

Hilary Batista

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: Hoover High School, Hoover, AL

Educator: Brad Coltrane

Category: Poetry

Both Here and There

You ask me where home is,
How could I tell you?
I can't point out a stoned-copper building
Covered in footsteps of new and old
A teacher that's seen me grow
Classmates whom I can recall for years
 In that sense,
 no.
But I can tell you this
Home is my grandma's house,
The Bayahibe Rose greeting me good morning
And the rustling of pages bidding me goodnight
The palm trees that line the streets of Miami
The waves that crash on the shore of Wilmington
The sunsets of Birmingham
The words I've come to write and come to know
Warm smiles of strangers who've become friends
and friends who've become family
Strong shoulders of a mother and a father
Playful teasing of a brother
 In the simplest sense,
 home is both here and there.
All of the little places and glimpses of life
That have taken up a piece of me.