

Alison Morrison
Word Count:

My Luray

Here, the array of purple and blue from the mountains is seen from every angle. Where the bright orange sunsets take control every summer evening. The overlook at the very top showcases the valley, with tiny white houses at the bottom.

Here, where the antique store holds the treasures and secrets, but can never manage to get rid of the musty smell. Where the small business line the streets on the first of May, with their bright fluorescent colors and streamers.

Here, where the smell of freshly brewed coffee rushes out of the only coffee shop on a weekday. Where one can never find an unfamiliar face in the crowd. Here, the sound of chatter and laughter at the baseball field on the Fourth of July, coupled with the smoke from sparklers fills the air, because that is just the tradition for the town.

Where the faded and weather stained cornhole boards sit in the Walmart parking lot, and no one dares to move them. Here, where the best barbecue in the state is served with it's warm and sticky sauce. If you can find the truck. Here, where the teal and green dragonflies dance on your toes as you float lazily down the river on a summer afternoon.

Here, where the bright pink movie theater sits, with Greek and Egyptian statues that grace the rooms. Where the carpets have been the same faded red for longer than anyone cares to remember. Here, where the smell of beer and the sound of laughter overflow from the brewery, but somehow gets better when you're the only sober one.

Here, the entire town dresses in purple and gold on a weekend to support JMU, even if their child doesn't attend. Where the smell of trees and freshly cut grass flood the car when the windows are down. Here is my town, Luray.