

## Where Am I From?

I am from the heart of a snowflake,  
from the smell of burning matches and the Christmas ornaments we make.  
I am from the ice separating the water and sky.  
Cold, Peaceful, in the light: slowly dying.

I am from the mist of the mountains,  
looming over the town as the light is drowning.  
I am the bleakness of surrounding woods,  
sending whispers of my childhood.

I'm from swimming in the scorching sun,  
to softball tournaments being won.  
I'm from watching streetlights on the way home.  
I will return, no matter how far I roam.

From nights at my grandparents when the moon was gold,  
to funerals in the freezing cold.  
From "I'll never die,"  
to "I wish I got to say goodbye."

I'm from the soft prayer of a mother, saving from damnation,  
to the booming voice of a pastor before his congregation.

I'm from the love of others,  
my sisters and brothers.

From climbing on the roof to touch the sun,  
and counting the stars one by one.

I am from the hot pavement beneath my feet,  
to drawing with chalk on the street.

I am from pictures with scratched out faces,  
of those who are different places.

I am from the family of hidden frowns,  
missing those who aren't around.

I am from baby pictures of daughters,  
soaked with flood water.

I am from memories being washed away,  
holding back what I should say.

I am from a father of smoke and mirrors.

His life to me was not very clear.

I am from a mother who was always there,  
instead of one that disappeared into thin air.

I am from the ups and downs,

with the support of a town.

I am from happiness and sadness,

but I am still alive in this madness.