“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.”

Notes:

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.

Notes: