

I am from the sweet lands of China

From the watered wetlands of rice fields
And loads of freshly made T- shirts
I am from the crisp pages of a new book
From amazing new adventures
I am from motion in a leotard from bar to bar
And ripped hands from rubbing wood

I am from Lake Michigan and sand
From warm summer months
I am from pen and paper
Stories waiting to escape from my head
I am from gluing and cutting
From amazing art painted dreams
I am from colored pencils
A drawing explodes
Self portrait or doodle who knows

I am from fresh sweet strawberries and blueberries
Just waiting to be plucked from their stem
I am from kneading and mixing
From the smell of the oven comes a delectable treat
I am from China and America
From two different worlds that meet together once and for all

I am from music and instrument
From Pandora chimes
A lovely melody
From a violin that sings a happy tune
I am from trees and animals
From an energetic mind comes
The outdoors part of me

I am from up late and sleep
From an open book upon my lap
The clock ticking away with a time of
10:30
I am from learning and teachers
From new skills to old skills

And the in between
I am from VBYC and summer
From away from home to close to home
From new friends to old friends
I am from friends and family
Together forever always equal
Together in support in hard times
I am from putting myself before me
Accepting that where I am from
Is where I belong

I'm from drives on the eastern shore of Maryland.

To cold windy nights in Kalamazoo.

I am from the Chesapeake Bay to the Great Lakes.

I am from the smell of the salty ocean breeze

I am from giant backyards to jumping into the pool and hearing a splash.

I'm from the sound of cracking my bones.

I'm from the smell of firewood drifting throughout my house.

I am from watching snow fall outside my window.

I'm from sparkling blue eyes seeing wonderful things everyday.

From brown freckles smiling with me for the rest of my life.

I am from smelling the vanilla perfume on my beautiful mother.

I am from my father's quirkiness.

I am from touching a new pair of ballet shoes.

I'm from hearing myself say I can do it.

From immigrants of Germany who I never meet.

I'm from long road trips to hearing "are we there yet?"

I'm from touching the pines on our christmas tree and the smell carried all over.

I am from the horrifying taste of crabs.

I am from the mild winters to the frozen tundra.

I'm from hearing the wind blow my hair all around.

I'm from family members all over the U.S.A

I'm from ferocious pets but loving animals.

I'm from the dancing Bergs.

I'm from all the above.

I am from late night dinners on the back porch

Adventures in the Evergreen State
From bike rides around the nation's capital
And the balconies of the French Quarter

I am from neighborhood walks around Cleveland
Spicy smells of tacos from the food trucks of Portland
I am from the windows of the Robie house

I am from sidewalk-chalk-covered-everything
From dirt coated knees and dirty soccer jerseys
From games of Pickle and Roofball
From hands covered with melted chocolate

I am from long car rides and
Looking out the backseat window
From my brother saying "God Bless America!"
I am from loud music and dance parties

From racing my mom down the Maple Street halls
I am from watching movies and having T.V. marathons
I am from teaching myself how to read

From the corners of Bookbug
And hundreds of Kalamazoo Public Library checkouts
From bursting bookshelves, cascading piles
From ripped pages and torn covers

I am from yelling "Hauschka!" after a field goal
From Russell Wilson's jersey
And Marshawn Lynch's skittles

I am from the internet,

From Youtube and the Ipad.

I am from the hidden brown house in the woods.

Playing with sticks and dirt.

I am from looking at the sky and wondering...

I am from reading at an early age, from studying hard.

And from the Bach Prelude playing in the background.

I'm from the lion dance and brown eyes from Lily and David.

I'm from the thinkers and savers.

From "bu lang fa" (don't waste)

And "bu kuai pao" (don't run)

I'm from science and nature.

I'm from a blender of cultures going around and around.

From dumplings and salad.

From the bread basket.

And from the middle kingdom.

