


Letter to NY

Dear NY, it's been real, and like I wrote once before, and which still holds true:

 New York. The city where a few dreams are made, yet more frequently crushed. The object of so many films and song lyrics. A city that carries so much history, yet bubbles with possibility for future deeds. The setting for multiple Woody Allen movies, and the city where Woody Allen can be caught playing jazz every other day at The Carlyle, in real life... not film. The hometown of Sinatra and Rockefeller. A skyline that never gets old, no matter how many times it's seen. NYC.. Where singing out loud in the streets and dancing in a subway car became as common as blinking, and where expressing my individuality became a part of my everyday routine. The place that pushed me to give my top performance, yet at times brought out my very worst, allowing me to get to know myself fully and embrace every facet. The city that taught me never to settle, to strive for the best, but also offer my best. Yet it taught me to enjoy sleepless nights and morning parties, midnight museum visits and exquisite food. To expect the unexpected, because with each day came open-ended possibilities, and the expectations of who I'd meet next were surpassed more often than not. Where walking aimlessly could turn into the biggest adventure in the blink of an eye. Big artists in small venues. 2am Insomnia cookies. 24-hours... everything. Friends that became family. Rooftop brunches. Sunset parties. Midnight strolls. Boundaries pushed to the limit. Life lessons. Movie-worthy moments. 6 years. Irreplaceable memories. No doubt, the best city in the world. New York has made me the person I am today and has given me the clarity of who I want to become. This is definitely not goodbye, but a be back soon, because New York will always be home.