

Where I'm From

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

Author: Katelynn Neac

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I am from an extensive family,
From Maruchan Ramen and Windex cleaner.

I am from the water oaks.

(Towering, ancient

They felt gentle and welcoming.)

I am from the poppies,
Swaying subtly with each whisper of the wind.

The irises,

Shrouding summer sun from perspective,

Dancing in every Lilliputian breeze.

I am from the annual Michigan vacations,

The water slides and roller coasters

We would ride on each day.

From tall and dark-skinned,

With Cherokee blood

Coursing through each and every vein.

From Charlotte and Amy,

And itty-bitty Sasha.

I'm from the anxious minds,

And the know-where-to-finds.

From "what goes around comes around"

And "treat others how you'd like to be treated,"

I am from "look on the bright side!"

And "don't be such a negative Nancy!"

I'm from the amens,

The prayers and worships,

And "God will watch over in these strenuous times."

I'm from Leatherwood and the snowy valley,

Pumpkin rolls and casseroles.

From the pleasantly frosted sledding trips

Where my mother fell into the bitter, ice-bound stream,

The tooth my sister lost

In her ham and cheese sandwich.

I am from these cherished times,
A sea of multitudinous memories,
Watched over by the water oaks.
 Fan far, fall fast,
Lush, green leaves I grew under,
 For with each passing day
I will forever remember your placid shade,
 Your twining branches thick,
 Weaving together generations
And sheltering them from sick.