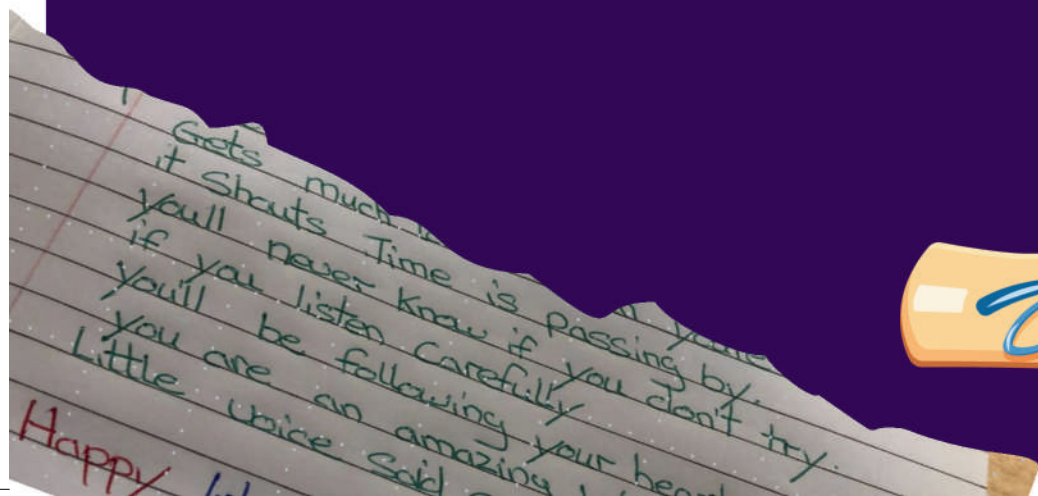


Youth Advocate

PROGRAMMES IRELAND

Poetry Book

POEMS FROM YOUNG PEOPLE,
FAMILIES, ADVOCATES AND STAFF



My Story

by Jay



**My story with YAP, it's been so great.
Every day was craic, memories I celebrate.**

**We sailed on the Dunbrody, big and grand.
Felt like a captain with the rudder in hand.**

**At Fota I saw animals wild and free.
We laughed a lot, my advocate and me.**



**At Activate I climbed way up high.
We bowled and had fun
The pins flew by.**

**We played pitch and putt and jokes all day.
I got great scores, hip hip hooray.**

**I tried ice skating without a slip, twist and turns,
up and flip.**

**Winterville and Waterford was a blast and beach
walks made cool memories to last.**

**At Jurassic Park the dinosaurs did roar, and I
screamed, 'let's go once more!'**

**At Leahy's Open Farm I learned and I played.
At Coke Park we toured, oh what a day.
We walked by the river, caught movies as well.
Each memory made such stories to tell.**

**With a super family, I'm feeling just right.
Confirmation's coming up and holiday turkey in
sight.**



**With family and YAP on my side, I've grown so
strong and many adventures have come along.**

**This is my story, the journey I see, and there is still
so much more ahead.**



Untitled by Micheala

In the small office on a rainy Tuesday, I sat with the principal, her brow furrowed,
the soft hum of fluorescent lights dancing around us, the whispers of secrets
untold.

She spoke in measured tones, words tumbling like leaves, spiralling down into a
well of concern.

Sadness lingered, fear on my chest, family shocked.

Shyness kept me, trust hard to find, the principles glare etched in my mind.

I wanted to run, to leave it all behind, but something inside me refused to decline.

I went to Winterville, tried ice skating too, and after those steps I started feeling
anew.

Lana's was next, a place of fun; rock climbing, bowling, swimming too.

At first I was shy, but each new adventure made my spirit fly.

The Youth Club felt like a strange new space, at first I was an outsider trying to
find my place.

Weeks passed, I felt kinda the same. I pushed my limits, came out of my shell.
While bowling I laughed, feeling things go well.

Went back to Lana's, each time felt like bliss, and there I discovered what I had
missed.

Taylor Swift's music became my new sound.

Confidence grew as fears unwound.

I talked about feelings, no longer a choice.

Family struggles came, but they soon left.
Less shy, less embarrassed, I felt a shift.



Learning to swim, learning to dive, local link opened up, I started to thrive.

