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I am From

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I am From

I am from
Swisher Sweets cigars,
Half chewed and spit out in an ashtray.
My Grandfather's binkies.

I am from
Water,
Above ground pool in the backyard
Filled to the brim with the flow of chlorinated childhood memories.

I am from
Swings.
Rusted metal clamping with every boost of my two foot legs,
Pinching the meat of my fingers with every lift.

I am from
Old motor oil,
Spilled about my Step-Father's garage as if a massacre took place here.
Used, stripped nuts and bolts lay in it.

I am from
Cars upon endless cars
Lining my driveway.
He says he will fix and sell them for a quick buck,
But let's them sit and rot for years on end.

I am from
Wicked Tuna, Alaskan Bush People, and Law and Order

On repeat on our TV unnumbered times.

I am from
Dirt caked in our house.
In every crease and crevice
As mom breaks her back trying to clean it all up.

I am from
Dog feces,
Accumulating in our backyard since we moved in eight years ago.

I am from
Countless dog hair
Floating around in the air,
You can't help but breathe some in sometimes.

I am from
Orange, yellow and pink sunrises and sunsets
Above a lake I have called home.

I am from
The tangy smell of Taco Tuesday's
In an all white family, very Americanized.
Ground beef searing on the stove,
Warm tortillas in the microwave.

I am from
The sound of potatoes being peeled
For my grandmother's German potato salad.

I am from summer sausage, sauerkraut, and venison heart.

I am from

“Do it for Shits and Giggles”,

“Shit happens”.

I am from constant movie quotes spat between my Mother and Uncle

Of which I would soon join in on.

I am from

German SS Nazi Army Officer,

Englishmen who stay unknown.

I am from

Homesteaders

That took their own two-hundred years ago

On land I still called home,

On land I learned to hunt and fish on.