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Beginnings

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Beginnings

The sky was white like a fresh, blank sheet of paper waiting to absorb the ink of a story. It stretched out as far as I could see, pure white everywhere. It reminded me of beginnings.

My hand no longer hovered over the white canvas in front of me, pen at the ready. It began to form words which began to form a story, about a beginning.

I've had many beginnings but this one was different. I wasn't going home this time, I was leaving it. This place is not really my home. Not anymore.

I thought it'd be more familiar. It wasn't. It was new to me again.

Sometimes when I watch the sunrise I remember getting up in the morning and looking out my bedroom window, the one overlooking the whole town. When I look out my window now I see my backyard and those of a few other houses. A small space of grass, some trees. Not the whole town though.

Sometimes when I'm at school and a teacher is endearing to their students I think of how—most of the time—my old teachers used to treat us like their daughters and would often stop whatever they were doing to just talk to us and give us advice.

Sometimes when I'm with my new friends and I'm enjoying myself, I think of my old friends and how we used to laugh and have fun, and all the inside jokes we had and the memories we made.

And, sometimes when I'm watching the sunset, I think of the people I used to share it with and I think, "My home is beautiful, and it has amazing people." But then I think of the amazing people I've gotten to know here and the beauty that can be found in this new place. It may not be as beautiful as my home but that's because my home is the most beautiful place in the world.

And although I miss how even the air smelled different, even the breeze felt lighter, the soil softer, the sky bluer, the sun brighter, and even though I miss the soft rustle of the olive trees, my house on the hilltop, the paved curves of the hill I used to stroll around with a person I miss deeply, the very old and small school, the tiny minimarket the girls of the school would crowd in after school let out, my grandparent's home and their gardens, all the cats and all the people... I know I can make a beautiful home here with my family, I know I'll meet new people and see new sights, hear new sounds, taste new flavors, smell new scents, and feels new things.

I know that no matter where I am in the world, I'll miss my home, but I'll fill that white with all the stories I have and all the stories I create wherever I create them. Because you know what?

I know I can make it anywhere.

BAYAN JARAD

