



A reflection on 14 year old self working in a school and meeting children who had disabilities and were from the local hospital for people with learning disabilities (circa early 80's)

The 'hospital' children

*Unwashed bodies and greasy hair
I need to know
Did someone care?*

*Socks... no elastic in the tops
Unbrushed hair
Unruly mops*

*Where did these children go at night?
Who cared for them?
Who saw their plight?*

*Another place
Time passes by
Another child and I ask why?*

*The hospital children
Shaped how I see
The world of learning disability*