

Where I'm From

I am from fresh tilled soil.

From black berry stained hands.

I'm from the smell of fresh cut hay and morning glories,
as they open and glisten in the sun.

I am from a field full of lightning bugs when their glow is the only light.
From the sound of water in the creek as it moves through the night.

I'm from grandpa leading me on his work horse to the creek for a drink.
The long steep slope of her neck as she lowers her head looks like a
perfect slide into the water, but I dare not move.

I am from grandmas apron clutched full of freshly dug potatoes. From
the cool damp smell of the cellar full of winter survival. I'm
from pull down attic stairs that lead to my grandparents past.

From the pencil tucked behind my dads ear that he reached for even
when it wasn't there.

I am from wooden handled hoes hanging in a straight line on a corn crib
slat, like soldiers waiting to attack the invasion of weeds. I'm
from the first snow flakes as they touch my forehead slowly melting,
running down my face.

From autumn leaves laying on the ground patiently awaiting their
return to mother earth.

I'm from the tin bucket hanging above the well box, the cool
clear water sparkling from below.

From gettin' sick smokin' a corn cob pipe filled with corn silk.

I am from the can do and the has done.

From ancestors that wonder in and out of my heart and mind.

I am from those days, simple as they may be.

Claude Reed

Greenup County, Kentucky

Christine Scott, Greenup, Greenup County

Where I'm From

I am from slippery moss,
from sunshine and blue skies.
I am from the sand and mud on the riverbank
that squished between my toes.
(Gooey, murky,
it smelled like Mother Earth.)
I am from the lilac bush
the willow tree
whose branches wrapped around
me like my mother's.

I'm from fried chicken and pogo sticks,
from Sally and David.
I'm from use your manners
and be a lady,
And don't argue with your sister!
I'm from the wild Queen Ann's lace that I brought
home by the handful and watched as it soaked
up the colored water like magic.

I'm from hopscotch and jump rope rhymes,
roller skates and swing sets.
From the round boat my Papaw built with
his own hands,
the lemon drops on my Nana's counter.

Memories of grandparents, aunts, uncles,
listening to their tales of times past,
joy, tears, pride, fear,
pictures running through my mind.
They made me who I am—
strong-willed and free—
proud of where I'm from.

Payton Scott, Greenup, Greenup County

Where I'm From

I am from riverbanks,
from bike rides and willow trees.

I am from slick slides of mud
(slipping, falling, almost into
the river.)

I am from fishing poles
the dock
that still floats where I remember
putting my feet in the water.

I'm from family gatherings and cookouts,
from Christine and Steve.

I'm from the trinkets on the banks
and the dead fish, too,
from Hurry home! and Get off your cousins!

I'm from late night pool trips
with the green tube
and a fear of the drain instilled in me by my granny.

I'm from Main Street and Elizabeth,
biscuits and gravy with sausage.
From the lightning strike that killed our tree
that's now growing again,
the reel of the fishing pole and nothing more.

In my dresser is a collection;
my first haircut, first birthday,
relatives to the greats,
that I'll never meet.
I am from wonder-
curiosity that helped the cat live-
and gave her a family she could love.