**Lost Worms in a Golden Apple**

"Home where my thought's escaping, Home where my music's playing, Home where my love lies waiting silently for me".I belt "Homeward Bound" by Simon and Garfunkel as I'am reluctantly packed for my trip back to my roost in Georgia. It has been a month since I last seen the peach state as I had taken a holiday/slash reunion to my childhood haven N.Y.C., and I was in no definite hurry to go back. This trip not only allowed me to appreciate my childhood, but to better comprehend the true meaning of home and the sense of familiarity that comes along with it. Theres always a feeling of freedom knowing that you are familiar with the way of life you grew accustom to, and neighbors ,whether you are acquainted with them or not, and I as I prepare for my trip to a place that is seemingly the stepmother in comparison to New York, I am in a state of reminiscent.

New York plays the role as a haven to my memories as the "Secret garden" was to Mary Lennox's hopes and fantasies. My fondest recollection of the golden city recaptures childhood days of ruthless, goosebumps harboring winters of warm pizzeria's, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday late movies, roasted peanuts, broadway, and cold slush. In contrast sultry, "all in your face" summers completed youthful days with chinese takeouts, italian ices, colorful flea markets, sardine- like cramped subways, live bands, the blissful sounds of neighborhood meringues, water park-like fire hydrant, cable wires' double dutch, and the infamous Coney Island. There were days when my father would randomly pack then 7 and 5 year old sisters and a bag full of popsicles, chicken wings and pork-fried rice, a boom box and a soccer ball, then taking us to near by city parks we had escapades of 2 on 1 games of soccer later leading to a prospect park world cup of volunteer players. Bread was fed to the ducks, and the pork fed to the fishes in a pond as we "fished" with toy fishing rods. To end the day we would at times take turns having a ride on Daddy's handle bar, having bike rides around the whole park before heading home in the evening.

Other memories held close were outings with my aunt to downtown Manhattan where we caught late night movies, enjoyed a meal at a space themed Mars 2112, complete with a space shuttle ride that leads to the actual restaurant, and later rode on bike carriage rides through never-ending slopes of traffic. Our fun would always end with us feeling exhausted by the time we arrived home, nevertheless we enjoyed our days of innocence and youth in our playground city.

After living in the suburban city of McDonough, Georgia for a mere 6 years, a trip back to the city was long over due, and my outlook of New York and its many changes took me by surprise. The once busy bustling Coney Island just was not the same anymore as within the amusement park the once famous Astro Land was sold. My fellow New Yorkers dawned a new face as they now wore a more sullen look. The bad economy was hitting a high low point in some lives leaving it hard for people to afford or enjoy simple lifestyles. There was not a sign of an inviting look in anyones eyes, as everyone seemed to mind their own. The behavior was of course unintentional as citizens were always in a hurry and couldn't afford time to be wasted on fun and games anymore it seemed.

Besides the altering of moods in the new era of the city, New York was a new ball game no longer baring the title as my city playground. Being that I was a baby growing up in these parts, I was completely unaware of my surroundings with a naive viewing of the city as each borough took starring roles as in a public carnival. I was in a position where I felt completely alienated from the New York I once remembered. Manhattan was no longer a carnival of lights leading to the main acts of clowning innocent fun. In my eyes, it was now a carnival, or portal gateway of the latest fashions. Brooklyn no longer grabbed at my attention as a funhouse filled with children with wild imaginations that enabled them to occupy themselves through snow, rain, or sunshines, but a cove to hipsters, boho's and artist feigning for the next big inspiration for their artistic lives. Music was a poison from all over the world that pierced the heart of the city, as all bands, acts and shows were invited every weekday to perform in various places.

As I was in a state where I was finally awakened by the potential, and the impact New York had on its people whether positively or negatively. Though it felt unfamiliar from my younger episodes in life, the trip was a start of a new chapter, a renewed vow of the love I had for the palatial apple state.