Where I Am From by Azreal Hunter

In this poem, I noticed that the author….

I am from screen doors and blue porches

From dirt roads and green grass

From bare feet and mud between my toes.

I am from creek banks and fishing poles

From hiking books and dark woods

From deer meat and jerky

I am from church on Sunday morning and “God’s word is law”

From Wednesday nights and vacation Bible school

From “Jesus Loves Me” and “Amazing Grace”.

I am from old trucfks and beat-up tractors

From gas stations and lotter tickets

From Doritos and Mountain Dew

I am from holidays and reunions

From barbeques and cookouts

From fireworks and presents.