

I Am From Poem

Name: _____

Date: _____

Use this template to draft your poem, trying to include the Somali products, practice and perspectives you've explored. Share your poem with a partner; listen for his/her suggestions, then copy the draft into your poetry journal.

I am from _____ *(specific ordinary item)*

From _____ and _____
(product name) (product name)

I am from the _____ *(home description)*

_____, _____, _____
(adjective) (adjective) (sensory detail: see, hear, feeling, smell...)

I am from _____,

(plant, flower, natural item)

(description of above item)

I'm from _____ and _____

(family tradition: something you DO) (family trait: a way that you are, family personality)

From _____ and _____

(name of family member) (another family name)

I'm from the _____ and _____

(description of family tendency or HABIT) (another one)

From _____ and _____

(something you were told as a child) (another)

I'm from _____, _____

(representation of religion or lack of), (further description)

I'm from _____

(place of birth and family ancestry)

_____, _____

(a food item that represents your family) (another one)

From the _____

(specific family story about a specific person and detail)

The _____, _____

(another detail of another family member) (location of family pictures, mementos, archives)

(line explaining the importance of family items)

“Where I'm From”

By George Ella Lyon

I am from clothespins, from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.
I am from the dirt under the back porch. (Black, glistening, it tasted like beets.)
I am from the forsythia bush the Dutch elm whose long-gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from fudge and eyeglasses, from Imogene and Alafair.
I'm from the know-it-alls and the pass-it-ons,
from Perk up! and Pipe down!
I'm from “He restoreth my soul” with a cottonball lamb and ten verses I can say myself.
I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch, fried corn and strong coffee.
From the finger my grandfather lost to the auger, the eye my father shut to keep his sight.

Under my bed was a dress box spilling old pictures, a sift of lost faces to drift beneath my dreams. I am from those moments-- snapped before I budded -- leaf-fall from the family tree.

“Where I'm From”

By Ms. Vaca

I am from bookshelves, from vinegar and green detergent.
I am from the dog hair in every corner (Yellow, abundant, the vacuum could never get it all.)

I am from azaleas the magnolia tree whose leaves crunched under my feet like snow every fall.
I'm from puzzles and sunburns, from Dorothy Ann and Mary Christine Catherine

I'm from reading and road trips

From “Please watch your brother” and “Don't let your brother hit you!”

I'm from Easter sunrises and Iowa churches at Christmas.

I'm from Alexandria and the Rileys, Sterzing's potato chips and sponge candy.
From my Air Force dad's refusal to go to Vietnam, from my mom's leaving home at 17.

On a low shelf in my new house is a stack of photo albums, carefully curated by my faraway father, chronicling my childhood. I am from these pages, yellowed but firm, holding on to me across the country.