

“I am From...”

Three poems written during the Committee on Representation and Diversity (CoRD) of the PMV event on Saturday, Oct 28 at the Yellow Springs Presbyterian Church.

All three are entitled “I Am From...” “and were created at three separate tables at the CORD “Giving Thanks” event. The participants expressed where they are from in poetic terms.

Group I

I am from fried potatoes and Hawaiian Punch
I am from New England
I am from chestnuts and bicycle baskets;
I am from honeysuckle bushes on the side of the house from where I tasted the sweet nectar as a treat
I am from crawdads and minnows from the creek
I am from the mighty Delta and magnolia trees and pecans
I am from Grandma Edna and Grandpa Floyd who taught me love and to give
I am from red maples in autumn
I am from Cape Cod beaches and cold, salty ocean dips
I am from Saturday morning cartoons and cheesy scrambled eggs for breakfast
I am from Grandma Edna who taught me a woman can be anything
I am from campgrounds and Old River park
I am from family reunions

Group II

I am from cups of tea and train rides
I am from wings before they were Buffalo; wings and biscuits and gravy
I am from the ghetto
I am from running and jumping and turning cartwheels
I am from bean fields and big cinnamon rolls
I am from broccoli and cheese casserole
I am from always wanting to laugh
I am a golden retriever at heart
I am from a military family, always proud
I am from Swedish coffee bread and watching the clouds
I am from chili and spaghetti
I am from holding a turtle and letting go
I am from pizza, puppy paws, the Allman Brothers
I am from burn victims and the chronically ill
I am from all people are people first and adjectives second
I am from dance and coca cola
I am from loving Nina Simone
I am from being kind to people and animals
I am from the sights, sounds and smells of India
I am from bourbon, potato chips, delivery drivers and curriculum developers
I am from enjoying my second chance at life

I am from living backwards, mass media and spin doctors.

Group III

I am from the South

I am from peace rallies and protest marches

I am from lake and city skyline

I am from the farmland and cities of Northern Ohio

I am from New England

I am from the lake

I am from Havana, the lost city

I am from the islands, man: Trinidad, Jamaica; then New Jersey and Canada

I am from Christmas trees planted in the side yard

I am from my great-grandmother's German peony – still going

I am from a split personality: loving horses and dances

I am from hospitals – long stretches

I am from coal smoke and hammers hitting anvils

I am from the melting pot

I am from a multitude of history tomes

I am from shelves of books and story hour

I am from poets and writers, teachers and preachers

I am Valentines, May Baskets, and Jack-O-Lanterns

I am from a series of questions, comments and reactions

I am from a rocking chair and well-loved children

I am from curiosity

I from the love of the ocean, but also love of the desert

I am from dogwoods, violets, morels and touch-me-nots

I am from families big and large

I am from a fondness of teddy bears