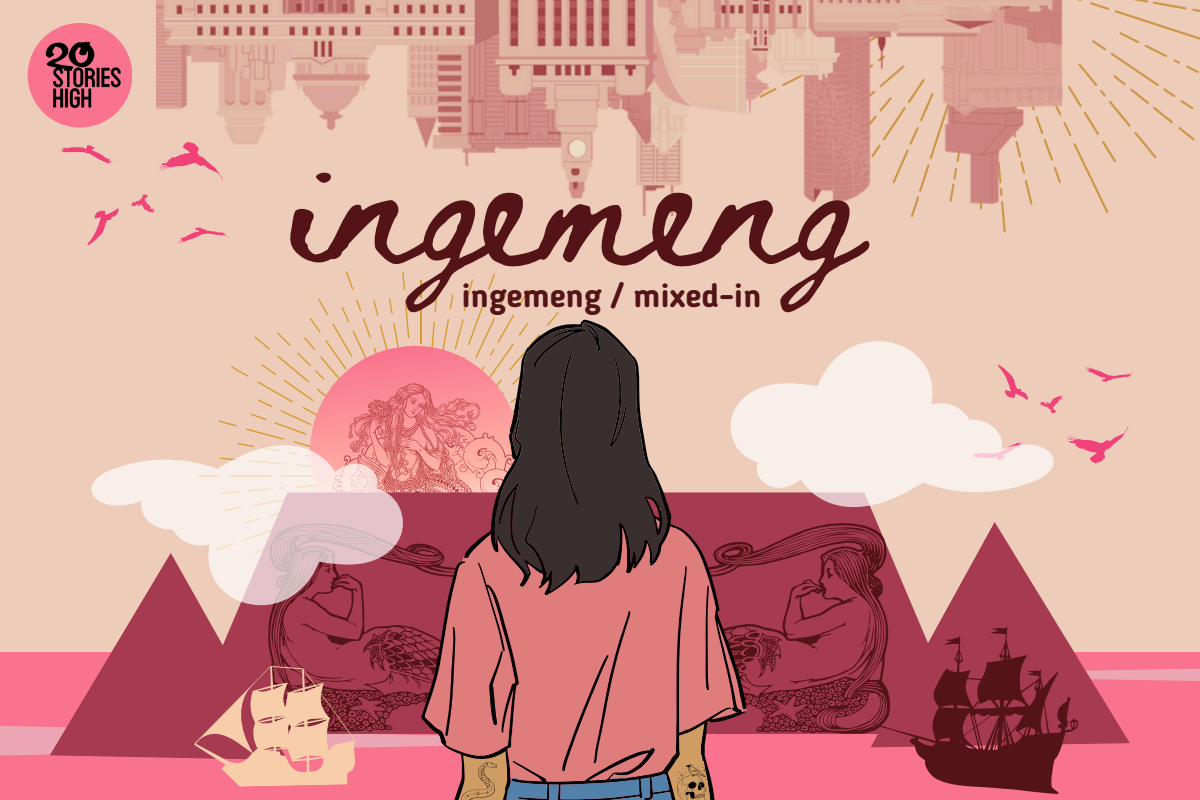


20
STORIES
HIGH

ingemeng

ingemeng / mixed-in



Contents

Introduction to Ingemeng	pages 1–2
Poems from the Ingemeng Creative Writing Workshop ...	pages 3–13
Poems by students from Kings Leadership Academy	pages 14–18
Poems by students from Windsor Primary	pages 19–20
Signposting	page 21
Credits	page 22

Content Warning: Mentions of slavery, colonialism, racism, white supremacy, segregation, bullying, discrimination, childhood trauma, violence, migration.

ingemeng

ingemeng / mixed-in



Ameera Conrad

“Where are you from? No but where are you really from?” Questions I’ve been asked more times than I’d like to admit.

Sometimes out of genuine curiosity, most times to point out that I don’t belong here. The answer is as simple as it is complicated – I’m from Cape Town, but I find my roots in Europe, South East Asia, and Southern Africa.

