Where I’m From*
*Inspired by George Ella Lyon’s “Where I’m From”*

By Kelli Reierson

I am from the richest of loves,
From arms and words like medicine,
    making everything okay again.
I am from twin-sized slumbers,
From tickling and late night giggles
    because we’re not only sisters.

I’m from Christmas Eve at Grams’,
From lasagna, never oyster stew.
I’m from long o’s and pop, not soda,
From North or South Dakota
    because the difference was vague.
I’m from windows, open on a summer night,
    and sunflower seeds until my tongue was raw.

I’m from walking through the forest,
    barefoot and scared.
From the winding hills of Frisch Auf,
    of which I knew too well.
I’m from lemonade stands and water balloons,
From shampoo, the sprinkler,
And a small blue bubble gum, please.

I’m from a family of three when we had to be,
From closing the gate, and killing the snake.
From mosquito bites and first kisses,
Squeaking screen doors, lost light switches.

I’m from crisp autumn air, fire pits and s’mores.
From pumpkin pies, and cozy socks.
I’m from a place where Christmas lights from November to March
    meant I was home.

I come from a place where I’ll answer to “Zippy,”
For reasons I can’t explain.
From a place where we pinky promise,
So I’ll never be alone.

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