

Where I'm From
By: Salomé Henry 7B

I'm from between the endless shelves of spellbinding books
and from under the gleaming kitchen counter,
From beneath the silver seas of silky sheets;
that I sail across in my deepest dreams.

I am from the shrill sound of seething kettles,
and from the spouts of sapphire porcelain teapots.
From the old shed, crammed with foreign souvenirs of our liking,
and with queer treasures of exotic lands.
I'm from the sinking couches of flowing hues of chestnut,
pricked with chocolate stains of everlasting memories.

I'm from savoring spices of Northern Africa
and from the French soccer ball,
from the woven tarps of vigorous hues of ginger and crimson
and from the deafening whistle across the lush field.
I am from the rich and buttery croissant
and from the steaming vegetables hissing with warmth.

I am from the blazing African sun
from the shriveled baobabs of its barren lands.
I'm from deep down the lion's gorge
and from between the gazelle's winding horns.
I'm from below the glistening stars of Morocco's navy heavens
and from over Brittany's verdant hills
crowned with silver-specked birches and clad in emerald leaves.

I'm from Saint-Germain-des-Prés and Invalides,
from tall, sturdy apartments of grayish stones
and from hectic French metros.
I am from the buzzing of lengthy lines
and from the murmuring of underground subways.
From the breezy chill of boundless brick bridges.
I am from hasty footsteps, hushed whispers and frantic alleys.

I am from a troupe of politically involved members of *La Gauche**
and from the enlightened Zionists of the East.
From strict disciplinarians,
and merry, light-hearted folk.

I'm from the numerous scrapbooks of forgotten memories,
and from the wooden frames of jaunty faces.
From the wrinkled pages of lost times,

and albums of juvenile jokes and hopes
I'm from the attic of records

I am from amidst the cherry tree's boughs laden with snowy blooms
and from under the eaves of time-worn forests of old
their silver barks shimmer with glitter
and their golden leaves crisp with time.
I'm from leaf and bark;
from trunk and stem and everything in between.