

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Herbs and Spice

by Melody Bertucci

I grew up in a different language,  
But in the UK that never caused me any hardship or anguish  
My skin was sun kissed all year round by the glorious Mediterranean rays  
I loved splashing in warm sea waters and that's how I'd spend my days

I am a hint of herbs,  
I am a hint of spice

The food was glorious,  
For in the kitchen my Italian father was always victorious  
The food would always be varied  
For my Mexican mother's hint of spice would also be married

I am a hint of herbs,  
I am a hint of spice

At the age of nine it all changed  
And goodbyes from friends and family were exchanged  
Goodbye clear, warm seas  
Goodbye ever so tall green trees

I am a hint of herbs,  
I am a hint of spice

England became my new home  
New faces I met, new streets I began to roam  
The people here seem to be more expressive  
And to new acquaintances my background seemed impressive

I am a hint of herbs,  
I am a hint of spice

In Italy my roots weren't always cheered  
For kids unpleasant comments would place me deep within fear  
Fear of being slapped again, fear of being shunned  
Their daily remarks would always leave me scarred and stunned

I am a hint of herbs,  
I am a hint of spice

The move for me was gladly accepted  
A new chance to start over a new me to be depicted  
No more hiding, no more fear  
No more need to share another tear

I am a hint of herbs,  
I am a hint of spice

I am a hint of herbs, I am a hint of spice  
I am me and I will be how I like  
I miss my warm home