

# Write an "I am From" Poem

*Fill in the blanks with appropriate descriptions using the prompts given. Refer to the poems on page 2 as examples.*

*Then write your poem on a blank sheet of paper.*

I am from specific common item, from product name and product name. I am from the description of your home, adjective, adjective, a sensory detail. I am from flower or item in nature, describe previous item I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ a family tradition \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ a family trait \_\_\_\_\_. From the name of a family member and another family member. I'm from the describe a family behavior and describe another family behavior. From something you were told as a child and something else you were told. I'm from a saying from your religious belief (or lack of), further description of religious belief or behavior. I'm from your place of birth or ancestry, a food item that represents your family, and another food item. From the specific family story about a specific person and detail. The another detail of another family member, the location of your family pictures and keepsakes, explain the importance of these 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  
DANNA SMITH AT POETRY POP.COM**

I am from cardboard box rockets,  
from books and unicycles.  
I am from a tumble-down shack,  
white paint peeling,  
a kitchen floor perfect for hopscotch  
on winter days.

I am from the ancient elm  
outside my window  
whose leaves waved "come play,"  
like a good friend— now gone.

I am from bare feet  
and grand forts built  
in the summer heat,  
from grandfathers, Ralph and Mike.  
I am from half-truths and whole lies,  
from missed opportunities and  
possibilities.

I am from the produce box  
my father carried on his shoulder,  
from a kaleidoscope of vegetables for  
dinner.

I am from a grandmother  
who had twelve children  
but little time for poetry,  
and from birds of prey  
perched on my father's fist.

Each week, the bookmobile delivered  
a new adventure  
tucked between pages.

I am from these moments—  
the good, the bad, and the in-between  
that both tethered me  
and gave me wings.