If I could live anyplace in the world, I’d still pick my street. Anyone who likes a little bit of country would love it here. I can’t imagine finding a more peaceful place to live.

I like the colors best. During the day, you see green wherever you look. Giant cottonwoods with shiny leaves line both sides of the street. Fruit trees grow in neat rows in my neighbor’s orchard. Acres of wild piñon and juniper cover the hills behind my house. In the late afternoon, you can see even more colors once the beautiful New Mexican sunsets appear. Deep reds, oranges, and pinks smear the sky like streaks of paint. Then the sky turns dark blue just before getting completely dark. After dark, there are no streetlights, so you can see each and every star clearly. They look like sparkling grains of salt sprinkled on black velvet.

My street smells almost as good as it looks. First, there is very little traffic, so the air is always crisp and clean. The only smoke you smell comes from backyard barbecues that make your stomach rumble. When the wind blows, it carries many different smells, all wonderful. When it blows in one direction, you smell fresh pine from the hills. When it blows in another direction, you smell sweet flower blossoms or ripe apricots from the orchards. Who needs perfume when you have all of this?

Finally, my street is quiet. The loudest sounds you’ll ever hear come from the animals. In the morning, roosters crow all over the neighborhood. After school, my neighbor’s goats bleat and beg for leftovers when we walk past their fence. At night, there’s always a dog or two barking or a cat yowling in someone’s yard. The animals get pretty loud, but it’s not the kind of noise you even notice. It just sounds like home.

I would feel lucky to find a similar neighborhood when I am an adult and can choose where I live. You might think my street sounds boring, but I think it’s perfect.