

## I Am From Backroads

I am from gravel roads, cornfields, churches, and small businesses. The smell of harvesting crops and the pizza place down the road where I used to work.

I am from a small town full of German folks crowding the bars. Polka dancing with family and friends on Friday nights. A toast for the loved ones we lost in the fire and police forces.

I am from the smell of sausage and sauerkraut for dinner and the community gatherings for Oktoberfest every fall.

I arrive back to the American flag waving at me and greeting me outside of my house, back to the small town community, backroads, home.