

Where I'm From Assignment/Discussion Board

This shell is based on the George Ella Lyon poem, "[Where I'm From](#)." Please use the shell below to build your own poem about where you are from. You can make a copy of this Google Doc, and write your own version there. Please remember to delete the descriptions in brackets so that your piece reads as a finished poem. You can see my example at the end of this document.

You can use this shell: [Where I'm From](#). You will need to make a copy using the "File" drop down menu. When you have finished your poem, please give it a title and post it in the Where I Am From Discussion Board or email it to me at ybrener@ccny.cuny.edu. Please be ready to comment on at least one of your peers' poems.

I am from _____ (specific ordinary item),

from _____ (product name) and _____.

I am from the _____ (home description... adjective, adjective, sensory detail).

I am from the _____ (plant, flower, natural item),

the _____ (plant, flower, natural detail)

I am from _____ (family tradition)

and _____ (family trait),

from _____ (name of family member)

and _____ (another family name) and _____ (family name).

I am from the _____ (description of family tendency)

and _____ (another one).

From _____ (something you were told as a child)

and _____ (another).

I am from (representation of religion, or lack of it).

Further description.

I'm from _____ (place of birth and family ancestry),

_____ (two food items representing your family).

From the _____ (specific family story about a specific person and detail),

the _____ (another detail,

and the _____ (another detail about another family member).

I am from _____ (location of family pictures, mementos,

archives and several more lines indicating their worth).

Brainstorming ideas:

“I'm From” Idea Gathering

Smells from your childhood

Places in your home and neighborhood

Close family members

Lands and places your family is from

Sayings in your family

Songs/stories your family sings/tells

Where you keep memories

Tastes from your childhood

George Ella Lyon's Poem

Where I'm From

I am from clothespins,
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.
I am from the dirt under the back porch.
(Black, glistening,
it tasted like beets.)

I am from the forsythia bush
the Dutch elm
whose long-gone limbs I remember
as if they were my own.

I'm from fudge and eyeglasses,
from Imogene and Alafair.
I'm from the know-it-alls

and the pass-it-ons,
from Perk up! and Pipe down!
I'm from He restoreth my soul
with a cottonball lamb
and ten verses I can say myself.

I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch,
fried corn and strong coffee.
From the finger my grandfather lost
to the auger,
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.

Under my bed was a dress box
spilling old pictures,
a sift of lost faces
to drift beneath my dreams.
I am from those moments--
snapped before I budded --
leaf-fall from the family tree.

Teacups and Daffodils (Instructor's Example)

I am from razor-rimmed china cups filled with scalding tea,
from McVities and Cadbury.

I am from the wonkiest house you'll ever see
with the most beautiful trees.

I am from the graveyard snowdrop,
the insistent daffodils of spring.

I am from "a cup of tea makes everything better,"
and a stiff upper lip,

from Gladys and Justine and Josephine Sablesatin.

I am from painters and writers and players of music.

From "never put off until tomorrow what you can do today,"
and "a stitch in time saves nine."

I am from the Lord's Prayer every morning at school.

I am from "All Things Bright and Beautiful"

sung with a heart as full as my red choir robe.

I'm from the forests of Runnymede, and also from the dry fields near Johannesburg,
from bangers and mash, and fish and chips.

From the time my grandparents met on a beach and knew it was fate,

the bee stings said to cure my mother's rheumatic fever,

and the time my mother disappeared for a year

because she wanted some space.

I am from the box of photographs at the foot of my mother's bed,

and the photographs of my children at the head of mine.