

**Submission Type: poem**

The lush green hills and valleys of my motherland; the stillness of the mid-morning had been encompassed by the fog. There was an absolute silence, only disrupted when the wind lazily swept past the leaves of grass. The silence sounded as if the gods themselves were whispering into my ear, that one day my heart will have a home. I breathe in tasting the morning dew, the vitality of the land. I smell the freshness of the air, and the far off wildflowers. I glance once more at the beauty of the land, and just for one second, the war and chaos in my mind ceases in the presence of her beauty, she is my mother, she is the emerald isle.

-Anthony A.

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