Where I come from poem;

I’m from Elmo’s and Barbies.

I come from big shoes, and a small girl.

I come from hot wheel cars, to the baby-bottle.

I’m from Mark and Lois.

I’m from the barking of Max and Cody.

I’m from the fighting with dogs over the sweet and sour chicken you get at Chinese restaurants, the pizza delivered to your door, and the cold cans that you walk to the gas station, to the blue berries, my dad grows.

I’m from the tackle box, to the bowling ball.

I’m from the water, and water toys.

I’m from Look both ways when you cross the street and put a napkin on everyone’s plate, to help me when I need it and I love you’s.

I’m from my life.