

# Meadowview, my home

Business



My Meadowview is full of sunshine and fun.

I live in a secure good neighborhood in a two-story house. Everyone is so welcoming and respectful. Every morning I wake up to the sound of birds and a beautiful sun rise. At night I walk out my balcony and watch the stars twinkle. My house is the biggest on the block, and when we have parties were the loudest. Except everything I just said, I can only see in my dreams.

I live in a ghetto part of town and my Meadowview is full of the scent of weed and the sound of gunshots. In my hood making money is risky. There are limited job opportunities for some people, and sometimes there's no going home to a nice warm meal and a loving family. Instead, drugs make fast money. Every night I fall asleep to the sound of sirens and people crying. And I wake up to news reporters talking about somebody's son or husband that died.

In my Meadowview the way that people live, some don't make it to turn 16. All of our struggles aren't ever mentioned in commercials where fancy white folk laugh and buy expensive drinks. People never think about the unfortunate who sleep and wear the clothes everyday. But if I were to be a tourist I wouldn't want to know about Meadowview. Meadowview, my home.