

# MOVE ON

How do I get myself up in the morning? it's not a poetic answer unfortunately. I get up because the alarm is set on my Alexa in the other room, and she can't hear me shout, "Alexa, stop the alarm" from my bed. I get up because my medication needs to be taken before 8am, or else I'll be awake half the night. I get up from necessity, so I can go to work, so I can get paid very little, so I can be valued even less. I find it hard to find poetry in such a mundane start to the day, it's even a little depressing, so why do I do it?

**ELEVATE**



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I think about this. You know, I don't have to. I could live without alarms, without medication, without work. I've done it before. I do it because I've chosen this - the alarm in the next room forces me out of bed and up into the living room, where the kettle is nearby so after I tell Alexa to pipe down it's easy enough to get the coffee on. I sit with my phone and my black instant coffee and I do the daily wordle, ready the daily al-anon pages, respond to my messages. I've chosen to take a medication every day because it makes the day easier.

**ELEVATE**



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Perhaps secretly I enjoy my job; I like my colleagues, I like the work, I know I'm good at it, and if I'm honest I care even less for the bosses than they do for me. There's value in what I do; I fold laundry. Towels and sheets. I take things that are used and dirty and crumpled and I make them fresh and clean and folded. I bring joy to everyone who gets their washing back from me.

**ELEVATE**



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I hope one day to be the kind of person who gets up because they're excited for the day, makes a smoothie, does yoga, and looks at the trees. Someone who finds it easy. I even pointed the bed towards the window so I could see the trees, but in the morning I just look at my coffee.

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I love instant coffee, I prefer it to what you get in coffee shops. I use the same mug every day. I got it in Denmark, I moved there for a year during university. My granddad sent me £20 for my birthday and told me to buy myself a gift, save him some postage. Denmark was so expensive I could only get a single mug. It was the only one I had all year. I've moved home now, and my granddad is long gone, and I have lots of mugs to choose from, but it's always this one.

**ELEVATE**



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I'm grateful to have medication. I fought a long time with doctors to get diagnosed, to get seen, to be believed. It's a victory to take it every day. My job, my coffee, my routine, these are things I can take pride in. Maybe it isn't that mundane or depressing. It doesn't have to be poetic to be pleasant.

"Alexa, stop alarm." And then, after a short pause - "Thank you, Alexa."

- Elizabeth

**ELEVATE**

