

# TRAVEL TO BE A STAR

ELLA LUCENTE

---

I can no longer live in a place where everything is all too familiar. From the mundane people to the too recognizable city, everything is just far too usual. I've built this reputation for myself in this place I call home — a reputation of pain and humility, that I wish to just erase from not only my memory, but also the memory of the others who I have encountered — who have lived in through these memories with me.

Maybe that's all I ever wanted was to leave. I've dreamt of waking up and seeing mountains one day, to see the sun come up through the tall skyscrapers, and it lowering in the middle of a forbidden forest, meeting its friend the moon on the way.

I want to travel to England to study the beautiful, proper people with their gorgeous accents. I want to go on a safari in Africa and see the wondrous variety of God's creation. It would be utter paradise to fall in love in Greece, & buy a villa on the cleanest of the blue oceans. Who knew wanderlust would be so romantic?

I want to travel to Egypt, and learn the exotic language of Arabic. I dream of going to Italy where my heritage was born, and visit the people I spend so much time thinking of. I want to visit all 50, beautiful states in the Land of the Free, but I also want to go backpacking through Australia to see the beauty of their upside down world.

I want to help the poor and sick in Syria, and I beg to help build schools for them. I want to tour Amsterdam and Spain, just to see their beautiful art work and smell the potency of their tea and chocolate. To walk in the warm sands of Mexico, but also to step on snowflakes in Alaska is the epitome of heaven. I wish to lay and watch the stars in Greenland, just to witness the northern lights, just as much as I'd love to go to Hawaii and eat their exotic fruits.

I yearn for this escape. Different customs and foreign accents always make me feel curious, but in a comforting way. I have a drastic desire to runaway from little old Tacoma, Washington. I can't wait to move from here, somewhere I've settled my whole life, to go somewhere new, start clean, and find out who I am. I can't wait to start my own life and make it the way I want it to be — to become the good person I know I am capable of.

I'm impatiently waiting to travel, discover foreign places, and find the beauty this world beholds. I never really had a home here — my passion & my art are scattered everywhere on this earth. I want to start leaving pieces of me, and collecting new ones every place I go.

An unknown poet once said, "For a star to be born, there is one thing that must happen; a gaseous, nebula must collapse. So, collapse. Crumble. This is not your destruction. This is your birth."

Leaving a place you know all too well is the collapse. It's horrifying and intimidating. However, without it, you can't go to the places you yearn for, & you can't grow. This is a beautiful chaos of change.

I realize that I am a beautiful chaos of change, too.