

## **I Give Up by Izzy Dix**

I arrive,  
Happy and fresh,  
Ready and excited  
To celebrate the goodness.  
I am eager and keen to have a good time.  
As I smile from the bubbles of anticipation whizzing around my stomach,  
I begin to see the crowd,  
I see more people,  
Many are happy and joyful.  
They're there like me,  
To celebrate,  
I smile at them and say hello to the many faces I see,  
They look shocked and surprised to see me,  
I question their judgmental glares as I wonder,  
'What have I done wrong?'  
I see their drinks swilling in their fingers as their backs begin to face me.  
I try to edge my way back into the circle of giggles and talking,  
They push me away.  
I stand still,  
My eyes glazed and absent.  
Suddenly they call me over,  
I think, 'Yes! They've noticed me!'  
But then it begins,  
They start to ask questions,  
As to why I am there.  
They begin to tell me that nobody wants me there,  
They tell me to leave and that I am not wanted,  
Not there, not anywhere,  
My heart,  
My head,  
My body,  
Numb.  
I feel pricks of stinging begin to pinch my eyes as cheeks begin to burn.  
'Don't let them see you,  
Don't show them that you're weakened,  
Weakened by their remarks,  
Stay strong' I think,

But it's too late,  
My palms, clammy,  
My cheeks, streaming,  
My neck, sweating.  
I walk quickly away from the chanting and laughing,  
My vision, spinning,  
My heart, beginning to break.  
I look down and walk,  
My eyes drowning in a sea of emotion.  
Another piece of me chiselled away by their cruel remarks and perceptions,  
I give up.

**An excerpt from the poem is read in the video**