

## **Where I am From**

By Kathy Stephens Wilson  
Columbus, KY  
Hickman County

I am from Mississippi River Mud  
between my toes,  
cotton wood trees all lined  
up in rows.

I am from a little gray house  
on Cosby Lane,  
a towering oak tree  
where I carved my name.

I am from briars and chiggers,  
picking blackberries in July,  
waiting on Momma to bake  
them into a pie.

I am from candy and pop from  
Morrison's Grocery Store,  
popcorn balls every Halloween  
at Mrs. Ted's door.

I am from cake walks and games  
in the old Columbus school gym,  
Obion Baptist Church,  
singing an old time hymn.

I am from homemade strawberry ice cream  
in the old hand churn,  
family fish fries where the young ones  
waited their turn.

These things are no more,  
to pass they have come  
But I need only close my eyes  
to remember...

That's where I am from.

## WHERE I'M FROM

by Cassie Weig

Where I'm from is a house deep in the woods  
Woods so deep we couldn't see the 2-lane road way out front  
I'm from a road that led to Beelerton – full of cousins  
A forgotten cemetery way back behind the fields

Where I'm from there are loblolly pines along the driveway that Daddy planted long ago  
The silver birch under my bedroom window. My “eloping tree”.  
I'm from brick-edged flower beds in the shade where blue-tailed lizards slithered and snuck  
Dappled sun playing on the green garden shed

Where I'm from has a pond at the edge of the corn field  
A pond where beloved dogs are buried. No markers needed. We remember.  
I'm from putting-up-corn-days. Shucking ears with Gran in the yard.  
My precious Gran. Granddaddy Leslie. Mama Lois. Daddy John.

Where I'm from is Charles Chips in a tin  
Milk break with a nickel in my shoe  
I'm from buckeyes on the school playground  
There are Falcons – red and black on the court

Where I'm from tractors have the right-of-way  
Farm families hush for the weather forecast on TV  
I'm from a tire swing swaying lonely in the breeze  
Early morning hot sun blackberry picking

Where I'm from is bird-watching on a snow day  
Bird guide in our left hand, hot chocolate in the right  
I'm from a closet full of Barbie dolls  
Blueberry muffins on Saturdays

Where I'm from are 45's on the record player  
An old black lab circling his rug for a nap  
I'm from a red Mustang in the driveway  
Always careful pulling out on Highway 51.

Where I'm from is watching Mama put on her makeup  
Frosting her hair from a can. Then braiding mine.  
I'm from hand-smocked dresses. Penny loafers.  
Daddy's surprises from town

Where I'm from is church three times a week  
And a pew 3 rows from the front  
I'm from corn pudding and potato casserole in the church basement  
After homecoming Sunday

Where I am from there are homemade dill pickles in a wide-mouthed Mason jar  
Hymnals on mama's piano  
I'm from acorns on the lawn so thick grass couldn't grow  
Trees' seeds. My trees. My home.  
That is where I'm from.

## Where I'm From

I am from the small towns: Clinton, Fulgham, Symsonia, and Springhill.

I am from the cold, sweet tea every day.

I am from the warm and tasty apple, cherry, and pecan pie.

I am from the small town church on the hill every Sunday, to the Sunday afternoon lunches.

I am from the "y'all" and "ain't" to the bless your heart.

I am from the old chicken coop to the grain bins behind my house.

I am from playing volleyball on 4<sup>th</sup> of July to playing for a team.

I am from Chrystal, the nurse, and the Sunday school teacher.

I am from Joseph, the electrician.

I am from the golf matches on Tuesdays.

I am from the trips to Granny's house, to the cold root beer floats when we got there.

I am from the loud country music blasting on the radio.

I am from the hot fried chicken in my Memaw's kitchen.

I am from the surprise birthday parties to the homemade cake.

I am from a celebration on every holiday.

I am from a small town with great people and big dreams.

Jenna Moore, Hickman County Middle School, Hickman County

## Where I'm From

Leanna Wilkerson, Hickman County

Where I'm from is ever constant and ever changing.  
It is the same faces from high school greeting you at the bank, at the store,  
Yet now older, wearied by responsibility and loss.  
It is new babies, familiar faces with new names,  
vacant lots where homes once stood.

Where I'm from is a small town square on a Monday morning,  
sun blinding on a summer day, cocooned in snow in winter.  
It is church bells pealing on Sunday morning as congregants  
from all corners of town spill out oak doors,  
rushing to beat their neighbors to Sunday dinner.

Where I'm from is a phone call with, "Have you heard..."  
followed by a breathless reveal of the latest scandal or  
"I just heard," followed by a breath of prayer,  
lifting words of comfort, offers of help.

Where I'm from is a combine resting in a fog shrouded field awaiting workers for the  
harvest.  
The parade is Halloween ghouls, or Christmas lights or  
a farm equipment procession down the main thoroughfare,  
all gleefully ignoring the single stoplight's signal.

Where I'm from, Saturday night was spent "out town,"  
cruising from city limit to stop light,  
riding in slow circles, racing to leave childhood behind  
until curfew chased us home.

Where I'm from the night ride is now in low hanging moonlight,  
music and memories as passengers,  
with freshly cut hay, or tobacco barn,  
or chicken barn as the night scent.

Where I'm from is where I return  
time and time again,  
either in memory, body, or soul  
Until at last I am home-where I'm from.

# WHERE I'M FROM

by Sherry Roberts

Where I'm from  
is a tiny town in far western Kentucky -  
a place steeped in history  
and framed by the Mighty Mississippi, rich farm land,  
and a state park sheltered by proud old trees.

Where I'm from  
you can drive on backroads with no hint of urban life -  
only kudzu and mystery and sandbars.  
Where Walker and Bluff Roads are often avoided  
by those who believe old timers' tales.

Where I'm from  
the ghosts of Civil War soldiers hauntingly exist,  
people love to gather around campfires,  
locals sit in Jen's restaurant, worrying about the rising waters  
and solving the day's political issues.

Where I'm from  
neighbors help each other overcome hard times,  
the word of the day is "casual,"  
families can be traced back for generations,  
and hunting is a part of life.

Yes, I'm from the roots of my childhood,  
growing up on a farm in Columbus,  
climbing trees, playing at the park,  
respecting the river's power,  
and knowing life is good.

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