

## **Where I'm From**

**by Josie Ziemski '19**

I grew up in the house filled with static.

I'm from yellow walls painted in memories.  
From raindrops, from downpours.  
And moss creeping up rotting wood.

I am from late night cartoons and car radios.  
From ink-covered hands and the smell of torn pages  
And Hitchcock with the man on the moon.

I am from candles in crimson glass, for whomever she had in mind.  
And music humming against a quiet conversation.

I am from dissonant ivy and a busted pedal.  
From white feathers and freckled brogues.  
From the Heron, wrapped in his wing.  
A "There but for the grace of God" and a "picking up good vibrations"

From my window, the stars lay forming on my canvas.  
With each passing day, new ones form.  
Oh how I wish I could go back to the first.