

## **Where I'm From**

by Jolie Finley

I am from hot tea from Lipton and gingerbread.

I am from the redwood house on the corner.

I am from Thanksgiving with friends and split parents.

I am from no siblings and a beautiful grandma.

I am from chapter books and lullabies.

I am from "Goodnight sweetheart" and "Bring me your dirty clothes!"

I am from the freedom to choose.

I am from Western Kentucky and American-Japanese food.

I am from fill-in-the-blank bedtime stories, bird whisperers, and big green trees.

I am from a cluttered basement, and after-the-rain backyard streams.

I'm from walls full of mixed media paintings and photographs of Canadian boat docks.

I am from my mom's button on the kitchen table that reads  
"Good art doesn't match the sofa" and I couldn't agree more.

## *Where I'm From*

I'm from the houses of my neighborhood and the trees; I'm from my dog panting and my cat meowing or purring; I'm from the people in my house talking.

I'm from my grandmother's fried chicken legs and mashed potatoes; I'm from the smell and sound of the chicken frying.

I'm from my dad taking me bowling and bike riding; I'm from my grandmother taking me on trips.

I'm from the roasted marshmallows outside; I'm from a Christmas gathering with my family on Christmas Day.

I'm from going to Asheville, North Carolina with my family; I'm from going to New York and D.C. with my grandmother.

I'm from saying prayers at the dinner table and at night with my family; I'm from my grandmother saying "sleep well" and "sweet dreams" when I stay at her house.

I'm from the dogwoods and oak trees of my back yard; I'm from the sweet smell of oak trees with sap; I'm from the dogwoods full of flower balls.

I'm from my bedroom at night; I'm from the rec room on weekends; I'm from my friend's house on Sundays after church; I'm from behind my great-granddaddy's rocking chair on weekdays doing homework.

Emily Mason  
Warren County

## ***WHERE I'M FROM***

I am from the mountains  
Whose peaks touch the sky  
And seems never-ending  
The feeling of being on top of the world

I am from white water rafting  
Where lives are on the line  
And those rapid waters  
Seem to grab you into them

I come from sorrow,  
Where sadness fills my soul  
When memories are all you have  
Where packing up and moving is the only hope

I'm from exercise: sweat and hard work  
High intensity that always changes  
From kettlebells and wall balls  
And the challenge that consumes you

I'm from trees all around  
Where fresh air fills your lungs  
From the love of hiking and mountain biking

I'm from Big Blue  
Where Wildcats is all we know  
I'm from championships and draft picks

I am from that swish  
That fills your ears as you watch  
And the excitement that fills your soul

I am from the cookies and milk  
And those beautiful wintery nights  
From all the presents in the morning  
Wrapped in all shapes and sizes

I'm from pages after pages filled with words  
And the excitement of discovering what's next

That's where I'm from  
Where are you from?

Woods Mason  
Warren County

***Where I'm From***

Where I'm from is small town idyllic  
ride your bikes and say your prayers  
Where I'm from is know your neighbors  
farm to table, long before it was in

Where I'm from is climbing pine trees  
twilight catching fireflies in sap sticky hands  
Where I'm from is library days, frozen pizza nights  
music and dreams and forgotten diaries

Where I'm from is Sunday church, country roads  
preacher dad, mom, and me  
Where I'm from is summer camp sweat  
new friends, old friends, home away

Where I'm from is backyard swing sets  
dandelion leaves and rabbit's cage  
Where I'm from is a time now gone  
even though I remain

Elizabeth Hogue  
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