

Where I'm From

I am from 228 N. Monroe Street
I am from chasing one blind and one deaf dachshund
I am from The Dentist Office Parking Lot,
Where we rode bikes from the last car 'till the bats came out and
We played dangerous feats of King of the Mountain.
I am from "Let's Go Voltron Force" and "Thundercats, GO!"
I am from belly smackers on the Wet Banana and Spy Kits with Huey Dewey, and Louie.
I am from sleeping on the floor in the room of my brothers, while Dracula slept in my closet.

I am from "Let's go see the chickens, Grandpa" and "Grandpa, I got your sword."
"Nope, fake one!"

I am from Salamander hunting with aunts, uncles, and cousins.
I am from tractor and wagon rides, forts in the woods.
I am from "teeter, totter, bread and water, wash your face in dirty water"

I am from music in the basement and running from bats, but my uncle locked us in.
I am from having one Leader Dog for the Blind after another.
I am from Marching Band: "To be early is to be on time, to be on time is to be late."
I am from Youth Venture for Christ.

I am from Private College and Paloma.
I am from changing the major chosen in fourth grade.
I am from Cheer Hell. (I still hate that place.)

I am from Living in basements,
Living in attics,
Living in holes in old churches.
I am from the Post Bach program,
Where I found the love of my life.
I am from moving cross country and dating long distance.
I am from robbing Peter to pay Paul, hoping, it will all work out.

I am from...wondering what is next.

I found this poem somewhat difficult. I didn't know what to focus on, or where to start. I really wanted to show what has contributed to making me the person that I am today.

Everything in it is a personal memory and worthy of its own narrative. I chose to section the poem as the stages of life. The first stanza is elementary school, when we lived in town. Stanza two is the same time but the time we spent with my grandparents. Stanza three is junior high and high school. Stanza four is college and stanza five is the beginning of my adult life. The poem brings the reader up to this very day. I want to write a follow-up where I can speculate the future.

This, very much, feels unfinished. But that is because it is about an ongoing life. It makes me wonder what I will be remembered for.