

A Letter to Connecticut from Reno

Riley Wargo

Home is no longer Connecticut

I do not wake up to my dad making breakfast, his famous french toast

I no longer hangout with my friends at the beach

I can no longer look out over the marsh at the breath-taking sunsets

No more giving my brother rides to his lacrosse practice

I miss it every day

Home is Nevada now

I wake up and look out of my window every morning and see Reno
make new friends every day that show me new places in the city

I can drive up to Lake Tahoe whenever I want

I enjoy my morning sitting by the Truckee River, listening to the water rush by

Change is hard, but,

Now I get to look around at any moment and see the stunning landscape that never fails to amaze

Now I get to go on new adventures every day

I am in a land full of countless opportunities, and new friendships to be made

I have a fresh start now, which I will not take for granted

But what really is home?

Is it a location?

A feeling?

A sense of belonging?

Home to me now, is Reno