

Where I am From

Briana Kaufman

I am from white shutters, coated with years of protection.

I am from the wood cabinets, which were filled with
the sweetness from past meals.

I am from the quilt, whose thread connects its patches
as one.

I am from apple pie and linen,
from Helen and Ray.

I am from the metal stove, whose favorite words were
love you more.

I am from Sunday mornings and white steeples with
sheep, led by the shepherd.

O, I am from the hands of the sewist Boyd, whose mouth
was thought to be a sailor.

This free spirit covers this thread with compassion.

Travels far as the thread is cut from the quilt.

Mind full of pictures, dusty and distant.

Longing for the touch of the sewers' hands.

Yes, I am from the quilt threaded by those gone.

I am from the older times of life, those before me.

I am from the sewers whose thread created mine.