

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

**By Titus-James Wright**

I am from church pews,

from chapstick and kleenexes

I am from the sweetgums and willows in the backyard.

(Sticking, protecting, providing safety in their roughness.)

I am from cornfields

the sunflowers

and gravel roads which ran through them

creating an unending sea of flatlands.

I'm from family trips to religious conferences and putting on a good show for guests,

from Nana and Papa.

I'm from an invisible distance and nonexistent space.

From "wait till your father gets home" and "your grades should be better."

I'm from my dad coming home late from church , church group gatherings of strangers in my home.

I'm from Indiana, Kansas, Oklahoma and European islands across the sea, from hot dogs with mac and cheese and PB and J.

From the firing of my dad at our church in Indiana.

The escape of my mother and Nana from an abusive husband and father.

I am from my father's urn in the living room, and his photos throughout the house, which now lives in me.

I am from these memories,

which play on repeat,

reminding me wherever I go where I am from.