

The House in the Field

By Jenna Blodgett

The trees swayed like elegant hula dancers.
My dog trotted happily down our dirt road,
And her collar sang a jingly song.

I smelled the crisp air.
Spring might be my new favorite season,
I thought blissfully.

I slowed to look at the frogs
As they sat in their peaceful pool.
They fled, and I waited to hear their euphony once more.

On the beach, the salty air cleared my lungs.
The smell of the ocean gave me life
I turned a corner I rarely walk.

Through the woods, I found a path.
The smell was warm, the fields were vast.

And suddenly, I found my new favorite place.

The house I saw across the way
Was so elegant and comfortable.
Someday it will be mine, I say.