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I am from who I am

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I am a speck of dirt, origins unknown, floating in the wind, blown around the world.

If I'm a DNA test, my major result would be German, with other European contributors, and a drop of Cherokee.

My soul says West African would be there too, but I have no proof other than the inspiration that pours out of me.

Where am I from? Who am I?

I am from the spirit of Duluth, it calls and comforts me.

I am an agate, many layers, sparkling yet dull.

I am the land of 10,000 lakes, and don't forget the mighty Miss and other water sources that sooth me, balance me, remind me to roll with it and breathe.

I am a creative with allergies who likes to be clean and indoors in a place where camping and being outdoors is the norm, and my idea of camping is a hotel with a pool.

I am from Pele, goddess of volcanoes in Hawaii, with lava flows growing islands yet a destructive force.

I am a wave off the islands, coming to shore, tumbling, pushed down and sucked under.

I am a hibiscus flower, delicate and beautiful, bursting with color.

I am a sacred turtle, majestic, brave and tranquil.

I am from Tiebele, a remote village in Burkina Faso, West Africa where women and girls have to relinquish their health and opportunities but are still smiling and grateful for what they have.

I am a sleep with the chickens on the ground or on the roof of the hut under the stars kind of gal now, no hotel in sight.

I am a woman who pet the crocodile only because you said I couldn't because I am a girl (and I'm a woman BTW) who's probably equal parts courageous and stupid.

I am a humanitarian who may not know the world of water and sanitation, but I know it's right to treat people with dignity and respect.

I am from the Big Apple, Times Square and Central Park.

I am a skyscraper full of energy, lights, hustle and bustle and sass grounded in the trees and stones in the park and the waves of the Hudson.

I am a subway car, methodical, organized, traveled though sometimes derailed.

I am an artist, new to the city, full of hopes and dreams naive enough to think I can make it and not get lost in the sea of dreams and schemes.

My landscape is the places I've been, the things I've done that now shape my soul. From lake and rivers to oceans and volcanoes to skyscrapers and mud huts, I am where I've been and where I've yet to go.