

Author: Luke Dalton

Where I'm From Poem

I am from football
from under amour
and sports

I am from the rural part of Henderson
Kentucky.
I am from football and basketball games, and piano recitals
from fights with siblings
and from the basment

I am from the woods
the dogs that brings smiles to my face

I'm from Tuesday night meals at MawMaw's
and the get up and go from the "Boss" (Mom)
and my best friend (Dad)

I'm from the NFL Sunday gamedays
and the funny conversations that follow

From Humble not Proud
and dynamite comes in small packages

I'm from church
my christian friends and sermons

I'm from the farmers in Sturgis to the
business men in Henderson

From coffee with sweetener and home cooked meals
by my Mom

From the trips crossing the western U.S.A
trips

I am from the video camera that
captures and holds all the memories.

Where I Am From!

By: Abbie Roberson

I am from nature, from old school, and softball.

I am from family.

I am from candles burning, from being on the move, and from watching movies.

I am from the rabbit, and fish.

I am from opening presents at the break of dawn on Christmas, and having Thanksgiving dinner, from watching fireworks on the 4th of July, and spending time with family on Valentine`s Day.

I am from camping and grilling out.

From “Use manners” and “Have confidence”.

I am from Christ and family.

I am from the river.

From steak and mash potatoes.

From mom`s camera on top of the refrigerator.

I am from Kentucky.

Where I'm From Poem

Author: Haleigh Richmond
Cairo Elementary

I am from books,
from golden snitches
and butterbeer.

I am from the Gryffindor Common Room.

I am from the Quidditch Field,
from Number 4 Privet Drive,
and from the Cupboard under the Stairs.

I am from Gillyweed,
and Pumpkin Juice.

I'm from quidditch and Gryffindor,
from Fred and George.

I'm from ACCIO
and WINGARDIUM LEVIOSA

From Herbology
And Transfiguration

I'm from magic,
and spells

I'm from witches and wizards.

From chocolate frogs and sugar wands.

From the wizarding world.
I am from Hogwarts.

Addison #8c

Addison #8c

I am from glamour From Justice to fashion. I am from the dog poop to dog fur gross and nasty it smells disgusting. I am from the rose to the sunflower, both beautiful flowers. I am from the big Christmas and Family fun from my step-mom, dad and brother. I am from the shopping and cooking family. From I was beautiful and nerve racking. I am from Audubon Baptist. I'm from Henderson, Ky. From steak and candy from the scary story about my mom. The funny story about my poppy. We have a family picture from the pumpkin patch. I am from a family of nice, loyal people who try to be there for me.

Madelyn Bennett

Where I'm From

I am from animals, from beanie babies,
and schleich.

~~I am from the chicken yard.~~

I am from the chicken yard.

I am from riding golf carts, from horse back
riding, and from scattering claws of bunny feet.

I am from the wildlife, the ocean.

I'm from Gatlinburg trips and fun, from
Michaela and Mom.

I

I'm from the Little House series and
sleepovers with family.

From shush and come here.

I'm from unicorns, magic.

I'm from loudness.

From jerky and chocolate.

From the blizzard,

I am from Robert, kx.

Where I'm From

Author: Morgan Smith

I am from Instagram,
from Dr. Pepper,
and iPhone.

I am from the cozy couches.

I am from selfies,
from sports,
and from perfume.

I am from the bushes,
the trees.

I'm from Amazing Grace,
and brown eyes, from Momma
and Mammie.

I'm from the movies
and board games.

From sit up
and I love you.

I'm from God,
miracles.

I'm from the country.

From pizza and fried chicken.

From the curly hair.

I am from my house.

Addison Sager

I am from Cheer
from lemonade
and nike

I am from the memorial house
I am from Memories
from dog
and from respect

I am from the rose
the dirt

Im from Chirstmas
and brown eyes, from Dad
and Grandpa
Im from the Camp grounds
and rivers

From respect and obedience
Im from God and Jesus

I'm from Worship

from bible and church

from the missing teeth

I am from Kentucky—

Laura Osterfeld
Raised in Radcliff, KY, living in Henderson KY

Where I'm From

I am from fading brick and a white porch.
A small house for a small family.
Freckled mother, feather-haired father, big brother, me.
I am from diversity, a small sampling of the world all on one street.
I'm from barefoot-on-the-blacktop summers and ballet shoes in the fall.
From the big oak tree in the backyard—
if you squint hard enough you can still see a face in its bark.
I'm from muddy feet jumping over a sprinkler, not caring about getting dirty
while hands squeezed the last bit of liquid from a freeze pop tube.
I'm from playing outside as soon as the sun came up
to catching lightning bugs until the street lights came on.
When “stay where you can hear me” was viewed as a challenge
and play clothes were ill fitting stirrup pants and hand-me-down shirts.
I'm from best friends forever and playing ball with the boys.
I'm from Street Fighter, Mortal Kombat, Castlevania, and Mario—
when video games were played on rainy days and trips to the library were
nothing less than magical. Creativity was always encouraged.
I'm from Buffy Summers teaching me what it meant to be a strong woman,
and Star Trek marathons. From Tales from the Darkside and Bevis and Butthead to
“don't tell mom,” and “I can't believe your brother let you watch that.”
I'm from ice cream after dinner with Pat Sajak and Mr. Gatti's for good report cards.
I'm from memories etched on the back of a door, height taken as years passed.
From polaroid pictures and home videos now tucked away in storage
and a bedroom that will always be there to welcome me home.
I am from the best childhood in the best decade, *like*, ever.
I'm from a small house with a big heart.
Retired military father, educator mother,
big brother,
and me.

