

No Place Like (longpoem) By Kerry Andrew

I am from a planet named Earth.

I am from my mummy's tummy.

From Homerton Hospital.

I am from Flapper Fold Lane.

I am from Cross-in-Hand, Stilton, Rothley and Yarm,

Swadincote, Saxthorpe, Hassocks and Hythe,

Little Billing, Great Billing, the Muir of Ord,

A little street in Little London.

From Irvine, from Hackney, from Eastbourne, from Cardiff,

From Mansfield, from Manchester, Peterborough, Glasgow

Nottingham, South Shields, London, Southampton

Carmarthenshire, Cambridgeshire,

The Highlands, the Isle of Man.

I am from England. From Scotland. From Wales.

I am from the UK. Great Britain.

I am 98% Great Britain and 2% Hong Kong.

I am from Poland, from India, Chile, Dubai

Lithuania, Latvia, Slovakia, Spain

Australia, Germany, Azerbaijan

Nigeria, Ghana, Iraq, Pakistan

Canada, Egypt, Switzerland, Portugal,

Jamaica, New Zealand, France and Brazil.

I am from Europe.

North America.

Asia. Africa.

I am from the Solar System.

I am from the Milky Way.

The galaxy of galaxies.

I am from the Big Bang.

My home is down the road. Up the hill. Far away.

My home is the end cottage by the sea in a forest.

My home is near the Martello Towers and near Tesco's

And my home is where the Pokemon hide.

My home is on a farm. On an estate.

My home is Granny's. My home is wherever my family is.

It makes me feel lucky, wanted, artistic, alive

Sporty, shiny, safe and secure

Musical, weird, toasty and very chillaxed.

It's better than school.

It makes me feel sad, because some people don't have homes.

My home makes me feel burned out.

Depressed. Tired. Bored.

Home makes me feel rubbish.

My home is like World War Three.

My home makes me feel like me.
Like The Boss. Legendary.
Unique, belonging, over the moon
Protected, respected, epic -
My home makes me feel heroic.

My home is sick – I love it. It's where my life is.
It's mad, manic, messy,
(Messy because we make it messy)
It's paradise, chaos.
My home is 600 years old. My home has just been built.
It was built by my Dad.
White bricks, red bricks, blue bricks,
Bricks the colour of cinammon.
My home is a chocolate fountain with cookies on top.
It has a swimming pool, ten toilets, pool table and cinema.
It has a den my brother built for me and a dungeon,
And lots of clocks and books.
We have a PS4, an Xbox One, an Xbox 360 and two massive 90 inch TVs.
My home is surrounded by trees.
There's a horse on my street, literally.

My home is small. My home is gigantic.
My home is hot. Bright. Haunted.

My home is not the best-looking.
A few of the drains need sorting. The taps don't work. But it is beautiful to me!
My home is cold! The gas company are a liability!

My home is scented with blossoming flowers and a hint of dog.
It is full of spiders. You can hear the cat scratching at the door.

My home is my safe zone.
It's a warm fire in the middle of the Arctic.
It's quiet and peaceful like blue jelly.
Warm and comfy with comfy warmcomfyness.

It's the place where I am free to be who I want to be.
My home is my home.

My hometown is my hometown.
Where the root of the rhythm comes from.
It's somewhere I know like the back of my hand.
It's kinda small, but kinda big.
A pretty village. A capital in my mind.
Full of old people, full of young people
Quiet, loud, fabulous.
Muddy. Glamorous.
Good swings, big trees,
A hive of people rushing around as busy as bees.
It's where I am proud to be.
I love how we are all a community.
You always meet someone you know.

All the cool people in the world are here.
It's the one place. The only place.
#dreamtown

It's very religious. Very rainy. Very Welsh.
It's so great because it's the country of the great Sir Tom Jones.

My hometown is full of incredible things.
There's a football field. A Spar shop. An old Saxon village.
A windmill. An ancient castle. The Transporter bridge.
Basketball, running clubs, gymnastics, church
Pub, wacky warehouse, sewage works.
The access to retail outlets.
You can buy really cheap video games.
My hometown is painted red.

