

My Heart is My Home
By Terka Cicelova

*Some people say
A home is a place,
Some people say
A home is a building.*

*But I know that there is no place special enough
And there definitely is no building warm enough,
So I say- my home is where my heart is.*

*My heart makes everything seem
As welcoming as Eggnog on Christmas;
As colorful as Autumn in North Andover;
As cheerful as a child with a new bike;
As calm as a beach in low tide.*

*And it just so happens
That my heart dwells
In a place well deserving
That I call North Andover*

*And if I ever leave
I will not grieve
Because for just a moment in time
My home was North Andover
Where my heart was.*