**Originally**

Imagery-car as room=comfort, containing all belongings

Alliteration-coziness, comfort

Inclusive language-possession, ownership, identity and belonging

We came from our own country in a red room

Loss of control, displacement

which fell through the fields, our mother singing

Assonance-loose link

soothing

our father’s name to the turn of the wheels.

Repetition emphasises distress, longing

distress

My brothers cried, one of them bawling, Home,

Home, as the miles rushed back to the city,

Rule of three-emphasis on world around child

Flashback, reminiscing

the street, the house, the vacant rooms

where we didn’t live any more. I stared

Blank, prolonged gaze

at the eyes of a blind toy, holding its paw.

Need for comfort, support, emphasises childish nature

Reflecting on experience-toy as useleess

Short statement-extended metaphor-childhood as a movement from one state of being to another-‘life is a journey’

All childhood is an emigration. Some are slow,

Slow distancing with age-growing up and growing apart-adult loneliness

leaving you standing, resigned, up an avenue

where no one you know stays. Others are sudden.

Abruptness of sentence highlights feeling of alienation

Short sentence highlights abrupt/traumatic nature of change

Your accent wrong. Corners, which seem familiar,

Unable to adjust, environment hard, unwelcoming

leading to unimagined pebble-dashed estates, big boys

eating worms and shouting words you don’t understand.

Loose tooth-constantly aware of it, wiggling it-anxiety over whereabouts/safety always present, always on edge-like to childhood change

Unwelcoming, frightening

My parents’ anxiety stirred like a loose tooth

in my head. I want our own country, I said.

Nostalgia, plea of longing for a sense of familiarity

But then you forget, or don’t recall, or change,

Scots word-link back to original home-betrayal of old ways

Link back to ‘eating worms’-idea of proving oneself, adapting

Assimilation-survival, adaption

Turning point

and, seeing your brother swallow a slug, feel only

Loss of patriotism

a skelf of shame. I remember my tongue

Enjambment mimics snake shape; signal new beginnings, but reference to betrayal?

shedding its skin like a snake, my voice

Assimilation, lost all individuality

in the classroom sounding just like the rest. Do I only think

Rhetorical Q-not a purely geographical or social change, but part of herself lost

I lost a river, culture, speech, sense of first space

Italics= change of voice

and the right place? Now, *Where do you come from?*

strangers ask. *Originally?* And I hesitate.

Abrupt ending, no answer-still unsure of identity