

I Am From Poem

Use this template to draft your poem, and then write a final draft to share on blank paper.

I am from soccer balls
(specific ordinary item)

From nike and adidas
(product name) (product name)

I am from the back door
(home description)

tall, white, down the steps
(adjective) (adjective) (sensory detail)

I am from roses,
(plant, flower, natural item)

faithfulness and loyalty
(description of above item)

I'm from Christmas Eve Dinner and competing
(family tradition) (family trait)

From Galasso and Thomson
(name of family member) (another family name)

I'm from the loud and laughing
(description of family tendency) (another one)

From "We have to leave for soccer" and Screaming "Mama!"
(something you were told as a child) (another)

I'm from Lent, no meat on Friday's
(representation of religion or lack of), (further description)

I'm from Michigan and Italy
(place of birth and family ancestry)

nonna's sauce, angel-hair pasta
(a food item that represents your family) (another one)

From the brother who swallowed a dime
(specific family story about a specific person and detail)

The dime the other one put in his mouth
(another detail of another family member)

the stacks of boxes with pictures since 2002
(location of family pictures, mementos, archives)

that holds all the laughs and adventures we went through
(line explaining the importance of family items)

<p>Original Poem: Where I'm From <i>By George Ella Lyon</i> I am from clothespins, from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride. I am from the dirt under the back porch. (Black, glistening, it tasted like beets.) I am from the forsythia bush the Dutch elm whose long-gone limbs I remember as if they were my own. I'm from fudge and eyeglasses, from Imogene and Alafair. I'm from the know-it-alls and the pass-it-ons, from Perk up! and Pipe down! I'm from He restoreth my soul with a cottonball lamb and ten verses I can say myself. I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch, fried corn and strong coffee. From the finger my grandfather lost to the auger, the eye my father shut to keep his sight. Under my bed was a dress box spilling old pictures, a sift of lost faces to drift beneath my dreams. I am from those moments-- snapped before I budded -- leaf-fall from the family tree.</p>	<p>Model Poem: Where I'm From <i>By Ms. Vaca</i> I am from bookshelves, from vinegar and green detergent. I am from the dog hair in every corner (Yellow, abundant, the vacuum could never get it all.) I am from azaleas the magnolia tree whose leaves crunched under my feet like snow every fall. I'm from puzzles and sunburns, from Dorothy Ann and Mary Christine Catherine I'm from reading and road trips From "Please watch your brother" and "Don't let your brother hit you!" I'm from Easter sunrises and Iowa churches at Christmas I'm from Alexandria and the Rileys, Sterzing's potato chips and sponge candy. From my Air Force dad's refusal to go to Vietnam, from my mom's leaving home at 17. On a low shelf in my new house is a stack of photo albums, carefully curated by my faraway father, chronicling my childhood. I am from these pages, yellowed but firm, holding on to me across the country.</p>
--	--