

WRITE ABOUT WHERE YOU ARE FROM

For inspiration, read the following poem by George Ella Lyon.

Where I'm From

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 cotton ball lamb
and ten verse 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'm from those moments—
snapped before I budded—
leaf-fall from the family tree.

Now with detail, describe where you are from. A town or a city? What's it like? What does being from there mean to you? Do you wish you'd been from somewhere else? If you do, where do you wish that somewhere else was? Is there a texture to the place you are from? Is there a stigma to it that you just can't

