

## This Is Home

An aroma of diverse delicacies accompany the air  
as garrulous groups roam the roads of the mysterious markets.

Hackney is a tapestry; our threads will cross each path.

A train shoots past like an arrow being violently released from the bow;  
the loud rattling sound vigorously vibrates the ground, making hearts pound in shaky ribcages.

Hackney is a symphony; our music fills the sky.

A stronghold of education, cheerful chatter from children packs the playground  
while lolling laughter fills the place.

Hackney is a canvas; our colours flood the street.

So get up, and soak it all in, because the clock is ticking.

This poem is ending, but our stories, our lives have just begun.

This is Hackney. This is home.