

Where I'm From

by Glenda Daugherty, Meade County

raised in Valley Village, Louisville, Jefferson County
born in North Carolina

I am from Valley Village—
from oatmeal
and cereal.

I am from a dysfunctional home,
abusive and violent.
It always smelled like stinky cigarettes
and alcohol.

I am from the sweet prairie meadow,
the tumbleweed
dry, thorny and full of grasshoppers.
I'm from the alcoholics
and fighting,
from Mom
and Dad.

I'm from hard heads and hell raisers,
pill-popper drug addicts
and the mentally ill.
From "you little house apes"
and "Mom loves you."
I'm from Jehovah God,
who is going to destroy the wicked.

I'm from Norwegian immigrants and share croppers,
sausage and collard greens.
From Old Man Sessions who raped Grandma
and the beatings Mom got
in the garage, next to Dennis' cedar chest.
I am from days of silly girls and skating
to growing up and partying to
now getting older and wishing for sweet youth.

Karen Robinson
Vine Grove
Meade County, KY

I am from moving around to wheels rolling.
I am from chores before school and after.
I am from chasing lightning bugs to counting
stars while wondering how He created it all.

I'm from late night cereal chats and secret
cookie jar visits.
I'm from big bear hugs to arms stretched
wide I love you.
I'm from I walk the line to I'm just tryin'
to matter.

I'm from hearing aids, hidden bottles and secret
shame.
From new morning mercy, bleeding hearts,
and sunflower joy blooming.

Under a tear soaked pillow was a picture
of a happy family.
I am from heartbroken to heart healed
happily ever after.
The Lord is my shepherd, I have all that
I need to Love is the greatest of these.

Stephanie Hazelwood
Vine Grove
Meade County, KY

I am from a small town,
from brick walls and back porches
and the house I've lived in my whole life.

I am from salsa walls
from prickly bushes and Bradford pears.

I am from jelly facials and green eyes
from Joella and Alda and the blind grandfather I never got the chance to meet.

I am from the dishwasher dance and the great green bean,
from Sweet Home Alabama and Brown Eyed Girl.

I am from church on holidays and seldom on Sundays.
I am from cemetery visits to the family tree,
from Memaws chicken and our holiday casseroles.

I am from the car in the cornfield
and the stories of how my parents met.

I am from police train best friends
and tear filled goodbyes.

I am from the old photo album under the stairs that creaked when I opened it
from asking mom who's this and dad who's that.

I am from the immense love that my family always showed me
and the fights that never lasted that long.

I am from my favorite people in the whole world,
the people who made me who I am,
from you can be anything you want and always dream big.

I am from a place full of love and hope,
From a house I wouldn't change for the world.