

Where I'm From

By Kim Bussell, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from outhouses,

From Gain and Snuggle Fabric Softener.

I am from the basketball goal in my driveway,

From the weeping willow trees,

The flower beds underneath

Lined by bricks all the way around.

I'm from fried taters and brown beans,

From Geraldine and Eddie Dean.

I'm from tobacco fields and Christians,

From God fearing to alcoholics...

With lots of laughs and lots of tears.

I'm from Thatchers Mills Road and The Country Market,

Fritters and chocolate milk.

From my dad's broken fingers,

To my sister's broken nose...

Due to being a clutz.

In my closet, on a shelf,

Full of old pictures and the blanket my aunt made me,

All these memories etched in my mind,

Some are good, some are bad...

Made me who I am today.

Where I'm From

By Penny Thompson, Simpson County Adult Education

I'm from the lost little girl.

A small town with few smiles...

And lots of frowns...

Mom and Dad's divorce broke my heart.

I'm from never being a kid...

I didn't play with friends and catch bugs.

Naw, I tried drugs.

I'm from heartaches and heartbreaks...

A reckless child on the streets of Franklin running wild.

I'm from a broken home of an alcoholic...an addict.

I'm from a mom that would rather have her beer...

Instead of holding her only child near.

I'm from a dad doing the best he could...

Not always what he should.

I'm from a teen making drug deals...

Instead of riding big wheels.

I'm from a reckless life...

Where I had to grow up quick...

And become a mother and a wife.

I'm from big life turns...and still a lot to learn.

I'm from 13 years of biggest mistakes...

My kids now have heartaches.

I'm from where I wanted the drugs to stay numb...

Because my choices were dumb.

I've lost it all...

And through my fake friends...

It was me and my kids to take the fall.

So where I'm from led me to prison...

And it's my kids that I am now missing.

In prison is where this sinner found her Savior...

Where I'm from...

This is what it took for the change in my behavior.

Taking God's hand is where I stand...

So I'm from by His side...where I choose to be...

And now this is a new start for me.

Where I'm From

By Toni Pearson, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from the Everglades,

From crocodiles and alligators.

I am from the sun and sand.

I am from the 70's,

From peace, love, and freedom

I am from the apple of his eyes.

I am from the free spirit,

Merry go-rounds and bright lights.

From Leroy and Mary.

I am from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific.

I'm from highways to neighborhoods.

I'm from instability to stability,

And back to the latter.

I come from poverty to riches,

From want and need to have all.

I'm from do as you're told,

To do as I please.

I'm from dusk to dawn,

To dark of the night with no moon or stars.

These are my memories,

From past to present.

I've lived and learned...

So from my mistakes,

I will go forward...

Back to the dawn of a new day.

My name is Toni...

Where I'm From

By Priscilla Crane, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from dirt roads,

Chiseled through mountain tops.

I am from log beam homes and pick-up trucks.

I am from front porch views of Jack Frost at play,

Leaving blankets of gleaming diamonds in his wake.

I am from winter meat of elk and deer,

Sarvice berry plucked a certain way,

And Mickey Mouse pancakes at the wake of the sun.

I am from Ahab and me running through woods,

Never far away...

Our protector; the Gnomes.

I am from snooty money,

Know it alls and have everything.

I am from one more tip of the bottle,

From one more trigger.

I am from everything is never enough.

I am from suntans and seashells,

From Bahamas and sailboats.

I am from the devil's candy and chaos.

I am from sex too young,

Drugs too long...

I am locked up, I am locked up, I am locked up.

I am from sober mom,

It's all prescribed.

I am from fairy tales,

Grandparents of 55 years.

I am from chronic denial,

And chronic disease.

At the foot of my bed was a chest,

Its contents hold moments frozen in time.

I am Cabbage Patch Kids and one of the first Barbies made.

I am from the peak of the mountains.

I am from the low tide.

This is me...

Who I will always be...

Where I'm from –

By Jamie Cruz, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from deep roots,

From a city home tucked in by county farm.

I am from the football field

And the club swimming pool.

I am from the pinks and yellows,

The mirror image of myself...

One without my own identity

But was my own individual.

I am from love and hard work,

From Scott and Nancy.

I am from College Street and West Cedar,

From the gas station on the corner.

I am from second chances and acceptance.

I am from the what if's and the maybes,

From Donna and the unknown.

I am from the never knowing and loneliness.

From questions unanswered.

I am from Bethany and Miranda,

A false name without record.

Through it all,

Memories forgotten and memories cherished,

A person certain of who they are,

But one always seeking to know who they were.

A mother and a wife,

A daughter and a sister.

A family from the world beyond.

Where I'm From

By Dawn Peace, Simpson County Adult Education

I come from back road and rock driveways,

Mom throwing food together to have a good hot meal.

I come from a broken home,

And I'm forever broken hearted,

As I was uprooted from the country and planted in the city...

Big changes and little time to adjust.

I come from a family of togetherness and addicts,

But still always felt as an outcast,

Never being allowed to cross the tracks.

I come from Sherri and a father unnamed,

A loving and hard working mother and an unloving and uncaring father...

Cruel but very loving and caring brothers.

In my closet is a box of old letters and pictures,

Memories of my past.

I come from no worries and responsibilities,

Whereas a small child,

I played until the street lights came on!

I come from mental, sexual, physical, and emotional abuse,

Drug addicted and alcoholism...

And being ashamed.

