



1901 Spitalfields

The Photo of a barefoot child

My parents made me,
Their parents made them.....
We're like a Russian doll.
The lives of those that lived in years gone by
Hide deep inside below.
I imagine,
One might look like this photo,
Of a child - bare feet on the floor,
With threadbare, tattered clothes.
She stands there with a humble stare,
For those that came before.

I imagine their lives of poverty,
And the hunger that they felt.
Long hard days of labour,
Dividing, sharing meagre food.
To make what they earned go far.
They battled throughout their lives,
To keep themselves from harm
Death, disease was common,
A fight each day, survive.

Any struggle or challenge
I may have,
Is surely very small,
When compared to what was done,
By those that came before.
So, now I look back with a humble stare,
At the child – bare feet on the floor,
At her dirty tattered clothes,
And say a grateful prayer.