



I'm from pimento & scotch bonnet encasing
meat in pit-fires and multi-purpose machetes.
I travelled through a flood-gate
rebuilt Britain after the war.

I'm a Windrush follower,
greeted with the hostile saliva of
the frightened unemployed.
I'm from rebellious offspring who had endured worse.

I'm from my grandmothers wage packet
that stretched over the Atlantic
to feed and clothe an 8 year old boy
who would become my dad.

I'm from my Nana Rachel,
who feared that her brother wouldn't send for her,
so she wore a dress two sizes too big
to hide the surprise her belly.

Christianity, Kiffa Beads and Cane (extract)
Ioney Smallhorne

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