I am from stories, from Walt Disney’s fairy tales

to Dreamworks’ faith

I am from the shelves where my Grandmother’s elephants stand and parade

(Unique, colorful; they feel like dusty beach glass)

I am from the Hydrangea bushes,

the Clovers brawny among the multiple flowers, whose

bright petals snap at my fingers and brighten my eyes.

I’m from the family game nights and hard, dirty work,

from Eva B. to Sandy B-G,

and Sam B.

I’m from the if-you-don’t-succeed…

and believe-in-yourself.

From Goodness Gracious! and **Are You Serious**?

I’m from believe in what you want, with black-and-white-pearled rosaries,

and memorizing quotes and texts from literature.

I’m from the populated Washingtonians of Seattle,

of Homemade spaghetti and Mashed potatoes.

From the degeneration of my Great Grandfather’s eyes,

the long white scar, a forever reminder on my Mother’s knee.

There are pictures,

suspended in holders of many books, the memories

of our forgotten pasts.

I am from a twisted European tree,

where half of my being is still yet unknown.

Only until that day is figured out,

I will be eternally strong.