

## **I Know A Secret**

Smile for the camera my dear, smile! Says the boss,  
tell the world how happy you are  
how far things have progressed, how wonderful this capitalist world.  
You demanded change and we listened, yes; smile for the camera.  
A job for life, give us your life and we'll give you a job.  
You'll thrive! You're valued, says the boss.

But I know a secret.

I know of the burnout behind your smile  
I know of your daily anguish and shed tears every night.  
They demand that you're perfect  
They demand that you're fast  
They mock you and whisper, every time you walk past.

Worthless and small,  
you grow now so old  
You've given your life, your dreams...  
Your soul.

**by David Brown (about his grandmother)**

(Created during image and artefact response writing in the workshop by Emma Pass - 'Burn Bright'  
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