

Where I'm From Poem

By Nissi Flores

I am from an old white brick house

From green grass and flowers

I am from tall trees of mangoes in the backyard

(Round, perfectly shaped, with a sour/sweet taste)

I am from shame plant – a sensitive plant

Whose responds to touch by rapidly closing its leaves and drooping

I'm from Saturday's lunch and dark hair

From Lesby and Carlos

I'm from a place of hard-working and loving

From "go brush your teeth!" and "go to sleep, it's late!"

I'm from God's image and fully Pentecostal

I'm from Honduras and a town everyone knows everyone,

Grandma's coffee and bread

From the toe, my grandpa lost at work

From my mom leaving to the United States when I was 2y/old

Inside a closet at my sister's house, there's a box filled with old photos,

Organized by her, from our childhood till now

I am from those moments in the old white brick house and a porch I would play on every day
with my dog.