

WHERE I'M FROM By Sharyn White-Coe

- I'm from A four room house on Turkey Pen Hill, with a single mother, maternal grandparents, two brothers and two sisters.....an absent father that visited once a month in a big shiny car.
- I'm from A crowded little house with no runnin' water, a coal stove for heat, meat hangin' in the meat house outside off the kitchen, and potatoes and veggies stored in the dark, underground, root cellar that scared me so.
- I'm from Carrying rain water from the barrel, gatherin' eggs, wringin' chicken's necks and blackberry pickin', wadin' in the creek and skatin' on the pond.
- I'm from Sleepin' on the back of ole Jack, our mule, while Papaw plowed tobacco and then sleepin' on Papaw's lap at night in his big rocker.
- I'm from Linoleum floors so clean from Mommy's scrubbin' with a brush on her knees, that my hands never got dirty playing Jack's or Pick up Sticks.
- I'm from Goin' barefoot all summer...everyday 'cept Sunday...when I wore my hand me down black patents and my beautiful feed sack dresses that Mommy sewed.
- I'm from Standin' on top of a wood fence singin' Amazing Grace at the top of my lungs so everyone could hear me in the valley below.
- I'm from A deep mother's love, grandparent discipline and big brothers and sisters who taught me to dream big and smile.
- I'm from a house full of love on Turkey Pen Hill.

I'm from

I am from Eliza the Cherokee and Tom the black the man.
I'm from hand written notes I found in boxes, books and dresser drawers
I found that my granny wrote over one hundred years ago.
I'm from old photos with smiling faces, stern faces, happy faces, sad faces
with eyes that tell sad stories.
I'm from homemade feathered pillows that would stick your face and head.
I'm from cold outdoor toilets in the dark of night, and the wind touching
your shoulder like a bony cold hand.
I'm from bed bugs and cock roaches and June bugs on a sting
I'm from party lines, and clothes lines and all those back in time things.
I'm from neighbors asking to use your phone.
I'm from not letting your neighbors go hungry.
I'm from wilted lettuce and bacon grease.
I'm from she's in family way.
I'm from not knowing she's in family way until the new family member arrives.
I'm from cigar, cigarette smoked filled houses.
I am from wash board, round tubs, lye soap.
I'm from long tail dresses that my mother wore, every where she went I hung on to it
for dear life.
I'm from playing with mud pies, large leaves on trees for pork chops, rocks for potatoes.
I'm from segregation no blacks allowed, white only.
I'm from mom the first black lady to be honored lady of the year in Maysville.
I'm from dad who painted many building in Maysville, along with the welcome sign
on the flood wall.
I'm from dad the king, mom his queen.
I'm from a dad that said his daughters are the most beautiful princesses in the world.
I am from those moments in time.

Roberta Perry Foley

Where I'm From By Mercedes Hedgecock

I am from four wheelers
from Lipton Tea and Tide
I am from the weeds on the fence row
thorny, green
It looked like jungles
I am from the wild rose bush,
the Iris
whose purple arms reach out
I'm from the blisters on hands and
thick hair
from Violet and Kenneth
and Caroline
I'm from the hard-heads and
do-it-yourself

From wipe the tears away and
never give up
I'm from He will save my soul,
with hands like wool
I'm from Germantown, and Emma's Branch
fried pork chops and burnt cornbread.
From the fight my Papi lost with
cancer
the fight my Aunt won.
in my basement was a box
I am from those blank thoughts
and a crazy mind.

Peyton Schumacher

I am from glass plates
 from steel pots and pans
I am from the green and spacious woods.
 It sounded of chirps
I am from the sweet honeysuckle
 the daisies.
I'm from the summer party and strong legs
 from Anna and Grace
 and Maggie
I'm from the country club and
 baby crying.

From "You can't be good at everything" and
 help people in need
I'm from Catholics
 on every Sunday.
I'm from Maysville, KY
 white lights and french fries
From the falling and scraping your knee
 the confidence to try again.
Family pictures in the drawer
I am from all is well.

I am from Lay's potato chips.

From steel forks and steel spoons.

I am from the small park around the corner,
exciting and fun.

Sounded like squeaky swing sets.

I am from the small green grass,
the tulips, colorful.

I'm from the board games and puzzles.

From Aris, and Glenn, Vicky.

I'm from the BIG parties and family gatherings.

From "you can do anything you put your mind to"
and "help charity".

I'm from Catholics, and church almost every Sunday.

I'm from Maysville, KY.

Corn and cabbage.

Falling and hitting your head, the courage to try again.

The old family pictures in the closet.

I am from the best family I could have.

I am from backpacks
from Dixon Ticonderoga pencils and
Scholastic books.

I am from the wooden porch hard, rough.
It looked like strings of brown.

I am from the oak trees, the dandelions when
the wind blows on it.

I'm from the New Years Celebration and black hair
from Hla and Tuyen from Ba oing.

I'm from the art and books.

From books of learning and kind to others.

