

Great Minds:

“A mother is a daughter's best friend.” it seems this way for almost all of my friends, for me this is not the case. I’ve always found it strange how disconnected my friends are from their fathers. As a child, my mom was everything to me, my safety net. As I grew older and the stereotypical teenage fights began with my mom, my dad became my best friend. My father has always been someone I look up to and very much appreciate. His kindness and selflessness towards others has always inspired me. He has taught me that it is okay to not be completely sure what you want to do and to challenge yourself when you are “bad” at something. Not being the most athletic kid, my dad encouraged me to continue trying my best and coached every single sports team I joined. From struggling with soccer to absolutely horrendous volleyball games, my dad has always been my number one supporter. The college process is stressful but I am constantly reminded that I don’t need to know what I want to do or where to go, I will find my way. Always putting others before himself, he will drop anything he is doing for someone else. I will always admire my dad and will forever be grateful to have him as my best friend.

The Unrequited love poem:

There really are no words
My heart has been shattered
The blue ink I write with is blurred
It’s like none of it even mattered

I can’t help but wonder if she’s better
Do you ever think about me
I just don’t understand how you could let her
A year I would wait, maybe even three

A month goes by, but it feels like a year
The tears will never stop flowing
My mind spins, will it ever be clear
I can't help but question how things are going

A lifetime later and I have grown
He may be in love
If only then I could've known
He's no longer what I think of

Food:

The unmistakable smell of sizzling bacon reaches my room and wafts to my nose, waking me up from a deep sleep. The warmth of my bed consumes my body, tempting me to stay just a little longer, my obnoxious alarm hasn't even gone off yet. I can't fight the breakfast food I know is waiting for me at my place on the table. Racing down the stairs, I almost miss a step as the cold hardwood floor embraces my bare feet. Immediately missing the cozy domain of my bed, I shiver as I sit down. An eggshell cracks while the frying pan engulfs the yolk and the smoke rises. As the smells overwhelm my senses I can't help but wonder how breakfast isn't everyone's favorite meal of the day. I shuffle my feet over to the counter and pick up my plate, burning my fingers, but I don't care. Mouth watering, I stare at the beauty in front of me. Everything is perfect, the amount of peanut butter spread neatly on my crisp toast along with the cheese sprinkled throughout my bright yellow eggs.

