

I Am From Poem *Use this template to draft your poem, and then write a final draft to share on blank paper.*

I am from

(specific ordinary
item)

From _____ and

(product name) (product name)

I am from the

(home
description)

_____, _____,
_____ (adjective) (adjective) (sensory detail)

I am from

_____,
(plant, flower, natural
item)

(description of above
item)

I'm from _____ and
_____ (family tradition) (family trait)

From _____ and

(name of family member) (another family name)

I'm from the _____ and

(description of family tendency) (another
one)

From _____ and

(something you were told as a child) (another)

I'm from _____ ,

(representation of religion or lack of), (further description)

I'm from

(place of birth and family ancestry)

_____ ,

_____ (a food item that represents your family) (another one)

From the

(specific family story about a specific person and detail)

The

(another detail of another family member)

_____ (location of family pictures, mementos, archives)

_____ (line explaining the importance of family items)

Original Poem: **Where I'm From** By

George Ella Lyon 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 cottonball lamb and ten
verses 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 am from those
moments-- snapped before I budded
-- leaf-fall from the family tree.

Model Poem: **Where I'm From** By
Ms. Vaca I am from bookshelves,
from vinegar and green detergent. I

am from the dog hair in every corner
(Yellow, abundant, the vacuum could
never get it all.) I am from azaleas the
magnolia tree whose leaves crunched
under my feet like snow every fall. I'm
from puzzles and sunburns, from
Dorothy Ann and Mary Christine
Catherine I'm from reading and road
trips From "Please watch your
brother" and "Don't let your brother hit
you!" I'm from Easter sunrises and
Iowa churches at Christmas I'm from
Alexandria and the Rileys, Sterzing's
potato chips and sponge candy. From
my Air Force dad's refusal to go to
Vietnam, from my mom's leaving
home at 17. On a low shelf in my new
house is a stack of photo albums,
carefully curated by my faraway
father, chronicling my childhood. I am
from these pages, yellowed but firm,
holding on to me across the country.