Woods, fields and flowers.
More greenery than most places.
In the summer the grass grows long, and
Sometimes deer jump from the bushes.
There's a never-ending patch of land with an infinite number of paths
That is abundant with rabbits and birds. And black slugs.

There is a Greek restaurant, a gambling place, a Sainsbury's, and two bike shops, a pet salon, a vet, a tax person, a hairdresser's and a church.

There's a café that makes the best bacon sandwiches.
An amazing Iranian restaurant.
I can walk to the sweet shop.
Tasty snacks and food and drinks and cake
Costa, McDonald's.

My hometown is ugly and annoying.
There's pollution and chicken and chip shops which ever have any customers.

My favourite thing about where I live is the atmosphere.
It's orange and full of unicorns.
I can see the stars.
It smells lovely in May.

My hometown is in Syria.

The different cultures, and places to try new things
The people and the history of the people
All different religions come together
Everybody knows everybody.
YOU CAN NEVER GET LOST.
It's full of my friends.

It's where I always want to be. Where I want to be forever.

A big bang. LOUD!

There's the railway and the whistle as the steam train whooshes past

The clackety clack of the wheels on the track
Cars zooming, tyres screeching, police cars, an ambulance,
Motorbikes revving, a low-pitched sound, a rich sound
Like a roaring lion. Like a tiger ready to catch its prey.
Go-Karts, lorries, rubbish trucks reversing
Skateboards, bikes, sirens whizzing, high-speed trains,
Brain music.

People charging around like mad. Arguing about queues,
Shoes tapping on the ground,
BLAH BLAH, they go on the phone, BLAH BLAH,
People running, talking, stomping, chomping
Drunk people singing in the pub, laughter
Smashing bottles, babies crying, children playing in the park
Teenagers raiding chicken shops
My friends knocking at the door
Mum shouting 'WAKE UP!'

The cockerel. Dawn chorus.
Birds singing their melodious tunes.
Crows cackling, geese honking,
Seagulls tapping on the roof,
Pigeons on the tree, pheasants in the field,
Red kites, ducks, a very noisy owl,
Canada geese flying above my caravan.

The wind bangs the bins.
Rain splatters in torrents,
Trees are shaking, leaves rustle.
The sound of the burn rushes past me.

I also hear horses neighing from the gypsies nearby.
Cows mooing noisily at 5am because Dad is late to feed them.
Rapacious foxes, deer rutting.

Sound dies off as it passes the houses. Silence.
It's a peaceful world.

The half-time whistle at the recreation ground.
The ice-cream van.
Footballs bouncing off fences.
The Call To Prayer at my Mosque.
Echoes from the old steelworks.
The bellowing sound of the Goose Fair crowd.
The cancer machine.
Guns firing on the firing range.
The distant foghorn of a cruise liner.
People shouting during a shinty.
Kayak blades hitting the water.
Aircraft sounds from the air show.
Scottish bagpipes being played around the city centre.
Rugby chants. The Welsh National Anthem.

The winches hauling the fishing boats up the beach.
Sea shanties being sung in the open air.
The bells of the carillon in Queen's Park.

Football songs about Jamie Vardy.
Morris men dancing and singing on May Day.
The music from the cheese rolling on the Spring Holiday.
The practising of the army band every Saturday.
Late night basketball.
The ICI test siren every Tuesday at 10am.
The occasional click of Mummy using her computer.
A squirrel scratching at my window at night.

I can hear blue bells.

Home is where the heart is.
The trust is, the love is.
Where the fun is, the food is, the family is,
It's where the pasta, the piano, the iPod is,
The purple prickly thistle is.

Home is where the happiness is.
The kitten, the kettle, the horse, the rabbit,
the sofa, the waffles, the pizza, hot chocolate,
the Xbox, the charger, the PS4.
Home is where the wifi is.

Home is where the moon is, the sun.
The rainbow.

Home is where the monster is.

Home is where the refuge is.
Where the past is.
Where the memories are.

Home is where the story begins.
