

My Town

My town looks like the overwhelming array of bright colors in the flourishing flowers that hang on the light posts.

My town smells like fresh grass as my Physical Education teachers begin to lead the class outside more and more often.

My town sounds like the sigh of satisfaction as I recognize the call of a bird and the dawning of a new spring on my way to school in the morning.

My town tastes like the pink, popping bubblegum in my mouth that attracts bees to fly around my cheek on my walk home from the bus stop.

My town feels like confusion as I do my very best to dress appropriately for the weather, even though I know that it may shift between snowing, storming, or seventy degrees and sunny all within a timespan of three days.

My town looks like a party of girls running and screaming across the playground as they play a good, old-fashioned game of Red Light Green Light while they're out of school for the summer.

My town smells like the sticky, syrupy flavor that comes wafting off a batch of slowly melting popsicles in one-hundred-degree heat.

My town sounds like deafening roar that comes after the pastor directs us to "turn and greet your neighbor."

My town tastes fuzzy from the chlorine that landed in my mouth when an eager-to-impress little boy did a cannonball into the pool.

My town feels like the prickly green grass that stabs me in a million places as I roll down the hill.

My town looks soft as the leaves surrounding us gradually morph from green to red and yellow and then to brown as they decay under the boots that make use of our sidewalks.

My town smells like sweat in the blacked-out student section of an exhilarating, mid-autumn home football game.

My town sounds like the memory of asking my mom for a couple of dollars in a panic because I needed to get in line at the ice cream truck before it sped off for the next playground.

My town tastes sweet because of the seemingly endless amounts of sugared treats that my friends and I buy from the Dime Store.

My town feels bitter from the cold found only in Indiana on the 31st of October, a night when no child will willingly cover up their favorite character with a coat or gloves.

My town looks like the overjoyed smile of every child in the district realizing that they can stay home and play the day away when a snow day is announced.

My town smells like the popcorn drifting through the Panther Pit when whatever organization that's working the concession stand sells one too many bags.

My town sounds like the doorbell ringing before I open it and let in the harmony that brings an unparalleled sense of community and Christmas spirit.

My town tastes jarring from the hot chocolate coupled with a cookie as the community gathers to watch all ages of singers perform.

My town feels as though it's threatening to give my friends and I frostbite from holding an ice cream cone outside in December.

My town looks like the polite smiles of every neighbor.

My town smells like the great outdoors, lush and refreshing when we need it most.

My town sounds like students, playing and learning and performing.

My town tastes like the sweet distinctiveness of a snack or drink from any one of our locally owned businesses.

My town feels like a warm embrace, even in the middle of a winter blizzard.

An embrace when I forget to embrace the pace.

Above all, my town looks, smells, sounds, tastes, and feels like home.

Because it is.