



## Teacups and Daffodils

I am from razor-rimmed china cups filled with scalding tea,  
from McVities and Cadbury.

I am from the wonkiest house you'll ever see  
with the most beautiful trees.

I am from the graveyard snowdrop,  
the insistent daffodils of spring,

I am from "a cup of tea makes everything better,"  
and a stiff upper lip,

from Gladys and Justine and Josephine Sablesatin.

I am from painters and writers and players of music.

From “never put off until tomorrow what you can do today,”  
and “a stitch in time saves nine.”

I am from the Lord’s Prayer every morning at school.

I am from “All Things Bright and Beautiful”  
sung with heart as full as my red choir robe.

I’m from the forests of Runnymede, and also from the dry fields near Johannesburg,  
from bangers and mash, and fish and chips.

From the time my grandparents met on a beach and knew it was fate,  
the bee stings said to cure my mother’s rheumatic fever,  
and the time my mother disappeared for a year  
because she wanted some space.

I am from the box of photographs at the foot of my mother’s bed,  
and the photographs of my children at the head of mine.