

This State We Call Home by Sadie Tebeau

Dusk is grasping the sky on a random Friday
Sitting in the backseat of my mom's Toyota
I watch as the trees blur past my lustrous eyes, glazed with exhaustion
My hands are fidgeting with a straw wrapper from my now still soda
The air vent is blowing scents of cold fries and half eaten candy bars into my nose
A neutral expression is planted upon my face
I am clutching my off-white stuffed bear to my stomach
I take a moment to think
To think about this state I call home
As the car winds down I-75 my mind starts to play a motion picture behind my eyes

The setting sun casts a warm orange glow on my cheeks
I recall sitting on the shores of Lake Michigan
Watching the lake sip up the daytime sun as if it's a locally produced wine
My feet are submerged in the soft sand
Still warm from the afternoon of that same said day
The waves kiss the shore in a lullaby like tone
The soft clink of glasses and laughter can be heard from afar
A lake house perhaps
Filled with guests who are having a dinner party
I wish to let the moment linger

The car splits a puddle on the road in two
Water splashes against the silver car as it drives further into the night
I recall the spring rain which falls with the same pitter-patter noise each and every time
A pristine scent fills the atmosphere
I am sitting on my porch watching the rain fall
My clothing is beginning to soak through and stick to my skin
I tip my head back with closed eyes and an open mouth
I welcome the cold rain to my face
A smile is sprouting from the corners of my mouth
I wish to wrap the clouds around my shoulders like a weighted blanket

The car rushes past a set of four crosses planted into the soil along the highway
A sudden disconsolate feeling fills my body to the brim and splashes into my eyes
I grow angry at the car for disturbing the peace and beauty of the night
Four lost souls are displayed for cars to rush past without a look back
The pothole covered pavement holds thousands of lost lives
I wish to bring them back
I wish for them to experience the magic of Lake Michigan once more
I allow my eyes to linger on the wooden crosses for a little longer out of respect
I pray that the mitten shape of Michigan is cradling them with comfort
For they once too knew each and every corner of this state we call home