

Welcome Home

I am from up and down the East Coast,
From "We're getting stationed in New York".

I am from always being the new kid,
From "you'll make friends soon".

I am from the black and gold of my parents academy,
From the alma mater blaring
after the scoreboard displays a win on a crisp fall morning.

I am from blanket forts with siblings
and manhunt on summer nights.

I am from neighbors who were my best friends,
before we grew up too quickly.

I am from waking up to the smell of burning bacon,
From fire alarms wailing for the umpteenth Saturday in a row.

I am from Friday night lights
and sleepovers with my best friends,
From pre-race pasta parties
and "I can't, I have practice in the morning".

I am from heavy breathing and runners high,
from high expectations and devastating let downs.

I am from all the little fragments I've collected of my six "home towns",
From the collage of memories I collected,
before I was forced to say goodbye and move on.

But above all,
I am from the final sigh of relief I exhaled,
when my parents said "We're here for good, welcome home".