

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 old book
(specific ordinary item)

From paper and pencils
(product name) (product name)

I am from the house on the corner of the street
(home description)

tall, old, smelling of colorful flowers
(adjective) (adjective) (sensory detail)

I am from sea waves,
(plant, flower, natural item)

that is always moving and never stops
(description of above item)

I'm from make cookies together and make funny jokes
(family tradition) (family trait)

From Monica and Edy
(name of family member) (another family name)

I'm from the family trips to every year and dance in happy moments
(description of family tendency) (another one)

From don't lie and don't give up
(something you were told as a child) (another)

I'm from God will always be with you, do not lose faith because God always listens to your prayers
(representation of religion or lack of), (further description)

I'm from a country that has many traditions and delicious food that is Ecuador
(place of birth and family ancestry)

french fries, rice
(a food item that represents your family) (another one)

From the a father who leaves his family to have a better future
(specific family story about a specific person and detail)

The mother who stays alone with her daughter in another country
(another detail of another family member)

with a house with trees and flowers around the house
(location of family pictures, mementos, archives)

but a family that is always together in trouble
(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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