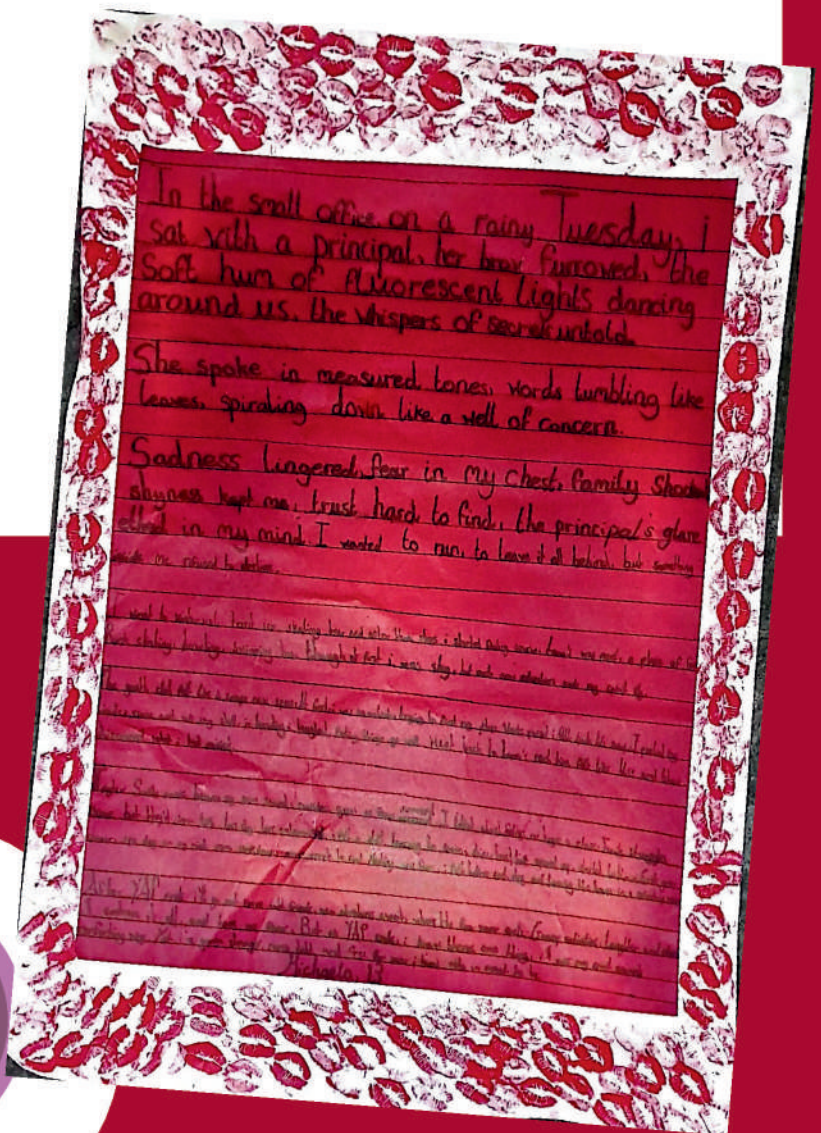
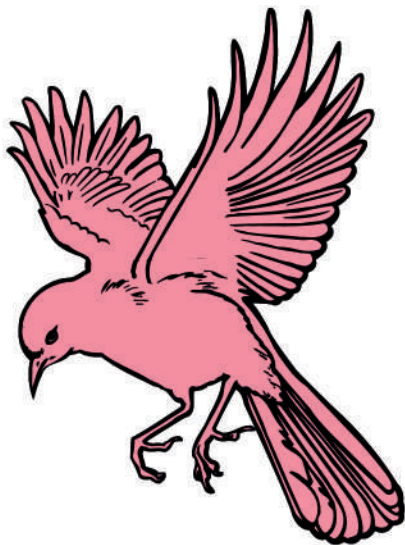
Goals grew clearer, spa day on my mind, more confidence and more people to find. Meeting new faces, I felt better each day and leaving the house in a refreshing way.

After YAP, I'll go out more with friends, new adventures await, where the fun never ends.

Group activities, laughter and cheer, I'll embrace it all and have no fear.

But as YAP ends, I know there's one thing I'll miss, my spirit animal's comforting wing.

Yet I've grown stronger, more bold and free, for now I know who I'm meant to be.





