

A Good Life

(what citizenship means to me)

Hands off, it's my home!

I don't have a Rota blue-tacked to my wall
I don't expect to find one, anywhere at all
If the telephone is ringing, I pick up to see who calls
I don't have great big posters about slips and trips and falls

I decide what happens, when I go to bed, or eat
I decide who enters in, which people I will greet
I decide on furniture, which bed, which bath, which seat
I decide the temperature and when to turn up the heat

All the things around my house, they all belong to me
I don't have strangers coming in, changing channels on TV
All the post I get is opened by the addressee
I have dominion in my castle, I have my privacy.

I don't use my home for meetings, training or interviews
The colours in my carpet are my favourite chosen hues
All records kept about me are accurate and true
And, if I really want to, I will own 100 shoes!

I will make my choices, I will make my own decisions
And any Plan I make contains my own wishes and visions
Any person in my home is only here from my permission
No office do I have here, no rules and no restrictions

I decide who to employ to a vacant situation
I decide on where I want to store my medication
I have the right to keep my mother out of my accommodation
And I don't need to have a weekly fire evacuation

No risk assessments stop me from trying something new
I make my own mind up about everything I do
When I need support I will let you know if it is you
Hands off, it's my home – or Sam Sly and I will sue.

Poem by **Adrian Kennedy**

Inspired by training delivered by Sam Sly

