

The Story of Jack B.

*Jack B's mum and boyfriend they did not care,
They pinched his skin and pulled his hair,
They prodded and poked his little body,
Left him hungry, sad, smelly and grubby.*

*His battered, bruised body the doctor saw,
And they said Jack couldn't live at home
anymore,
Social services rushed to come to his aid,
And an emergency foster placement was made.*

*Jack was cleaned up, watered and fed,
And spent the night in a really nice bed,
But Jack couldn't sleep he was full of fear,
His red rosy cheeks were awash with tears.*

*What would you like for breakfast? His carer
said,
There's cereal, sausage, eggs, beans and bread,
Yes-said Jack that would be great!
And without using his cutlery he cleaned up his
plate.*

*I've found for you a nice new place,
His Social Worker said with a smile on her face,
What have I done wrong Jack B thought?
Been naughty? Oh well, it must be my fault!*

*The new home it was just not the same,
And Jack led the carers a merry game,
The placement has ended they said in a fax,
And we've put his young life into two rubbish
sacks.*

*Jack B. can be, at times, really cool,
But that doesn't last very long at all.
His foster carers he punches and kicks,
His Social Worker he's hit with a stick.*

*Ten years on the 'system's' merry-go
round,
His feet very rarely touch the ground,
A secure unit's the result of his latest
game,
But should Jack B. take all of the blame?*

*Challenging, difficult and hard to place,
The tears no longer run down Jack's face,
Nobody wants him - they care even less,
This fifteen-year-old boy is really a mess!*

*Born in the wrong place and given no
hope,
At the end of his tether, he tightens the
rope,
To lose this young life is a real crying
shame,
But shouldn't we all take a part of the
blame?
D.Rayner*



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