**Where I am From**

*By Brittney Aman*

I am from the crystal casting rainbows from the window,

from Pyrex and Gain.

I am from the azalea shrub behind the shed.

(Delicate, dainty,

its sweet scent wisping in the wind.)

I am from the Christmas Cactus,

Cut and shared from generation to generation.

I’m from kuchen baking and post-dinner naps,

From Laverne and Viola.

I’m from stubborn love and uncontrollable laughter,

From “oy vey” and “guta hiemla.”

I’m from virtues, the greatest of these being love.

I’m from South Dakota farmers,

Fried cheesebuttons and roast beef.

From the twins who almost burned the barn down.

From the brothers who became versions of their father.

The walls of my new home are plastered with memories.

I am from those moments, holding tight to every word,

Every smile, every embrace.