

## **My Neighborhood**

The sound of the cars rushing by behind the gate

Kids laughing and yelling fills my ears

There is a coolness to the air with a slight refreshing breeze

My dogs are barking through the glass door of my house

The wooden one with its glass engraved designs pulled back

I walk up to my light brick house with its white wooden lining

Following the path carved out in old concrete

The smell that hits me is the smell of dinner being cooked

I walk on the wooden floor of the office/dining room

The smell of roast getting stronger with ever step I take

My mouth water at the sight of sliced carrots and mashed potatoes

I go down the short hallway that brings me to a cross roads

I turn to my door covered in inspiration

The lights in my room are dimmed

I look around for a while at all my accomplishments

My trophies on my dresser

My paintings and traced drawing spread out in random places

Then I go to my bed, my very old bed that needs replacing

I lay down and read

I read till my mom tells me to stop and join my family.