



Calliope Griffith Boone

Alan T. Sugiyama High School | 9th Grade

Dear, Silver Creek Drive

Dear, Silver Creek Drive... a place I can't go back to. Mentally, at least. Families that have been torn apart. The whispers of animosity behind closed doors. Even at its worst times, it was still my favorite memory. I yearn to breathe in the sun-soaked air flying down Lillian highway, just once more. Although, as I write this, I know better than to long for the intangible. Nothing was ever silent there, "lonely" doesn't have a place in that house. Even if the walls were always stained with others shadows. Company can't always mean comfort. So, for the final time, I will turn my back on this house. For my past is the same thief to my joy.



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Ankober Yewondwossen was the supporting WITS writer in residence.