

Nana's House

The park reminding me of old memories
Feel the fresh evaporation from both the pools calming the air.
Her garden is free for plants growing everywhere
When walking by the lake a feeling of nostalgia falls over me.

The warm light turns on, and it reassures you
Fire turns on the spark in the room
Right as it happens you see the fluorescent car lights in the driveway arrive upon me

Hear the sounds of the dogs barking for food at the table
As my Nana is cooking in the kitchen
Right as I hear the banging sound of Fox News being turned on
Me and my dad talking about how school is going

Where were my dad's and his brother's rooms and who did they belong to before?
How many people lived in the house before?
How many people felt the comfort the way I do?

I feel safe being around the people I love
The dogs snuggling me makes me feel calm
It feels like I'm where I belong
Being human means to have a group of people you love.

By Tessa Brown