

These Four Walls: Part 1

Walls full of memories
and walking the halls
recreates moments in my mind
of when I was young and new.

My third grade teacher was in this room
to the right.
She helped acclimate me
to this new way of learning.
And for that I shall never forget her.

Racing past walls of memories
I come to a stop at fifth grade
when I made my first life long friend.
Our years together meant the world to me
as we transitioned to middle school together.

Making turn after turn I reach my first stage.
The room in which I was introduced to theatre.
Summer and Emperors and Aliens
were good times.

The lunch room
The music room
The gym.
All these places make up parts
Of the whole of my years as an adolescent academic.

There is still a whole other part of this building to explore.
But I'll save that for next time.

