Where I am from

I’m from where there is no dust to be found

 and the three of us four kids share a room.

 I’m from ants marching, bees buzzing, and butterflies painted on my walls.

 I’m from a tire swing I help my dad set up,

 and I live with a family that has the greenest lawn on our block.

 I’m from deserted roads where my brother and I ride our bikes.

I’m from “finish your food”

and Practice, practice, practice”

and “don’t fight with your brother”.

I’m from homemade birthday cake, Mexican food, and mash potatoes and gravy.

I’m from my grandma’s old TV and horses.

I’m from Aunt Nadine’s huge and fat turtles

 and the soft, fuzzy chinchilla.

I’m from uncles and aunts I’ve only met a couple of times.

I’m from a diary on my side of the closet

and pictures that keep memories alive.

But most of all,

I’m from my mind where I now hold just faint memories and stories that I keep to myself.

That’s where I’m from.