



Elizabeth C

Photograph

"Fine & Dandy"



Elizabeth C

Photograph

"Ripple"

Ridge Road

By Natalie H

Nostalgia grabs me by the wrist
 Seduces me back to the water
 Warm water, cool night
 It feels like home, but artificially
 How can one place feel so familiar
 And distant at the same time?
 Now I'm breathing out memories
 Summers of innocence and shelter
 Barbeques and swing sets
 Everything is here but gone
 Memories fading, sand washes away
 Relocation, adolescence
 Somewhere in between things stop
 Time freezes
 You are caught in a capsule
 But nothing is the same
 This beach may always be here
 But as I grow and change
 These vivid memories cloud
 And I'll move again
 New children will populate my old schools
 Walls will be torn down
 Soon I won't be able to even recognize
 Our generation silently replaced
 Slowly and unnoticed
 Such is the way with time
 So what is the town you grew up in?
 It's not home
 Surely when returned to; it will be infinitely different
 One day you realize something
 Home is not a place
 Not a house, a beach, or a town
 Home is a time
 Clutched onto by your own memory
 And people search the world for that one place
 One sacred place called home
 It's no wonder they can't find it.