

## **Where I'm From**

By Jonathan Joy, Boyd County

I am from the S-curve  
And plastic Big Wheels scraping against hot Willowvale pavement.

I am from a Glenroy house overlooking the mighty Ohio,  
A tall sticky green bean jungle garden part of my view.

I am from Burlington Elementary,  
A shy kid pretending to be a superhero mouse.

I am from the fields of South Point Middle,  
Barreling down that pole vault track and launching into the air  
Just like my brother  
Though a foot under his school record.

I am from South Point High,  
A drama club where I found my place.

I am from  
Playing outside  
No smart phones  
Shooting hoops with Chris  
Bike riding with Natalie  
Black Sabbath vinyl listening with Eric  
Staying out till nine,  
When the sun refused to longer shine.

I am from trips to the lake with my dad,  
And Ric Flair rasslin' trips with mom,  
And Dukes of Hazard shows with nan,  
And Footloose dancing  
On my own  
And days filled with Batman and Bruce Willis fighting bad guys.

I am from bike trips to Huntington,  
Jeff's Bike Shop, Nick's News, Bowincal's, movies, the Peanut Shop, Regatta.

I am from a place not far from here in miles,  
But a world away in time.  
And it has made me who I am.

**Skylar Hall, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

**Where I'm From**

I am from porch swings,  
from Band-Aids and Cheerios.  
I am from the relentless cracking  
and whirring of old air conditioners.

I am from sunflower seeds,  
the swift smell of sunbathed grass  
that tickled my bare feet  
and stained my favorite jeans.

I am from Easter egg hunts,  
and tan skin from Mom, Granny,  
and Papaw Russ.

I am from humor  
and passed-along stubbornness;  
from "You're as brown as a berry!"  
and "Look at those chocolate eyes."

I'm from Catholicism  
and Sunday mornings spent in an echoing church  
with silent games to play with my sister  
if we got bored.

I'm from Kentucky,  
corn bread and fried potatoes.  
I am from Granny's griping, my brother's teasing authority,  
and the false teeth my dad had worn, but often lost.

I am from boxes and books filled with old photos  
of memories I could reach out and touch, frozen in time to reflect upon.  
I'm from home videos to bring back to me birthdays I don't remember  
and folders packed with elementary school rewards.

I am from memories I dream of  
and ones I don't recall.  
I am still existing with these memories  
to remain where I am from.

**Jackson Sparks, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

**Where I'm From**

I am from my old yellow house in Austin, Texas, from my Mom and Dad.

I am from the enormous Oak trees, to the house surround by the gardens, peaceful but yet intense feelings.

I am from the Rosemary bushes, to the gigantic Oak trees in the forest.

I am from visiting the Arlington Cemetery on Memory Day and determination, from Wendy and Jack and Colton.

I am from Courage and from Kindness.

I am from learning that, "Organization is the key to Victory."

I am from polytheism to monotheism to my belief in God.

I am from Gods Graceful Hand, from my Mom's unique heritage of Indian, Scandinavian and my Father's English and Irish heritage.

From the hardships my mom went through when she was a child, to my father's hardships to serve America outside of his country.

I am from the pictures of me and my family in the woods during autumn, to my family during heat and humid weather in the summer on an island. This is what connects me and my family together through the hardships of life.

**Nicholas Myers, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Boyd County**

## **Where I'm From**

I am from jackets,

From Sony and Nintendo.

I am from the back of an old trailer,

(white paint, once new, has now aged to a yellowish tint).

I am from the rose I always got for my Mom's birthday,

To the weeds that grew so much in our yard.

I am from board games, and glasses, from Mike and Kim.

I am from the usual trips to the store, and the occasional stop at a gas station.

From a big barn house with wide open land,

And from the bad parts of town usually with relatives.

I am from Kentucky, from Papa John's and McDonalds.

From be quiet! And cheer up!

I am from long lost memories of people and places I had once known.

**Leanna Badger, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Westwood, Boyd County**

### **Where I'm From**

I am from radios,  
from DirecTV and Casemate.  
I am from the quiet place by the field.  
I am from Doctor Who and tallness,  
    from Felicia and Todd and Badger.  
I am from forgetfulness and weirdness.  
From I don't know and I don't care.  
I am from the Israelites  
    with the Ten Commandments  
    and protection.  
I'm from Westwood and fast food,  
    ripe bananas and string cheese.  
From the slow loss of memory of my grandma,  
the cancer of my papaw,  
and the job loss of my dad.  
I am from the dresser drawer  
with lots of pictures of my mom and her friends.  
I am not from that time,  
but I can imagine  
how it was back then  
when I am in the land of dreams.

