I’m from Springfield Street, walking distance to the projects

from where Richard and Terri lived down the road

Richard with a burnt face that I never dared to ask what happened

from where the forbidden Fantasia brothers lived, Ricky and Mario

We were secret friends until I punched Mario in the eye

from stealing toys from Zayre, from sitting in the security office

 waiting for Dad

from the orange Pinto that my sister was ashamed to ride in

and I was too young to realize that I should be, too

from Catrina, my Portuguese girlfriend

I talked to her three times

I’m from a $21,000 fixer-upper

later foreclosed

shag carpeting and paneling

a carpeted spool turned into a coffee table

from Hailing Mary to bowing before Our Father in Holy Cross

from the frightening confessional

pleading with God over a stolen art room eraser

Glory Be

from Lucky, the untrained labrador

Dad said we were lucky to have her

from a field infested with rats and one in the dryer

a basement that floods from a leaky bulkhead

a bar that Dad never quite finished

I’m from “Take your brother with you”

and “Buy me a pack of Old Golds”

I’m from The Greatest American Hero, A-Team

and Three’s Company

Suzanne Somers, my first kiss

Sorry, Catrina

from a plastic, blue skateboard and a ten-speed

no hands

a green, metallic jeep that we fought over

the Star Wars guys fit snugly in

I’m from those moments

from Rhode Island

a small state with a tight grip