I Am From Poem
Use this template to draft your poem, and then write a final draft to share on blank paper.

I am from ____________________________________________
(specific ordinary item)

From ____________________________________________ and ____________________________________________
(product name) (product name)

I am from the ____________________________________________
(home description)

______________________________, ________________________, ________________________________
(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 of), (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)
(another detail of another family member)

(location of family pictures, mementos, archives)

(line explaining the importance of family items)

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'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.

Model Poem:
Where I'm From
By Ms. Vaca
I am from bookshelves,
from vinegar and green detergent.
I am from the dog hair in every corner
(Yellow, abundant,
the vacuum could never get it all.)
I am from azaleas
the magnolia tree
whose leaves crunched under my feet like
snow
every fall.
I'm from puzzles and sunburns,
from Dorothy Ann and Mary Christine
Catherine
I'm from reading and road trips
From “Please watch your brother” and
“Don't let your brother hit you!”
I'm from Easter sunrises and Iowa
churches at Christmas
I'm from Alexandria and the Rileys,
Sterzing's potato chips and sponge candy.
From my Air Force dad's refusal to go to
Vietnam,
from my mom's leaving home at 17.
On a low shelf in my new house is a stack
of photo albums,
carefully curated by my faraway father,
chronicling my childhood.
I am from these pages,
yellowed but firm,
holding on to me across the country.