

Crossroads

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The salty air touches my tongue,
The sound of waves whistling in my ears,
Oh! The province's intimacy
Reminds me what I used to be.

My eyes were filled with cars and buildings,
People are bustling,
That city lights remind me of what I want to be,
Reflecting on my independence.

The city educated my mind,
As what the province reassured my heart,
What should I choose - my safe place or my responsibility?