

# Where I'm From

by J. Gregory Cooper  
Harrison County

I'm from Carl and Jeni  
and all they stood for  
Mountain roots  
and rural rearing  
Bedford and Bedford Christian Church  
A bible left out in the rain

I'm from a brother who worshipped me  
and people who nurtured me.  
I'm from Barry Goldwater  
and William F. Buckley, Jr.  
and Vietnam  
with no blood shed.

I'm from Centre College  
and Fraternity brothers who saw me at my worst  
and saw me at my best  
and still love me.

I am from Medicine as it was meant  
to be.  
Passed down from generations.  
Passed down from mentors.  
True believers.

I am from people  
Who nurtured me, who loved me  
Who guided me  
Who molded me  
Who now need me.

And this is mine.

## Where I'm From

by Deborah Adams Cooper  
Harrison County

I am from 207 Long Avenue  
at 2347 by phone.

I am from time-sanded jewels patted  
to mud pies on the Kentucky's north fork shores.

I am from hummingbirds stunned  
in flight at honeysuckle's breath  
(...and stealing my own.)

I am from instructions to take the railroad tracks home  
when the Russians attack.

I am from the scared child, scared from I don't know what  
even now.

Time and the waters saved me,  
from the wallows of the north fork a touchstone  
so close, so inside me I could smell it, lick it, taste  
its headwaters.

When it rose in '57 i thought it a miracle, lifting  
the basement pantry of goods, lifting  
canned ham, corn, green beans...  
us.

I watched as it skulked back into its banks  
scattering its gems, river dirt glistening,  
leaving its memories in our basement, the coal  
room and halfway up the stairs.

I am from this time - this place,  
where the mountains snatched the sun  
too early and gave her back too late.