I am from pens and pencils on a

blank piece of paper

From the smell of sunscreen I put on at the beach
and sunglasses for the blazing hot sun

I am from the heat and warmth of my loving home

I am from the singing birds and prancing
deer all around me

from swimming in the cool pool on a beautiful
summers day
and from the warm sand in the sandbox

I am from the swaying trees and the buzzing
bees working all day

I am from making christmas cookies every year
and family soccer games, from Marleigh, my sister, Heather, my mom

I am from the warmth of arms around me
and family coming together as one

From "go to your room" and "eat all of your dinner"
and "sorry mom" or "sorry dad"

I am from the love of pets and becoming a vet
from helping animals in need

I am from the Netherlands where my
last name originated from

I am from bacon and steak
from the sizzling of the bacon
I am from my lovely home where
memories are made.

I am from the endless tree branches and soft leaves

Whispering I am from Kalamazoo Michigan.
From the soft warm silks of my grandfathers blanket
And the partly wrinkled pages of the book of my life.

I am from the rough red bricks of the house on Lorraine avenue.

I am from the spicy hot bubbly food simmering in the pan
From the luscious green grass outside.
And from the tangy and nutty smell of evergreens.

I am from the swaying beautiful Brown Eyed Susans
And from the cry, cry, cry of the majestic Blue Jay.

I am from goodnight kisses and warm hugs
And different colors and sounds of Katie and Jose
I am from the strong soothing voice of my dad.
And the daily routine effortlessly done each and every day.
From "do good in school" and "be a good girl".

I am from you can be anything you want to be and you got the power.
I am from a war hero
From beans and the milky soft taste of tortillas.
To pasta and sauce.
From the brave Laura Secord walking from her home to an army base
To say "America is coming".

I am from blood lines pouring through aunts, uncles, cousins, mothers and fathers.
We might be from different lands...
But we all bind together.

I am from sweet smells,

New books and paper.
Reusable shopping bags,
And sprinkle coated ice-cream that taste so good on hot days.
From Germany and England,
My bed, chair, and couch.
I am from my family,
My mom, dad, sister, and Grandma
That comfort me when I'm sad.
I am from "I can hear you up there!"
To, "Go for it!"
From the old story of 'Princess Kate'
I am from the sugary taste of mint chocolate chip ice-cream,
And salty, orange Play Dough
From chicken frying on the grill,
And candy apples waiting on a napkin.
I am from the beautiful pictures of my family,
Coming from my mind,
my pink, glistening camera, and my quilted scrap-book
It is these memories I will never forget.

I am from rivers, from beaches and lobster pots.

I am from salty oceans
which make me shiver in the cold.
I am from the Mouth of the Merrimack River
the roughest place on the East Coast
Which I go through every summer day
I know it by heart.
I'm from Cranmore and skiing
from Dexter and Peyton
I'm from the bankers,
and the doctors
from "Go Fast or Go Home"
I'm from stories about my brother
and lullabies my dad made up for us as babies.
I'm from Andrea and Brady
Barbecue and chicken fingers
from the hysterical songs
about my brother
all making me lucky.
In a room, I have baseball trophies
that I will cherish
all my life
I am from those times
that whizzed by so fast
that all belong to my home.

I am from the old yet soft and brown carpet of my home

I am from the lovely kalamazoo county, I was born and raised in

I am from the wonderful fountain springs trailer park

I am from the freshly cut wood outside the door of my house

I am a artistic and creative person that loves the crisp and amazing air of fall

I am from the red and pink strawberry kitchen of my home

I am from the soft fox tails that hang up on my tan living room walls

I am from the smell of scented candle and freshly cooked food of my kitchen

I am from a family of six that are very fun and caring

I am from the tasty and tender meat always being cooked

I am from the lovely and thick woods of my backyard

I am from the amazing sounds of chirping from my woods

I am from the awesome and colorful flowers of my garden

I am me, and I want nothing to change.

I am from my house painted barn red.

I come from crashing waves on the shore,
And the rich smell of Lake Michigan,
I am from the turtle's hard shell.

