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WRITING

These Walls

by Augustus Griffith Jr., 826 National

TYPE

Poetry
Social-Emotional Learning

These walls opened me up before they constricted

But they now obscure the sky, leaving me conflicted

I used to think they were whole

These walls don’t stretch, they shatter

I need to let them go

These walls don’t just bleed, they splatter

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

With the growth they claim to facilitate

They don’t repent, they constrict and discriminate

These walls contain water

I should’ve swam farther

But I’m drowning

My ID says that I don’t rest

I cut my foot, I bumped my head

I jumped the books, I’ll hop a fence

I hate these walls, they killed my friends

I hate you with the passion that ruined my life

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?