**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 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (specific ordinary item)

From \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (product name) (product name)

I am from the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (home description) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (adjective) (adjective) (sensory detail)

I am from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , (plant, flower, natural item) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (description of above item)

I'm from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (family tradition) (family trait)

From \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (name of family member) (another family name)

I'm from the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (description of family tendency) (another one)

From \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (something you were told as a child) (another) I'm from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (representation of religion or lack of), (further description)

I'm from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (place of birth and family ancestry) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ , \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (a food item that represents your family) (another one)

From the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (specific family story about a specific person and detail)

The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (another detail of another family member) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (location of family pictures, mementos, archives) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (line explaining the importance of family items)

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| **Original Poem:**  *Where I'm From*  By George Ella Lyon  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. | Model Poem:  Where I'm From  By Mrs. Hayes  I am from milk crate bookshelves,  from Mentadent and Pert Plus.  I am from the exposed insulation walls.  (Brown and pink, disgusting,  a project that was never finished.)  I am from blue bells  the pine trees  whose shade and canopy created a magical world for my brother and I to escape to.  I’m from the dirt pile and forts in the woods,  from Fred “Fritz” Michael and Ann Marie  I’m from reading and road trips to Canada  From “Wish in one hand and s\*\*t in the other” and “Kids are to be seen and not heard”  I’m from Easter’s at Carter Caves and going to Catholic church but not receiving communion.  I’m from Pea Ridge and the Germantown,  Goetta and cheese grits.  From the fishing line caught on the car ceiling,  to my grandfather shooting his own ship in the war.  On the wall going up the stairs to the pink bathroom  Covered in playbills,  carefully curated by my husband and I,  representing an experience and our love of theatre.  I am from this past,  A distant memory now,  As the physical distance grows between. |