

Where I'm From

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I am from paper clips, from Tide and Resolve.
I am from the sand that covers everything.
I am from the cactus, the yucca tree.
I am from cutting down our own Christmas trees and long legs,
From Sándor and Tracie and Végh.

I am from laughter and loudness.
From “rub some dirt in it” and “hit him back.”
I am from boisterous worship music
That makes you want to raise your hands when you sing.
I'm from California and Hungarians, paprika and goulash.

I am from my Nagypapa,
Escaping from internment camp.
From finding refuge in America,
And creating a new life.
I am from family.

I am from faded pictures crammed into drawers.
From notes left by loved ones,
Awaiting their response.
I am from long distance calls,
While my father and brother are overseas.