Where I’m From

I am from sweat,

from grass and sun.

I am from the desk in my room.

(Maple,

with a slight scent of coffee I spilt a while ago.)

I am from the palm tree,

the Florida coast,

whose waters I can still feel

to this very day.

I am from the dusty garage,

from greasy rags and screwdrivers.

I’m from 18 holes with the old man,

and the juicy meat he sears

on the starry, summer nights.

I am from the back woods

with a camouflage rifle in my hand

and a orange vest around my torso.

I’m from the kitchen window,

oatmeal raisin every Sunday.

From the freshly cleaned clothes

that come out of the dryer.

Sitting on the coach,

blanket on top of me

on a cold winter’s day

in front of the warm fire.

-Brian Carroll

**Where I’m From**

By Brittany Gaffney

I am from “I love you”

From hugs and kisses every night and day.

I am from the six dogs running in the back yard.

(Getting wet, smelly, and muddy

In the pouring down rain)

I am from the rose bushes,

And an oak tree in Nanny’s front yard

Where I have posed for many pictures.

The same tree that was cut down

And my brother cried for.

I am from tacos and sweet tea,

From Michelle; who we lost to cancer.

I am from “I’m-so-cool”

And “shh-don’t-tell”,

From woman-up and try again.

I am from the white kitty

Who is mean to everyone but me.

I’m from Daddy’s Hands

That was played at my papa’s funeral

Which I can’t hear without crying.

I’m from Uncle and Nanny,

From the way he pulled on my ear

To the way she hugs me tight.

I’m from Great-Grandma; who loves all of us no matter what

Just like Jesus loves all His little children.

From the aunt close enough to be my mother

The EmmaJo we almost lost.

The hard-work but little pay my mom goes through

To keep us going.

I am from the pictures of the five of us children

Hanging on the walls-

To show what we have overcome-

To prove that we haven’t given up.

*Where I’m From*

I am from peanut butter and jelly sandwiches,  
from milk-mustaches and the crusts cut off.  
I am from whirring plug-in fans in the middle of summer.  
(Talking into them  
made you sound like a robot.)  
I am from beaten trails,  
looped around ducks ponds  
that were too scary to walk on when it was cold  
and too dirty to swim in when it was hot.

I am from mud under fingernails,  
 from turning over rocks.  
I’m from itchy grass that stuck like tape,  
 from green elbows and knees  
I’m from powdered ruby and wispy lavender clouds  
 waking up with the sun  
 when the rooster’s crow brought the day forth.

I’m from cartoons and rotten brains,  
busy parents and Gram’s house on the hill.  
From the smell of her cigarette smoke  
 that lingered on our skin like her lips on our cheeks.  
I’m from the tickle of wiry beards and teasing fingers.  
 I’m from snooping through the closet  
 in my mother’s picture box,  
 faces fanned across the floor,  
 holding their breath,  
 telling us stories of where we’re from  
 and silently asking us  
 where we’ll be.

By: Emily Godbey

**Where I’m From**

I am from the quilt square,

from pinto beans and cornbread.

I am from the runaway rooster.

(He would never stay put.)

I am from the old barns and stables,

from the stacked bales of hay

that always held the greatest wildlife.

I am from the Briscoe’s,

from the travelers to cookers to farmers.

I’m from the “dag nab-its” and “pardon me,”

from early morning calls to late night snacks.

I’m from the bible stories

read at night.

I’m from Christmas songs sung throughout the year.

From the injured wildlife getting healthy

and running through the halls.

I am from these memories-

past and present-

that will always be.

-Kendra Hale

Where I’m From

I’m from the big maple that has gotten smaller as I’ve grown,

from my pond, filled with Biology lessons from Pop.

I’m from the saying “brown as a nut” in summertime.

I’m from a round of kickball in the front yard,

so hot to where we collapse in the chairs.

I’m from the whole family games of croquet,

grass mowed and course measured

to everyone with their lucky mallet and ball color.

