

A Leaf With Skeleton Veins

I am from a leaf with skeleton veins.
From the higgledy piggledy house with the marble fireplace.

I am from miniatures and singing music hall songs like "Sally in our Alley"
and "We'll Meet Again,"
but we never did.

I am from being nearsighted and seeing with insect-vision.
I am from a mother who believed in fairies.

I am from England, but I'm not only English.
I am from my granny's apple and blackberry crumble,
windfalls in the garden.

I am from sepia photographs packed under mum's specter of a bed.
We fade, crease, our curator gone. I whisper, "Look at me. I'm alive."