I Am From Poem

Use this template to draft your poem. Amazing way to explore deeper stories about where YOU come from. Use some of these stories as you share who you are with others.

I am from _____
             (specific ordinary item)

From _____ and _____
      (product name)   (product name)

_____ , _____ , _____
(adjective)   (adjective)   (sensory detail)

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

_____
             (description of above item)

I'm from _____ and _____
         (family tradition)   (family trait)

From _____ and _____
     (name of family member)   (another family name)

I'm from the _____ and _____
      (description of family tendency)   (another one)

From _____ and _____
   (something you were told as a child)   (another)\

I'm from _____ , _____
   (representation of religion or lack thereof) , (further description)

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

_____ , _____
(a food item that represents your family)   (another one)

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

The _____
          (another detail of another family member)

_____
(location of family pictures, momentous, archives)

_____
(line explaining the importance of family items)

The Original Poem:
Where I'm From
By George Ella Lyon
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 am 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 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.