Identity by Titus Troia Let them be as urban apartments, Always desired, admired, and expensive But tranquility is very limited.

I'd rather be a luxurious log cabin Within the tall pine trees overviewing a lake Sun beating through the windows in the morning.



Picture by me - is this your cabin

To have the birds singing at sunrise

Over the sound of honking, yelling, and party music.

No electricity, a release from modern world problems

To be the lighthearted place to drink a few and turn up some tunes.

I'd rather be tucked away down a long curvy road all alone,

Behind a billion trees, like a Canadian Steve Irwin, love this simile.

Than to be a tiny apartment stacked above many others,

Your best view is bound to be in to your neighbors bed room.

I'd rather be solo, unwarranted, or unwanted Than surrounded, bothered, or tiny

If I could enjoy silence and fresh air

I would rather be a luxurious log cabin.