

“Emma’s Words”, watercolor

Linda Hultgren

My granddaughter, at a young age, began filling composition books with her stories. She has always had a lot to say! This is a poem that she wrote for an English class assignment when her family first moved to Virginia when she was 14. She framed the copy of her poem for me and I had to make it into a painting. So I wove her words all across her skin and hair and clothing. Emma is her words! And she never does take the easy way, even though she is 21 now.

Where I’m From

By Emma Hultgren

I’m from Ruth Evans and Carl Hultgren
And Costa Rica and Sweden.
I’m from Christ the King Lutheran Church,
Where Pastor Ray helped me see God.
I’m from a family with full lips and round faces.
I’m from waking up to the first day of the rest of my life.
From discovering Jupiter to a jelly fish in the shower.
I’m from making potions in the backyard out of berries,
Where I also dug for worms.
I’m from almost losing my mother, but losing Great Grandpa George to his heart.
From playing “Honey and Sweetie” and Barbie weddings with Ken.
And having gummy ceremonies on Ridgepath,
Then moving to Cloverlea, where we turned a house to a home.
I’m from the abandoned backyard playground,
Where the rusty old rings became my ballet barre.
And the chestnuts became my pretend source of survival,
Because I’m from never taking the easy path.