

My Personal "Where I'm From" Poem by Sophia Eaton

I am from the reminiscence of my adolescence
I am from the yellow days on the fourth of the seventh,
Where our batch stuck together like raw cookie dough.
From valuing the companions as if they were one of us.
And welcoming our second selves because our tree will grow tall.
I am from biased morale boosters.
I'm from colorful lies used to shield us from the gloom of reality,
So we never have to let our hearts ache.

I am from accepting my losses and climbing through the trenches of what we call reality.
From valuing my aptitude for not silencing my voice.
I'm from the display of my core on a fine slice of paper.
From picking up the words that emerge a different reality to escape this enclosure,
to write my own expressions and make them a new world to reveal myself.
I am from the heart on my sleeve that walks behind the right.
From unleashing my ingenuity to help benefit my entity.

I'm from grades are everything, success is key.
I am from knowledge is substantial,
And a challenge is standard.
From keep your head up,
Along with, that's just the way it is.

I am from the thirst of diversifying the world,
And fabricating new experiences.
From appraising my privilege and right to.
I'm from using my assets but those that I've gained.
I am from silence can be power.
I am from the loud and powerful new era.