

Where I'm From

In the style of "Where I'm From" by George Ella Lyon

Author: Ethan Huff

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I am from Mason Jars,
From canned corn
And watermelon seeds.
I am from little back roads.
From huge gardens that always seemed to be alive.
From the thick and dense forest on all sides.
It sounded like the chicken's crow every morning at 5.
I am from the *blood* red roses.
The giant dark Cedar tree in my orchard,
Whose thin bark has my initials carved in its side,
From the days when its leaves either danced in the wind or didn't move at all.
I am from generations of quilt makers,
Where every child gets their own homemade quilt.
I am from Crusoe Huff, Lula Burns,
And Frankie Huff
I am hard heads and gossipers.

From being told an early rise keeps a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
I am a family with strong faith,
I'm from morning and evening church every Sunday.
From time to time I even lead the singing.
I am from Leather Wood road and Lonzo Horsley.
From the strong smell of biscuits and smoked bacon.
From the time I busted my forehead open,
To the time I got a 20 inch Carp!
I am from a long line of school teachers and wish to be one myself.
I am from a family who doesn't care to speak their mind.
I'm from a family where death strikes too often.