

WRITING

These Walls

These walls opened me up before they constricted

But they now obscure the sky, leaving me conflicted

by Augustus Griffith Jr., 826 National

I used to think they were whole

TYPE

These walls don't stretch, they shatter

POETRY

I need to let them go

GENRE

These walls don't just bleed, they splatter

GRADE 11

These walls betray all the homes they contain

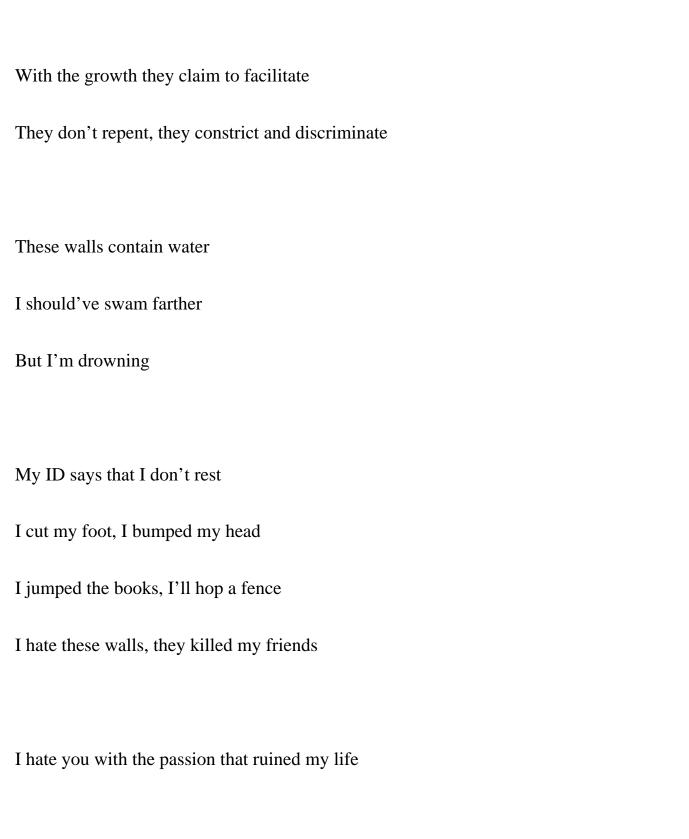
These walls decay, leaving dust and bones

They lie like false hope they propagate

They incarcerate all they used to liberate

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Troubling thoughts bubble inside

These walls are frail and I hope they fall

As we plead for our lives it all slows to a crawl

How many more have to die within these walls?

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