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## A Poem

by Aroha Jane, aged 13  
from Youth Law Review

What is it like to be me today  
Now that's really very hard to say  
Because it seems that only the other day all I wanted to do was play  
But things are changing so very fast  
Who I am today just may not last  
Tomorrow today will be my past  
Everything is rushing by so very fast  
A year ago my chest was flat and I was just a skinny brat  
Now I've bulges all over the place and four small pimples on my face  
One day I'm happy the next I'm sad One day I'm good the next I'm bad  
Mum said my hormones are on the go  
Dad said he supposes she ought to know  
My friends and I have our music loud and we like to be in one big crowd  
My mate and I like to dress the same, lie on our beds and dream of fame  
Then next day I just want to be three and curl up on my fathers knee  
Now boys have got a problem too and I don't always know what to do  
Once they didn't seem to exist and now when I see them I giggle and twist  
It must be the hormones on the go again  
They really are getting to be a pain  
My mums hung up on sex and stuff  
she goes on about it till I've had enough  
This growing up is taking so long I hope like hell it doesn't go wrong  
So when you ask what it's like to be me  
It's hard to say as you can see  
Tomorrow I may not be what I am today  
The person I was may have gone away  
So I guess I'll just have to wait and see what the future will do to me.



I KNOW I'm good cause  
god don't make no junk!