

I Am From

Adapted from "Where I'm From"

By George Ella Lyon

I am from hair ties.

From glasses and cheap guitars.

I am from the weird house, blue, mid-sized,

That creaks more whenever there are stars.

I am from oaks, and more and more fall each thunderstorm.

I'm from storytellers; crude, serious, with an urge to perform.

From Tim and George.

I'm from flirtation and support.

From smarty pants and troublemakers.

I'm from the cult, the favorite of your southern neighbor

I'm from Georgia, beans, and rice.

From the ordinary of Buchannan that killed that one guy.

The war vets, Tybee Island, a desire for quality time,
where work, wages, and worldviews don't exist, just the tide.