The Memories Bird

*Is a bird that helps you do things
You feel you can not do*

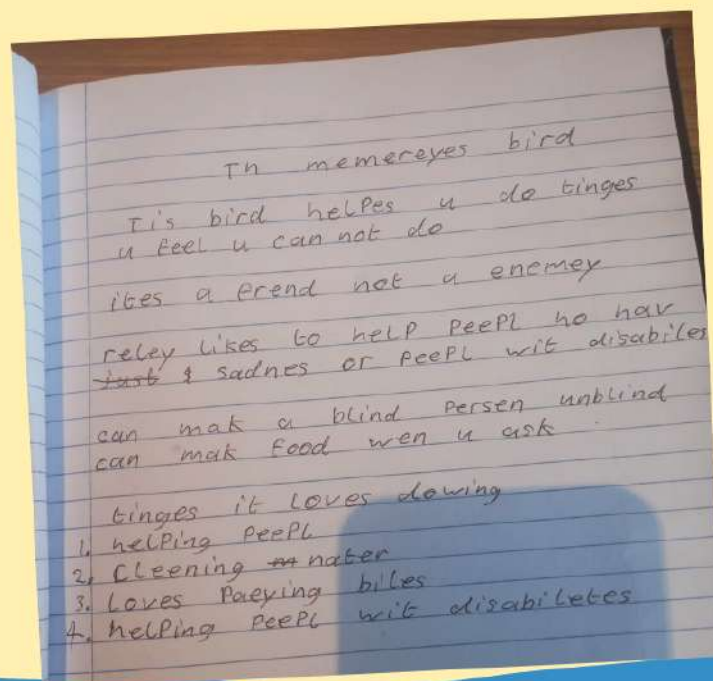
It's a friend not an enemy

*Who really likes to help people who have
sadness or people with disabilities*

*It can help blind people see.
It can make food when you ask.*

Things it loves doing:

*Helping people
Helping with cleaning and paying bills
Helping people with disabilities*



A Poem for Hope

The days are long and boring
With nothing much to do,
I sit around and think and miss
All the things I used to do.

But then the weather brightens
And the sun begins to shine,
I can hear all the birds singing
And it lifts this heart of mine.

I will focus on the positive,
And hope that you can too,
We can live our lives with all to give,
When all of this is through.



By Katie and Lisa - YAP Ireland

Thank You
Georgina

Let this remind you
That you're special
through and through
And thought about so warmly
and so very often too.
You're helpful and supportive
in a way that warms the heart,
Whatever happens,
You are there to play your thoughtful part.
Thank you for your kindness,
Which can never be repaid,
And Thank you for your understanding
And the difference it made.



The Closet And Me by Milo

I've been in here for years,
Others knowing is what I fear,
I do my best to hide away,
For I am colourful and they are grey.

For where others naturally fit in,
I have to hide what's within,
What I crave is acceptance,
But instead I'll be sentenced.

Sentenced to a life of hate,
All because I'm not straight,
Sentenced to a life of fighting,
To avoid it I keep lying.

Lying to myself and others,
Lying to my sister and brothers,
All because I fear their reaction,
All because they might not treat me
with compassion.

Until one day I was given advice,
My eyes went wide when I realised,
I can't live for others to accept me,
Only then can I truly be free.



my mam

Youth Advocate
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**My mam inspires me
on who I am and who to be.
If it's just to find my place, or win a race,
I'll always succeed in victory.**

**She teaches me right from wrong
and in difficult times to always stay strong.**

**Sometimes we argue, sometimes we fight
but then we make up and make things right.**

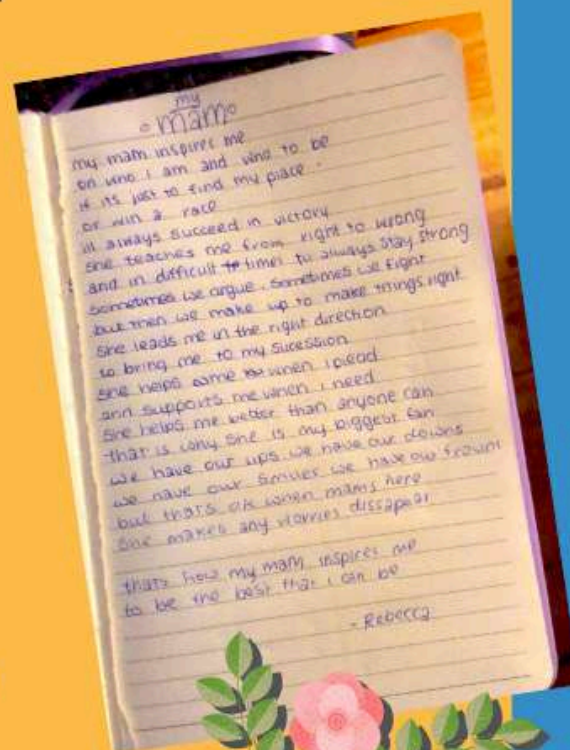
**She leads me in the right direction,
to bring me to my succession.**

**She helps me when I plead
and supports me when I need.**

**She helps me better than anyone can,
that's why she is my biggest fan.**

**We have our ups, we have our downs,
we have our smiles, we have our frowns
but that's okay, because when mam is here
she makes any worries disappear**

