

Room to Grow

Written by the Creative Writing Class of 2018

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See, we are the young ones,
cold air and warm hearts.
Every day, we fall in love
with chaos, noise, and converse shoes.
We devour the world around us,
indulge in it,
savoring energy and
pieces of color.
Randomly strewn objects are only part
of what defines us.

All we want is a world, of course.

We are more than kids.
We are together, a chord,
stacked on one another.
We are glorious instruments born from
electric creativity,
living, breathing contraptions of new hope
and prosperity.
Steel beams, and russet red
will meld into our awakening.
Alphas, betas, zetas unite; none of us are
alphabetized.

This old and lovely home leaves the air
humming.
Loud and quiet halls full of artistry and
creativity
try to be hidden behind a glass wall.
Colors scamper by,
black, red and white etched across
order within chaos.
Personalities of those who question the
ability of themselves
but never the ability of others, splatter
bleached walls.
Creativity swirls in heavy drifts of shouted
lines
and the sweet blue sound of a violin.

But it was all just a bit inside out.

Bottle up the outside and bring it in;
hopefully it won't be so cold.
Open the doors and breathe words into the
walls.

Opportunity is a forest fire whose embrace
makes way for creation.
Replanting a tree is hard- you have to keep
the roots strong
and give it room to grow.

We'll waste no time scattering the seeds.
It will take a while for this tree to extend,
stretch, and reach,
but once it does, our branches will
interlock.
Soon the limbs will stretch far and wide,
and our roots will be grounded.

So hold on tight,
for the eve of new happenings is upon us.
And although we don't know what the
future will hold-
if the soil is better,
and the sun can grace our branches,
then the growth is worth the risk.

After all, our school is not growing out; it is
growing up.
It will be filled with familiar faces that we've
never met, but aspire to.
A new beginning dawns, but culture never
dies.
I swear no matter where we are,
we will reach out in ways that surge and
bloom, and blossom.

But we will always have room to grow.