What's for dinner?

I grew up in a household

where the pot boiling on the cooker

was as likely to be dye for freshly spun wool

as it was for dinner.

My brothers and I baked cakes,

made beading looms,

collected firewood and rowan berries

to make wine and necklaces.

I grew up.

My home is my studio; my creativity

the pleasure of a freshly vacuumed carpet,

a clean and shiny kitchen floor.

Sometimes I don't feel like making;

sometimes I don't feel like cleaning.

Both are my choice, my responsibility -

to others, to myself.

So is this privilege, or earned?

I am poor in material, financial wealth,

rich in much else.

My domesticity is only servitude to myself,

making my home, my safe place,

where I can be creative,

exploring how to express - expose - myself.

Yes, I am privileged

to have a studio in my home;

but in lockdown I can take a break

from driving, striving to be a successful women.

For now I can just be me.

I don't feel like making,

I feel like baking, gardening.

No judgement. Some peace.

Then the call of the open call

focuses the mind,

a rekindled light,

to share myself, my thoughts,

by making now in words.

Abigail Hammond May 2020