**WHO I AM POEM**

Emily Barron

I am from the golden chandelier

from the broken doorbell and chewed corners of the sofas

I am from the tall, plain, grey house

from the driveway filled with too many cars

I am from the continuously dying planter box flowers

Whose colourful petals beam through the wilting vines like a smile

I am from Happy Meals on New Years day morning and dim candlelight evenings

From Barron and Boushel

I am from blue eyes and stubbornness

and from perfectionism and stubbornness

from perfectionism and below-average height

I am from Christmas Catholic mass

from Shepard's pie and Friday morning cinnamon buns

from Tom's immigration from Ireland to Canada

and from cigarette butts lying in the guest bed sheets

the blonde teddybear named Milkshake

I am from the moments of love, and stress, and the confused feelings that flow in between.