

Where I'm From Ali Giordano

"The place in which I'll fit will not exist until I make it." - James Baldwin

The wrinkly- faced French and English bulldogs that run around my comforting home playing,
as their strawberry colored tongues hang from their mouths.
From the dinners at my Nana's house,
still smelling the homemade gravy my Pop would make on Sundays.
I'm from the Corrado's grocery trips with my father,
sitting in the cart as he places the bags of baby carrots and broccoli next to me knowing
I'll refuse to eat it later.
I am from the green turf fields, full of black specks that somehow end up in my shoes,
poking me as I swing my field hockey stick.
From the endless holidays full of cheer and love that take place in the elegant dining room,
with a shiny golden mirror and delicate china teacups, passed down from generations.
I am from the shimmering stars that sparkle in the night sky,
as I lay on the tall grass, gazing at the beautiful sight.
From the taste of the cinnamon apple jack cereal
and Uncrustables in my kindergarten butterfly lunch box.
I am from the itchy princess dresses I'd wear over my long-sleeved tee shirt,
that glistened leaving a trail of glitter behind me.
From those nights where my mom would brush through my curly hair after a shower
and complain about the painful knots in my hair.
I am from the car rides down the shore with the windows down,
hair flying everywhere and music blasting so loud I could feel my heart beating to it.
From the sandy hair, salty waves and tie-dye boogie boards,
pretending to be a professional surfer.
I am from that one room in my school, where laughs fill the air all period,
and everyone feels like a family for only those forty-two minutes.
I am from my childhood memories,
my not so happy endings,
my loyal friends—
without them,
I simply would never be
Me.