

Where I'm From

Mrs. Jeri Davis

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I am from dogwood flowers,
from paint splatters and potter's wheel dust.
I am from the one story ranch in a modest neighborhood,
filled with animals, covered in art, surrounded by foliage and flowers.
I am from the warm earth beneath my feet,
green grass soaked by summer storms, red clay cracked beneath the beating sun.
I am from splashing in the pool on a long hot day and laughter that bubbles over,
from Patricia and Jerry, and Dorothy and Joe.
I'm from the good and honest truth, and the heart that feels too deeply.
From the "always do your best" and the "never tell a lie."
I'm from long church pews, red and blue hymnals, and tall stained glass.
I'm from Carolina, where the crescent moon smiles over sparkling water,
where magnolia blooms fill the hot, dewey air.
From an overflowing dinner table, not missing a single serving of tradition.
From the teenage lovers who were shamed for holding hands,
from the sixty years of love that put that shame to rest.
I am from the dreams cast through windows that felt like a cage,
from strong, powerful women who taught me how to fly towards my dreams.
I am from moments captured in time and stored in leather bound albums.
From memories, good and bad, that shaped who I am today.