

Where I'm From....

By

Gray clouds released soft cottons from heaven, I sing of wise elders down
yonder in the Deep South,
As the still crisp cold flows through my soul, I feel the nurturing of nuns and
priest,
The raindrops of love makes me so happy, I lay comfortably watching the
"The Jeffersons" and "Good Times",
I sing the songs of sweets, my grandmother would give to us after school,
I sing of "sit still" and "don't get your clothes dirty" while the smell of
homemade cinnamon rolls and hot combs filled the air,
As the thunder roars, I sing of honesty, discipline and respect for my elders,
Dressed in my Bell-bottoms with my perfectly shaped Afro, I croon to the
tune of sweet potato pie, collard greens and cornbread, and the slow cooked
friend with pineapples and cherries,
Seasons began mystified with songs of lynching and colored only water
fountains,
As dark as night comes early, the verse of revolution is heard loudly in my
memories,
The wind swiftly sweeps away bigotry and hatred of yesterday, I sing of
familial everlasting relationship,
Where I'm from there was yes ma'am, stand up straight, mind your
manners, and use good English,
As the season change I am from strong providing fathers and strong college
bound mothers.

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I Grew Up

I grew up amongst music
Dancing along with the lilting melodies
And percussion
From the clopping of my little feet
As I ran through the shroud of stretched up trees
At Causland Park

I grew up amongst toys
Who made their way across invisible stages
That constructed and deconstructed
In a matter of moments within the bowels of my remodeled garage
For, there was never a moment to waste

I grew up amongst blue curtains and stage lights
Silly costumes and memorization
Cartoons after school and endless summer afternoons
Full of potential

I grew up in complete naiveté
In undying possibility
I grew up without knowing it
Or perhaps denying it

And now
As I watch others grow up
Too fast
I strive to make sure that they won't take what they have for granted
Because growing up can be amazing

Where We're From*

I am from 'soysauce please!'
I am from 'I'll take that plain'

I am from 'let's go shopping!!'
I am from 'let's go shoot some hoops'

I am from 'no English in the house!'
I am from 'uhh... English please!'

I am from 'do it yourself'
I am from 'I'll do it, you take it easy'

I am from 'respect your elders!'

* This poem was authored jointly in class by two students, one of whom came to the United States as a young girl and learned English as a second language.