

BEDROOM DESCRIPTION

My bedroom has the color of an ocean wave that splashed on my walls and left its color. My beaten down bed has the color of sawdust and creaks like an old staircase and it is accompanied by plain white bed sheets. On the opposite side is my closet with dress shirts and khakis that I abandoned like a haunted house. My dresser has the color of cardboard that glistens and shines like a teacher's enthusiasm.

Parallel to that is my desk that has the color of freshly cut wood. My desk has my memories in it with reports and papers, and books and magazines. Don't let the outside fool you because also in it are junk and trash. With more junk than a flea market and with more crumpled pieces of paper than a poets trash bin, the desk stands as the messiest thing in the room.

Above that is a shelf which holds pieces of my life on it. Baby rattles and pacifiers, Photo albums and picture, Seashells and key chains, Silver dollars and golden dollars. All of these claim their land on the shelf. A British pound claims a spot on the middle of the shelf for me to remember what my parents gave me on their honeymoon.

My carpet has the color of silk, so beautiful and tangible that sometimes I just lie down on it and think. Over on the eastern side is a windowsill that I sit on to see the sunset. Also on the 'sill is a white goldfish-silver which I love so profoundly that I gave it a great glass bowl along with a peaceful spot on the windowsill. Next to that is an Aloe Vera which waits to bask in the rays of summer.

I spend the most time in my room and it'll always be my favorite room.