

On the Rise

by Sara Holbrook

Everybody's changing,
it isn't like first grade,
valentines on the wall,
our hearts looked similar,
displayed.

We all stood to say the pledge,
we traveled in a line,
held two fingers up for quiet,
returned from recess,
every time.

Now we all have different destinations,
each our own speed,
each our own track.
Some seem lost
in the transition.
Can't go forward.
Can't go back.

They told us we were different,
little multi-colored snowflakes,
and we rose,
a swirl against brick buildings,
we rebelled.
Snowflakes.
No one told us.
Who would settle.
Who would fly.
And who
(and who?)
would melt.