

WRITING

C'est La Maison (This Is Home)

by Arianna R., Grade
11, 826 Boston

TYPE**NARRATIVE****GENRE****GRADE 11**

I am a place with no final destination.

Abundant is the sky.

The seasons are whole.

The sun beams on your soft skin. A lavender field that dances in unison when the smooth blissful breeze rolls through.

The moon befriends your eyes as you sleep beneath the stars pacing your breath to match the earth.

Butterflies fly around you

and you lose track of time forgetting everything that was running rampant in your beautiful canary-coated mind. Children everywhere from the park swing to the seesaw—

Euphoric.

Cars with the top down while blaring SZA with your hair flying behind you.

The arcade where the lights bring out the color in your eyes and you feel nostalgic when you get home with a

giant bear in your
arms—

Serendipity.

An art museum where the statues are still and the paintings call your name as you
imagine every emotion to come to mind as if you had painted that yourself and suddenly,
you feel more like an artist than you did before—

Aesthete.

I am infatuated with Boston at night. With the street lights that flicker or the mellifluous
silence that brings you tranquility. I am
the sand you dip your toes in when the sunrise kisses the ocean good morning. Or the air
that smells fresh after a night of rain—

Graceful.

With the boba places around every corner or Newbury Street in the spring where you're
surrounded by crowds yet, it brings you joy. I am your imagination. The place where
you can feel safe and at ease because I am infinite places.

You are home.