

99 WRITING

The Sky

by Elsie, 826 New
Orleans

TYPE
POETRY

If I could be anything

I'd choose to be the sky

Sitting all by myself

And watching birds fly

I would be very lonely

And so, I would cry

But one day sitting in the air

Blowing my cool breeze

I'd realize something wonderful

While watching a flock of geese

I am useful and helpful

And successful, too

I only want to be myself

And you should just be you