

## "I Am From" Poem

I am from the smell of papitas and bacon in the morning,  
from "always say please and thank you".  
I am from the light beaming through the living room window,  
And the feeling of safety from my home and those who fill it.  
I am from the green vines that drape the kitchen sink.  
From the pear and peach trees  
whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from monthly family gatherings and making way too much food.  
From Mami and Papi and never going to bed angry.  
I'm from loteria game nights and "here let me fix you a plate".

I'm from "We love you" and the  
comforting songs sung to me as a child.  
From the memories I'll never forget.  
I'm from Christmas Eve meals and traditions  
I'm from Albuquerque,  
from the South Valley.

This is where I am from,  
Love, comfort, and family