

on Sesame Street who you can tell your secrets to through the coal  
shed window.

A Moses basket, and me lying face down dejected on the carpet.

*However much parents prepare the child for the new arrival, nothing  
can prepare her for the emotional shock of the real event.*

The back seats of a car:  
bench for a back lane playground:  
stage set for a family.

A job in a factory painting bouncy castles and a waterbed big enough  
for the four of us.

We bought Bewick Road because the people who owned it wouldn't sell  
it to the Jewish Community. We got it cheap because they were racists.

but I have the idea of a social club in a car park towards Bensham Bank.  
We moved into a flat there before we bought the house.  
We wheeled the double bed from there with the bees, to the house.  
We wheeled the double bed through the streets to Bewick Road  
because it wouldn't fit in Brian's van.

I thought I would have some innate sense, gravitational pull, body  
geography, follow my sense of self as self-from-here; that the shape  
of this place would live in the movement of my feet.

I was supposed to leave.

I am strong-armed, or weak-willed to return.

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