

One Place.

By Christine De Laza

Everyone belongs at our school because,
Everyone should have a place.
Everyone belongs at our school because,
Everyone should feel safe.

We all need one place, if not our home.
A place where friendship, love and loss may seethe.
Where we can freely roam.
Where we can just breathe.

Like a phoenix that'll rise to soar above the mockingbird,
Like a dove, innocent and pure.
We find new meanings for every phrase and every word.
We go through experiences that help us mature.

One place to teach us how to fly,
To shape the melodies of our songs.
One place to preserve youth before it withers and dies.
To guide our perspectives of what's right and wrong.

Regardless of who we like and love,
We should never have to hide.
Some people suit us, like a glove,
Some would rather keep their pride.

We hold pity as if it weighs in gold,
As if such feelings hold value.
Some seek validation in their stories told,
Because that's all they have to hold onto.

But we should have one place that holds no fears,
A home of sorts for those less fortunate.
But sometimes school brings only tears,
Our good and bad experiences become disproportionate.

Some years may flash by, reminisced by a smile,
Some may remain prolonged, in an inflicting wound.
Relationships we grow to love may only last a short while,
Leaving us, loney, feeling doomed.

But where else will we learn to love,
Have people guide us to rise up when we fall.
Appreciate the stars above,
Rise our chins, and stand tall.

We all need one place to learn,
And not only expand our mind.
A place to flourish like a fern,
To listen when we whine.

Everyone belongs at our school.
Everyone needs one place to grow.
In a perfect world, we wouldn't be belittled or face ridicule.
But this world isn't perfect, so we need somewhere to learn how to surpass
darkness and glow.

Everyone needs one place.

-Christine De Laza