I'm from God when he created me.

I'm from Morehead rice and fish.

From the story when Ong Noi lost his brain the
time when Angel and her family crashed.

Inside the glass table.

I am from the rural areas of Kentucky and a
desendant of Vietnam.

By: Brianna Nguyen

Kade Roush

I am from God

from Nike and under armor

I am from the concrete on the
driveway. gray, old. it felt rough

I am from the fresh green grass
the ~~blooming~~ pear trees that break in
bad storms

I'm from the favorite cake and
dark eyes from Lisa and Kelly and
big brother bud

I'm from the Sunday dinners and
warm day car washes

from slurr dogs under the bed and
the brother who naped me

I'm from the Lord is my savior
and Silent Night

I'm from Kentucky dog branch
soft cornbread and white milk

from the white old Volkswagen my
grandfather loved the red short hair
my grandma had.

In the boxes in the basement.

I am from the city lights, sand
ditches and watermelon in the summer.

Chloe Adams

"Where I'm From"

Where I'm from?

I'm from friendly neighbors and outdoor adventures

From lighting bugs in mason jars and gooey marshmallows over a popping fire.

I'm from card games with oldies, and early morning flashlight tag with newbies

From dirt caked fingers

From craw dads in neon nets

From rain soaked pigtailed

I'm from the tops of willow trees and the bottoms of creeks

From bouquets of dandelions and pails of glittery rocks

I'm from races down gravel alleys, and hide and seek across neighbor hoods

From Reese's from the gas station

From scaring the starlings off telephone wires

From drippy blue Popsicles

I'm from basketball losses but kickball victories

from asphalt wounds and splinters and thorns

I'm from hour long bike rides and caprisun stops and friends houses

From fights with siblings, to cops and robbers with friends

Firecrackers

Secret forts

Bonfires

Hidden creek bridges

I'm from a wonderful time

A wonderful life

I'm from me.

- >I am from slinging mud pies
- >To supper at five.
- >I am from climbing tulip poplar
- >Until the sun rise.
- >I am from spatting with siblings
- >To good ole' chicken and dumplings.
- >I am from chicken pins
- >And a holy house of regretful sins.
- >I am from ticks and lit candle wicks.
- >
- >I am from "trailer trash,"
- >The ones children pick on and bash,
- >I am from sirens
- >And written letters.
- >
- >I am from a new home on the ridge
- >I am from a water tower town,
- >The one that smells of fresh hay,
- >And manure.
- >I am from one sweet mother,
- >A single one.
- >I am from apartment
- >To apartment,
- >To a house.
- >
- >I am from one hand on the wheel.
- >I am from endless nights and days of my future.
- >I am from not looking back,
- >But moving forward.

By Olivia Harrison

I am from big dreams and aspirations,
from high hopes and "You can do anything!"s
I am from homemade cream candy and fresh lemonade
from parades and picnics
I am from Maddox and Harrison,
remarried donors,
I'm from Aretha Franklin and long car rides,
night drives in pajamas,
I am from sleepless evenings,
serenades at dusk

I'm from a missing father,
a single mother,
From white walls and gloved hands,
From isolation and solitude.
I am from ignoring calls,
And things I wished I would've said,
I am from long showers and contemplations,
From people always asking questions and faces of sympathy

I'm also from "The Little Train that Could",
I am from laughter and happy tears,
From fall down and get back up,
I'm from my grandma Tee and her love,
from family, distraught or not,
I'm from the mistakes and memories,

I am from the generations before me

Raymond Jones

"Where I'm From"

I am from smoke.
From potholes and bonfires.
From that sketchy part of town.

I am from summers and unsupervised kids.
I'm from sunflowers. From barbecues. From horse racing tracks.

I am from a state with a poverty rate of 19.4%.
I am from a state where 14% of students don't graduate.
But most importantly, I'm from optimism.

From my father, who worked for eighteen years in a plastic factory to support us.
From my mother, a mountain woman who is no stranger to struggle.

I am from a state with an opiate affliction. I am from a state with a prescription addiction. I'm
from a state where teenagers are manic, scrambling for Xanax, poor and in a panic. But more
importantly, I am from a state with just as many opportunities as obstacles.

Eim Neal

Emma Ligier
"Where I'm From"

Where I'm From

I'm from the melting Dilly Bar on the picnic table, rusty swing sets, and a glass Coke bottle.

I'm from the purple radio, blasting Thriller. Vampire costumes, Sour Patch Kids, and hot hair rollers.

I'm from Smalltown, USA, and big city dreams.

24 hour video rental, rhinestones and velvet, and five school suspensions.

From Check Advance coloring books and crinoline skirts,
To conceal and carry candies into dark movie theaters.

Im from promises broken, to promises kept.

I belong to high heels and baseball caps, clean laundry smell and fried chicken, Mud caked overalls and Jane Austen.

I am from considerate people, who like to cuss, and two best friends,
who fell out of love.

I am proud and vain, but mostly hilarious.

