

Where We're From (II)

We're from
photos spilling from
drawers, boxes, cupboards and albums,
or hanging on walls all the way up the stairs.
We're from
one-room school houses
where the boys were always noisier than the girls
and the teacher said, "You're gonna get a lickin'"
We're from
Regina, Moose Jaw, and Vonda Saskatchewan
from Wainfleet, Hamilton, Ancaster, Galt
from Tillsonburg, Windsor, Winnipeg, and Owen Sound.
We're from
India, Germany, Latvia, Scotland, England,
and New Jersey, south of the border.
We're from
linden, birch, and monkey-puzzle trees
from snow apples, russets, Ben Davis, Tollman sweet,
from McIntosh, crispin, wealthy, and spy
red delicious, golden delicious, granny smith, crab apples,
from one bad apple spoils the barrel
from take the long apple peel and throw it over your shoulder –
whatever letter it makes is your true love's name.
We're from
milk, and whole wheat, and Indian sweets
from packets of Kalay and crisps and homemade bread
strawberries and whipping cream, and heaven manna,
from mangoes, rhubarb, watermelon, peaches,
to quince jelly and Saskatoon berries
and back then, radishes spelled spring.