

Prompt: I AM FROM...

By Denise Kaalund

I am from concrete sidewalks
With slivers of grass pushing
UP UP
And daring someone to step on them

I'm from twirling in puddles
My head tilted back
While drinking dirt speckled rain
And still smiling

I'm from shiny elevators that
Zoom past the roof
And look over crowded streets of
Mothers pushing strollers
And stooping still statues

I'm from chalkboards, erasers
Ms. Berg and her pointer
Yelling, school yards, scraped knees
And fears of bullies
Waiting in corners

I'm from laughter
And skates and flagpoles
Gates, to climb and tumble
And hard metal swings
That fling us ,
Clinging tight, into the sky

I'm from here
I'm from change
I'm from the same