

Ocean City,

the first time I traveled independently,
exploring the boardwalk with no end in sight

Costa Rica,

the first time I enjoyed new lands with best friends

California,

the second time the West Coast chewed me up,
spit me out,
and left me wanting more.

How fortunate am I to transfer lands,
become someone new somewhere new,
to be bored in a cycled temperate,
a drive to know the unknown

My past reminds me, my future holds
much to explore