A Different Answer
What is freedom?
People ask me.
What does it mean?
To truly
be free.
To fly above the clouds?
Or to dive beneath the surface?
To feel the loud chatter
of laughter in a crowd,
Or to sit in the quiet, in peace?
I sit there for a long time,
Contemplating,
Silently thinking.
And I then realize,
And I then answer:
It’s different for everyone.
One may wish
to feel the salty breeze on their face,
While the other
Wishes to be in a quiet still garden,
Dirty hands, muddy feet
But a gleam of satisfaction for either person.
Freedom can mean anything,
But to answer your question thoroughly,
Freedom means whatever makes you feel
Carefree,
Joyful,
At peace with yourself
And your surroundings.
And yet,
It’s a different answer
For everyone.
—Mae Mae Gad, Grade 6.

A Virus
A virus
Hope
We look
Down the streets
Where cars used to drive
Only a few
Cars left to ride
You see
Windows
Doors
Shut
Schools
Friends
Lives
Disappeared
People saying
Don’t let me die
A virus
But hope is not gone
Windows open
Light shines through
One day
We will come
Together
Friends
Schools
The world
When we grow up
Our great grandchildren
Will tell
The story
Of the virus
We lived in
We are living history
And we will make it through
—Brooke Derby, Grade 5.

Black Lives Matter
Protesters on the streets
Masks and signs
Policemen
Racism
They stand up
Because George
Was killed
A policeman
Wrong hold, and too long
Because George was killed
That police officer
didn’t get arrested for days
Protesters start stealing
Looting
Rioting
Windows broken
Shattered
Businesses and employees’ hearts
Racism
Trump sends armed military
To shoot
It isn’t fair
Why?
Racism
Black and White
Don’t deny the fact
That we aren’t treated all the same
People are created as equal
But they aren’t treated like they are
What?
Racism
Protesters on the streets
Stand up
Because George was killed
Black lives matter
—Lyla Hershkovitz, Grade 5.

*** Dance ***
Every movement is a story
A picture
As you feel the movements everything seems like a surface
Breaking, twisting
Pulling you towards it
Music pounding in your ears
When you feel every movement zap your body
Dance helps you move forward from tragedy
Like light in the dark, it moves you
Pushes you for every step of the journey
The moves flourish a fresh start
—> From the past
Dance
A energizing, inviting, beautiful feeling
Vibrating from your heart
Inspiring ground-breaking actions
From you, even others
Your feelings activate bold, bright strokes
Like a canvas with delicate strokes of paint
A masterpiece
Dance
—Sloan Butler, Grade 5.