

I AM FROM

by **Shelby Blackwood**

I am from dusty dirt roads and wooden fence posts,
Miles between mailboxes, trees that touched the sky.
I am from mud pies and bare feet,
Sticky faces and freckled noses.
I am from rambling pastures and horseback rides,
Flying across the flat land, climbing cliffs, jumping creeks.
I am from sultry summer days,
Baby oil and iodine, Sun-In and the Top 40.
I am from the 80s,
Neon colors, perms and cassette tapes.
I am from a small town,
Friday night lights, blood sisters and broken hearts.
I am from strong, proud ancestors,
Irish, British, Native American.
I am from Ray and Carolyn, Johnsons and Chaplins,
Oklahoma and California roots,
From the Dust Bowl to the Golden State
And everywhere in between.
I am from I love you and like you
and go outside and play.
I am from four siblings,
Jumping out of barns, volleyball games,
Laughing until our sides hurt,
Knock-down fights and a shared history.
I am from many before me
And many will follow.