

Where I'm From

by Norma Miller

I'm from the auto state
from GM, Ford and Chrysler
I'm from fast paced and busy
where slow is not a gear

I'm from the factory
which is a long way away
a good drive to and from
home everyday

I'm from smog, steel and hard work
from the peddle to the metal, shiny and new
to faster is better and last's year models are few

I'm where dollar signs are the guideposts in life
rust and pot poles are my demise
I'm from clutches which are burned up,
motors who blow up, and tires which tare up
where the gas and oil are never filled up

I'm from the sports car
to the family mini van
to the monster truck
to the most economical way
from point A to B

I'm from over priced to under valued
from the showroom to the scrap yard
I'm from riding in style to being
a Classic sheltered with tender loving care

i am
aden ausbrook age 12
the lexington school

I am everywhere and nowhere
I am the smell of a dry breaking leaves
I am the whispers of my parents late in the night
I am the swaying of the trees
I am the sound of snow crunching under my feet
I am the sound of no and yes
I am the sound of good job and you should have done
I am the sound of leaves in the frost of winter
I am loud and silent
I am in the secret place and where people populate
I am hot and cold
I am summer and winter
I am earth, wind, fire, and water
I am the scratching of words on paper, creating a whole new world to explore
I am drying clothes
I am swimming in the ocean
I am the lost places
I am the cat when she rubs my face
I am sitting with no care in the world
I am the random dog that comes to my house
I am laughs on the beach
I am the man reading to me while I am dozing in the sun
I am sad times and happy times
I am the crying spot that no one knows about
I am the tapping of rain on the windows
I am the secret places where I write
I am the sound of nothing and everything
I am the sound of groaning swings
I am I am I am everything from the smallest piece of grass to the tallest tree
I am the sound of tears falling on the ground and laughter bouncing off the walls
I am in the heart of my home

Where I'm From by Nabil Touchan of Aleppo, Syria

I'm from a charming past

I belong to a destroyed country torn by war

I am from a sad present

I came from a successful life in the old days

I am from good work and happy life

Looking today to that past as a dream

I believe that living that dream again is a fiction story now

I am from a country whose people believe in a bird called a phoenix

Through history, every time the phoenix is burned, he collects his ashes and flies again

I also belong to a religion that believes in coming to life again after death

Like Jesus Christ did after his crucifixion

Katelyn Loyd age 12
February 25, 2016
The Lexington School

I live in a light world and a light house.

I live in the underworld sometimes but I always stay above the underworld and play with my friends.

I'm like a pawn in chess.

I can only move forwards just how life takes all of us.

We can never go back to the future.

The only way we can go back is your imagination and to remember your childhood.

I live in a world of funny parents.

I live in a world with pets dogs, cats, and horses.

I live in a world with a dark soul with some light in it.

I live in a world where my room smells like happiness.

I live in a world where my house smells like dirt.

I live in a world where outside smells like nature and school smells like people.

I live in a world where my dog smells like a puppy with lots of energy and my cats smell like they are loveable, sweet, and sometimes very annoying.

I live in a world where my mom is on the light side and I'm on the dark side with some light beaming in like the sun on a hot summer day.

That's where I'm from.

Creative Writing

SeanReece

7C

The Lexington School

I am the wood crackling in the fireplace on a cold winters night. I am the slightly burnt popcorn while whatching the football game on tv when I was ten. I am the brother of the dew on the grass on a summer morning. I am from the paddock where the horses run free and play all day. I am from a private school, I am the pencil in the pencil case getting ready to write something, and always having something to look forward to. I am the wing of an eagle that flys high in the sky, and is not scared of anything. crazy is my cousin, honor is my sister, and my elder brother, is Courage. This is me, and I am fun, and also creative.

Where I'm From

I'm from the swing,
In my grandpas backyard.
I'm from the home made muffins,
In my grandmothers kitchen.

I'm from Lexington, KY
And from the h^roses and the blue grass,
In my great town city.

