**Where I'm From By George Ella Lyon**

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 bush
the Dutch elm
whose long-gone limbs I remember
as 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 box
spilling old pictures,
a sift of lost faces
to drift beneath my dreams.
I am from those moments--
snapped before I budded --
leaf-fall from the family tree.

**HOME, by Robert Winner**

My heart and my bones wince.

It’s so damn sad-looking

And ugly, the Bronx—

Driving past those small hills

Blighted for miles with bleak

Six-story desert-like apartment

Buildings—the landscape I come from.

It’s so damn ugly in its torment

Of knifings and fires, I forget

I was happy there sometimes

In its damp and dingy streets, living my life

With five continents of the world

In my minds eye.

Maybe it was beautiful before us:

The coast with no landfill

A bluffed peninsula of swamps and forests,

a wilderness that became another wilderness

—beds and linoleum, school books,

musty hallways, laughter, despondency—

unremembering earth, a riverbed

millions flowed on, clinging briefly

to some masonry, then gone…