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### Where You're From

Where you're from  
Is who you are,  
Your mouth shaped  
By the sounds you hear,  
Sounds that teach you  
To make sound.  
The music, like the epic,  
Is always local.  
Take it with you.  
Tell it so that others  
Can claim it,  
And you'll always be home.  
Think of it like this:  
Your voice  
Like the wind in the treetops  
Feeds precious air  
Into the length of your body  
Grows your roots  
Like the slender fingers  
Of a fine pianist  
Into soft, secret earth  
That fits like a glove.  
Know this secret:  
Trees love music  
And they know how to dance.  
This is how stories travel,  
And this is how you know  
That you are home:  
You hear them.