

My truth is ever changing, just as I am
I used to tell myself I can't
But now I tell myself I can
I can't possibly enjoy the success of those who have both mum and dad
An aunt and a nan
But do you know what I can
My truth is ever changing just as I am
How can I complain when my ancestors were taken as slaves, raped and
maimed
But when the time came they didn't refrain or feign
They rose to the occasion and inspired change
My truth is ever changing just as I am
You see some of the most rare and beautiful things are formed through
pressure
Take diamonds for measure
These days I'm no longer fearful in the face of hardship I take pleasure
and strive to be the best I can
My truth is ever changing just as I am.

Ricardo, Drawing Connections Participant



Drawing Connections ...at the edges



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