

Where I'm From

Jillian Christine Heise – 1.23.07

I am from wildflowers
and white Christmas lights
finding Easter eggs hidden in the mailbox
from the house decorated for
holidays throughout the year.

I am from Sunday school and
lighting the Menorah
Mom why not Mother
and Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Yay Daddy!

I am from books piled on the shelves
and kids lying on the couch enjoying them
pictures of smiling family on vacation
from tears and support
and love and laughter.

I am from mud hills and cul-de-sacs
and new neighborhoods all around.

I'm from swim team all summer
and weekend soccer games
Grandma and Grandpa in Arizona
and skiing trips to the Rockies.

I am from so and so and I, not and me
the sound of cello strings breaking
and doors slamming
then being taken off the hinges.

I am from brothers older and younger
fighting for buttered crescent rolls
and Mom's homemade apple pie
while playing Risk games
that last the whole long weekend.

I am now from sitting around the table
with family on those special holidays
when we all gather together
with more chairs for the new additions
while upstairs
hide clear plastic bins
with the remnants of childhood dreams
of what could have been
in a house where we now celebrate
what we have become.