An Odyssey

It’s about the struggle, the pain, the confusion, the sweat and the tears of a journey. The journey to find home, and I hope everyone else found it, because I did.

I had to ask for help but deep down I didn’t know what I was looking for, so I kept asking and searching for answers. First, I thought home was a specific goal, and could only be a journey with a focus until someone asked me:

“So if you never get you goal accomplished, then it means you’ll never get home?

And as I couldn’t find an answer for this, I started to wonder if I actually knew what home meant for me and I started to understand that I really didn’t. I didn’t knew what home was or meant.

But someone once said that if you look hard enough for an answer, eventually you’ll find it (actually I don’t think I ever heard this, but it makes sense so I’ll just put it like that) and eventually I found it.

You know when people say that home is where the heart is? That’s legit, home is where your comfort zone is and that is different for everyone.

I came to the sense that for me home is my culture, the rhythmic African drums, the catchupa from Cape Verde and also the volcanos we have there. It’s also the fresh fish and all the nature I miss from time to time because the European cities can be too chaotic at times. It’s the Morna, the Batuko, and all the fast hands making the beat while the fine waists move to the rhythm.

It’s my mom’s laugh, my dad’s roast sessions where he disses me like no one else and my autie’s skills of cooking which are the best ones I know.

It’s a hot camomile tea after a long day outside in the hell and a big plate of rice and rice, yes just rice because I’m African and rice it’s life. It’s my room with some dim lights, candles and the Illmatic album playing at the background.

It’s a rehearsal room with the best team making the best [State]ment of Art. It’s a van full of beautiful souls vibing and riding to the best Sycilian restaurant to try the best cheese ever, a ride back where everyone is crazy drunk and someone cannot hold their stomach. It’s the laughs after a show that didn’t went that well but all good, because all we do is Art and we’re no ashamed of it.

Home is also my loud friend who annoys me every time because all she does is dancing and screaming at the most random times and places. It’s a room full of friends sharing food and funny stories, creating this way the best memories ever. It’s the butterflies before a show and the adrenaline during the show.

Because **Home** is whatever brings you happiness and peace.

Ana