Where I'm From Ostinato Based Composition with Spoken-Word

Where I'm From (music) is an ostinato based guitar ensemble composition intended to be performed with spoken-word poetry inspired by George Ella Lyon's poem of the same name. It was originally composed and arranged for ACG's 2022 National Teacher Summit in Austin, TX. Participants at the summit submitted poetry (see poetry assignment), and parts and phrases were compiled from the entries to form the final poem, the final poem is below.

The flexible nature of the musical arrangement gave space for timing the spoken-word performers with important and structural moments in the composition. The 'entrances' as indicated, are the order that each part could enter in within a repeated section.

On the final day of the 2022 summit, the ensemble recorded the *Where I'm From*. Check out the video, and let us know if you'd like more info, or if we can help you produce this project with your own students!

Where I'm From by 2022 Summit Participants

I am from the kitchen table, the pantry itar Curriculum.com

From worn recliners, and wall clocks

I am from Folger's coffee and Lay's potato chips and cheap guitars

I'm from cactus, who stands short and pointy,

The limbs are spiny but produce flowers that my grandfather would harvest on his land.

I am from a warm west Texas night

From tumbleweeds and mesquite

Skies that have more stars than time to count them

From desert mountains changing colors in slow motion from dawn to dusk

I'm from the tall and kindhearted

From "Te quiero mucho mijo" and "everything has a reason"

I'm from Hope and longing that there is something to hold on to

(cont.)

I am from carpools and road trips and singing with friends.

From a one-story sunrise

wistful, glorious, proud

I am from quiet footsteps and excessive cleanliness

From shoes by the front door

I am from grass, neatly mowed and manicured

I am from "No you can't, but I know you can"

From "hush your mouth" and "be back when the street-lights glow".

From that border town where the heat can fry an egg, but can be beat by a cold glass of horchata y una palleta de mango

From the journey of migration and the rustling of trees reminding me exactly where I should be from my mother's jewelry box

In a smaller box sits my grandfather's pocket watch

I am from the strangest of places

I am from a special place that now lives in my heart
I am from a place that felt lost
I am from a place called earth

Just like you

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Where I'm From

Travis Marcum