I’m from The Old Rugged Cross in the Presbyterian Church.

from You Are My Sunshine, a favorite family song.

I’m from the pictures at the end of the hallway,

showing relatives

showing memories.

I’m from the bird clock in the kitchen,

singing at every hour.

I’m from the smell of homemade mac and cheese my Mimi made.

from rides to Wades in my Grandpa’s truck.

I’m from my family.

I’m from love.

―Kenna Knowles

Where I’m From

I am from pool toys,

from gazebos and fire places.

I am from fresh well-water in the ground.

(It tastes like nothing but freshness on

a warm summer’s day.)

I am from palm trees,

and evergreens,

whose trunks run high

against that cool blue sky.

I am from a concrete city,

with stone faced people.

I am from blue salty waters

and hot Huntington Beach sand.

I am from popcorn movies,

With Jim and Salee.

I am from speak up

and time to be quiet.

I am from Genesis 1:1

to Revelation 22: 21

with Jesus loves me

sung every childhood night.

I am from Easter morning crepes,

and Christmas dinner corn casserole.

The chest was there at the end of my bed,

filled with trinkets and collections

of memories to remember forever.

I am from noise raising sports events,

which invite many to come.

I am from each friend there

to pray for the almost lost lives,

and the sacrifices made every day.

―Kellen M. Larkin

Where I’m from

I am from the rooster knick-naks in the kitchen

And sewing tables in the dining room.

I look around and see plants hanging.

Two eager dogs run around my feet

And curl up beside me on the

Good days and the bad days.

Once I open the screen door, I feel the fresh air.

I hear the sound of birds chirping and

I see them fluttering around the bare tree.

There is the old wooden deck

Where mom grills the burgers on hot summer days.

I step out of my front door and see the woods

Where my brothers would build forts.

I am from being surrounded by quiet, rolling hills

And open land.

I remember the pumpkin patch

And hay rides.

I walk downtown and see old stores

And the restaurant where we all go

After a performance.

I am from always hearing,

“I love you”

From seeing family on Thanksgiving.

I am from making sweets

With my beautiful grandmother.

I am from the journals whose pages

Are filled with my stories and poems.

There on my shelf lies my grandmother’s picture

From when she was a girl.

I am from learning lessons,

From being knocked down

And learning to get back up again.

-*Emily Rakes*

**Where I’m From**

**By Leana Reynolds**

*I’m from the hot sunny days,*

*the muddy, dirty swamps.*

*From the large and dangerous ant hills*

*and the nasty slimy frogs.*

*I am from the cold and windy nights,*

*the moist and humid days.*

*From the flowers blowing in the wind*

*and the dogs running through the fields.*

*I am from the lemonade stands during the summer,*

*with only my pawpaw buying a cup.*

*From the coloring books on the floor,*

*with my cousins all around me.*

*I am from the pain and sorrow, the joy and happiness.*

*From the good, bad and somewhere in between. I am from the traffic signs, the Dallas Cowboys’ stadium.*

*From the Redskin pride and rivalry between them.*

*I am from the love and care that my parents give me, the brother and sister who most of the time annoy me.*

*From the family that raised me, the friends who have changed me and the bond that will never fade away.*

**Childhood**

I am from Polaroid,

from chicken noodle soup and cherries,

I am from the woods behind the house.

(Refreshing, prickly,

it like acting in a play)

I am from black berries picked, the chestnut tree

whose leaves make a blanket

during the season of fall.

I am from pop tarts and a trumpet,

from uncommon and Ferris wheels,

I’m from the street smarts

and common sense

from horse play and time outs.

I’m from the eyes that look down on me

with a bible

and a notebook to keep me awake.

I’m from the British and a preacher,

grilled cheeses and iced teas.

From the sweat that dripped when my

gramps built roads through mountains

the back my mother brakes to keep us alive.

Im my photo album was pictures

counting 1,000 smiles

things that were like yesterday

to seep into my mind through 24 hours.

I am from those years-

mature before a decade-

a bird that still visits the nest.

-Savannah Waldron