

Do you sometimes remember fragments of moments from your childhood or do your parents remind of you of events, but it seems like something forgotten to you?

Memories are such interesting things, everyone remembers in a slightly different way and memories, believe it or not can change over time. Shared memories often change when they are retold in families.

Memories are made of sounds, smells, whispers, music, a sight - sometimes crystal clear sometimes faded around the edges.

What do you remember or what have you forgotten? Think about that while you listen.....

I Cannot Remember My Mother :

I cannot remember my mother
only sometimes in the midst of my play
a tune seems to hover over my playthings,
the tune of some song that she used to
hum while rocking my cradle.

I cannot remember my mother
but when in the early autumn morning
the smell of the shiuli flowers floats in the air
the scent of the morning service in the temple
comes to me as the scent of my mother.

I cannot remember my mother
only when from my bedroom window I send
my eyes into the blue of the distant sky,
I feel that the stillness of
my mother's gaze on my face
has spread all over the sky. **By Rabindranath Tagore**

This poem is by Tagore a Bengali poet and author. He lost his mother before he was three. It is beautifully simple and based on three simple images of sensation, sight and sound.

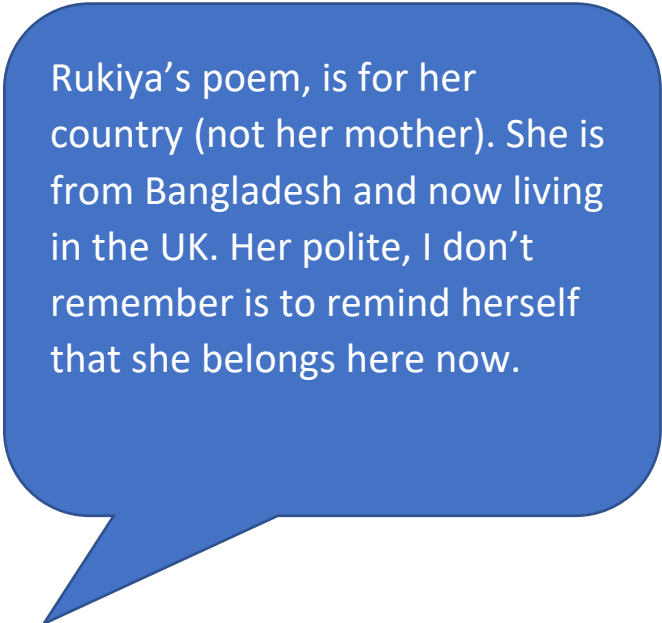
This one is written by Rukiya Khatun who was 17 when she wrote it.

My Mother Country

I don't remember her
In the summer,
Lagoon water sizzling,
The kingfisher leaping,
Or even the sweet honey mangoes
They tell me I used to love.

I don't remember
Her comforting garment,
Or her saps of date trees,
Providing the meagre earnings
For those farmers
Out there
In the gulf
Under the calidity of the sun,

Or the mosquitoes
Droning in the monsoon,
Or the tipa tapa of the rain,
On the tin roofs,
Dripping on the window,
I think.



Rukiya's poem, is for her country (not her mother). She is from Bangladesh and now living in the UK. Her polite, I don't remember is to remind herself that she belongs here now.

Your turn!

I don't remember is a magical way to frame a poem. The senses and sounds, the memories of tastes, the detailed look of a person or place create a dramatic effect.



This poem works for a memory in the past, what do you want to remember, what parts of the memory make you happy or sad or make you laugh.



Maybe you have lost a memory, a trip somewhere that your parents remind you about year after year.

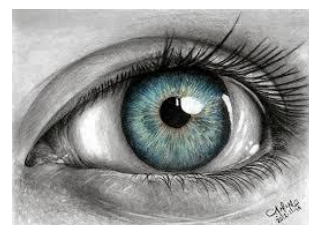
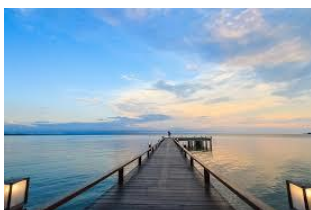
Maybe you have lost a friend, from a different school, from nursery who you don't play with anymore. Maybe you remember what that friend was like and it is a great memory.



Maybe you have lost a favourite toy or maybe you have lost a pet and you have lots of happy / sad memories about that.

Maybe you have lost someone else, lost does not have to be gone, it could be someone who lives far away now.

Write down some memories and then choose one to use in your poem.



I Cannot Remember

I cannot remember my

Just the.....

The scent

The smell

Then

In your first verses
conjure up the smells
and sounds of your
memory. Maybe
something you ate or
some music you heard

I don't remember my

Only the

The sound

I hear

Then

What can you see in your
memory? Describe the
sight, a view, a colour, a
place, the sky. Use precise
details

I cannot remember my

But the

The view / look of

When we

Just the

Finally finish with a
feeling or a thought.
Make the ending
important

I cannot remember my

Just the

Please write your own poem.

Use these sentence starters if you like but you don't have to.

You are the author. Write quickly and then leave your poem to rise.