

12/2/04 I Am From Poem by Crash and Burn, age 13, South Philadelphia

I am from chopsticks and ceramic bowls,
seafood and vegetables,
Incense burning outside each morning.

From stray cats trying to find food,
pigeons being fed bread crumbs,
and trees swaying in the wind.

I am from a neighborhood of smokers
that make me cough when they pass by,
Kids that play football
who ask me to join,
and drunks sitting on a corner
looking at passer-byes.

I am from a grandmom I never met,
who my mom never talked about,
the one who died before my birth.

"Study more, get into a good school."
is what my parents say.

Everyday is rice,
rice, or noodles.
The smell of food makes my hungry stomach growl.

"Get ready for dinner," my mom says.
My sister and I set the table
and bring the food out.

Pictures that are kept somewhere safe
are the ones with my old house.
The one place that I live now is my only home.