

I am from sand buckets  
From baby powder and chlorine.  
I am from sand and dirt tracked through the house  
(yellow, never-ending, and you would always somehow find more, but it reminded you of  
smiles)  
I am from Elm trees,  
Where you trust its limbs to hold you as you climb again and again.  
I'm from fireworks and sunburns  
From Danny and Justin.  
I'm from the beach days and baking cookies.  
From "Gracie Grace" and "Just try your best."  
I'm from "I'll fly away" and a stack of verses embedded into the depths of my brain.  
I'm from Long Branch and the Wells,  
Bagels and ambrosia.  
From the big brother leaving for the navy.  
The growing up in my moms childhood home,  
Photo albums in a hope chest.  
I am from these pictures,  
With wearing edges,  
Holding us all together.