Colonialism. Classic. Ingemeng has been a project through which I have begun an exploration of my place on this island (England). Part of that...



ingemeng

ingemeng / mixed-in



...journey has been inviting adults and young people from immigrant backgrounds (either first or second or third generation), to share their journeys and advice through a poetry and letter writing campaign. It is our great pleasure to share some of those with you.

Ingenious Creative Writing Workshop

Fynbos by Ameera Conrad

I Come From... By Shannon Naughton-May

Letter To My Younger Self by Telema Jack

Charles John Baillie by Tracey Dunn

Fabulous Fatima by Fatima Sharif Ali

I Am by Beth Hollihead

I Was, I Am, I Will by Leonora Kawa

I Come From... by Leonisha Barley

Fynbos

Table mountain is on fire
Parts of me burning to be back home where I came
from where I wanted to be fynbos cushions and tote
bags from the district 6 museum the only bits of me that
I have here why did I come I watch my home burn
every year yeverly year there are fires on the mountain
fire fire there is a fire on the mountain fire fire every
year I see it on a screen and I want to buy a ticket home
but I can't afford it because I have to pay rent and taxes
always rent and taxes rent and taxes and I go home and
I hate home and I hate the load and the load shedding
how do I shed the load of feeling like I have to carry my
country on my back carry my family on my back carry
myself on my feet I don't like England

Many Fynbos species have seeds that are adapted to germinate after a fire. Some seeds have a hard seed coat that only opens after it is exposed to heat, while others have a mechanism to be spread by fire. This means that fire plays a key role in the reproduction of many Fynbos species

The terrible burden of being The first
First Born / First Daughter / First Degree /
First to Leave
Make a Holiday of Home
Become a tourist in your town
Packed parts of yourself into boxes
stuffed in the already-too-full-boiler-room-closet-storage-
Closet - because there's no real storage space for yourself
in a shared rental where the walls are all called Magnolia
You thought you could blossom here
But you're fynbos
You need fire to sow your seeds
You need to burn everything you thought you were
to be made new
to bloom
to burn again
and grow again

I was born to burn
I was born to blaze
Being both fire
and fire fighter

by Ameera Conrad

I Come From...



I come from the land of green, white and blue
Where gumbe, laughter and diamonds run through.

I come from the land of the free
A Sierran with Yoruba ancestry.

I come from high fashion and higher
head ties

Lace lapas, patterned print and
sparkly wrappers.

And the magic of the green lipstick
that turned purple
by the warmth of my mother's
kisses.



I come from a cocktail of sunshine, culture and dreams
Where people from all walks of life streamed.

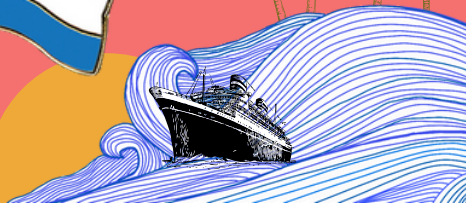
I come from the land of red, white and blue
Where football fans, migrants and those same
diamonds run through.

They shine and shimmer in the crown on the head of state
Because this country's history involves
slavery, sailing and stealing to make Britain great.

My mother sailed across those same bloodied waters
pregnant with dreams of adventure and higher education.

And had me,

The 1st to be classed as British
but second generation.



I come from the River Mersey being a hand stretch away
And neighbours knocking on the door
'Can Leonisha come out to play?'

I come from playing with Barbies while my
little legs dangled off barstools.
And scraped knees and a blue form stating your clumsy
daughter fell over again today at school.

I come from 50ps for making car's gleam
And spending my salary on sweets from the corner shop
that made my tongue green.



B



I come from a house that sways with
music and dances to several beats
The place that houses celebrations where
the whole family meets.



I come from a house that smells of love, rice,
plantain and stew.

I come from fishy Fridays,
school cakes and sticking
on the kettle for a good old brew.



I come from a mother who's legs
I sat between
as she combed my fro and lovingly
ran her fingers through.

