

Vacation of a Lifetime

They say scent is associated with memory.
I smell the split firewood candle burning and I am instantly taken back.
Walking in with the biggest smiles and the loudest laughter,
Sliding our card and entering a room with bunk beds made of logs.
Throwing down our bags and running to the waterpark,
I can imagine flying down the water slide,
And instantly climbing up the stairs to go again.
I can see the horses in the distance,
Excited to ride through the woods.
Our moms drag us out, saying
“We have to go to dinner,”
We’d rather stay and have fun, but we give in nevertheless.
The truffle mac and cheese, still the best I’ve had,
The chocolate fountain and dessert buffet along the back,
Taking and hiding a plate of cookies back to our room.
We spend late nights at the fun barn,
And attend dance parties.
We stay up exploring our lodge,
Until forced back to our room,
Still giggling with our jokes and munching on our ‘stolen’ cookies.