I'm from the golf course
Next to my house.
I'm from the tiny playhouse
And our favorite tree.

I'm from the rocks,
The dirt and the earth.
I'm from the lakes,
The ocean and the water

I'm from here.

I am From a Fairy Tale

I am from the nuclear family:
mom, dad, sisters, brothers.
From summer vacations,
boating and camping,
Snow White birthday parties
and pretend games of house.
I am from strength, love, security, peace.

I am from responsibility,
a strong work ethic
where living up to full potential
is not a choice but a requirement.

I am from leotards and slippers,
music lessons, Girl Scouts,
academic team, volleyball.
From Taxi Mom—
too much to do, too little time,
rushing from place to place
and coming home to put
dinner on the table.

I am from home-cooked meals
of chicken soup and fresh bread,
just-baked brownies
as an after school snack.
From rowdy Christmas dinners,
where everyone
talks and jokes and laughs and loves.

I am from white collared shirts,
tucked crisply into plaid skirts,
no makeup, no jewelry, no unruly hair.
From a White, middle-class school
with White, middle-class peers
in a White, middle-class neighborhood.
From a place where the one Black family
stood out in the sea of White,
but no one mentioned the difference.

I am from Catholic Schools weeks,
Everybody Counts weeks,
and weeks that run together
into the green and blue plaid blanket
that are my earliest memories of school.

I am from the eyes of others.
From a self-conscious little girl,
seeing myself from the outside;
to a self-confident young woman,
seeing myself in a mirror,
seeing who I want me to be.

But what did they see—
my peers, my family, my community?
They saw a peppy blonde,
happy with life,
content, never wanting
to ruffle the feathers.

And now?
Now they see a peppy blonde
who works hard,
sticks up for what she believes in,
and can ruffle everyone's feathers
from time to time.

I see self-confidence,
determination,
a woman who is different—
different from the images
splashed across the screen.
Images of mini-skirts and push-up bras,
beer in hand and cigarette in teeth.
I don't have to be "cool"
to fit in.
I fit in
by being myself.

I am From a Fairy Tale

I am from the eyes of others,
steadily changing
to being from the eyes
that stare back at me
in the mirror.

I am from the warmth
on the inside of Jonas' window.
He can see in, but can I see out?
Who else
is peering inside at the happy scene
but cannot feel the fire of love?

I wonder—did I ever take a step
towards the window, to see
what color eyes might be staring
back at me?
Did I turn my back when I saw
not my blonde-lashed blue
reflected in the glass,
but a deep black surrounded
by coffee or auburn or cream?

I am from *The Giver's* Sameness,
where most people look like me,
talk like me,
think like me.
From walking through the high school
doors to find
the Asians in advanced,
the Blacks are behind,
the Browns a clan of their own,
and never wondering why.

I am from closed eyes and shut doors,
where Other people barely existed,
and I could pretend
there was no more bad in the world—
no hunger, no war, no murder,
and Everyone
is innocent until proven guilty.
I am from naivety.

Until my eyes opened
on a September day,
and I saw the hatred,
the cruelty,
the pain.
I saw reality, and now...
I am from tears, disbelief,
a new window
not quite as bright as before.

I am from childhood dreams
of a perfect world;
discriminating against humankind
by my innocence, denial, childish mindset;
from the carefully guarded bubble
of church, family, school.
Those dreams turn to anger—
unfair anger stemming from
over-protectiveness, shelter,
an abundance of love?

Anger? No.
Simply a new view on the world,
and the people in this world,
and the powers of the people in this world.
Powers of hatred
that my unblemished young mind
had yet to encounter.

I am from new awakenings,
fledgling ideas, newly inspired
interest in the Other.
From a changing perspective
of the nation's youth—
of the children I will teach.

I wonder—where are they
coming from?

