

THERE ARE PLACES TO REMEMBER SADNESS by Jade

Some days, the shops are shut
Where once there were no shops.
The traffic lights change
Where once there were no lights.
Our faces drop, our hands fall empty
Everything we needed
Was in our gardens.

Some days we would watch
And listen to the rain
From the grass-thatched houses,
Custom-built
With small windows and mud walls.

Some days we did not speak.
Because we had nothing to say to one another.

Some days we would just sit side by side.

Most days we did not wear shoes
We loved walking bare foot
It took us back to the olden days
When we hunted with spears.

We walked miles to visit our loved ones,
Especially women,
For when they married
They left their villages.

We loved our old ways
Because we did not have to pay
For anything, even food,
We grew everything in our gardens.

We grew our own cotton
Which we sold to pay the school fees.

People walked to visit their loved ones
In their handmade sandals
Made from bicycle tyres.

Children walked barefoot to school,
People borrowed bicycles
And would send someone young
To pick up or take something
To their loved ones far away.

But we have adapted to the new ways
Even if they are costly
We moved with the tide,
So to speak.