

## Where I'm From

by George Fillingham, Hopkinsville, Christian County

I'm from bike spokes  
and shy pokes  
and night jokes and slim,  
from skinned knees  
and shelled peas  
and BBs and apples.

I worked hard,  
cooked with lard,  
read the Word,  
watched the birds and sighed;  
Why can't I fly?

I learned to sing  
from the hymn book's notes;  
I studied springs  
to find the tadpoles' holes.

I'm from Elkton and Fairview,  
from Princeton and Cob,  
from Cadiz, minding my biz,  
from Gracey to Lacy school,  
O yes, and Hopkinsville.

I've sat on a stump 'til the ants  
made me move,  
carved a penguin from a busted broom handle  
with only a Barlow knife.

I watched my neighbors grow up  
and lie down, raise up from their beds  
spin stories we thought were dead,  
turn right round again  
and die moaning in pain.  
The stories I was hold  
Are better than gold  
because that's where I'm from.