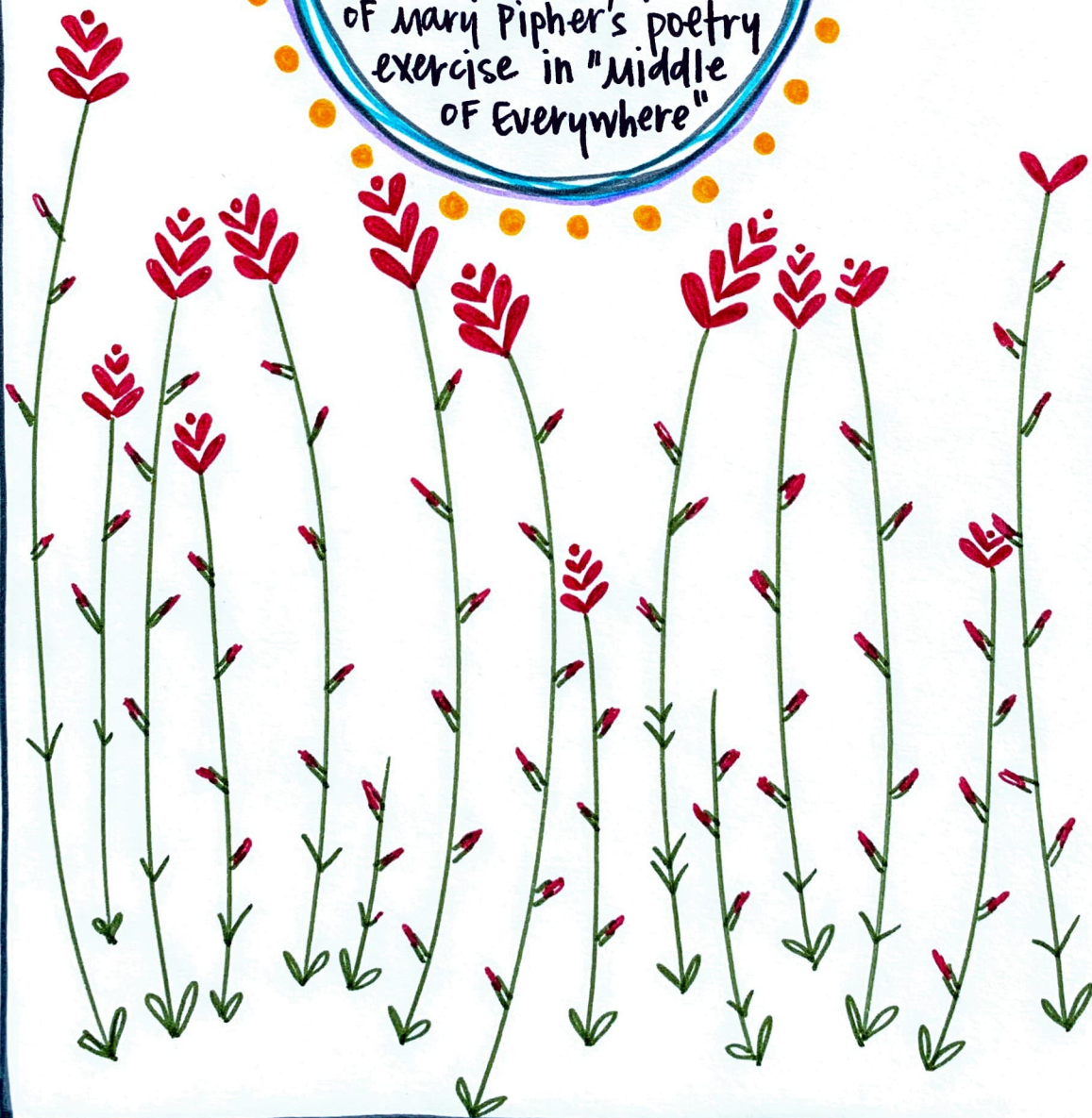


Writing ourselves into Poetry

"I am From"  
Poems

a graphic adaptation  
of Mary Pipher's poetry  
exercise in "Middle  
of Everywhere"







Each one of us is  
a person From  
Somewhere.

This  
somewhere  
is a place.

And this  
somewhere  
is not a  
place.

being  
from

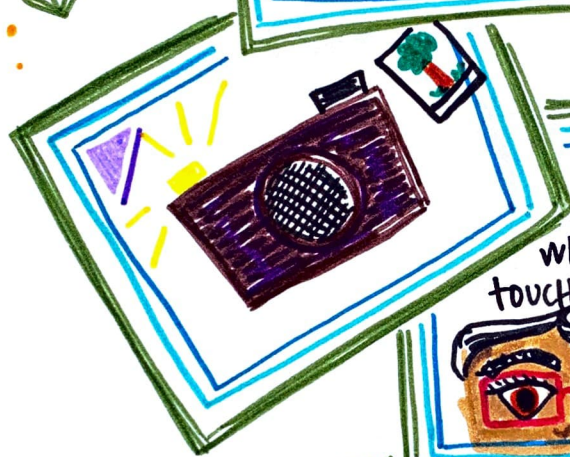
somewhere

is also



A collection,  
like a photo  
album of  
snapshots

where the pictures  
are the little  
details, and the  
album is the book  
of you.



we are from our  
own five senses:  
what we see, hear,  
touch, smell, and taste.



And we  
are from  
histories —  
our small  
years.

And our  
elder's many  
more years  
before us.

poetry is a space where we can be  
from all our somewheres.





In a book I read  
by Mary Pipher,  
A Nebraska  
Native.

She writes about  
the beauty of  
knowing where  
we are from...

And the beauty  
of listening to  
our neighbor's  
too...

If they choose to share with us.



Each of the sentences  
in the poems begins  
with "I am from..."

\* This is called an  
ANAPHORA \*

And the rest  
of the sentence  
is about one of  
our Somewheres.



poetry  
is an art form  
that is first for  
ourselves.

And it never has to  
be for anyone else,  
but it can be if you'd  
like. It's your choice.

if you'd like to  
write and draw  
an "I am from"  
poem ...

here's how...





Make a draft of your Somewheres

your places...

your senses...

see -

hear -

touch -

smell -


taste -

Then write your Somewheres...

...  
after the  
words  
"I AM FROM"

It might seem silly, for  
example, to write:  
"I Am From ... Mac and  
Cheese on Sundays."






but even the small details

and sometimes, especially  
the small details...

Are where we are From too.



Here's an example...



●	I am from... Oklahoma and "y'all"
	I am from... a dad who's been a postman all my life.
	I am from... tornados and sticky Heat
	I am from... shepherd's pie
●	I am from... county clare, Ireland
	I am from... Magnolia trees at Grandmas
	I am from... two homes, one quiet, one full of noise + laughter.
	I am from... j. boties gas station candy
	I am from... windchimes around the home.
	I am from... tomato vines
●	

you can make it longer or shorter than ten lines, too.



Now your turn...

A large rectangular area with a red vertical margin line on the left and horizontal blue lines for writing. Three blue dots are placed on the left side of the red line, one in each of the top, middle, and bottom sections.

What does this poem look like  
as your graphic novel story?

-M.