I am from the South East of world
To the North West, I took off as a high school graduate girl

I left my past all behind
In search of my future, of what I can find
I said good-bye to the Boere land
And set foot amongst the English man

I am from similar seasons
Here the leaves come and go, all for different reasons
I am from the Big five, wild as can be
Here there are exotic animals, like the manatee

I am from dark beach sands
And moved to shell-filled shores and sand
almost as white
As the palms of my hands
I am from penned homes
To red doors, white picket fences and garden gnomes

I am from wrong or right
Here there is an in-between, a maybe, a might
I am from my mom and dad
But now I am a traveler, a gypsy, a nomad
I am from being perfectly premeditated all the time
To being spontaneous, like a breeze dancing through a wind chime
I am from an unescapable past
Here I have liberty, I am free, at last

I am from South Africa, you see
But now Vero Beach is called home for me.

-- Marne, Vero Beach