I Am From

Margaret M Soto

I am from a strong unselfish mother. The night I was born, we were warmed by a fireplace of burning cedar.

I am from a tiny hospital, set far back into the mountains of southeastern, Kentucky.

I am from a snowy night, an old Army doctor, retired, long time ago, to bring me here.

The retired doctor tells my mother that it is going to be a long night. I am from the gift of that doctor, to entertain my mother, with his old movies of the Liberation of France.

I am from the snow falling all that night and the next day, as the doctor brought me to planet Earth.

There were no visitors for us. There in the hospital were only Mommie, me, and Doc.

I am from mountains covered with snow, trees bowing to the wind.

I never mind the snow and always love the smell of cedar.

I am from love, songs, poems, stories, and jacktales.

I am from a father with no work and a mother keeping us fed by sewing fancy clothes, for other people to wear.

I am from the love of my mother, from the moment I was born.

We stayed ten days, Mommie and me, and her with three other children at home.

As an adult, I traveled to all those places that the doctor showed my mother, the World War II, Liberation of France, where he was from, funny I wasn’t afraid.

I felt safe.