

Dear Falcon View Ct.

Makayla Parks

Dear Falcon View Ct.,

Thank you for providing me the comfort and security of four walls and a roof over my head.

The kitchen where my family is found staying up late talking,
sitting and leaning against the countertops.

The windows that overlook the brown mountains and the pink and orange sunsets that fill my
camera roll.

The roughly paved roads that lead out to my old school, Spanish Springs High School,
where the student parking lot would fill with school spirit as we dressed up and shouted slightly
inappropriate cheers from the student section.

Late nights in the parking lot of Bully's or Sonic or the cul-de-sac up by Jesse Hall,
as we gossiped about boys and drama with our best friends in the seats of our cars.

All returns to my four walls and a roof,

Where I taped pictures and ticket stubs to my mirrors and my plain walls.

Where I had my first kiss and prayed I would never cry over a boy that was never mine to have.

Dreams and desires to leave and explore,

But finding the rough dirt and sharp smell of sagebrush too welcoming to leave.

Constant run-ins with everyone you know at the local Save Mart,

The bipolar weather that swings from blistering heat to chilling winds and snow.

I still find myself most at home in my barrier of brown mountains and pink and orange sunsets
that surround my four walls and roof, So, I thank you, Falcon View Ct.

With love,

Makayla Parks