

Dean Atta: I come from

I come from shepherd's pie and Sunday roast,
jerk chicken and stuffed vine leaves.
I come from travelling through my taste buds but loving where I live.

I come from a home that some would call broken.
I come from D.I.Y. that never got done.
I come from waiting by the phone for him to call.

I come from waving the white flag to loneliness.
I come from the rainbow flag and the union jack.
I come from a British passport and an ever-ready suitcase.

I come from jet fuel and fresh coconut water.
I come from crossing oceans to find myself.
I come from deep issues and shallow solutions.

I come from a limited vocabulary but an unrestricted imagination.
I come from a decent education and a marvellous mother.
I come from being given permission to dream but choosing to wake up instead.

I come from wherever I lay my head.
I come from unanswered questions and unread books,
unnoticed effort and undelivered apologies and thanks.

I come from who I trust and who I have left.
I come from last year and last year and I don't notice how I've changed.
I come from looking in the mirror and looking online to find myself.

I come from stories, myths, legends and folk tales.
I come from lullabies and pop songs, Hip Hop and poetry.
I come from griots, grandmothers and her-story tellers.

I come from published words and strangers' smiles.
I come from my own pen but I see people torn apart like paper,
each a story or poem that never made it into a book.