

Joselish De Pool  
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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 Big colorful skirts  
(specific ordinary item)

From Vics and adoloo  
(product name) (product name)

I am from the Endless summer days  
(home description)

astounding, Crystal Blue, Puerto Rican beaches  
(adjective) (adjective) (sensory detail)

I am from flor la maga,  
(plant, flower, natural item)

Beautiful red petals just like our flag  
(description of above item)

I'm from gathering grass for the 3 kings and waiting the 24<sup>th</sup> till midnight to open our presents  
(family tradition) comets (family trait)

From De Pools and Maisonets  
(name of family member) (another family name)

I'm from the i loud greetings and calling a stranger "my lou"  
(description of family tendency) (another one)

From sleep or I uco will come get you. and and when we didnt understand something we were  
(something you were told as a child) (another) as lost as a cross-eyed crab.  
(completely lost)

I'm from Big loud churches, where everyone has a tamborine  
(representation of religion or lack of), (further description)

I'm from San Juan  
(place of birth and family ancestry)

smashed plantains, vize and beans  
(a food item that represents your family) (another one)

From the hard working mom that had me at a young  
(specific family story about a specific person and detail)  
age but gave me the word and more

The amazing food my dad makes whenever i come  
(another detail of another family member) back home

E1 Yungue where i swam with cousins,  
(location of family pictures, mementos, archives)

a small island that makes the best of what little they get  
(line explaining the importance of family items) and make sure they heard

Original Poem:

**Where I'm From**

*By George Ella Lyon*

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.

Model Poem:

**Where I'm From**

*By Ms. Vaca*

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.