Where I come from poem

By Marshall McCord

I come from warm sunny days and skateboarding in the summer and cold days filled with sledding in the winter.

I come from steak and burgers charred on the grill.

I come from wide open fields and long dirt roads.

I come from taking shelter in a random building to get warm.

I come from Evan, Ben and Arron. I come from spending hours at the park drinking pop and eating candy.

I’m from North Dakota.