

99 WRITING

# The Walls are Plain

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**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

I heard a man screaming like a kid.

The walls are plain

and feel colder than Antarctica.

Thanks to people, the air tastes like gasoline.

The tree on the sidewalk is drier than the desert.

I see a teenager doing wheelies

better than a clown.

I see a girl dancing freer

than when we had freedom.