

I Am From

By: K. Oakes



I am from the tree fort in the woods,  
From tide detergent and dawn dish soap.

I am from the compulsively clean  
And dirt free home.

I am from the elm tree,  
Whose deep roots keep us grounded.

I am from toy cars and Barbie dolls.

From Madeline and Sheila.

I am from the red heads and the blondes,  
And from the brave and the careless.

I am from the “no post on Sunday’s.”

I am from Archibald and Clarence.

From steak and potatoes.

From the front lines of Normandy,

And the front lines of 2020.

From the time I broke my elbow and had to have surgery.

I am from those moments, all that makes me who I am.