

Romeo

Kendall Smith, Grade 4

Boise

How, O, how did you
travel the winds
of the world? The
far off deserts?
The angels and doves
and this light glowing.
Creature of creativity, you
swim through the deep
dark depths. Why can't
they see, the mists of the
heavens? I will never tell.
Who can really see me?
Like rocks in the sea
I am a black rock, and all
the other fish are white.