

I am from

I am from the pine tree state, by the down east coast of the Atlantic Ocean.
Where the fishermen haul their traps and the wormers and clammers hack at the mud.

~~I am from a place where the people know everyone and everything. Where the
gossip is as thick as the cloud of smoke from a paper mill.~~

~~I am from place where the leaves turn beautiful reds and golds when the seasons
change from summer to fall.~~

~~I am from a place where the snow falls heavily in the winter. Where the roads ice
up and make it hard to travel. Where [In Fall,] the light slowly trickles away as we hit
daylight savings time.~~

~~I am from a place where when the seasons change from winter to spring, [In
Spring,] the flowers pop up, and the smell of freshness is enough to heal the winter's
sorrow.~~

~~I am from a place, when in the summer, the days are long, and the tourists swarm
in like crazed mosquitoes. Where the ocean's blue shimmers like a thousand diamonds.
Where the trees and earth seem alive with their vibrant shades of green.~~

I am from Maine. Where the blueberries are thick for the summers harvest.
Where the comfort of my home brings me peace. ~~Where I'll always feel the most alive.~~