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.