

I Am From Poem

I am from the dishes sitting in the sink, from clorox and the la-Z-boy recliner. I am from the lilacs in our yard. The sun flowers whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I am from going to my old house every year and the voice of my sister. From Grammy and Grampy. I'm from sleeping in, and vacations, and from tickling.

I'm from ABC's and I love you and The Itsy Bitsy Spider. I'm from Christmas. I'm from Portland and U.S.A.

Pizza and tacos. From my mom hating the food that her parents gave to her. To hazel eyes, of my cat, under my bed.

By
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