I come from a people of love,
warmth and generosity

I come from both sides of the Atlantic
And you see
it's the cultivated, combined collision
of these plates
That's made me...

ME!

by Leonisha Barley



I Come From...

I come from people whom overcame
I come from a Jamaican, Irish, English bloodline
I come from those whom stood in the rain and streets
I come from those crossing oceans, countries and continents
I come from No Blacks, No Dogs, No Irish



I come from a society telling me 'go home, you don't belong, you can't do this and that

I come from black and brown skin ain't in, whiteness is the prize,

I come from experience of pain, hardship, discrimination

I come from misunderstanding and misrepresentation

I come from a sea of resistance

I come from those that were enslaved, shackled to brutality

I come from those that rose up and said No More

I come from love, laughter, family,

I come from survivors.

By Shannon Naughton-May



Letter To My Younger Self

To Younger Me,

I just thought I'd let you know a few things which might offer you some comfort.

You do, eventually, gain the confidence to let your voice be heard and you will be surprised to learn that letting others know that you are not OK with how they are treating you does not always end with you feeling unaccepted and excluded.

Believe it or not, standing up for yourself and being unafraid to show your strength can, in many cases, not only gain you respect but can also draw others to you rather than cause them to reject you.

I'm sure there's no way that you'd ever think that you could remove the people from your life who blatantly detract from it and yet you manage to do just that; quality trumps quantity.

Lastly, the shame which you feel in staying silent to survive is more than understandable but, rest assured, it does not define you. You finish strong.

Love from,
Older You.

by Telema Jack



Charles John Baillie

My great x 4 grandfather born between 1790-1798 (?) was captured as a child in Africa by slavers.

He was taken from the Goree island in West Africa. The Goree island was where those captured were put until they were put on slave ships.

People were kept in tiny cells there, like a prison, before they were shipped off to far off lands like Jamaica in the Caribbean to be sold into slavery.

At the age of 10 my ancestor was christened at a church in St. Thomas in the East, South East Jamaica and given the name of his slaver....Baillie. It was common to be given your owner's name. He was now named Charles John Baillie. I believe he may have worked in the sugar plantations as there were many in this area.



He was enlisted into the British army at some point. Jamaica was a British Colony for over 300 years until it became independent in 1962. It is still a member of the Commonwealth with King Charles 3rd as it's king.

Apparently British soldiers struggled with the heat in Jamaica. They were also susceptible to diseases there like malaria, yellow fever and dysentery.

African men were seen as more resistant to tropical diseases. The Trans Atlantic slave trade was where the British army purchased enslaved Africans and forced them to fight as soldiers.



There was an actual mutiny by the slaves in 1837. Partly why slaves were christened was so they were christians in the eye of the army.

Only Christians could swear allegiance to the British Monarch and fight in their armies.

This is why slaves like my ancestor Charles John Baillie were enlisted in the British army especially the West Indies Regiments.

The regiments first started around the 1790's during the wars against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France.

My enslaved ancestor was able to come to the UK because he was a soldier in the British Army. He also spent army time in Honduras.

The Chelsea Pensioners in London who served in the British Army hold this information.

Charles John Baillie arrived at St Pancras, in the London borough of Islington ...where I was born.



He married twice and had children.
Charles died in October 1876 aged about 87.

He was buried in Camden Cemetery,
London, 1 November 1876.

by Tracey Dunn



Fabulous Fatima

Fabulous is me, as a girl who travelled alone to Liverpool 22 years ago, I achieved incredible things.

Adaptable and adventure, I discovered in myself the ability to blend in. I came and stayed.

I am strong, opportunist, and determined. I saw that I can cope in many scenarios.

Travelling in my blood as I came from a long line of Somali people who choose to leave their motherland for adventure and better life.

My roots are spread to encompass Eden in Yemen, United Arab Emirates, East Africa and UK.

I have stories in every site.

I am the descendant of seafarers, nomads, warriors and scholars.

I am a true African through and through.

I found connections and home I was looking for when I arrived in Liverpool, it was a journey of hardship and struggles but I found my heart and strength in it.

