

Where I'm From

By Ashley Amick

I'm from woods full of wild animals and the smell of wood burning.

I'm from work like a mule and skin like leather.

I'm from do what I say and not what I do.

I'm from yelling and fighting heard all over the county.

I'm from fried fish freshly caught and homemade ice cream.

I'm from loved by few hated by more.

I'm from a time of growing in a family of confused.

I'm from too blind to see and too innocent to understand.

I'm from raised to fight and praying for strength.

I'm from living in Hell and always working towards Heaven.

I'm from a beautiful log cabin with a wraparound porch, and cold stone walls with broken concrete floors.

Daughter to a drill sergeant although he has never been in the military.

Degrade, sarcasm, betrayal, and belittling were as common as trains at a train station.

I'm from take the blame and beating to save the little ones.

I'm from being torn down to build yourself up.

I'm from loose the attitude to keep up the great work.

Where I'm From

by Helen Curtis

I am from coal dust and
mountains that call me home no matter how far I wander.
They no longer shelter me –
But they shape who I am.

I am from Shawnee,
Hiding in their depth, eluding captivity.
I am from England and Scotland –
Feuds and kilts, unforgiveness and poverty.

I am from hollers and switches, reddy up and because I told you to.
Puke green car rides from my dad's cigar.
Poke greens and raw fries.

I am from dirt
beneath my fingernails –
Earthy, damp loam, yielding to green.

I am from sunlight warming my neck.

I am from caul born witches
mining herbs to cure.
From superstition and folklore.