

Name

Date

Hour

Where I'm From Poem

Where I'm From poem is a poem that follows your trajectory, asking you to discover the places, objects, and people that have had an influence on who you are; telling their story as much as it tells yours. Look at the example poems to help influence you and follow the *Where I'm From* template, however you have the freedom to play with what you put in the blank lines. You must include **5 examples of figurative language** somewhere in your poem: smile, metaphor, personification, idioms, and/or hyperbole.

After you have filled in the blanks, you will make a final copy of your poem in a shoe. You will have to design the shoe with up to **ten items/symbols/images that represent you**. Each stanza (4) will go in the shoe.

Poem: Follows stanzas and includes 5 examples of figurative language **20 pts/_____**

Shoe: 10 Items/symbols/images **10 pts/_____**

Total: **30 pts/_____**

Final Copy due: Friday May 19th 2018

Original Poem:

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.

Example Poem:

Where I'm From by Ms. Sullivan

I am from the patio
From Talkboys and Thomas Jay
I am from the house who told stories from when my
mom grew up, where adventures were forged
followed by, "home again jiggity jig"
And tents in the backyard with fire flies and endless
games of make-believe
I am from weeping willows
whose branches told stories.

I am from bicycles and typewriters
From Sullivan and Paramo
I am from storytellers and daydreamers
and from music and movie lovers
From believers of justice and fairness
I am from, "*A person's character is the most
important thing about them, like a mirror that shows
who a person truly is.*"

I am from Michael and Denise
From grilled cheese and Friday night pizza
From the music Denise danced to at East Town
From the time he forgot my name and thought he was
Batman

I kept calling for Ryan to rescue me because Mikey
was a shark and about to pull me under. Ryan must
have saved me a thousand times.
I'm from those moments and more, whose weeping
willow tells stories and adventures that live on in her
branches of memory. Making me nostalgic for
simpler times; Saturday night movies, cuddling on the
floor, feeling like we were the only family on Earth