



WRITING

Mi Casa and The Skatepark

TYPE

Poetry

Mi casa,
I feel included there in mi cama.
I see mi cama and it is bouncy.

My bed,
this place is important to me because it's my bed and I get to sleep
on it.
I taste bed (I cannot taste mi cama).

My bed,
I dream about becoming president.
I hear my bed.

The skatepark,
I feel included here because it's a free place where anyone can go.
What you hear at the skatepark is wheels.

The skatepark,
this place is important to me because it's like a sport to me.
I touch the skateboard, the ramps.

The skatepark,
a memory that I have of this place is going down on the ramp the
first time.
I felt afraid, like I was going to fall on my head.
A hope I have for my community is to make more ramps.