

Grace Igoni

Professor Nathaniel Perez

Our America Class

I AM FROM POEM

I am from saucepan.

Where garlic and onion are making their way through.

I am from the sizzling oil spurting on the burning stove top and
spices sprinkled into my palm.

I am from the kitchen where aroma of freshly baked fish seasoned
with ginger and rolled in olive oil, is emanating from.

I am from a sunflower where the pollinator come perching on.

I'm from the early morning glory, with the sun shine and its rays
carrying healing in his wings, that brings about a healthy good
morning.

I am from a working scrubs which takes me back and forth, a
yawn to retire,

from Forson and Gomwalk, where are those sweet
memories? Wow!

I'm from the sweet melodies, sips and chats as the moon light
fade away until the rooster crows at dawn.

I am from the be kind and loving your neighbor as your self, which
brings me to carry my cross and follow the Saviour.

I am from needle and thread, how she stitches embroidery until
she retires when the days are gone.

I am from fireplace recapturing those lost important memories,
picturing moment by moment as the rocking chair makes its
squeaky sound.