Where I'm From
By EC Brooks

I'm from chaotic mornings and chipped mugs half-filled with lukewarm coffee
'Solve the problem!' and 'Where's my black sweater from last Friday?'
From off-key Metallica covers and inside jokes
 I'm from the smell of old books with crumbling pages and splotches on covers
 The long-forgotten smell of vanilla extract and the crunch of homemade
 chocolate chip cookies
 Welcome home howls and barks of dismay
From blankets laced with dog hair and black and white Hitchcock movies
To anime without an English dub and late-night Vivaldi
 I'm from old episodes of *Downton Abbey* & *The X-Files*
Coins lost amongst the sea of pop-tart crumbs in between the cushions of the loveseat
And the blast of cold air from the attic door
I'm from creaking doors and squeaky floorboards
Stale rice that never gets thrown away and chalky bars of lavender soap
Baby powder snow and whipped cream showers
From 2 AM writing sprees and the click of computer keys
Melted crayons on hot summer days and sticky glass plates
with the memory of pancakes
All these things come together to make the beautiful catastrophe that is myself
And for that I could not be more grateful

Where I'm From

Jack Bernard

Grade 4

The Lexington School

I am from the smell of hand soap
and the bright yellow neon socks
the sound of crickets before the dark
and the word chocolate when Germans say it
the sound of wind blowing through the trees
the comment, I'm just saying
and the sound of a pencil rolling across a desk

Where I'm From

By Spencer Lutz, age 13 - The Lexington School

I am from the short hikes in the forest, to the caved in sinkhole in that floods in the rain.

I am from the gentle tap of the raindrops on the roof, dimming every room with the lights out.

I am from the paper scraps replacing the 3 lost pawns on the chessboard,
and the countless puzzle pieces left in our old house in Maryland, always calling, never found.

I am from the missing lightbulbs in the second story bathroom, always disappearing,
my brother never confessing to stealing them.

I am from the squeaky doorknobs and creaking steps,
always reminding me that the cookie jar is off limits.

I am from the Sulphur Springs church pew, salvaged from the torn down chapel,
and 'Do this in remembrance of me' repeating in my ears.

I am from the baking soda and vinegar volcanoes in the mudroom sink,
and from 'He almost got a yellow card'.

I am from the 3:00 am conversations at sleepovers,
and the smell of toffee cooking at my grandmother's house.

I am from the crackling of the woodwick candle, and the soft glow it emits,
lighting my way through life.

Where I'm from by Arden Stone age 11 The Lexington School

I'm from the quiet moments where nothing can be said,
the loud moments on the playground, chasing friends.

I'm from thinking, "Oh, no!" and, "I'm not supposed to be doing this..."

I'm from 'Hello' by Adele and 'Live While We're Young' by One Direction.

I'm from hearing, "Use your resources!" and, "Don't hey mom me right now!"

I'm from reading Harry Potter and Junie B. all night,

from bologna sandwiches with what Dad calls,

"Bread of the Heavens." I'm from "Emoticon, it's the 21st century!"

and thinking, "Not again!"

I'm from making my family laugh at 11:00 at night,

when we're all tired.

Where I'm From

By Anna Kate Medler (12) TLS

*I'm from the long hallways from school, always packed with students.
The sound of pencils scraping against paper, rushing to keep up with the teacher.
I'm from chaotic mornings to even more chaotic evenings.
From reading National Geographic and Oprah in my room to doing homework on my
almost white desk, I'm always hanging out in my room.
From listening to Imagine Dragons and OneRepublic to singing Adele and Bruno Mars.
I'm from the monotone of my parents telling me to play piano, not always listening.
I'm from the book Magic, an original that has become a part of me.
From Percy Jackson to Fancy Nancy, I've always liked to read books.
I'm from the everpresent beep of hospital monitors and sleepless nights in the hospital
to recovering in my bed, meals being brought up.
From playing at the beach on a sunny day to having epic snowball fights with Colin, I've
always liked to play outside.
I'm from messages on my ipad, brbs and ttyls paging across the screen and all the apps
on my ipad.
From writing on my computer or writing in a notebook.
I'm from playing nerf with my brother and drawing princesses for my little sister.
I'm from hot chocolate on cold, snowy days and lemonade on hot, beach days.
From school to home, this is where I'm from.*

From Tires and Tall Tales

I am from willow trees
And Rose of Sharon.
I am from porches full of plants
Because there's no room for a garden.
I am from storytellers and bullspitters.
I am from tires and tall tales.
I am from card players and pool sharks.

