Where I'm From

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Recommended Citation

Schmedake, Jordan (2016) "Where I'm From," The Promethean: Vol. 24 : Iss. 1 , Article 33.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol24/iss1/33

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I am from hobbits with magical rings, children living in boxcars, stupid smelly buses.

I am from barbecued turkeys cooked on a crisp, autumn day, bell peppers and hummus platters, peanut butter toast and frozen waffles in the afternoon.

I am from this little light of mine that I’m gonna let shine, St. John Baptist de La Salle who prays for us, Hail Marys and Our Fathers strung on a rosary.

I am from blackberry bushes so thick that spooky, thorny tunnels have been cut through them, creaky, plastic play structures, colorfully painted birdhouses hanging on the branches of the cherry tree.

I am from loving parents to everyone but each other, quiet dinners and loud silence, broken homes built on broken values.

I am from Queen’s “Fat Bottomed Girls,” loud, heavy-breasted, dark skinned, red wine-drinking women, holidays hosted in houses too small to hold the energy of my female-dominant family.

I am from laughter and sadness, an orange tree in an apple orchard, branches that are clothed with winter frost.