

I am from makeshift pillow forts,
from books and barbecues.

I am from burnt orange flames of the bonfires we would gather around on warm
summer nights.

I am from the never changing evergreens whose emerald needles whispered secrets at
night and into my ears.

I am from church services and colorful popsicles,
dripping down our arms and melting on our tongues.

I am from cardboard rockets and paper planes,
from silent tears and tangled thoughts.

I am from the adventures we had in the laundry room
from movie nights in the open field.

I am from a grandmother who had seven children
and a flair for cooking,
and from plane trips to my mother country of Nigeria.

Every day was filled with the infinite love of family and unwavering loyalty of friends.

I am from these moments —
the laughter, the tears, and the in-between
that both pushed me forward
and showed me what I mean.

My Home

My home is an empty trailer by the lake
The cicadas repetitive song in the quiet summer night
The rickety bike on the porch with a deflated wheel
The heavy stinge of chlorine from the local pool

My home is an old car thats been sold
The peeled stickers on the window from every grocery trip
The races of raindrops down the sunroof
The broken DVD player in the backseat

My home is a playground that has been bulldozed
The unsteady rusted water fountain
The colorful mulch scattered across the upturned dirt
The broken pieces of chalk left on the sidewalk

My home is a small room that became an office
The strawberry scented doll beneath the clothes in the closet
The marker carelessly scribbled on the back of the door
The jumble of unused colored pencils in the bin

My home is a campsite with no campers
The tire swing that sways aimlessly in the wind
The mossy pile of firewood that was never used
The gaga-ball pit with a dirty deflated ball

My home is the spaces I've grown out of
The rooms that have molded me
The memories I've left behind
The places I still carry with me

The Great Pondhawk

The Pondhawk glides above the murky water
with wings like blue stained glass
Her long striped tail dips up and down
Upon landing in the tall swamp grass

I watch her from my window
As the sun begins to rise
And wonder what it would be like
To be a magnificent dragonfly

To soar above the bayou
Catching bugs between my lips
Not worrying about any school work
Or how much I disliked my hips

The Pondhawk never stops to catch her reflection
In the translucent water below
Nor is she confined to just one place
For in her freedom, she has no home

I want to be a dragonfly
With wings that flutter faster than the eye can see
So I can dance alongside The Pondhawk
And like her, I will be free