

Description of my room



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The floor is pale and yet full of texture. A rug covers the floor in need of a stretching. In an array of gloss and semi-gloss, shades of pale blue cover three of the four walls and their baseboards speckled only by an occasional paint chip or faded fingerprint. Entire sections are hidden by photographs of varying sizes and of varying content, most expressing various political ideas, or taste in music. Shelves protrude from a wall adjacent to the door, topped by a number of knickknacks and decorative accessories. Yet nothing obscures the blueness of these walls quite as magnificently as the furnishings which fill the room. Standing at the doorway looking inwards, I see the birch wood framed futon bed directly across from me against the far wall. It's sheets and blankets are ruffled and in dire need of being straightened. A plethora of pillows, different shapes and each one with its own, unique pattern rests atop the pale green sheets. This color forms a pleasant matching contrast with the darker green that plainly compromises the coloring of the bedspread. Yet at one corner, I see my sheet struggling to maintain its grip on the mattress, in the far right corner, a yellow colored item, which does not seem to match anything at all. The dresser is tall and quite old, probably a hand-me-down from one of my older siblings who has since left home for college or some other endeavor. It stands across from the foot of the bed and perhaps four more feet to its left. Its tan, wooden finish appears to be randomly stained with an assortment of dusts and the syrup of sodas left upon its surface over the years. A similar piece, a stand, sits idly against a wall opposite the foot of my bed. Upon it rests a 13", black and white, television screen, with dotted speaker holes carved out of its front. Oddly, three videocassettes sit next to the television, although there is no video tape recorder in sight. In my room there is neither stereo nor radio, yet

the sound of content silence fills my space nonetheless. I hear the whistle of a dishwasher downstairs in the kitchen and the cyclical whirring of an air conditioner somewhere behind the unknown expanse of walls that surround me. Occasionally, the crackle of laughter or the murmur of conversation will reach me from another room. As I inhale, I can smell the fleeting aroma of potpourri sprays, their specific flavor unknown. In my bed, I smell the toasty warmth of newly dried sheets and by my television, my nose can sense the exhalation of electronic dust. The background scent of vegetables cooking fills my sense of smell and arouses my taste buds as well. As the scent of a meal grows curiously stronger, I become more and more distracted by ideas of what might be in the kitchen. This urge to explore another room in the house motivates me to put down my leaky ballpoint pen, to rise, and to consider the other incredible experiences that await my four senses.