I am from clear blue water at seventy two degrees,
from Billabong and Hawaiian Tropic.

I am from the lake house, screened, shaded cool,
forever damp.

I am from the giant water oak, the fields covered in purple and pink phlox, I cried if they were cut.

I am from Sunday breakfast and loud laughter,
from Robert Wade and Mollie Marie.

I am from the boisterous, brash and brave,
from littlest sister and troublemaker.

I am from deep faith and little doctrine,
from peace and love.

I am from the sunshine state, oranges and
honey from their blossoms.

From the wonder of northern parents at seeing the ocean,
my brothers jumping in the waves,
my sisters baking on the sand.

I am from albums of black and white,
from Kodachrome and Polaroid,
images form memories, color stories, of where I am from.

~ Jennifer McAninch

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