

## *Where I'm From*

I am from dishes in the sink,  
From animal feed and 7th generation cleaning spray.  
I am from the mountains and woods that encircle my house.

(Dense, majestic,  
a never-ending sea of blue, brown, and green.)

I am from the Daffodils  
the Sarvice Berry  
whose flowering buds remind me  
Spring is on its way.

I'm from day trips to Fontana and athleticism,  
from Doodle and Margarette,  
from Bubba and Boot (Boo-et, as they say in Charleston).

I'm from natural jokesters and hearts to share what God has blessed us with,  
from "Come get Mama or Daddy if you have trouble!" and "Time to come eat!"

I'm from the 45 minute drive to church on Sundays,  
with songs and stories I can recite by heart.

I'm from the wind blowing across my face, pulling my hair back or swirling it around,  
from blazing sunsets and summer nights lit up by fireflies.

I'm from Alarka and the Deep South rooted in antebellum past,  
homemade cornbread with our own ground meal, Friday night pizza, and  
ooey-gooey brownies.

From the childhood love that brought my grandparents together,  
The step of faith my mother and father took to move here  
away from their families.

Under the table where the parakeet cage sits are  
baskets full of photos stretching the breadth of my parents' lives,  
and snippets from my childhood.

These moments in time show me who I was, who I am:  
the heritage I carry forward.