

Where I Come From

by Adaora, Year 8

I come from a house on a road
where the air is heavy with noises
of joy, of anger, of sadness
I come from a place where the smell of jollof rice sticks to your body
and spice hangs in the air.
I come from a quiet room
where a bible lay next to me
and mind is at peace
I come from hours of revision
of maths, English, science.
From books on the table,
pencils on the floor,
and a mission on my mind.
I come from split families,
of trips between one parent's house,
and the other
living two separate lives.
I come from headphones,
from music that puts a smile of your face
and calls your body to move with a,
"A one and a two and a three and four!"
From Nigeria, with sand and food
and loving relatives
From England, with rain and damp pavements
and too many memories.
I come from here, there and everywhere
But most of all, I come from me.