**Owen Kidd, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Boyd County**

## **Where I'm From**

I am from videogames to Nutella and waffles,

I am from the house that is always illuminated,

Because we forget to turn off all the lights.

I am from the big oak tree,

And the poison ivy.

I am from New Year's Nerf wars (2 days long),

And Democrats,

From Gabe and Misty.

I am from silliness to English teachers.

From "go the \*bleep\* to sleep" to "eat your food at the table."

I am from boring Sundays for all my friends are at church.

I am from Inez Kentucky, pizza and sugar cookies.

From the leg my great-uncle lost to coal mining,

And the lungs my dad's killing with cigarettes.

In my mom's room lay pictures of before my time.

Some are from the 80's;

some are in black and white.

I don't know who some people are... even though some might be my own mother.

**Faith Nivens, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

### **Where I'm From**

I am from sponge hair curlers,  
from Windex and lemon scented wood cleaner.  
I am from home cooked meals and serenity.

I am from the spring flowers,  
the wildly growing switches.

I am from chocolate chip pancakes  
and reading around the clock,  
from Alicia and Jason.  
I am from great dreams and expectations,  
from "Believe in yourself," and question boxes.

I am from fresh breakfast on Sunday morning,  
and being woken up by bacon.

I am from King's Daughters,  
fried chicken and easy-bake cookies.  
From ice cream in the middle of the night,  
and pretending I know how to drive.

I may not have many pictures,  
but I keep my memories in my head.

I am from the nightmare nights,  
crawling into my parents bed.  
From the good nights,  
the bad and the good days.

**Kaya Ross, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

## **Where I'm From**

I am from cell phones,  
from Doritos and soft mints.  
I am from the pool in my backyard.  
I am from petunias  
    and dogwoods,  
whose fragile limbs in which  
I would climb.

I'm from UK games and big noses,  
    from Pam and David.  
I'm from the fashionistas  
    and the Saturday shopping.  
From "Be Quiet!" and "Speak up!"  
I am from confirmation classes.  
    With my statement of faith,  
    and Easter Sundays.

I'm from Ashland and Logan.  
Spaghetti and Hamburger Helper.  
From the time I walked into  
    Preschool with my papaw,  
to the time he had tar dumped on him.  
I am from the cabinets,  
    beside my fireplace,  
    covered with memories.  
Photos snapped as a child.  
With faces I never came to know.

**Emma Latherow, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

## **Where I'm From**

I am from bat bags by the door,

From movie nights and candy.

I am from the tall mountains above.

I am from the golden rod,

Its small yellow pedals shimmer in the light.

I am from torsettis at Christmas

And long nights together as a family.

I am from Leigh and David,

My twin always there for me.

I come from stubbornness and lots of love,

From as from me and my house we will serve the Lord

And oh goodness!

I am from long nights on the river

And swimming for days on end.

I am from long talks that last until midnight.

Boxes in the craft room that stow away pictures,

Form long ago.

They hold the memories from long ago.

That is where I am from.

**Chrissyanna Brown, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Boyd County**

## Where I'm From

I am from art and literature, from sketchbooks and 300 page novels, from Crayola  
and Little Women

I am from the tacky green and tan house on 1001 that's more than two decades old

I am from the budding flowers, ruby red roses, and allergies from the freshly cut  
grass

I am from crowded and raucous family dinners, from Charles and Ann, Chania and  
Chris

I am from deafening laughter and corkscrewed curly brown hair

From strong beliefs and almost hurtful honesty

I am from this little light of mine and sleeping in some Sunday mornings, in a  
family not always focused on religion

I'm from mixed heritage, Ashland and Africa, chicken and southern soul food

From the time my sister severed her arm in a fan at the car wash, gremlins, and the  
rebel tendencies of my older brother, Christopher Jr.

I am from my GG-Mal's attic, overflowing with worn black and white photos of  
days way before my time with countless meanings and memories that are too  
precious to fade

But most importantly I'm from a family that will always stay together and they are  
where I will always belong and call home

**Melanie Grimm, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

## **Where I'm From**

I am from books,  
From flea markets and movies  
I am from the dogwood tree  
(Where I made and lost  
One of my first friends)

I am from Christmas Eve pajamas and dark hair  
From Wendy, Jeff, and a crazy family

I am from the nerds and the geeks  
From "May the Force be With You!"  
And "Live Long and Prosper!"