I am from 14hour car trips
And bedrooms shared with siblings.
I am from cornbread and buttermilk,
Stewed tomatoes, and fried apple pies.
I am from strong-willed women
And workaholic men.

I am from we can't afford it,
But we'll see what we can do.
I am from 'adapt and overcome'.
I am from hard-headed and soft-hearted.
I am from learn it the hard way,
But never forget it.

WHERE I'M FROM

I am from Josie and Kenny
Catholic schools
Playing kickball in the street
And ghost in the graveyard in the front yard
Lots of kids in the neighborhood
Clothes lines held up with clothes poles in the back yard
(I still have the clothes pins)
Being at the dinner table every night and church every Sunday
Cleaning house every Saturday with my sisters
A father saying "Go read a book"
A gentle mother
A classic Italian grandmother
Sun worshiping with baby oil and iodine
Dancing in the basement when my brother's band practiced
Boys and the Beatles
Singing along to Sergio Mendez on the record player in my sister's
upstairs bedroom
Large family gatherings with large amounts of food
A love of food, music, words, plants, animals and all nature
Being naïve
Working hard all my life and knowing when to quit

Like right now

Where I'm From

By: Bekah Jeffries

I am from cut-down Christmas trees
From sledding and homemade ornaments
I am from bare feet in the backyard
From the bright red porch
(where wild berries
taste sour)
I'm from sweet honeysuckles
That taste wonderful in the hot summer sun

I'm from sweet tea and no-bake cookies
 From Josephine and Willard
I'm from the class clowns
 And the self-proclaimed experts
From Because I said so! And
 Pretty is as pretty does
I'm from the Church Picnic
 Wednesday Night singing
 And two quarters in the plate

I'm from North Central and the County School
Eight siblings with different backgrounds
Two whole
 Four halves
 Two steps
From the sixteen stitches on my little toe,
To the passing of my great-Pa

As the years go by,
Where I'm from never changes
The lies will always whisper
 Like the wind blowing
 Through our family tree

Morning motorcycle rides with my hero
Fade into bittersweet memories
As the tide falls back
And I sit here staring into the smiling faces of my past
I realize
That they made my future

I am from beach sand and crowded streets

Honking cars and sunshine

I am from interracial schools and different cultures

I am from the sound of a bang when a ball meets the bat

And snowless Christmas

I am from tall buildings and big families

Paved roads where ever I go that's where I am from

I am from walking to school with my bag on my back and the sun beating
down on my face

Mountain less ranges and beautiful skies that's where I'm from

Where We're From
(The Wild Fig Workshop Version)

We're from scorching, spicy wing sauce,
from snow and ice.
We're from the tobacco fields,
large-leafed, fragrant,
they feel like disappointment and heartbreak.
We're from the weeping willow,
the lavender bud,
whose long, languid leaves
linger in the sticky hot air.

We're from cheese curds and bushy eyebrows,
from Alfred and Helen.
We're from the stubbornness of mules and sarcasm,
from *girls can't do that!* and *because I said so!*
We're from the twelve station road
winding, long and steep,
and communion wafers from wrinkled hands.

We're from Mexican-Irish Catholics and Butler Holler,
cabbage and long-necked yellow squash.
From the grandmother—at 60—who got high
at the Grateful Dead concert.
From the mother terrified to take a sip of wine.

Dozens of yellowed, handwritten letters,
lay on a shelf in our closets, hang up in frames,
sit wrinkled in billfolds.
In these, we see our reflections
and know who we are.