I COME FROM

I come from a suburb waiting forever

for the train to London,

from smashed windows, graffiti,

fog on the platform,

skinheads and fights

if you look the wrong way

I come from clean handkerchiefs,

dinner money, God

please and sorry one hundred times over,

draft excluders and double glazing

I come from Chambers Etymological Dictionary,

maths tables, 11+, Look &amp; Learn

an almost complete set of Observer I-Spy books

a family of teachers and yet more teachers,

an Orkney grandfather, a Shropshire grandma

from no accent at all

I come from kindness

I come from doh-re-me: The Sound of Music

recorders, clarinets, a pianola

all the way from Scotland

I come from rats behind the garage,

and a man who followed me

back from the library

I come from silence

I come from a garden

from my father mowing the lawn into the dark

from fences, walls, gates and hedges

Cuthberts seed packets, The Perfect Small Garden

from the sound through the night

of trains, trains, trains

Robert Seatter