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| **By George Ella Inferences about author**I am from clothespins,  from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride. I am from the dirt under the back porch.(Black, glistening, it tasted like beets.) I am from the forsythia bushthe Dutch elmwhose long-gone limbs I rememberas if they were my own.I'm from fudge and eyeglasses,           from Imogene and Alafair. I'm from the know-it-alls          and the pass-it-ons, from Perk up! and Pipe down! I'm from He restoreth my soul          with a cottonball lamb          and ten verses I can say myself.I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch, fried corn and strong coffee. From the finger my grandfather lost           to the auger, the eye my father shut to keep his sight.Under my bed was a dress boxspilling old pictures, a sift of lost facesto drift beneath my dreams. I am from those moments--snapped before I budded --leaf-fall from the family tree.**Directions:** Compose your own “Where I’m From” poem. Your poem must contain 4 stanzas and be typed or written in blue or black pen. Brainstorm a list under each sense to help you get started composing your poem. Sights SmellsSounds TastesTouches |
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