

Who I was

Scars tell the story

of who I was.

A boy, removed; the woman told a story

of who I was.

Her story told too,

of who she was.

Through camera flashes, printed headlines; my face

my scars, told you the story of

who I was.

Time's healing balm, my scars falling silent;

the story fading,

of who I was.

What was it like? Before I became

who I was?

Bombs, bloodshed, brutality, left for dead.

Rescued with good intent, on the road to Hell.

Embittered, betrayed, losing myself,

to my fate and booze.

They did not even know

who I was.

I had lived, an unknown mother still lived,

a nation died.

A world away, linked by DNA,

my cheek, her cheek,

declared as one, or 99.999,

was this proof?

Good enough for her and mine.

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"Listen Up!": A Poem Entry for the Prison Reform Trust 2019 Writing Competition

Now confirmed as one body; from a time before
Back before, when I was, who I used to be.
We both will learn through foreign tongues,
that a part of us lives;
who we were,
yet exists.
The mouth of the mother, giving voice to genetic sleuth;
to tell a new story,
of who I was.

Who will I be now?
Who I was,
has played its part.
But must now exit,
for me to now begin who I might become;
who I am yet to be.
Who I am.

Word Count: 226