I am from the support of my mother; 
always putting family first. 
Dark clouds drenched the streets. 
There was a sloshing sound as cars drove by. 
Her pink as a pig umbrella with pretty blood-red roses kept me dry; 
it was as a protective shield in war.

I am from the encouragement of my father. 
Always telling me to try my best. 
Like a guide showing me the way through a lost maze.

I am from the craziness of my brother. 
He makes me laugh as hard as a hammer striking a nail; 
he argues with me as a dog constantly chasing a cat. 
But he'll always be there for me when I need him.

I am from the care of my grandparents. 
I can taste their love 
in the sweets they make for me. 
I can smell the freshness of the fruits 
on the dress that they gave me 
They may be miles apart from me, 
but I can feel their warmth, 
as if they are sitting on the leather couch right next to me.

I remember visiting India, 
like a bird flying back to its nest. 
I remember celebrating the festival of lights 
with my entire family. 
There was a loud BOOM of the mesmerizing fireworks 
in the night sky.

I am going to be an explorer. 
I want to travel, 
and embrace all cultures. 
I want to be more involved in my community.