Where I Am From

I am from where y'all is a proper noun and Sunday dinner tables have fried chicken.

I am from the house in the middle of the block with white siding and pink shutters. My extended family lived on four corners of the same block. I'm from being left when the others are gone.

I am from where the Ohio River runs along the river walk and tourist travel boats dock and I sit on a park bench to watch the passengers unload and walk around town.

I am from a petite black haired mother and a tall father with less hair than I was born with. I am from where grandmothers leave their hair white and aging women develop apple shaped bodies and faces wrinkle slowly.

I am from Sunday school where children colored pictures of Jesus. A church where I was married and where I cried through many funerals.

I am from cousins who were my best friends, from yellow kittens that shed fur in the house, and a blue parakeet hung in a cage and sang "Mike's a pretty boy."

I am from dirty bare feet in summer, skinned knees from learning to ride my blue bike without training wheels and from learning to drive my dad's '63 Oldsmobile after I cut corners too wide and left memorable tire tracks in the neighbors' yards.

I am from smelling white sheets drying in summer sun on a clothesline and from a black rotary dial phone that was stationary on a table by the chair.

I am from old pictures and old memories, from a marriage that failed, and from bringing two girls into the world. I am from all I have been and done, all I have seen and hoped for, from all I have loved and lost, and from the start of tomorrow.

Sandy Duckworth

Henderson, KY.

Where I'm From...

By Helen Keaton
Born and raised in Union County KY
Currently living in Henderson County KY

I'm from a very small town;

I'm not even from in town, my people lived in the country.

I'm from people who didn't have no education,

Cause there wuddn't no need for it.

Don't take no book learnin' to work on a farm

And grow a garden to keep them kids fed.

The dirt might be rich, but my family ain't.

I'm from standing close to the coal stove when it's cold to feel the heat,

With one side of yer britches scorchin' and the other side freezin'.

I'm from tasting the burgoo cooked outside in a big ol' black kettle when it's hot outside;

Just throw out any buckshot that was missed,

Or any grasshoppers that mighta' jumped in.

I'm from y'all make sure the moonshine stays under that tarp;

And I'm from we're havin' fish, so you can't drink milk; it'll poison you.

But I rose above my raising when I moved to a bigger city;

Got an education and landed a good job,

Learned the fork goes on the left, the knife and spoon on the right.

Foods are grilled, not fried.

Hot coffee is sipped from a cup, not cooled off and slurped from a saucer.

Someone will take you to the store, they won't run you or carry you.

Don't speak to people you don't know.

But every once in a while, I go back,

Cause I seen sumpin', or I heard somebody sayin' sumpin',

And there I am...back to...

I'm from climbin' the big ol' walnut tree in the side yard,

I'm from tyin' strings on a June bug's leg,

And I'm from puttin' gravy on my tomatas.

And it's so good.

“Where I’m From”

by Kimbra Wilder Gish (Henderson County)

I am from a loaded moving van,
books packed tight in boxes overflowing -
Small-town girl lost in Music City come to make a new home.
I’m from little house on the pretty-named street
with a spiral staircase to stop your heart
and my own study in the spare bedroom.

I’m from uncertainty about barbecue,
and burgoo, and fried catfish, and – well –
anything that didn’t look like it came from
my Appalachian homeplace, but – I’m here now.
So I’m from “might as well try it – hey, wait, that’s GOOD!”
From “should we order three gallons of burgoo this year?”
and “Tell me how to get to Thomason’s. Let’s have
barbecue for our anniversary dinner!”

I’m from the Walmart Supercenter
but even more from the Sidewalk Café
with its amazing homemade pickles, chicken salad,
and savory-sweet cucumber and tomato salad,
and such melty good hot ham and cheese sandwiches
you wouldn’t *believe* -
from the Whistle Stop Café with its homemade savory soups
and real home cooking to make you drool.
From Mr. D’s drive-in with the best burgers and fries and chicken.
From New China and stopping for veggie egg rolls on the way home.

I'm from moving again, this time down a few blocks only (yay!).

I'm from taking stuff over in small batches -

books (again) and furniture and food

and a whole new world opening up

with a closet that's my very own Book Nook

and a desk in the kitchen, right in the middle of everything.

I'm from the long flat drives

when I reckon you can see for miles and miles.

I'm from driving across that bridge

to get in some extra grocery shopping

but always being gladder than glad

to drive back over and see the lights of 41 South and the strip.

I'm from the back roads =

from losing myself in the quietude of the community college library

inhaling the smell of dust and textbooks and flat carpet

to the bustle of the public library

where there are always new movies to borrow,

more books to devour, great music to find –

and let's not forget the creative writing group.

Of course I'm from cracking up together

over a piece someone wrote and read,

from laughing so hard we can't breathe

from sharing food and joy and ideas

and all of us the richer for the sharing.

I'm from my family of marriage.

From the water building to the countryside

From feeling so much love bubble up watching

the kids play and cousins talk and siblings share
that I could scarcely hold it all in, knowing that this –
this moment – might never come again,
but – for this one moment, this one night –
watching my husband's uncle shoot off fireworks
with his young grandsons –
in this moment, everything, everything, is so perfect
I might just explode myself for the joy of it.
I'm from realizing maybe I didn't throw all that away when I moved –
maybe new kinds of happiness opened up for me.