safety**
and **having** my **place**.

My story is mine,
and I carry it with pride.

