

# Where I'm from

I am from mild winters and hot summers  
From the sweet smell of bread in the morning  
And the sound of air planes passing over the house  
I am from long hours of watching cartoons  
In my soothing sofa  
I'm from the toys on the floor everywhere  
And my mom saying "Clean up your room!"

I'm from the super markets around the corner  
And the liquor shops across the streets  
From the fields that is huge  
To the parks that are small  
And from the ice cream man who comes on hot days

I'm from the weeds in our backyard  
And from the wobbly fences around the house  
I'm from the peaceful streets at night  
To the noisy cars in the morning  
I am from the tall trees in the back  
With lots of birds whistling

I am from the scrap book of our family  
In our beautiful shelf  
To the pictures on our wall  
That is where I'm from.

