

## Tatianna Lebron

### CATCH A DREAM

As I walk slowly away up away from the graffiti marked sidewalks.  
Thinking to myself how does the grass becomes dead as the flowers along this bed.  
The sun becomes blinding and the clouds are my protector.  
Below there seems to be wrappers upon wrappers.  
I say to myself where would I go?

The sounds are increasing as the cars buzz by.  
When the words wont come out and only cussing seeps through the airways they speak.  
Kids start to laugh and all I want to be is apart of what used to be me.  
Cops rush by, as the siren follows right along with it.  
I look at myself what could I be?

Feelings are mutual just like they say.  
The little girl I used to be was always happy and giddy.  
No second thoughts could come across my heart.  
As I drift away feeling sleepy and groundless.  
I ask myself how can I be what I want to be?

I sit soundless on the curb to my house.  
The grass itches the back of my thigh as if it's questioning why am I here?  
The sidewalks graze across my feet cold and dark.  
I want to scream and nothing comes out.  
Flowers I pluck feel like silk and smooth away my thoughts.  
I stand up I am exactly everything I can be and will be?