I am from early morning Sunday School  
    From being baptized under the peach tree  
    And a church family that will always be there

I am from the Steins and Grimms,  
From spaghetti and meatloaf  
From terrible jokes that give me a sense of humor  
From family game nights that I still look forward to

I am from the many memories under my bed,  
And the photos in my head  
I am from everyone and everything that I've met and seen.

**Aiden Burton, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

### **Where I'm From**

I am from video games.

From Nintendo D.S. to PS4,

I am from a boring,

Stale apartment complex.

I am from the glass on every screen,

The escape from reality.

I am from loud family picnics in the summer,

From Brian, the Bomonts, and Mom.

I am from Booming Voices and Bear Hugs

From eyes making the world blind and

attempts at inside voices.

I am from empty church pews.

I am from the still town of Ashland

With a mystery past,

Eating what is cooked and

Consuming Mom's baked spaghetti

From a family that's secluded until we erupt.

I am from the visual memories locked inside my head.

**Ethan Swann, Ashland Middle School (7<sup>th</sup> Grade), Ashland, Boyd County**

## **Where I'm From**

I am from video games, from Play Station and Need for Speed.

I am from the big home, tall and ugly.

I am from the hibiscus trees and the rose bush,

    Its thorns prick my skin.

I am from the beach and weirdos,

from Mary and Danny and Swann.

    I am from the smart-alecs,

    And do-it-tomorrows.

I am from "Quiet down!" And "Stop arguing!"

I am from little faith,

    never stepping foot in a church.

I'm from Ashland and Huntington,

Spaghetti and meatballs.

From fingers being smashed in the trunk.

    The pain,

    the screaming

I am from the plastic container in the closet,

filled with memories from the past.

## **Where I'm From: Valley of Memory**

By Rebecca Burch, Creative Writing Student  
BOYD COUNTY / Ashland Community and Technical College

I am from the Valley,  
From the Clip Clop of horse's hooves,  
and Amish made buggies on a gravel road.  
I am from friendly neighbors bringing freshly baked bread  
still hot from a gas stove,  
From hey ya'll, and we'll be seein' ya.  
I am from a misty summer morning,  
From the smell of hay in the barn,  
The newly stacked hay on which many summer days were spent.  
It was our conquered mountain.  
I am from where men have long beards, smelling of cedar,  
Women with head coverings, smelling of baked goods  
From suspenders and handmade dresses,  
From children who can't speak English  
I am from a restful evening,  
From orange and red streaming down on the secluded field.  
From a hard day's work and glad when bedtime came.  
From scratches and bruises and not remembering where they came from.  
I am from four seasons  
From the flood waters of the fall carrying away precious memories,  
to the ten foot snowman in the waist deep snow banks  
From a muddy game of baseball on a slippery spring day.  
This is where I'm from  
From tears and sweat of hard labor  
and growing up and moving away.  
The shadows of the past, From Duffy road, Millers bakery, Kiem's market.  
From Church on Sunday and work on Monday.  
Precious sacred scenes unfold.

## **Where I'm From**

by Sarah Diamond Burroway, Creative Writing Student  
BOYD COUNTY / Ashland Community and Technical College

I'm from Friday night bonfires in a field by Albert and Frankie's.  
I'm from lightning bugs in blue glass jars from Milk of Magnesia, nail holes piercing their lids.  
I'm from sweaty summer hugs and plastic dime store boats floating past bubbles and toes in  
baths shared with my sister.

I'm from pocketknives and potluck suppers and dinners on the ground.  
I'm from upright pianos of questionable tuning, missing two keys.  
I'm from old, musty hymnals and pages of shaped notes, homecomings, outhouses and  
Hard Shell harmonies.

I'm from Red Horse Tobacco and water buckets lined with rust from the well by the side porch.  
I'm from hand-me-downs and blunt colored pencils, rubbed across coarse paper, marking all I  
know about state flowers and birds and trees.  
I'm from stolen kisses from older boys on Bus 16 and vo-tech kids mooning the school as we  
pull away for the bus ride home.

I'm from sleeping in Coach Ivan's study hall and lockers with broken handles.  
I'm from big hair, secondhand prom gowns and strappy, silver heels borrowed from neighbors.  
I'm from layer cakes, baked in Home-Ec just down the hall-- even though they didn't rise, we ate  
them anyway.

