

If Dreams Were Silver Birds
by Zoe Zimmerman
7th Grade, Blacksburg Middle School

There is the hastening of a mountain stream,
Inside of me.
Words,
Hardened like pebbles,
Are swept along,
Battered as the stream hurls them,
Carelessly through the ravenous water.

The bank builds,
Like the blistering warmth of an August afternoon.
Lodged in my throat,
The epiphany of an angelic moment,
Like brass it glimmers,
With a radiance brighter even,
Than the scattered grains of salt,
Painted in the twilight of dusk.
But the moment melts like savory chocolate on the tongue,
Of one who cannot find a way to utter,
The sea tide of thoughts-not-yet-thoughts.

To clear the torrent,
The coarse sand,
Which dwells in the depths,
Of what is concealed,
Lost to even those who carry the burdens,
Solace might be found.

A soothing peace one might find beneath,
A weathered hermit crab shell,
Washed upon the damp amber sand,
By the lulling will of the sea waves.

An inquisitive robin is perched behind my words,
A burnished glass cardinal,
Peers with stony eyes through my own.
A blue jay with a quieted song,
Whispers her broken melody,
To fall upon my ears.

How I wish to unlatch,
The gleaming silver cages,
With their brilliant silver ties,

Of which contain these wishful birds,
Sculpted from our own aspirations.

To let free,
The myriad of pristine dreams,
Stored where dust has gathered upon them,
Like the frames of old photographs.

I have a dream,
Where I shall someday act upon these gracious thoughts,
On which the songbirds perch,
The panic of rebuke and judgment,
Washed away as if by an April shower.

I have a dream,
When the rounded words which tumble like fresh lemons from our lips,
Do not divide us with borders only some can see,
And the simmering broth of enmity is tipped.
When the shades of our skins,
Are thought of only as a color pallet of our home.

I have a dream,
Of a tomorrow that gleams like a lustrous penny,
Left beneath the summer sun.

Synchronized Fantasies
by Rose Cook
7th Grade, Blacksburg Middle School

If fresh foliage trimmed the Earth with its everlasting green
Keeping the air crisp as a spring morning in early May,
If water flowed abundantly, quenching the parched rivers with gold
Leaving not debris and poison, but hope and safety in its wake,
If fruits grew constantly from drooping branches on sturdy trees
Fueling and filling the growling abyss with our kin,
If we worry not about how our fellow people appear or how they love,
But how our hearts synchronize to the choreography of life.
If we stay and dream,
Dream about our Earth,
The air and oceans mending themselves after a long war against us,
Dream about hunger dissolving like honey in a steaming mug of peppermint tea,
Dream about acceptance and love living in one great community,
Dream about our society
And how to mold it like softened clay into the dreams we will achieve today,
As one Earth,
And one race,
And one heart,
Synchronized to the beat of life.

A Temptcurious Train of Thought
by Sam Woolsey
7th Grade, Blacksburg Middle School

Ride with me now.
Ride with me to something new,
Something fresh,
Something sweet.

Come with me now on this temptcurious train of thought.

The choo choo train to take you places you've only imagined,

To make you think,
To make you wonder,
To make you dream.
A train of thought to make you dream.

The train that takes you to where good things happen,
Where we learn from our mistakes,
Where important things get funded,
Where love wins.

There is only this temptcurious train of thought.

Now the train is at top speed as the sunlight glances off its solar panels.
Listen as the macaws call from the vibrant chaos of the forest,

Feel the sunlight reaching down through the canopy overhead to tickle your cheek,
Smell the fragrances of fecund flowers that flow by like thought,

A temptcurious train of thought.

The sun finally bursts through in full and leaps free with the zebra,

Roars with the lion,
Runs with the cheetah,

Whirls with the wind as it winds through the tall grasses of the savannah.

Smile, as you realize these grasses have seen no evil.

Soaring up into the sky,
Reaching to tap the sun on the shoulder,
There stands the main event,
The grand finale.

The train of thought forges ahead and you train your eyes on a city of smiles.

A city in which anyone would so badly want to live,
Where conflict is resolved with kindness and food and forgiveness,

Where life is what you make it.

The train is now slowing to a stop.

You smile and laugh as you see happiness in the eyes of every child,

Every loving grandparent,
The brakes screech above it all,
And a tear comes to your eye,
As you think,
“Why can’t I live here?”

This Dream of Mine
by Lindsay Santos
6th Grade, Blacksburg Middle School

I have a dream,
Day after day, night after night,
That I could dance all day,
Day after day, night after night,
I dream that no one is alone,
Day after day, night after night,
And that we can all be accepted,
Day after day, night after night,
I dream for those who are scared to,
Day after day, night after night,
I dream to see what we have done,
Day after day, night after night,
I dream that we can change,
Day after day, night after night,
I dream that we are happy,
Day after day, night after night,
This is just a dream of mine,
Day after day, night after night,
If only it was reality,
Day after day, night after night.