

Where I'm From

Ella Denton

I am from warm apple cider
On a day with a crisp breeze,
And colorful crunchy leaves beneath my feet,
I am from caved in walls,
The falling floral wallpaper,
And the whispers of the wind telling me
The stories in the middle of a field

I am from bowing my head listening to the preacher,
The gospel in his voice so powerful
The hairs on my arm
Feel the need to stand up
And pray along with him,
The lemon in the sky shining
Through the stained glass window
On a sweet southern Sunday morning

I am from Momma's candle rising
Into the air like a bird
That's spread it's wings on a cool spring day
The sun playing hide and seek
With the marshmallows in the sky

I am from the waves splashing onto the gritty sand,
Clearer than a crystal
In a long forgotten cave,
I am from the ballroom, a pink frilly dress,
And the city on water

I am from a dolphin pecking my lips,
Softer than a baby's skin

I am from witnessing the chocolatey brown creature perishing
In my brother's arms, his spirits lifting
From his stiff body
I am from Momma's stories
About our Great Papaw
The saying of his name lifting the house's spirits
Higher than a full grown sunflower
On a blazing summer afternoon

I am from Papaw's riddles containing more pieces than a puzzle
I am from the little swing
At Great Mamaw's
The grass tickling my toes,
And the wind stroking it's
Fingers through my sun bleached hair

I am from watching my mother,
Her limp body in the tall bed,
My brother afraid
To hug the bald lady
In the pink bath robe

I am from the people surrounding me,
Selecting each piece
From the worn cardboard box,
Laughing and talking about where
The pieces should go
Me placing each piece carefully,
Standing back and grinning
Happily at the final result

2018 KET Young Writers Contest Winning Entry



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