

# “Where I’m From”

(Poem Template)

I am from \_\_\_\_\_ (specific ordinary item),

from \_\_\_\_\_ (product name) and \_\_\_\_\_ (product name)

I am from the \_\_\_\_\_ (home description).

\_\_\_\_\_ (adjective, adjective; sensory detail.)

I am from the \_\_\_\_\_ (plant, flower, natural item),

the \_\_\_\_\_ (plant, flower, natural item)

\_\_\_\_\_ (description of the natural item).

I’m from \_\_\_\_\_ (family tradition) and \_\_\_\_\_ (family trait),

from \_\_\_\_\_ (name family member) and \_\_\_\_\_ (another name).

I’m from the \_\_\_\_\_ (description of family tendency) and \_\_\_\_\_ (another),

From \_\_\_\_\_ (something you were told as a child) and \_\_\_\_\_ (another).

I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ (representation of religion –or lack of it) \_\_\_\_\_(further description).

I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ (family ancestry),

From \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (two food items representing your family).

From the \_\_\_\_\_ (specific family story about a specific person and a detail).

the \_\_\_\_\_ (another detail of another family member)

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----- (Location of family pictures, mementos, archives and several more lines indicating their worth).

### **Where I'm From**

By Ms. -----

I am from the cracked spines of L.M. Montgomery books read over and over for two generations,  
from a Pepsi and the NY Post every night before dinner.  
I am from the house on the hill, white fences and barking dogs.  
(the deep barks of an old friend and sharp barks from a new one)  
I am from the milkweed plants feeding monarch caterpillars,  
the hibiscus brought in during the winter months- an orange and pink sunset growing toward the sun no matter the season.

I am from "taking a ride" down a dark Whippoorwill Valley Rd and always  
being late,  
From Mulhern and Cronin and Sheridan and McGhee,  
From Psalm 23, bagpipes playing hymns, rosary beads, and prayers  
whispered quietly while kneeling next to a bed.

I am from New Jersey and Ireland and Scotland,  
from grandmother macaroni and breakfast for dinner some nights.  
I am from the Little Grandfather, a professional football player who jumped  
ship in the United States when sailing as a Merchant Marine,  
from Nanny, following Papa around the country during his naval years,  
raising a son with a husband fighting in a great war.

I am from the photo albums and boxes of pictures in the upstairs closet,  
telling the stories of a loud, large, and loving family.  
I am from dog-eared baby books and school pictures hung over the fireplace

I am from love.