

These Four Walls: Part 2

Walls long and full of memories
Having seen me grow up
in the midst of them.
From elementary to high school.

A long stretch of brick wall
paves the way from childhood to adolescents
Where I grew into myself as a person
and found my passions.

My favorite teacher was in this room
to the left.
She became my confidant and mentor
As I learned how to express myself through writing.
We still talk
and I appreciate her guidance every day.

Walls of red lockers
Broken up by classrooms and laughs.
I walked this hall with my first boyfriend.
Found my people on that scuffed-up stage,
and became a creative in the darkroom.

This school. These teachers.
My people. My families.
Theatre
Yearbook
Tennis
Each has a role in created the person I am now,
and these four walls know it.

