

## Where I'm From Sample

I am from French braids  
from Christmas tree lights and No More Tangles spray.  
I am from the sunflowers in Elise's back corner  
(enormous, beautiful,  
we held funerals when they died).  
I am from the pine tree in the front yard,  
small in my baby pictures  
and towering above the house today.  
I am from stolen cookie dough  
and graham crackers with vanilla frosting.  
I am from dad reading to us from *The Hobbit* in the backyard  
And not understanding a thing.  
From share with your sisters  
And I'll only count to threes.  
I'm from serving 6:30 a.m. Mass  
More than anyone else  
Because I lived close and would really show up.  
I'm from treehouse adventures,  
mac 'n cheese and Captain Crunch.  
From the dental practice my grandfather owned  
Until Parkinson's made him retire,  
the way my father's fingers are numb to heat and cold.  
Under my bed was a spelling quiz,  
68%,  
I never showed my parents.  
I am from those moments –  
braided before I was aware of them  
tangled together as memory.