

# "I Am From" Poem Template

**I am from.....**

Adapted by Levi Romero

Inspired by "Where I'm From" by George Ella Lyon

I am from \_\_\_\_\_ (an everyday item in your home)  
from \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (products or everyday items in your home)  
I am from the \_\_\_\_\_ (description of your home)  
\_\_\_\_\_ (a detail about your home – a smell, taste, or feel)  
I am from the \_\_\_\_\_ (plant, flower, natural item)  
The \_\_\_\_\_ (plant or tree near your home)  
whose long gone limbs I remember  
as if they were my own.

I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (a family tradition and family trait)  
from \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (family members)  
I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (family habits)  
and from \_\_\_\_\_ (family habit)

I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (things you were told as a child)  
and \_\_\_\_\_ (a song or saying you learned as a child)  
I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ (a family tradition)  
I'm from \_\_\_\_\_ (place of birth) and \_\_\_\_\_ (family ancestry, nationality or place)  
\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ (family foods)  
From \_\_\_\_\_ (a story about a family member)  
\_\_\_\_\_ (detail about the story or person)  
\_\_\_\_\_ (description of family momentos, pictures or treasures.)  
\_\_\_\_\_ (location of momentos – under my bed, on the wall, in my heart)  
\_\_\_\_\_ (more description if needed)  
\_\_\_\_\_

By (student name) \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## **Where I'm From**

**By Scott**

**I am from Texas  
where deep in the heart lies Austin.  
I am from the sunny Saturday afternoons  
of Texas Longhorn football games.  
I am from sports  
and the lessons that I learn from these games  
I play with all my ability and enjoy the victories.**

**I am from my family, friends,  
and awesome food.  
I am from my grandmother's warm pies  
and my parents' cooking, from which  
I grew to be a large boy.  
I am from Texas barbeque  
which smells and tastes like none other.  
Although I cannot have it right now  
I can still remember.**

**I am from Tennessee  
where I live at the Foothills of the Smokies  
and enjoy hiking on clear days.  
I am from lessons in literature  
and the sounds of a saxophone.  
I am from the "try your hardest"  
and "never give ups."  
I'm from my hard work  
and the present as I continue on life's journey.**



Bob Fitch/Black Star

**I am from hairspray  
From braces and rubberbands.  
I am from lightning bugs  
Fluttering in the summer night sky.**

**I am from Belle  
The cute little puppy  
We rescued from the pound  
And Smoky the cat  
Whose death still touches my heart.**

**I am from Papaw's goulash  
And Momma's pumpkin pie  
From Dad's overbearing  
Protectiveness of his little girl.**

**I am from outrageous  
Eleven foot Christmas trees  
And joyous Thanksgiving feasts.**

**I am from French immigrants  
From 1692 and New Paltz, New York**

**I am from Louis Bevier and Marie Le Blanc.**

**I am from the American dream  
From broken despair and gained hope  
I am the present, past, and future,  
History in the making.**

**Where I'm From....** by Lauren

I'm from baths in the kitchen sink,  
From Downy and Mom's perfume  
I am from flowers by the fence (yellow and springy  
they tasted like crayons).  
I am from the ivy crawling up the house,  
The baby tree whose sturdy trunk shot from the ground  
A mirror image of my planted feet.

I'm from sprinkles and plastic table donut shops  
From Bert and Ernie  
I'm from stupid heads and dot dot I got my cootie shot  
From don't touch this and don't touch that.  
I'm from Hymn No. 96 and why is this piece of bread so small?  
And bible crafts made from neon pipe cleaners.

I'm from Bill and Darlene's branch  
From hot soup and freshly baked corn bread  
From the Well, when I was little's and the snowy games  
Told to me by Green Bay Packer season ticket holders  
In the storage room are boxes  
Overflowing with shiny, color-coated memories  
Bundles of dreams kept alive  
To ask my mother about.

I am from those moments  
A leaf changing color with the weather  
Time only strengthens the branch that holds me.

**“I’m From the Woods....” by Nick**

I’m from the woods and the creek behind my fence  
From the gray wooden backyard deck.  
I’m from the honeysuckles,  
The pear trees by the neighbor’s garden  
From the creek when I swing over it.

I’m from the yellow walls of Grandma’s kitchen  
From the Yorkshire pup, the coolest thing in my family.  
I’m from macaroni pictures of the Ark  
From “I just can’t snap my fingers and make it happen” and from David the Gnome in summers long ago.

I’m from my mom’s side of the family,  
From roasting turkeys for each holiday,  
From when Papaw yelled at his boss and got fired  
From the family pictures in the big wooden cabinet and  
From the family gathering when we drag them out.

I am from those moments.  
A root that no one sees, but walks all over  
An important part of the tree.”

## **I'm from Home**

**By Valerie Bandell**

**I'm from a small town  
between the hustle and bustle  
where neighbors are like family.**

**I'm from skinned knees,  
jumping fencings, and  
water sprinklers.**

**I'm from a purple mini-van,  
soccer practice, dance practice,  
girl scouts and music lessons.**

**I am from sisterhood  
yellow and blue,  
gold and onyx.**

**I'm from Frisbee discs,  
campfires,  
lightening bugs, and  
sleeping bags.**

**I'm from family dinners,  
hiding vegetables, wet noses,  
and wagging tails.**

**I'm from friends that are family,  
and family that are friends.**

**I'm from home and their ain't no place  
I'd rather be.**