

Abigail Rios  
"I Am From" Poem

I am from a Disney TV with Mickey Mouse ears,  
A gift my grandfather brought that made us the happiest kids that year,  
I am from apartment 2B in Brooklyn, New York  
Having to move after a fire destroyed our old home,  
I'm from praying every night until God gave us a new place  
With no furniture and echoey walls, the apartment was everything we asked for,

I'm from the smell of my mom's praying oil,  
Her warm finger anointing my forehead, and me no longer refusing the prayers,  
I'm from waking up early on Sunday mornings,  
Going to a Latino church and looking forward to seeing my friends,  
Memories that still bring joy and will never go away,

I'm from the summer trips to Panama  
Seeing cousins and sharing laughter and stories,  
We secretly gathered in the corner as the older kids,  
Talking about how annoying we found our younger cousin

I'm from savoring macaroni and cheese with corned beef,  
A simple meal that was always my favorite  
A reminder of my humble beginnings and where I came from,

I'm from coming home late one night and getting a whooping,  
Though I wasn't doing anything wrong, just playing and goofing.  
A lesson that I needed to be more responsible,

I am from these experiences that have shaped my character,  
The love I got to experience and the joy that I felt,  
Growing up learning about God, made me who I am.