**That's how my mam inspires me,
to be the best that I can be.**



by Rebecca



**That little voice at your shoulder,
gets much louder when you're older.
It shouts,**

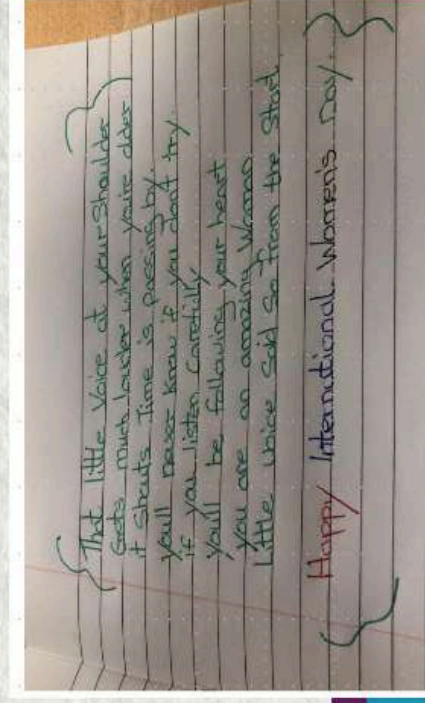
'Time is passing by, you'll never know if you don't try.'

If you listen carefully, you'll be following your heart.

You are one amazing woman.

Little voice said so from the start.

-Young Person (anonymous)



I am glad to be me

No one is just like me,
I have noticed this is true,

No one walks the way I walk,
No one talks the way I talk,
No one plays the way I play,
No one says the things I say,

Some things are different,
Some things are the same,
All of them are right,
I say this with all my might,

I know that I am special,
I know I am unique,
So is the person standing next to me,
So is the person standing next to you,

Here's a fact for sure,
There is no one I rather be than ME,
I am sure you would all agree!
And today we come to celebrate that YAP allows me the space to be ME.



Guided to give back, my journey with YAP

**I began my life without a steady place, through foster care, I
searched for grace. An advocate came, with kindness and care,
Through YAP Ireland, they were always there.**

**They showed me strength I didn't know, helped me believe, helped
me grow. Now I stand where they once stood, guiding others, as I
always knew I could.**

**On Women's Day, I share my voice, to rise, to lead, to make a
choice. For every woman, every fight, We shine together, a brilliant
light.**

Teaghan 😊

Untitled

When you look to my grave I will not be six feet under where you
stand,
My body will not lay there to rest.
I died in that house,
I'm buried in the walls.
I must have been,
Because I haven't felt alive a day since I left.

Anon

My story with YAP



My name is Sherry, so get on your nelly.

WE WENT SWIMMING.
THERE WAS A LOT OF
GRINNING



Don't forget the zoo
and the interview.



I MADE GREAT FRIENDS WITH BELLA.
SHE ALWAYS TALKS ABOUT HER FELLA



We went to the beach.

There's my speech



To Lorraine

by Emma

Four months ago, a seed was sown in a place where hope had rarely grown.

Emma stood in shadows deep, with heavy thoughts that stole her sleep.

YAP became her turnin' tide, a space she no longer had to hide.

A referral made a spark ignited, by fate or chance, two lives intertwined.

Lorraine walked in with quiet grace, a steady hand, a smiling face, and something shifted in Emma.

A flicker turned into a glowing whole, beach walks where silence spoke.

Of dreams once lost, of chains they broke, and Wexford winds and Waterford streets.

Over lunch shared in shopping streets, where every step a bond was made.

Through every laugh and tear we played, Emma found what once seemed rare.

Someone who listened, someone who cared.

They talked of pain, they talked of fears, of silent nights and unseen tears, but also joy and little wins.

The kind of growth that starts within.

Now Emma stands, with strength anew, believing in the things she'll do.
A voice, once faint, now dares to sing of hope of healing everything.

To Lorraine, who helped her see that she is strong, that she is free.
Thank you for the light you've shown in Emma's heart.
It still lives on, and to YAP, for all it gave, a pat, a hand, a chance to be brave.

Emma's journey'd just begun, with stars ahead and rising sun.





During it's over two decades of of work with young people and families, Youth Advocate Programmes Ireland have had a history of receiving beautifully written, fantastic poetry from all across the organisation.

Poetry can be one of the most emotional, humourous, heartfelt ways for someone to tell their story, and to celebrate the theme '*My Story*' YAP Ireland have complied this collection to inspire more people to share their own experiences and feelings through poetry in future.