My mother is my role model.

A shepherdess who grows up in the fast plains of Somalia, a mother of 4 children, a widow who went to night school to learn how to read and write and took employment to feed us.

Throughout all that she stayed the kindest and softest heart you can come across.

She taught me honesty, resilience and compassion.

After years, I found my peace and became proud of myself. Completed my degree, completed my professional training and I now have true friends.

Happy of who I am. I amaze myself every day and I am thankful to God for every minute.

Always say to myself: Find your peace, let go and always move forward.

Looking back at my journey, after all I went through, I wouldn't change if for the world as it made me who I am today.

by Fatima Sharif Ali



I Am

Bright, in both ways
Extraverted introvert
Try so hard, pretend not to
Hopeful cynic

Honest and diplomatic
Open, in a closed-off way
Laugh loads, often on the inside
Love slowly but HARD
Intelligently daft
Happy. When I'm not sad
Energetic and easily tired
Always friendly, few friends
Doubts and duality, wrapped up in a dilemma

by Beth Hollihead



I Was, I Am, I Will

I was a bubbly, fat baby

I was a little girl with lots of brothers to play with
My toes and legs were always full of wounds
from playing football with the boys.

I was very rough, a tomboy I would say.

I was very studious, attended 2 colleges,
universities and did numerous courses.

I became a mum at nineteen, then I stopped
being a tomboy



I am a mother of two adult ladies
I am a grandmother to two adults
I have worked very hard through
the years so now I'm a 70 year old
retiree who is
enjoying life to the fullest,
Acquiring new skills and building
on the skills and knowledge
already acquired.

I will be a happy go lucky
old woman making new
acquaintances on the way

I will be a dancing
granny if my wobbly
knees allow I will
always praise
the lord for the
type of life he has
allowed me to live.



By Leonora Kawa

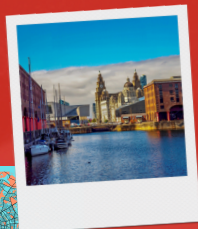
Kings Leadership Academy

I Come From...

I come from the colours Red, Green and white
Where the sun is at it's brightest
And the smell of the food gets me delighted.
I come from the city Red, White and Blue
Where the Liver Birds live
and were people like to give



I come from the city where my favourite
colour is Red
I go to sleep with glory in my head
But as I lay in my bed
I realise not everything is the best.



Dear Friend

Dear friend,

I come from music, playing late at night

I come from my family, friends and community

I come from my books, stories that feel like home

I come from my art, paint all over the walls



I come from a place of red, white and blue

But also a place of black, red and yellow

I come Sunday roasts and scouse

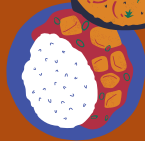
I come from traveling back and forth

By plane, by car, by train.

