

WRITING

I See

As I am walking down

the streets of the Tenderloin,

by Itzel Medina Luna, 826 Valencia

I see people

sitting and lying.

TYPE

They have no one to depend on

POETRY

but themselves,

GENRE

and nowhere to go.

GRADE 8

So I say,

Let's help them.

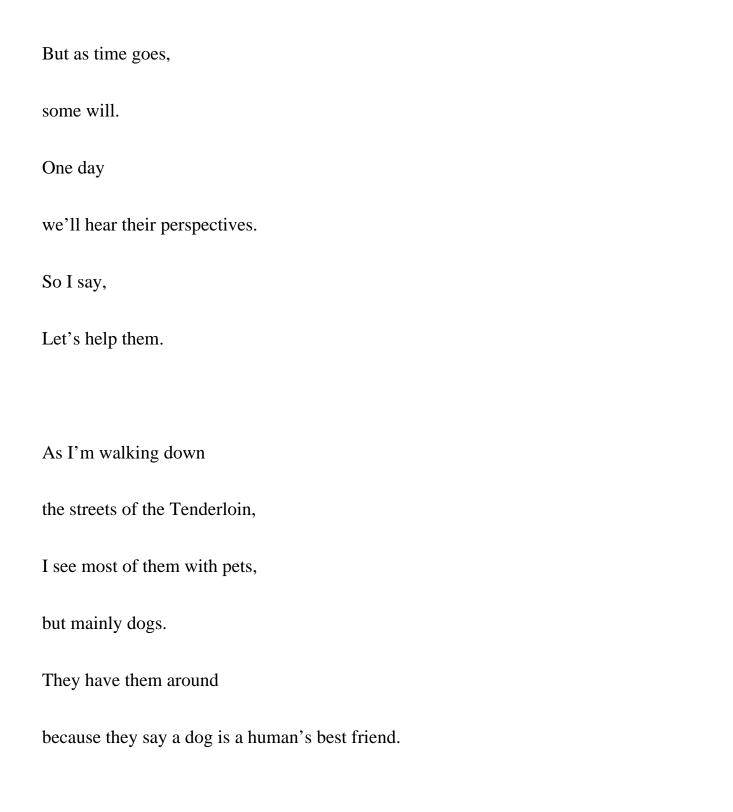
They all have a story,

but no one really cares

to ask about it.

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So I say,

Let's help them.

I'm walking down the streets,

my hometown,

I see all of these people.

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