



## Hallway of Homes

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*Shared with FSYP April 2012*

There stood a door,  
Simple and plain.  
No reason to praise it,  
None to complain.  
What was behind it?  
No one quite knew,  
But the answer,  
Was well overdue.

With a simple knob-turn,  
I opened the door.  
And behind this door,  
I found many more.  
There were white ones and  
green one,  
Orange, black and blue ones,  
Red ones and yellow ones,  
Different color hue ones.

The colors told of flags:  
Doorways to their nations.  
These doors lined the hall,  
All with specific stations.  
I walked and I walked,  
past blue Argentina,  
Bahrain and Barbados,  
Red, blue, orange Armenia.  
Ecuador, Egypt,  
Fiji and France,  
Finland, Germany,  
Spain at a glance.  
Jordan, Jamaica,  
Korea South and North,  
Kuwait and Macau,  
Colors back and forth.

Walking and walking,  
I neared the end of the hall.  
I'd seen most every country.  
Just not quite all.  
Five stood before me,  
Each one of note.

All of importance,  
Myself, they had wrote.

The first of them was  
Canada,  
Where my best friend is  
from.  
She is my soul mate  
Part creator of the person I  
have become.

Painted red and white,  
The next door was Japan.  
Behind is my first snow,  
And my friend Anne.  
We had the same birthday,  
she taught me to draw stars.  
I had ballet class here,  
Where we'd plié on holding  
bars.

Red, white and blue,  
Taiwan was the next door,  
I learned to ride a bike here,  
And saw my first shore.  
My first trampoline jump,  
My first kiss on the cheek,  
Where I learned to swim,  
Where I learned Chinese to  
speak.

Moving on to the yellow and  
red,  
Beijing, China was the next.  
Where I had my first real  
kiss,

And life became more  
complex.  
Here I learned my talents,  
My passions and what I  
hated.

Here, my opinions formed,  
As well as dread for the  
future that waited.

After all the doors had  
passed,  
The hallway's end came.  
But there was no door,  
Just the doorway frame.  
Inside was a room,  
Painted red, white, and blue.  
Here was my "home"  
But how could that be true?

This so-called home felt  
strange,  
Everyone's language was the  
same,  
And I felt that for my  
loneliness,  
I had myself to blame.  
But all slowly became better,  
I soon met people who  
related,  
Slowly, very slowly,  
This home of mine was  
created.

Though I am beginning to  
build my warren,  
My home is still foreign.