I come from broken minded, broken spirited...

I am a Heroin addict.

Now I can finally see the light on the other side...

And kiss the past sadness goodbye!

where I'm from

Kay Drake, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from bobby pins,
from tide and Dial soap,
I am from the old walnut tree down by the cave
(Stains, staying forever,
Sweet morsels for homemade fudge.)

I am from the weeping willow tree
planted from the switch my dad brought
to use on my little brother.

I'm from fried corn and fried chicken,
from John E. and Mildred Kathleen.
I'm from the hard workers
and the make doers,
from mind your manners! and use your imagination!

I'm from tic-tac-toe during worship
with my beloved Aunt Jane
and 66 books named in order.

I'm from Thomas Luther's and Janie's weaker tree,
wilted lettuce salad and fried bacon.
From the toes my granddad lost,
to the surgeon's knife,
the eyebrows my dad lost to the gas stove.

In my heart is a treasure chest
full of dreams – broken and fulfilled
a glimpse of halcyon days
and people long gone.
I am from days—
I thought were perfect –
To days of reality and true love.

Where I'm From

By Amy Ellis, Simpson County Adult Education

I come from the back woods and a two room shack,

No electric, no running water...

We pulled water from a well.

Always children running with no shoes.

A loving mother, a wild step father...

With no cares in the world.

I come from a treehouse,

That's comfort when the fight was on.

Always a dog by my side,

My best friend indeed.

Times were hard; each day a new.

Clothes hanging on a wire...

A mother's fingers bleed from the work she had to do.

I come from a sister's love and caring ways,

From learning from books and magazines.

I thought small towns is all I'll ever know...

One tiny store, one post office, and no police to be found.

I come from a stepfather that showed me the drug world,

The long desperate road that I could not live without,

The best love I have ever known –

A false love that is!

I'll start this path with the things I hold dear,

That's my three loving children,

My freedom, my family...

My choice to do the next best thing.

With the pictures I have of the loving mother...

I'll some day see again, my best friend.

I don't have to come from this...

My God has shown me that my past does not have to define me,

And I'll never have to come from the darkness ever again...

Because my faith is strong...

I am Amy!

where i'm from

Ronnie Drake, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from sheet metal

From tobacco knives and stolen bicycles

I am from the shop behind the house

(windows shot out—no

Crime goes unpunished)

I am from forts, hidden in

The tall grass

And huts just my size.

I am from corn bread and mashed potatoes

From Bert and Rissa

I'm from the hands that slapped

And endless card games

I'm from Raccoon John's Restoration Movement and

Pap's generous heart.

I'm from no electricity and no food

In a city that never slept

Where girls liked older boys

Where a quarter was precious.

I'm from Lila and Paul's broken dreams

Broken dishes and a half-pint

From the bar where he was shot

From the church where I found my love and

Saw the light.

On the table is a scrap book

Shining pages of clippings

And friends long gone

To be remembered and cherished

I am from those empty dreams

The broken promises

From the pioneer stock,

But set apart

A man of God.

Where I'm From

by Megan Bussell, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from cheerleading.

From big wheel cars and Barbies.

I am from creeks to rivers,

From truck pulls to mudding.

I am from cornbread and beans,

From Melissa Bussell and Emory Moore.

I am from drug addicts and alcoholics,

From churches to Christians.

I am from a small town in Nicholas County,

From the Blackberry Festival every year.

I am from fighting with my little brother,

From pulling him up when he is sad.

I am from trophies and pom poms,

From pageant dresses and tiaras.

I am from probation to drug court,

From jails to rehabs.

I am from parole to a parole violation...

From a lot of tears to a lot of laughs.

This is what has made me who I am today!

Where I'm From

By Dawn Huddleston, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from bright lights, big cities,
From shotgun homes, to never one place too long.

I am from revolving doors.

I am from trauma and pain,
Where nothing stays the same.

I am from one more tip of the bottle,
To one pull of the trigger.

I'm from running the streets, partying hard,
No parents, No guidance, No support...

A young mother on drugs, living in darkness...
In and out of jail, living in hell.

I am from an alcoholic mother,
Where it is all legal.

I am from blades to relieve all pains.

I am from a bad lifestyle,
But it isn't what makes me.

I walked dark shadows,
But it didn't end me.

I am from the Lord's Creation, who never left me.

I am from that bright light...
The Lord has led me.

I am from making my decisions...
And choosing not to be hurt anymore.

I choose to listen, to obey my Father Above...
To walk with Him in EVERLASTING LOVE!

Where I'm From

By Brittany Haby, Simpson County Adult Education

I am from a mother,
From the love she shared and the way she cared.
From the tears I've cried,
 That made me hurt inside,
I am from pain and a lot of shame.
From being broke down
 To the climb back up.
I am on my way but not quite there today.

I am from three brothers,
 Now left without a mother...
From a father,
 With a lost daughter.
I am from having a child,
 With no instructions how...
From the love I have for her,
 And how she's been let down.

I am from a God that's rebuilding me...
 To feel happy and free on the inside,
From closed doors and prison walls...
 That's what it took to make the tears finally fall.
I am from if I could go back and turn the hand of time,
 I would fix the broken pieces in this life of mine.

I open my eyes and the path is so bright,
I want to thank God
 For showing me the light.
If I had to do over,

I wouldn't change a thing...

Cause this is my life,

I am still chasing my dream...

That God has prepared for me!