

# I Am From

By Ros Black

(Based on a poem by George Ella Lyons)

I am from an old mangle  
Strangling the washing until it shrieks,  
From the soapy suds spilling onto the floor.

I am from that cold damp kitchen  
Smelling of bleach, burning my nostrils.

I am from teaching, preaching, always knowing best;  
From John and Mary and their stale marriage.

I am from the imagination of a story-teller  
And the frustration of a crushed spirit.

I am from Brompton, stock unknown,  
A stew of grease and melted cheese.

I am from Uncle Charlie and his magic lantern shows,  
Big Nan's fire, kettle burning, embers glowing;  
Soot sodden sofa and a dog named Scot.

I am from the country air, fresh, invigorating.  
A self forged by my past, my memories,  
And my own quiet determination  
To be ME.

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