

I Am From...

I am from fresh clean sheets  
from Denby dishes and fuzzy slippers.  
I am from the warm yellow house on the left  
cozy and comfortable, like an old sweater.

I am from the tulips  
The weeping willow  
Whose long gone limbs I remember  
As if they were my own.

I'm from swimming and banana bread,  
from Henry and Cynthia.  
I'm from true story and last words  
and from uncontrollable laughter.

I'm from Not Me! Hangin' Tough  
the bleu, blanc, rouge,  
and two roads diverged in a wood.  
I'm from the Cameron Bowl.  
I'm from the Bay and Cape Breton,  
Lasagne and Sonny's Pizza.

From the mud pies and perfumes  
created with Tulla Belle,  
the French horn sitting in the corner.  
Pictures in my mind -  
skipping, Sport Wagon, road trips,  
expelliarmus, and the Flood.

I am from those moments –  
pictures frozen in time  
never forgotten.

-Michelle Sealey