Me, Myself and Why

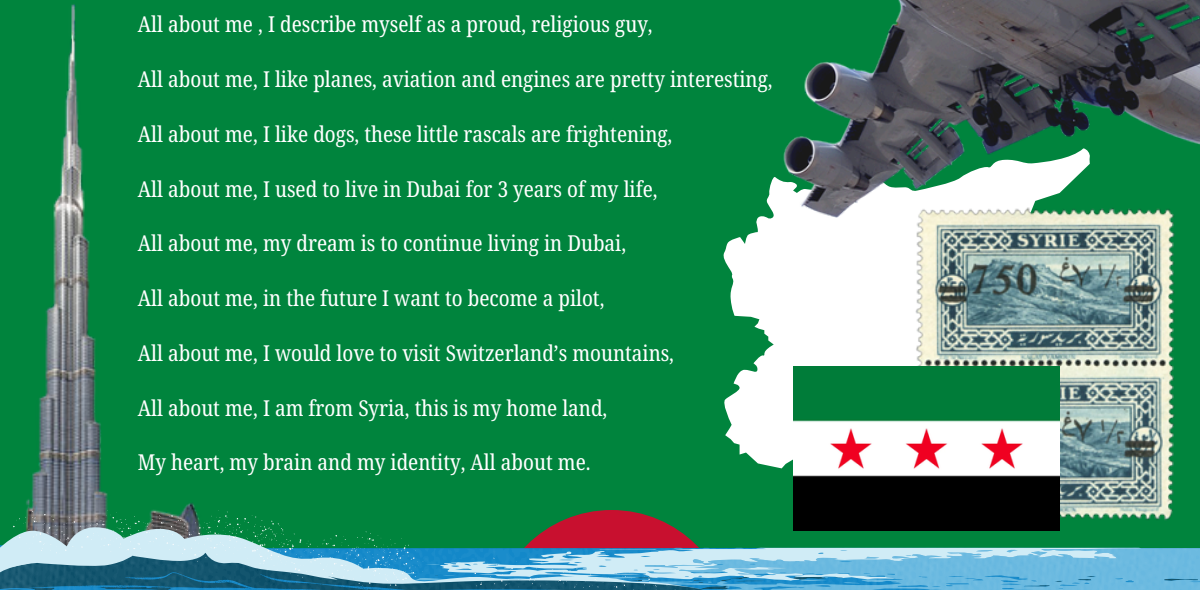
I come from a place of charisma and colour
Yet a place that can be dull
A place where we respect one another
Yet a place that is often null.

I come from a place where black people thrive
A place of peace and tranquillity
I come from a place that some see as deprived
A place with value and stability
I come from a place with salty food
Yet a place that can be so sweet
I come from a place that most see as rude
A place with very little heat
I come from a place with stews and spices
A place rich in jewels
Food in all shapes and sizes
A place that's filled with fuels.



All About Me

All about me , I describe myself as a proud, religious guy,
All about me, I like planes, aviation and engines are pretty interesting,
All about me, I like dogs, these little rascals are frightening,
All about me, I used to live in Dubai for 3 years of my life,
All about me, my dream is to continue living in Dubai,
All about me, in the future I want to become a pilot,
All about me, I would love to visit Switzerland's mountains,
All about me, I am from Syria, this is my home land,
My heart, my brain and my identity, All about me.



— Windsor Primary —

I Was, I Am, I Will

I was a lovely baby
I was a smiling baby
I was an active baby

I am a handsome boy
I am a good boy
I am creative

I will be an engineer
I will be a chef
I will be an inspector



I was a baby that loved cats!
I was a baby that loved dinos!
I was a baby that loved her mum!

I have expanded my animal interest
I am still a dino lover
I am good at drawing

I will be an artist
I will be a cute pet owner
I will be the best I can to everyone I love

I was a very quiet baby
I was a toddler who wanted to learn
I was very patient

I am a strong mum
I am understanding of others
I am a good cook

I will have a good life
I will be free
I will be looking at a really nice future



Signposting

SAMARITANS

A listening ear, to support your general mental health and wellbeing, any time of the day

116 123 | www.samaritans.org

HUB OF HOPE

Finding the right support for you, in your area

www.hubofhope.co.uk

ANTHONY WALKER FOUNDATION

Victim support services: Racism, hate crime, discrimination

0151 237 3974

support@anthonywalker.com

Signposting

BLACK MINDS MATTER UK

Connecting Black individuals and families with free professional mental health services

www.blackmindsmatteruk.com

STOP HATE UK

Reporting a hate crime after an incident (not directly to the police) or support following a hate crime

0800 138 1625 | www.stophateuk.org

Refugee Support

PSS – Person Shaped Support

www.psspeople.com | 0151 702 5555



ingemeng

ingemeng / mixed-in



Created by

Shannon Naughton-May, Telema Jack, Tracy Dunn, Fatima Sharif Ali, Beth Hollihead, Leonora Kawa, Windsor Primary students, Kings Leadership Academy students, Leonisha Barley, Ameera Conrad and Maisy Gordon

Supported by

Arts Council England, Paul Hamlyn Foundation, John Ellerman Foundation, The Coutts Foundation and Liverpool City Council.