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Little Guy, Big World

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My Autumn Serenity

Lora Santos

My childhood home is nestled in East Texas, surrounded by tall scratchy weeds and colossal oak trees that shed beautiful brown leaves heavily each year. The fertile topography provides many places to hide: my favorite place being left of our driveway where there is an opening in the trees and the weeds have been knocked down just enough to create my personal sanctuary. The smell of the sweet wildflowers and the commanding scent of cedar trees in the crisp air helps my mind escape from the torment awaiting me at home. My best friend, who comes over frequently to keep my mind preoccupied, lives near my haven. While building our lair we rake the brown and red leaves, along with pointy pine needles and pinecones that smell of autumn with a hint of citrus. As we work busy as bees an occasional menacing shout can be heard, even being an acre away from home. I work from when the sun rises, turning the sky various shades of pink and orange, until the sun disappears slowly taking the yellow and orange from the sky, gradually replacing it with shades of blue and then finally black. I weave through the prickly weeds, crunchy fallen leaves, and magnificent trees daily to steer clear of home.

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