

"I am From" by Liana Smith, Oark Park

I Am From

I am from the large honey locust outside of my house,
From the stone pie shop under the porch.
I am from the gentle breeze
Blowing the dandelion seeds through the air.

I am from sprinting up the wooden steps of my friend's house,
From ringing the doorbell over and over again.
I am from the sap on the pine tree.
We always got sticky.

I am from the dismantled crib in my room,
From the stickers I put on the floor.
I am from the swings at the little park
That will be creaky forever.

I am from my rocket ship from a refrigerator box,
From the garden outside with the juicy strawberries.
I am from the bakery
Where I would get a cupcake sometimes.

I am from the drifting dust under my bed,
From grandma's quilts that grandpa always rolled me up in.
I am from what's wrong pookie.
I almost remember the whole story.

I am from swimming at North Lake,
From tricycle injuries in the driveway.
I am from the lake house.
I even ran away once.

I am from the ribs at Russel's,
From the bush with bright red berries.
I am from the toys in the attic
That would be my room someday.

I am from my cousins,
My grandpa and grandma.
I am from a universe
That was all my own.