

Iza McGawley
Marisol Franco
Action Faction
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When Dreams Meet Reality

The voice guided us to a **puerta**. It was a blank **puerta** that stood out from the rest of the artistically designed room. The **cuarto** felt chilled and eerie in comparison to the usual hot outside world. My soul was at **paz** here, that is what got to me. It was an **extraño** feeling, **paz**. My **sueños** seemed to have leaked out of my **craneo**, dribbling **despacio** down the sidewalk we trailed to get there. The vibrant **colores** and ideas grew exponentially during our trek. At this point, I was inside of my **cabeza** without ever needing to close my eyes or somehow crawl physically into myself. Ideas I had never spoken **en voz alta**, but always wished would become, surrounded me. The grey, hospital-like door swallowed my classmates and I, bringing us to a **vestíbulo** scattered with the remnants of it's other victims. It was the most **hermosa** thing I had ever seen. My **ojos** walked along the stripe of plastic grass, soaking in the familiar **caras** that were plastered in bright **pintura** on the walls. **Personas** painted by **personas** who were inspired by the **personas** they painted. Fragments of history and perspective were **capturado** by youth's eye and placed into one hallway, one cherished **memoria** never leaving the front of my **mente**, always and forever leaking into my fingertips when I look within for **propósito**. I was enthusiastically uneasy, comfortably uncomfortable, and looking for ways to share this feeling of life to the community surrounding me **con pasión**. National City has found a way to apply gravity to dreams I thought were forever floating in the atmosphere of profit and worry that we have created amongst ourselves. Or better, they have found a way to release us from creative bonds and break free, giving everyone the support to reach the stars.