**The Mosaic** *By Glenda McCarthy*

1. **What have we learned about the speaker’s childhood?**
2. **What are the clues?**
3. **How has she used imagery to help us picture her life?**

I am from passion and shame  
From Kerry and Irene  
Too different to commit  
I am imprinted with stories of Murphys and Kanes  
I am from the orphan’s solitude  
  
I am from John and Maureen  
A lifetime of healing love  
I am from the backyard pool  
The trampoline and playing school  
I am from tartan lined tap shoes and strawberry milk  
The moves on Saturday in my bobby dazzler socks  
I am from Enid Blyton and Louisa May Alcott  
I am from children’s Bible stories  
From First Communion and Confirmation  
  
I am from tropical heat, knock’em down storms  
Mangos, salty plums and frangipani fragrance  
I am from almond eyed and brown skinned friends  
Who made me regret my sunburn and freckles  
Until I learned to love my own skin  
  
I am from the red sand tide of Central Australia  
Lhere Mpartnwe, I miss you so  
I am from the influence of ancient cultures  
Still living  
  
I am from “God is love”  
And “Just do your best”  
I am from tempter tantrums and trying too hard  
I am from mystery’s mosaic made with all the broken pieces  
I am from angels who taught me to believe  
In the loving arms there to catch me  
I am from coffee with Dee  
and Kelly’s shoulder  
and Mum’s ferocious love  
  
I am from gratitude  
A big sky  
And the love reflected  
In my suede blue eyes

**5. What is the purpose of the two quotes?**

**6. What kind of language technique is in bold?**

**7. What do you think it means?**

**4. Draw something from Glenda’s childhood, based on this stanza.**

**Where I’m From** *By George Ella Lyon*

Read *Where I’m From* by George Ella Lyon*.*

* What are the similarities between the two poems?
* What are the differences?

I am from clothespins,   
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.   
I am from the dirt under the back porch.   
(Black, glistening   
it tasted like beets.)   
I am from the forsythia bush,   
the Dutch elm   
whose long gone limbs I remember   
as if they were my own.   
  
I am from fudge and eyeglasses,   
from Imogene and Alafair.   
I'm from the know-it -alls   
and the pass -it -ons,  
from perk up and pipe down.   
I'm from He restoreth my soul   
with cottonball lamb   
and ten verses I can say myself.   
  
I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch,   
fried corn and strong coffee.   
From the finger my grandfather lost   
to the auger   
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.   
Under my bed was a dress box   
spilling old pictures.   
a sift of lost faces   
to drift beneath my dreams.   
I am from those moments --   
snapped before I budded –   
leaf-fall from the family tree.

CHALLENGE  
**I am from the pink tights and speak your mind** *By Djamila Moore*

I am from sweaty pink tights encrusted in rosin  
bobby pins  
Winnie-the-Pooh  
and crystals

I am from awapuhi ginger  
sweet fields of sugar cane  
green bananas.

I am from warm rain cascading over  
taro leaf umbrellas.  
Crouching beneath the shield of kalo.  
  
I am from poke, brie cheese, mango,  
and raspberries,  
from Marguritte  
and Aunty Nani.  
  
I am from speak your mind  
it’s o.k. to cry  
and would you like it if someone did that to you?  
  
I am from swimming with  
the full moon  
Saturday at the laundromat,  
and Easter crepes.  
  
I am from Moore and Cackley  
From sardines and haupia.  
From Mirana’s lip Djavan split,   
to the shrunken belly  
my grandmother could not cure.  
  
Seven diaries stashed among   
Anne of Green Gables.  
Dreams of promises  
ending in tears.  
Solidifying to salted pages.  
  
I am from those moments of  
magic  
when life remains  
a fairy tale.