

Where I'm From

by Chris Boyd, Knott County

I am from a place many will never know--
long drives to work where you are immersed in God's canvas,
where you thank him for bringing you back yet question him about his plans.

I am from a place many will never see—
mountains touching the sky, and elders trying to instill to the younguns, the beauty before
them...
the blues, the greens, every rainbow, colors created not from a spectrum, but a way of life.

I am from a place many will never taste—
Papaws and cushaws,
jams and jellies made by a grandmother, then your own mother, and before you know it you,
big dinners of fried chicken on Sundays after church,
that special ingredient of time, where the ones you care about,
start the night before preparing the same meal at ever holiday dinner celebrated in the
mountains:
Auntie Em's macaroni salad, Aunt Fern's cornbread dressing, and Uncle Bubby's "extract"
flavoring for the 'Naner Puddin'.

I am from a place many will never hear—
trickling creeks beside your childhood home,
rain on a tin roof,
blowing a strand of grass between your hands,
long ago anthems of "I'm telling mom" and "wait til your father gets home",
all the while, the Stanley Brothers play on repeat in the background.

I am from a place many will never smell—
fresh cut grass on the cemeteries of fallen heroes,
canned tomatoes and apples filling the house as your loving Granny puts up for winter,
and that unknown scent that says fall is in the air.

I am from a place many will never feel—
quilts made from the tattered dresses of matriarchs,
a hand on your shoulder in a prayer circle for your family, friends, or neighbor,
or tears of sadness that all this before you is on the verge of being lost.

I am from this place.