

[Original: 9/21/16]

Where I'm From

Kelly Lawlor

I am from Silver Medals

From Crayola and Wacom

I am from the brick house, the one like all the others

I am from the fragile Rosemary, the stubborn Desert Bloom

I'm from the red envelopes exchanged under lanterns of paper  
and sharp spoken reprimands

I'm from the late nights spent cramming for the next exam

And lazy afternoons in front of the television

From "Well Done"s and "You could have done better"s

I'm, from obligations of faith still unfulfilled

I'm from Forest Hills, from the low-rise apartments to the private gardens  
with an air of luxury

Lamb and broth

From the streaks of gold my mother wove into her hair to reignite her spark

The flecks of silver my father acquired after years spent worrying If I would fall off the monkey  
bars again

I am from the mantle, a timeline of memories, A story of growing up.

A constant reminder of my past, and a promise for a bright future.