

## Roots

My roots are more than the people in my bloodline,  
more than a diagram of my family tree.  
They are in my ink stained name at the bottom of a love letter  
filled with drawings and poems and random thoughts  
all scrawled with desire of wanting to share everything I can.

My roots are the curl of the C,  
the curl of my hair,  
and the waves I have swam through  
and the wetness of my cheeks  
from downward eyes and quivering lips.

My roots are in my laugh, my smile, and my skin;  
in my seasick stomach, my loaded liver  
and my beating, blood-pumping, jumping heart.

My roots are a love of olives and omelettes and paella and tapas bars.  
Give me sweet sangria, good music and great friends,  
a shyness that shines, not a shyness that defines.  
Bull star signs and red fabric of sex and passion and blood  
All draped over me like the emperor's new clothes.

My roots are gravy over everything,  
baths and showers full of gravy,  
rivers and lakes and scuba diving tanks.  
Spinning round in tea cups  
and breaking saucers.

My roots are words words words,  
reading and poetry and essays,  
talking and shouting and not getting a word in edgeways.

My roots are art,  
sculptures and paint splatting at CSM.  
Drip drip drip  
into colouring books and dot-to-dots.

My roots are musical notes and little songs,  
bringing on the trumpets from my grandad's brass band.  
The tinkle of his father's piano fades with memory,  
and I wish I could play but all I have is a DVD and a dusty keyboard  
and amputated arms; my hands running away from ticking clocks whilst my laptop melts.

My roots are present through my bark to my branches to my leaves,  
even when fallen,  
even when the wind sweeps them away and scatters them among the earth.  
My roots are everywhere I am.