

Kid Literate

A kid is a camera.

Their bright eyes the viewfinder,
their quirks the various buttons.

They can capture what
we can't see.

A lens unclouded by
expectation or experience.

A kid is a storybook.

Understandable, simple.

Startles you with
surprising profundity
and sudden emotion.

A kid is a collage.

Beautifully imperfect parts,
crashing into each other,
exploding from
two-dimensional conventions.

A kid is a field trip.

Buzzing with anticipation,
bringing the unlikeliest
of friends together.

A reminder to
explore.

A kid is a kid is a kid.

The Student who had 6 Teachers

Hazel was a tornado.
She whirled from one thought to the next.
She would gather up love from all those around her
and fling it back out loudly.

Obren had a secret superpower,
quietly translating the teacher's directions
for his classmates who were learning English.
Always the humble hero.

Maria didn't like bugs.
The moment they rolled over the log,
a shriek burst from her tiny lungs.
I joined in her unfamiliar silence
when she let me tie her shoe.

Maya had a sassiness
that sparked life back into the classroom,
electrifying idleness with
the zing of her clever quips.

Kamala was an individual.
The boys acted like she was a hazardous object.
She stood strong and took their not-so whispers,
making room enough for herself.

Allen was a radio.
You could change the channel,
but you'd still hear talking.
Passersby are lucky to tune in.