

Class
Date

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.

*Mark all of the examples of **Alliteration** in this stanza. How do the alliterative sounds create a sense of rhythm and flow in the poem?*

I am 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 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.

*Highlight the **Imagery** used by the author. What conclusions can you draw about the poet from the things she has described?*