

The following poem written Advanced Humanities Institute Scholars in Response to Carlie Hoffman's "When There Was Light"

My Grandmother's House

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My Grandmother's house wore a certain color.
It shined blue in the day and gold in the night.
These colors were always very comforting to me,
As these colors were what I saw her house to be.
During the day, her house was blue.

We snuck out on the back porch to smell the salty air of the beach,

As it reached us all in breach,
While we giggled our way back inside,
To realize that she was watching us the whole time.
Blue was always very comforting to me,
As these colors were what I saw her house to be.
During the night, her house was gold.
The Office marathons,
The Broadway puzzles,
And the TV room sleepovers,

Were things in which the overwhelming sense of joy,

From being with family,
Sent us into a 4-hour sleep,

Before we would wake up and gladly do it all over again.
Gold was always very comforting to me,
As these colors were what I saw her house to be.

As the house was sold,
I was overcome with sadness,
As I believed these colors pertained to the house.
But after much internal debate,
These colors were always very comforting to me,
As these colors are what I see my grandmother to be.