

"I Am From" Poem Template

I am from.....

Adapted by Levi Romero

Inspired by "Where I'm From" by George Ella Lyon

I am from _____ (an everyday item in your home)
from _____ and _____ (products or everyday items in your home)
I am from the _____ (description of your home)
_____ (a detail about your home – a smell, taste, or feel)
I am from the _____ (plant, flower, natural item)
The _____ (plant or tree near your home)
whose long gone limbs I remember
as if they were my own.

I'm from _____ and _____ (a family tradition and family trait)
from _____ and _____ (family members)
I'm from _____ and _____ (family habits)
and from _____ (family habit)

I'm from _____ and _____ (things you were told as a child)
and _____ (a song or saying you learned as a child)
I'm from _____ (a family tradition)
I'm from _____ (place of birth) and _____ (family ancestry, nationality or place)
_____ and _____ (family foods)
From _____ (a story about a family member)
_____ (detail about the story or person)
_____ (description of family momentos, pictures or treasures.)
_____ (location of momentos – under my bed, on the wall, in my heart)
_____ (more description if needed)

By (student name) _____ Date _____

Where I'm From

By Scott

**I am from Texas
where deep in the heart lies Austin.
I am from the sunny Saturday afternoons
of Texas Longhorn football games.
I am from sports
and the lessons that I learn from these games
I play with all my ability and enjoy the victories.**

**I am from my family, friends,
and awesome food.
I am from my grandmother's warm pies
and my parents' cooking, from which
I grew to be a large boy.
I am from Texas barbeque
which smells and tastes like none other.
Although I cannot have it right now
I can still remember.**

**I am from Tennessee
where I live at the Foothills of the Smokies
and enjoy hiking on clear days.
I am from lessons in literature
and the sounds of a saxophone.
I am from the "try your hardest"
and "never give ups."
I'm from my hard work
and the present as I continue on life's journey.**



Bob Fitch/Black Star

**I am from hairspray
From braces and rubberbands.
I am from lightning bugs
Fluttering in the summer night sky.**

**I am from Belle
The cute little puppy
We rescued from the pound
And Smoky the cat
Whose death still touches my heart.**

**I am from Papaw's goulash
And Momma's pumpkin pie
From Dad's overbearing
Protectiveness of his little girl.**

**I am from outrageous
Eleven foot Christmas trees
And joyous Thanksgiving feasts.**

**I am from French immigrants
From 1692 and New Paltz, New York**

I am from Louis Bevier and Marie Le Blanc.

**I am from the American dream
From broken despair and gained hope
I am the present, past, and future,
History in the making.**

Where I'm From.... by Lauren

I'm from baths in the kitchen sink,
From Downy and Mom's perfume
I am from flowers by the fence (yellow and springy
they tasted like crayons).
I am from the ivy crawling up the house,
The baby tree whose sturdy trunk shot from the ground
A mirror image of my planted feet.

I'm from sprinkles and plastic table donut shops
From Bert and Ernie
I'm from stupid heads and dot dot I got my cootie shot
From don't touch this and don't touch that.
I'm from Hymn No. 96 and why is this piece of bread so small?
And bible crafts made from neon pipe cleaners.

I'm from Bill and Darlene's branch
From hot soup and freshly baked corn bread
From the Well, when I was little's and the snowy games
Told to me by Green Bay Packer season ticket holders
In the storage room are boxes
Overflowing with shiny, color-coated memories
Bundles of dreams kept alive
To ask my mother about.

I am from those moments
A leaf changing color with the weather
Time only strengthens the branch that holds me.

“I’m From the Woods....” by Nick

I’m from the woods and the creek behind my fence
From the gray wooden backyard deck.
I’m from the honeysuckles,
The pear trees by the neighbor’s garden
From the creek when I swing over it.

I’m from the yellow walls of Grandma’s kitchen
From the Yorkshire pup, the coolest thing in my family.
I’m from macaroni pictures of the Ark
From “I just can’t snap my fingers and make it happen” and from David the Gnome in summers long ago.

I’m from my mom’s side of the family,
From roasting turkeys for each holiday,
From when Papaw yelled at his boss and got fired
From the family pictures in the big wooden cabinet and
From the family gathering when we drag them out.

I am from those moments.
A root that no one sees, but walks all over
An important part of the tree.”

I'm from Home

By Valerie Bandell

**I'm from a small town
between the hustle and bustle
where neighbors are like family.**

**I'm from skinned knees,
jumping fencings, and
water sprinklers.**

**I'm from a purple mini-van,
soccer practice, dance practice,
girl scouts and music lessons.**

**I am from sisterhood
yellow and blue,
gold and onyx.**

**I'm from Frisbee discs,
campfires,
lightening bugs, and
sleeping bags.**

**I'm from family dinners,
hiding vegetables, wet noses,
and wagging tails.**

**I'm from friends that are family,
and family that are friends.**

**I'm from home and their ain't no place
I'd rather be.**