Where I’m From

By: Haylie Yearous

I’m from pictures on the walls.

My dog’s nails clicking in the halls.

From the toys and the games that we play.

And from the love that we share each and every day.

I’m from the trees that were planted years ago.

From fresh green grass that I mow.

From the leaves falling to the ground.

And from the birds chirping sound.

I’m from screaming kids all around.

From engines running and music loud.

From semis passing by.

From corn falling from the silos way up high.

I’m from Aunt Patricia’s dolls.

From the memories of her that I recall.

I’m from my aunt’s wildness and my uncle’s funny ways.

From my younger cousins who never seize to amaze.

I’m from, “Look what you’ve done, don’t play in the mud!”

“Now, go clean your bike.”, and I used enough water to cause a flood.

From, “Go do your chores.”

“Fold all of your clothes and put them away in the correct drawers.”

I’m from birthday cakes.

That my mom always bakes.

I’m from Thanksgiving and Christmas dishes.

That is sure to satisfy my wishes.

From sugar cookies, turkey, and yams.

Chocolate pie and glazed ham.

I’m from my closet that’s full of memories.

From my brother’s graduation gown and cap.

From mom’s wedding dresses.

From my dad’s 66 Chevelle.

I’m from scrapbooks, photo albums, trophies, certificates and ribbons.   
And from my ancestor’s Italian, Indian, Norwegian, and German blood.

This is where I’m from.