

## **Broken Sonnets**

You have filled my mouth with the fire of chillies,  
counting each seed onto my cold Scottish tongue.

I show you the standard English cookery books  
that take a knife to peppers, scrape their insides out.

You reminisce about Jamaican yards and I can see you,  
back bent, digging, wings fully-spread against the sun.

My past life seems bland, though your peppers prove  
it's the shaded white innards that carry most heat.

**This poem by Anne Welsh formed part of an installation with  
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