

Where I'm From

By Meghan Vering

I'm from Malt-O-Meal cereal
And the smell of Windex
and glasses in second grade.

From the rope swing and the sycamore tree
in our front yard,
taller than the house is long

I'm from the willow shoots in the back yard.
They used to be up to my knee,
but are now much taller than me

I'm from east and west, north and south.
From Virginia to Oregon,
Georgia to Washington,

I'm from the family of "Same difference" and "Get a grip".
From "We're moving again" and
"You have to share a room with your sister."

I'm from fried chicken and coffee cake on birthdays
and Charles Dickens at Christmas.
From turkey and jelly beans on Easter

I'm from the old house in Paris that's covered in vines
from Winnie the Pooh and Blues Clues
and "try to color inside the lines"

I'm from goat heads and weeds in the garden,
overgrowing the strawberries and tomatoes in the garden,
the ripest one just out of reach.

I'm from John and Jen,
From the Golden Oldies that they love so much.
and watching "The Time Zone" at New Years.
I'm from slamming doors and open windows,

I'm from the box of photographs under my bed
From the smiles and laughs frozen forever in time
that no one knows is there.

I'm from them and
they make me
who I am.