

FIGURE 3.1 “Where I’m From” by Afrika Afeni Mills

### Where I’m From

I am from jazzy Harlem legacies

I am from *Mama’s baby, go to sleep*

*Slide on down a dream . . .*

I am from watching quietly and wondering why

I am from loving Christmas to

Watching Christmas fade away

And then return.

I am from purple hymnals, sabbath keeping and cleaning out the leavening

I am from secret-keeping exploding into truth-telling and legalism transformed into

Deep intimacy with God

I am from most of my siblings

Gone too soon.

I am from feeling lonely in a crowd,

And then learning that I’m more seen than I

Ever imagined.