

Where I'm From

I am from clothespins,
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.
I am from the dirt under the back porch.
(Black, glistening
it tasted like beets.)
I am from the forsythia bush,
the Dutch elm
Whose long gone limbs I remember
As if they were my own.
I am from fudge and eyeglasses,
from Imogene and Alafair.
I'm from the know-it-alls
and the pass-it-ons,
from perk up and pipe down.
I'm from He restoreth my soul
with a cotton ball lamb
and ten verses I can say myself.
I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch,
from fried corn and strong coffee.
From the finger my grandfather lost to the auger,
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.
Under my bed was a dress box
spilling old pictures, a sift of lost faces
to drift beneath my dreams.
I am from those moments—
snapped before I budded—
leaf-fall from the family tree.

—George Ella Lyon

I Am From Chart

Details about the home and the neighborhood where you grew up	
Objects from your home and your neighborhood that you remember well	
Names of places that you still remember vividly	
Sayings and phrases that you used or heard	
Favorite foods	
Names of important people and relatives	