

Originally

Carol Ann Duffy

Second reading:

Speaker: Family member, Carol Ann duffy?

Happening: about moving and assimilation into a new country

Atmosphere: Very uneasy (narrator is struggling)

Mood: dreary, and sad

Mood Change: Shifts in stanzas with the different aspects of moving

Why does the mood change: growth of the person

We came from our own country in a red room
which fell through the fields, our mother singing
our father's name to the turn of the wheels.
My brothers cried, one of them bawling, *Home*,
Home, as the miles rushed back to the city,
the street, the house, the vacant rooms
where we didn't live any more. I stared
at the eyes of a blind toy, holding its paw.

(We all have gone through childhood and the emotions of growing up)

All childhood is an emigration. Some are slow,
leaving you standing, resigned, up an avenue
where no one you know stays. Others are sudden.
Your accent wrong. Corners, which seem familiar,
leading to unimagined pebble-dashed estates, big boys
eating worms and shouting words you don't understand.

My parents' anxiety stirred like a loose tooth (Like you always move a loose tooth, its constant)
??? in my head. *I want our own country*, I said.

But then you forget, or don't recall, or change,
and, seeing your brother swallow a slug, feel only
a skelf of shame. I remember my tongue
shedding its skin like a snake, my voice (Changing her accent)
in the classroom sounding just like the rest. Do I only think
I lost a river, culture, speech, sense of first space
and the right place? Now, *Where do you come from?*
strangers ask. *Originally?* And I hesitate.

Literacy: Sensory images
and description of what is
going on

Carol Ann Duffy

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