## Where I am From

BOYD County / Trina Miller, Creative Writing Student  
Ashland Community and Technical College

I am from an older mother, stuck in the fifties  
From an old father bitter from his past  
I am from fried chicken  
Sizzling, bubbling, in a hot iron skillet

I am from a lonely street, Patterson  
No other kids  
I entertain myself  
In my front yard

I am from church and “singings”  
From Pappaw Mark and Uncle Glen  
I’m from the, “Worsh your hands”  
And, “you need to reduce!”  
From, “Lord have mercy!” and, “for goodness sakes!”  
I’m from Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me

I’m from Flatwoods and Raceland  
Football games and corn dogs  
From Mammaw with her gorder  
Hair long and gray  
The hands of my Pappaw  
Leathery and stained

In my closet in my room  
I have a secret box  
Full of pictures of those I love  
Whose faces stay the same

Always smiling, never dead  
Their memories I fight to maintain

Where I'm From

*By James Austin Hughes, Creative Writing Student*

*Ashland Community and Technical College / Professor Laura Tussey*

I am from the woods out passed my house  
The peace and quiet from the birds hum.  
I am from the dirt on which we stand  
The building blocks of so many memories.  
I am from the water that flows ever so  
The place to be when the summer comes.

I am from the Elders that sit on the porch  
The ones that have worked their lives away.  
I am from the smell of gasoline and diesel fumes  
The ones produced by my father's heavy equipment.  
I am from the truck bed of my grandpa's dodge  
The one that my cousins and I learned to drive in.

I am from the dirt bikes we used to race  
But only in the safety of our backyard.  
I am from the safety and security of my mother's arms.  
But from the careless thoughts that my father never lived.

Where I'm from combines many different lifestyles  
The ones that never work together.  
Where I'm from, you work for what you want  
And a work ethic and job mean more than a college education.

I am from...

*Stacey Willenbrink, Creative Writing Student  
Ashland Community and Technical College / Professor Laura Tussey*

I am from the mud hole under that old oak tree,  
From Matchbox cars and baseball.

I am from the creek that ran across the road  
And from the bridge across that creek  
That left this scar upon my knee.

I am from sneaking strawberries from Papaw's patch  
From him winking and saying, "them damn deer."  
I am from soup beans and fried taters from Mamaw's kitchen,  
And the night time ghost stories on the front porch  
Then snuggling with Mommy to sleep.

I am from a branch on my mother's tree  
From my father's tree I was cut.  
I am from full moons and staring at the stars  
And I wish I may, I wish I might have this wish I wish tonight.

I am from fishing poles and the pond in the woods  
From skipping stones, that's 5 make a wish.  
I am from four-wheelers trails through the woods  
And from roses and black-eyed Susan's  
And the beauty Mother Nature has made.

I am from hard-working hands of Momma  
From roots that run deep, true and strong.  
I am from saying grace before you eat  
And hit your knees and bow your head at night.  
Hallelujah, praise God, Amen!

In the corners of my closet, there's an old cardboard box  
When I raise the flaps I'm taken back to long ago days  
I am in the company of Angels who left a hole in my heart.  
All of these things have made me, me  
They've gave me a strong foundation to start my own tree.

Where I am From

*by Michelle Brown, Creative Writing Student*

*Ashland Community and Technical College / Professor Laura Tussey*

Growing up....I'm from biscuits and gravy  
From the large fish tank at the end of the hall  
I'm from porch swings and catching fireflies.  
From late nights playing TV tag and getting mosquito bites.

I'm from the shag carpet in grandma's living room  
From the yellow Googly eyed cup that we all fought over.  
I'm from roller skating in my grandma's basement  
From early Saturday mornings garage selling for a bargain.

I'm from summer's spent at the beach  
From cousins playing together in the pool all day long  
From faces covered with marshmallows and chocolate  
From family pictures by the pier.

I am from those moments  
A child that couldn't wait to grow up  
An adult that wishes she could go back in time.

*by Kristi Whitley-Scripter, Creative Writing Student  
Ashland Community and Technical College / Professor Laura Tussey*

I'm from a cracker box  
eager to learn  
up a holler  
wading creeks  
drinking from Granny's spring  
from her metal ladle  
one of the best tastes EVER.

I'm from curvy roads  
to mountaintops  
and Granny's moo moos  
to Papaw on the front porch  
widdlen'  
coal mines to the left  
and oil riggs to the right.

I'm from running barefoot and being sassy  
to use your manners and don't act ugly  
I'm from traveling and mockery  
to understanding and love