I'm from too many people in the bathroom, to little hands holding mine
as I walk across the street.

I'm from my mother's unfailing honesty, a box of records, and a desire to
desired.

I am from a broken dynasty, with money, secrets, and lots of ex wives.

From the fields of Europe, across great waters to the place where my
history was raised. I am from those before me and those to come, from
the beginning til the end.

Alissa Mason

“Where I’m From”

I'm from warm summer nights filled with fun,
from cold winters and snowball fights.
I'm from green pastures and rolling hills,
from horse racing and bidding.
I'm from "y'all", instead of "you all",
from welcoming front porches, and southern hospitality.
I'm from Christmases spent with family,

from so many beautiful memories with the people I cherish the most.

But I am also from heartless name-calling,
from sleepless nights filled with the screams between my mother and
father.
I'm from red and blue lights flashing in my bedroom window late at
night when screams turned into more.
I'm from a split home,
where mommy was always my shoulder to cry on, and daddy was the
reason behind my tears.
I'm from never being enough.
I'm from always being wrong.
I'm from never winning.
I'm from, "I'm sorry, let me make it up to you."
I'm from, "Don't leave me like your mother did."
I'm from, "It'll never happen again."
I'm from so much heartache and pain.

I'm going to better days, and quieter nights.
To peaceful conversations and no more tears.
To being okay with who I am, because I AM enough.
I have always been enough, and where I'm from, is not where I will go.

Melissa Mauer

I am from the night
From dark to light
I am from the water,
That relies on the wind

I am storm clouds
From the rain and forceful wind,
That flow through the trees
Like a solemnly song rippling among the leaves of a large tree

I am from love and hate
From pain and sorrow
I am from stories and secrets
From lies and deception

I am from a warm and dark place,
Just like everyone else
I am from my family and friends
And yet I am more from world around me

I am from witnessing the world
I am from hearing the world
And I am from the unseen truth
That lingers in the ever so potent breeze

"Where I'm From"

Destini Sapp

I am from somewhere unheard of,
somewhere far from here.

I am from long nights and endless thoughts,
from expectations and broken paths.

I'm from an array of colors, but mostly green,
because I can never decide whether I am blue or yellow.

I am from the shadows that are noticed only by one,
and I am from a love no one quite understands.

I'm from "yes" and "no" and "I don't know,"
all within the same sentence,
from contemplations that have no end.

I am from the flowers that bloom in the summer,
and like the leaves, I fall too.

I'm from overloads of happiness and unexpected tears
and sometimes I do not wish to be this way.

But all that must be said is this:

I am from a life unbalanced—
but it's a life well worth living.

By Logan Stanfield

I am from a place where it is hard to understand

With love but no participation

With sound but no one is listening

With knowledge but no purpose

I am from a place where silence is my friend.

With sickness but no remedy

With heart but no care

With sight but no ones looking

I am from a world in which I care for myself

Emily Toombs

Where I'm From

I'm from street lights and honking cars

playing in the street until dark

going to the neighbors house to play

and I won't leave until the end of the day

I'm from city lights, well almost

the lights from the restaurants and buildings nearby

from the sight of the school in the am

to the drive home from dance class in the pm

I'm from broken families

fixed up by the last box of Dora band aids and glitter glue

it seemed to be better with the every other weekend

and Wednesday night visits

I'm from suitcases

moving from the big city to the country roads

traveling back and forth every two weeks

going from the country house to the city apartment

I'm from stitches

watching both my parents marry someone

who seemed to come out of nowhere

watching both my parents be happy

and separated

Annie Wansley

I'm from right outside the big city,
From suburbs and busy streets
I'm from the Dogwood tree

That showed its blossoms only for a short while.
I'm from uniforms and small classes.
I'm from the sweet smell of incense
Burning at the altar.
I'm from monthly trips on the highway
To visit family and soon my new home.
I'm from abandoning all I knew
And losing all my friends.
I'm from the betrayal of trust
And having her taken advantage of.
I'm from fearing for my life
Because someone finally snapped.
I'm from a deadly combination
of pesticides and a cookout.

I'm from losing everything
And living out of a suitcase all summer
I'm from finding a home with the help of my grandma.
I'm from those long, hot, summer days
Outside learning how to be a marching band.

I'm from the AA every other weekend
To satisfy the deal.
Sure I was going home
I'm from hoping for a cure
That did not come in time.
I'm from drifting away from what I loved
All because I was too afraid to go back
I'm from those 88 keys
That gave me happiness when nothing else could.

I'm from Lithium and Sertraline
A combination that keeps us sane.
I'm from happiness behind a screen,
Those best friends playing video games.

I'm from high aspirations of playing on that stage, making thousands
happy

I'm from dreading the coming year,
As I'll be all alone.
No more friends to talk to daily,
They'll be out on their own
Making more friends and surely forgetting about I.

I'm from worry that I'll be forgotten
Our memories soon lost and the loneliness to take over.
I'm from "Please, God, don't let them go. They're the only friends I
know"