

I Am From Poem

By Kelsie Minkie

I am from the glistening green grass
Bom-Pop's in the summertime, cool
Blue waves splashing onto my grandmother's lakefront
Flip-flops flopping down the steep steps
Leading to the deck of pure serenity

I am from a warm bed, tucked in, wind whistling
Surrounded by stuffed animals and notes of neon green
Awakening to ooey-gooey, chocolate chip pancakes
And a warm, smiling face that makes your
Tiny heart flutter into a billion pink ribbons

I am from the ruins of a broken past
Bound by secrets on sidewalks and
Whispers in an abandoned home, frozen in time,
Demanding the voices of old toys and music boxes be heard
But only echoing into the dark abyss

I am from the blood, the sweat, and the tears
Covered with a crumpled-up band-aid
Holding the past together like an open wound
Whilst searching for a ghost, now only
A shadow that was never there