

Belonging

September 2024

Where do I belong?

A square peg in a round hole
Never quite fitting in with the world around.
Wondering what it means to be
part of that clique, that in-crowd

Out on a limb, going against the rest,
Different views, different thoughts
from your peers, your elders,
It seems like no-one else thinks the same.

"You're one of a kind", a compliment or complaint?
Just being you shouldn't be so hard.
Entitled to your beliefs & ideas
without the isolated feeling lurking close by.

A fish out of water, trying hard
to return to its place of comfort, its home.
Remembering that your family waits there
A place where you'll belong forever,

Accepting you for who you are.
Believing in you, encouraging you
My sanctuary, escapism & reality
No ifs, no buts, no judgement.

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Belonging

Life has changed so much,
The sky opens, gates open up to people
From different Nationality and culture to
move around carry their belongings around
with them,
They try to introduce their culture and show their
Belongings to the new surroundings and learn about their new surroundings, culture and their belongings.
The question is,
Do they ever feel they belong to the new surroundings?
Do they ever get accepted?
Where do I belong?

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Belonging at last

Displaced I am not, to find myself here.
 Born into a city centre, where nothing is normal.
 Where the absurd and weird is every day.
 Where cultures clash, where cultures merge, where new starts happen every day.
 It's not that I don't favour this life, but day after day, it's tiring.
 Real friends and neighbours are few, but those I do have are true.
 Life outside the city is a revelation, community, friends, peace, and sky, so much sky.
 I don't regret the move, however, I do miss the adrenaline rush, the excitement, the best of the best in material things, but now every day I enjoy the company of friends and community.
 Now I feel I have an identity, I do feel I belong.

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Belonging

I belong to the Human Race
 Because my mother said so,
 And then I found out that I didn't know
 What a race that would be.

My first thought and certain knowledge
 Is I belong in our Family,
 Grandparents, sister, dog
 Days Out and Holidays,
 Nurtured, cared for and loved
 Many Celebrations and generous rewards.

Moving on, breaking free of all those
 Familial ties, which are perceived as emotional,
 So a career is found new friends are made
 And some success is achieved.

It was always said, when the young ones go on to higher education,
 they have to move away
 And forge a new life, usually to find a carer, when none available where raised,
 And so ambition drives one on, so where do you belong?

As humans we feel the need to belong to time and place,
 So many groups of friends, similar hobbies, interests and so from being
 Brownie or a Cub in a Group, here we all are members of U3A
 Really though I think I belong to me.

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Belonging

All my memories lie beneath a carpark in Weymouth Terrace.
 I never, ever wondered where Weymouth was or is.
 They knocked my past down onto a pile of bricks and rubble.
 The street has gone, so too the lamps on which we swung with such grace.
 To and fro, careless over carless streets or what was in store is
 As the pendulum of life relentlessly swung with no impeding trouble,
 Until they came with wreckers, trucks, men and anything
 To bury my past; I wonder, is there also buried some noble king;
 Buried in the carpark, together with my past and my everything.
 But then
 But then
 A temporary home in a prefab, short for prefabrication I think.
 Built on Well street common, no sign of a flowing river or well.
 All mod cons, and even a bathroom, all on a single floor,
 Erected in the time it takes the eye to blink.
 An original mature line of beech trees and then gardens looking swell
 But nothing is forever, the passing time one cannot ignore.
 Now the common is a common, just as it was before.
 The noble trees still stand, my past beneath the earth.
 The common, full of carefully tendered, fresh green turf.
 And my past? Did I really exist? I can really never be sure.

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Belonging

Belonging is essential to human happiness, whether it's to a family, or a work environment

Or the place and community in which you live. A relationship with a partner must have that sense if both of you are going to thrive; of course this does not mean that another person (whatever the relationship) 'belongs' to you, one cannot own a human being, but it is more a case of belonging together.

Belonging is a cosy word, suggesting you are inside an invisible bubble, safe and secure and protected – is this true, or a ruse to tell yourself that you have self worth because you are accepted by a group, small or large as being interesting enough to be included.

The other sort of belonging is that of ownership. This house, car, garden belongs to me. Inanimate objects can belong to people, who are justly proud of the sacrifices and sheer hard work it has taken to achieve this life style which they are now living.

One of a group of parents at the school gates may say, Oh look, there he is – the one in the red coat belongs to me,' a mere turn of phrase, no one human being can be 'owned' by another.

I belong in my family insofar as they are my tribe and with them I feel loved and cherished. We all look after one another, we may row and squabble within that tribe but any 'outsider' who tries to interfere, criticise or stir up trouble of any sort, will get very short shrift.

I understand that not everyone feels this way and some people are naturally loners, but I am certainly not one of them. In the end, I suppose, we can only truly belong to ourselves.

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Another Desultory Philippic – Or, how i found my way home

On belonging – a study in three parts

Part 1: The Child

Like a butterfly awake in winter, a bee trapped on a window pane
A moth in desultory miasma held by the trick of a flame
Like an awkward mis-step in the program of a dance
Caught between two lives, a refugee of circumstance,
I'm a missing beat in the final refrain of a song
Yesterday's child, born out of time _i felt i don't belong

Part 2: The World

We watched the fate of the Buddhas of Bamiyan
Then we betrayed the desperate faces of poor Afghanistan
There's islands of plastic waste festering in oceanic gyres
Countries we once trusted _ruled by narcissists and liars
Surrounded on all sides _these things can only be wrong
So i know i'm not alone when i say they don't belong

Part 3: Resolution

That day we decided we wouldn't eat meat anymore
When we saw the David in Florence and just stood there in awe
If i hear you on your sewing machine and i'm playing my guitar
Tracking your journey home and seeing you've not got far
45 years _and yet _every day we get along
*(Eating breakfast _with Kevin and Grand Designs -
Walking into town for a coffee and to share a piece of cake -
Sitting on the bench by the church _watching the cars go past -
When you bring me a cup of green tea because i'm writing this poem -
Catching spiders and tossing them outside -
Holding your hand in the middle of the night -)*
If anybody asks i'll tell them that's where i belong

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