

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 a small recording camera.
(specific ordinary item)

From guitar strings and coffee grounds.
(product name) (product name)

I am from the smell of the pellet stove
(home description)

warm, solitary, growning as the gears turned within.
(adjective) (adjective) (sensory detail)

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

the subtle smell of chlorine and glimmer of ripples reflecting the sun.
(description of above item)

I'm from hot chocolate after shoveling snow and red ears and sniffly noses.
(family tradition) (family trait)

From my dad and mom
(name of family member) (another family name)

I'm from the limitless imagination and over rationalizing.
(description of family tendency) (another one)

From "you are a mighty man of God." and problem child.
(something you were told as a child) (another)

I'm from early morning bible study, hiding my phone behind the pages.
(representation of religion or lack of), (further description)

I'm from blonde hair and blue eyes
(place of birth and family ancestry)

bagels with cream cheese, cheerios.
(a food item that represents your family) (another one)

From the time me and my brother found my Hapa having a stroke on the floor.
(specific family story about a specific person and detail)

The wavy hair on Pa's head.

(another detail of another family member)

trails leading to the open reservoir

(location of family pictures, mementos, archives)

The significant memories we write on the christmas tree box every year.

(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>
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