

**WRITING**

# I Belong

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**TYPE****POETRY****GENRE****GRADE 7**

Doubt

I feel like I don't belong.

The bell on the door rings in the studio.

It sounds the same as it was the last two years.

The white uniform pants I got are now uncomfortably  
up to my calf.

The familiar coach explains to the other kids that I  
visit Korea in the summer.

All of the other kids look at me in unison, and I feel as  
if the moment of silence lasts forever.

Then, all of the other kids begin to talk to me, asking  
me where I came from.

I giggle. There is no silence between us that I was  
worried about.

It feels like they have known me for a long time.

We talk and chat, and time goes by so fast.

I belong.

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