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Grade 6  
Cabin Writers  
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### Japanese Reed Shoes

I remember when I was a tall reed in a Japanese field.  
I remember dancing in the wind, lifting my head to the sun.  
I remember the sickle that swished through my stalk, ending my growth.  
I remember the rough hands that snatched me and my friends, binding us with twine.  
I remember the market, thousands of voices in one clamor.  
I remember the kind old woman who brought me to her home.  
I remember her gentle hands twisting and weaving me into my family and friends.  
I remember her kissing and packaging us, tears rolling like rain down her face.  
Now that I sit, admired by all, I am content.  
But I remember being wild and free,  
Dancing in the wind.