

Where I'm From

Allison Crow

I am from the little girl,
From the golden, bouncing curls.
I am from the backyard fort,
And the hours of make believe
Where I was in charge.
I am from the kitchen.
From mom's little helper
Licking the beaters clean.

I am from lying in the grass
Naming the passing clouds
I am from the Popsicle,
Running, sticky down my fingers
On a hot summer's day.
I am from the playground.
From the old swing out back,
Swinging to touch the sky.

I am from the silent night on the prairie,
From the busy city streets.
I am from the passing seasons
The sound of the soft snow fall,
To the burning summer sun.
I am from the alter,
From the Christmas mass,
Guardian of all the angels.

I am from the flashlight party.
From whispering our darkest secrets.
I am from the local pool,
Racing through the morning,
To each relaxing summer day.
I am from the road end,
From late night parties,
And the hours of street games.

I am from the scrapbooks of pictures
From the captured moments of time.
I am from my past
From each new experience
That creates my future.
I am from the old tree standing tall,
Remembering I will not land far
From the branches that have supported me.