

## *Weave It Real*

I was born into the world,  
tiny, shivering and curled.  
Finding one who cared enough,  
my life was woven out of love.

To the moon or palace ball,  
with a firetruck or a doll,  
in a body, male or female,  
I became a boy or girl;

and soon found other roles to learn:  
I wore each mirrored mask in turn,  
until the day - in one event,  
the fabric of my life was rent.

Like old miles no longer travelled,  
every coloured thread unravelled.  
I went to bits a while because  
it was all I'd thought I was.

Then I took up one sinew  
and fastened it to something new.  
Piece by piece, I remade me.  
Now life is my own tapestry.

*James Manlow*

*Poet Laureate for Bournemouth*

*Written for the 2015 'Weave It Real' interactive art and writing exhibition, organised by Jane Skellett and showcasing work from local writers including members of Bournemouth and Poole's LitUp writing career and development group. More information about LitUp can be found at: [www.litupwriting.co.uk](http://www.litupwriting.co.uk)*

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