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Home

Home, the place where the grass is greener, and the trees grow taller than a skyscraper. The place where the flowers dance in the wind. Where your boat glides across the water peace in the ears that yell as loud as an owl, peace in the limping legs that laugh at you as you stumble to the ground, peace in my eyes where lights burn holes inside. Where no one is there to judge you or even ask "are you a girl or a boy." because Hey do you need to know, I am a human that is that. The place where you can look to sky and think of those who passed away in your life. Home where your tears turn into rain that flows into streams and lakes. When night falls the crickets place their violin legs an the fire burns bright, you fall into your mattress that makes you feel as if you are sleeping on clouds. Then you wake to the sound of geese and the smaell of the oatmeal burning on the stove.



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