I am from the home like smell of onions on the beat-up counter,
And the warm fuzzy heat left in the kitchen after cooking a batch of crunchy, buttery
popcorn,
From the smell of burnt wood on a December evening.

I am from the crinkly fallen leaves in the fall,
And the huge grandfather oak that is a old friend.

I come from the sweet smelling christmas pines,
And newspaper, wire, and duct tape wrapped presents,
And many, many scented candles with amazing aromas.

I am from my grandpa's ridiculous joke "I haven't made a mistake since 1974!" (not
true),
And my loads of nicknames.

I am from the Mayflower.

From my grandma's turkey stuffing,
And from my mom's baked bread.

I am from my house painted barn red.

I am from doing my best

From loving and supporting cheer sisters
I am from a small part of Michigan
Birthed in Ann Arbor

I am from cozy quiet free to be you
Making me feel a warm and funny inside
From trying new new things
And arguing with my beautiful sisters

I am from the soft, soothing smell after a lite rain
Popping warm colors of blooming fall flowers
From sitting around the christmas tree
Filling the air with the joyous sound of laughter

I am from family dinners
From salty baked potatoes and fresh cooked salmon
From visiting grandparents
And from being a hatfield

From treating everyone equally
From being kind to all
And from love and care

I am from a little beach house,
In a small part of Michigan,
Had fun In Charlevoix

Infinity

Does it really exist?
They say smacking arrows on the end of a line
Makes it never-ending,
Yet it tapers at the end of the arrow.

Human Life

Will the population
Ever die down?
We spread, sink in like a stain.
But someday we'll vanish,
Pierced by the tip of the arrow.

The Plains

It looks as if they go on forever,
Disappearing into the mist.
But if you keep on running,
On and on and on til your breath rasps
And your perspiration flows,
You'll reach the mountains,
Rising out of the ground like the tips of arrows

Poetry

If I continue to write,
No line breaks,
No stanzas,
I'll reach the edge of the paper,
The tip of the arrow.

I am from daycare

From schoolyards and playgrounds
Foolish games and neighborhood friends
With funny nicknames
I am from apple trees by the lake's breeze
Whose beauty twinkles when the coldness makes it freeze
I am from cheerleading practice and football games
From the Abrahams and the families' proud name of Page.
I am from Thanksgiving feasts and Christmas treats
From not wanting to go to bed at night
And hiding from parents at the on-come of street lights
I am from the old rugged cross
I am from Native American and Swedish people
From spaghetti and meatballs and hamburgers with buns
From the Civil war and from World War II
Parades full of marching drums
I am from the moments as a child that took my breath away
To those moments in my child's life that will always
Take my breath away.
I am from love.

I am from radios and playing the drums

From music and cassettes

I am from a three bedroom apartment

And a tight knit family

I am from a pine tree in the yard whose body

And limbs rose above the house

I am from a fishing rod and hockey stick

I am from Ferris and Locke, from lead foot

And family trips, from long walks with my father

I am from Sunday school and going to church

From Emery and Thelma

From boiled dinners and turkey dinners

On Sunday from my grandmother who suffered

From Alzheimer's

From my new bike, it was red, white, and blue

I am from old school where family came first always

I am from a life filled with color,

From the chocolate brown that is my skin.

I am from the sunshine yellow of my mother's laugh,

From the red and white of my brother's favourite football shirt.

I am from the crisp new white pages of a book,

From the miserable grey of the street I live on.

I am from green, pink and yellow; My garden in summer filled
with flowers,

From the terrifying black of the nightmares that haunt me.

I am from the ginger orange of my buried cat,

From the blue and gold of my ever-short school tie.

I am from the dark oak of my grandmother's coffin,

From the golden "Aum" pendant around my neck..

I am from every pink scar etched into my body,

From the red, orange and brown of a hot curry.

I am from every identical colour of the twins I love,

From the blue and green of a hospital ward.

I am from all that has happened,

And all that will be.

