

Where I'm From

I am from a collage of orderly chaos and cat fur drifting through dappled sun,
Accompanied by endless echoes of Phillip Phillips and bird screams in warm hallways,
Punctured by "We'll listen for your screams!" in the evenings as we take out the trash,
Ghosts wandering late in the night.

I am from crisp air, wafting down a Halloween enthusiast street,
Faux spiderweb visions and festive decor settling into my house,
Halloween crusades ending on a creaking porch swing,
Engulfed in the aroma of roasted pumpkin seeds, buttery and fresh.

I am a magpie,
Carrying down the familial traits of wanderlust and ADHD,
Venturing through coast, cloaked in fog and cradled by eucalyptus,
Collecting glass and green sprouts,
Ghost hunting with my friends in a murky creek,
Catching fish in Izze bottles, hoping that if we just hope enough, Mid-August will last forever.

I am from pumpkins carried in the back of a green Ford Pinto going from Los Gatos to Kansas,
A story my grandparents' and dad's voices carry through the New Mexican summer air,
Lighting up a spark in their eyes like New Mexican lightning in July.
Bubble baths and Juniper spirits spin through my head.

I am from a ferry dressed in rainbows heading to San Francisco,
Marching in Pride in a cape of pink, blue, purple, white, and black,
Telling my parents who I am,
Backed up by sweaty hugs from strangers like me, no longer strangers.

I am from a small, small house.
Thirty-two beings living and breathing in chaos, calming and unexplainable.
Pumpkins grow outside, protected by the ghosts of the past,
A warmth surrounding my lungs,
Holding me close,
A lump in my throat, trying to tell me I
have
to
let
go.
but I don't think I ever will.