

Where I'm From Poems

Students at Exeter Adult Education
Exeter, NH

Teachers: Amy Smith and Brittanie Mulkegian

These poems were written as part of the Managing Stress to Improve Learning project, World Education, Boston, MA

Trailer

By Eric

I am from trailer parks
From Tonka trucks to Power Rangers
I am from dump and swamp
I am from Rose, grandmother
I am from breaks and cuts
I am from outgoing and strong willed
From Solette and Macullen
And from generous
From brains
I am from *I am an atheist*
I am from Frances to Michie
From tacos to pizza
from cancer
and from chemo and Rugrats blankets
I am from these moments in the trailer park



Where I'm From

By Jasmine

I am from almost never ending forest
From the banks of the pond where the fish swim
I am from a fighting life and ashes of memories
From my childhood past
I am from the month of September
I am from strong and hard-headed
From *Don't underestimate me* and
Don't mistake my kindness for weakness
Or my heart for a doormat
I am from the never ending forest



Where I'm From

By Jenn

I am from daycare
From schoolyards and playgrounds
Foolish games and neighborhood friends
With funny nicknames
I am from apple trees by the lake's breeze
Whose beauty twinkles when the coldness makes it freeze
I am from cheerleading practice and football games
From the Abrahams and the families' proud name of Page.
I am from Thanksgiving feasts and Christmas treats
From not wanting to go to bed at night
And hiding from parents at the oncome of street lights
I am from the old rugged cross
I am from Native American and Swedish people
From spaghetti and meatballs and hamburgers with buns
From the Civil war and from World War II
Parades full of marching drums
I am from the moments as a child that took my breath away
To those moments in my child's life that will always
Take my breath away.
I am from love.



Where I'm From

By John

I am from radios and playing the drums
From music and cassettes
I am from a three bedroom apartment
And a tight knit family
I am from a pine tree in the yard whose body
And limbs rose above the house
I am from a fishing rod and hockey stick
I am from Ferris and Locke, from lead foot
And family trips, from long walks with my father
I am from Sunday school and going to church
From Emery and Thelma
From boiled dinners and turkey dinners
On Sunday from my grandmother who suffered
From Alzheimer's
From my new bike, it was red, white, and blue
I am from old school where family came first always

Where I'm From

By Chris

I am from gunshots and police sirens
And from country slang and big-bodied cars
I am from Boy pull yo' britches up and respect yo elders
From huge cornstalks my grandfather grew
I am from hoodlums and church goers
From the wards and the minors
I am from summertime cookouts and wintertime fights
From Benji drinkers and from smokers
I am from Pop and Nana, from the Baptist church
From collard greens and ham hocks
From family reunions and from pitching horseshoes
And my corn cob bowl
I am from those moments if you backtalk your elders
You got your teeth knocked out your mouth.