

Jill Miller

Where I am From

I am from Nebraska,
land of corn and football.
I am from family and closeness,
from being on time
and, “watch where you’re going so you don’t fall.”
I am from the leaf-drenched trees,
the cut grass,
from the smell of gasoline and diesel,
from playing in the dirt
and always making the call.
I am from when pen meets paper,
from numbers and words,
from punctuation and meaning,
and, “Hi ya’ll.”
I am from the look and the stares,
from the before and the after,
and having it all.
I am from fingers and hands,
from helping and giving,
from cooking and baking,
from the chicken noodle soup,
And, “it’s okay if you fall.”
I am from the shade under the trees,
the long, deep discussions,
from learning new things,
and shopping at the mall.
I am from learning to drive a stick in the rain,
from the dirt roads,
from the cornfields with friends,
from “lover’s lane,” from “seven sisters,”
and remembering it all.
I am from the birds and fears instilled,
from animals and the smiles,
and wanting to play ball.
I am from snow-skiing and soreness,
from laughing until it hurts,
from making new friends,
and my collections of dolls.

I am from riding my bike all through town,
from going to Walt's after the game,
From cruising main,
and driving around with them all.
I am from holidays and gifts,
from playing games,
from being surrounded by family,
and giving them my all.
I am from boats and jet skis,
from the water and the docks,
from the stars and the moon,
and getting lost in them all.
I am from death and loss,
from hurting and sorrow,
tears, and smiles,
from turning bad into good,
and missing them all.
I am from creating those four sets of eyes,
from family.
I am from Steve and DelRae,
who always gave me their all.
I am from head to toe,
a girl—that's all.