

Houston. Fifth grade.

----- **Original Message** -----

THE WALL

**As we look out the window,
all that we see.
Is a wall of bricks, a wall of bricks.
That's all we see.**

Dark orange shadows
cast against endless rectangles
each trapped in its own cemented frame

Dingy tan cement
weaves through the bricks
like a trailing maze
jerking to stops, turning corners
imprisoning each brick
as it repeats its course

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That's all we see.**

Is it rainy?
Is it sunny?
No one in Mrs. Houston's class
will ever know -
Our horrible view
will forever block it

One boring wall of bricks
One on-going wall of brcks,
worn and chipped
No feeling for our eyes
Plain, not moving or changing
Sucking up all our ideas.

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That's all we see.**

Sometimes the only thing
that keeps a day
from being perfect,
absolutely perfect
is a certain wall -
That Boring Red Brick Wall

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