

Dignity is
my human presence.
I am you; you are me,
why do you not see?

Dignity is
equality, equity.
Though we have differences
we both deserve fair treatment.

Dignity is
not being invisible.
My open role being respected
without judgement and prejudice.

Dignity is
acknowledgement of the fact
that I matter in this world.
Discard your assumptions.

Dignity is
seeing another human being clearly
and being seen yourself.
Take off those heavy masks
that judge without love.

Dignity is
letting me be me,
allowing all humans
to be free.

Dignity is hers when she
Can hold her head up high
And pay no heed to those who mock
Or turn their face away
Shoulders back, walking tall
Oblivious to shame
Apparently quite unaware
Of those who call her names

Scrounger, slattern, waste of space
Living off the state
'Don't blame the man for leaving her
She should have played his game',
Now she's a single parent
Living hand to mouth
A millstone round the neck of those
Whose taxes pay her tab

But what gives you the right to judge
Who think yourselves so fine
Even if she's all you say
You've never worn her shoes
Ignorant of the history
That brought her to this place
Or the strength she needs to counteract
Your bricks and sticks and stones

It used to cause her anguish
She'd cower and protest
But then she learned to smother
The feelings of despair
She forged a ring of iron
Around her tender parts
You'll never see her shed a tear
Until she's closed her door.

She's standing tall in spite of you
She doesn't need your praise
She knows her worth, her value
You can't take that away
Resilience, generosity
That you will always lack
And the dignity she owns in droves
She isn't giving back.

Sandra Falconer

The calm controlled manner
In which I lead my life
Is occasionally broken
By the tweeting bird of strife

It yells and yells
Until its fingers are sore
Never taking time to breathe
Touch grass outside some more

It's not like I engage it
On even particularly avoid
But on and on it goes
Echoes in the void

They're just so very angry
And I'm just being me
So, which of these two
Lives with dignity

Dignity is mine to own,
my dignity is my right.
It's respect for my situation.
It's acceptance of my difference.
Dignity is knowing my own worth,
justifying my worth, only to me.
Dignity is you accepting
that my existence is worthwhile,
and is none of your business.
I don't need your approval,
I don't need to adhere
to your standards or beliefs,
because I have standards
and beliefs of my own.

Dignity is the respect given to yourself
Dignity is what you do within your family
Dignity is what you do within for friends
Dignity is what you do within your community,
where you live and environment.

Dignity is how the society treats you
and how you want to treat the society
between the rich and poor.
The help you can give to others
brings you and them dignity.

It's like 'what goes around comes around,'
'one good turn deserves another.'

Treat people the way you want them
to treat you, respect people so that you
can be respected.
Don't look down on anyone.
Please do to others as you want them
to do unto you!

Dignity is self-respect.

I remember dignity

I remember dignity, how I loved those shiny black boots so much, the ones mums friend gave her for me after her daughter grew out of them.

I remember dignity, skipping to school in my not so new, new leather boots, thinking I was cool.

I remember dignity, play time coming around, and the sound, the shouts of kinky boots, these boots are made for walking and secondhand shoes.

I remember dignity, I wanted to be swallowed up by the ground, how I wanted to hide and get rid of the boots where they would never be found.

I remember dignity, cruelty, nothing I hadn't experienced before, but not for something I'd initially adored.

I remember dignity, the pain, the hurt, the shame, I still feel it on my skin, in my head, I still wear the weight of it in my heart for that little girl shamed for the boots she had loved.