

Where We Meet

When a soul is united we take words from it, our thoughts
bubble up like soda just shaken

Our life takes new meaning, a form of grace, we trace our thoughts along the lines that we draw

But on those lines we set the limits no one else can see

From ourselves and a school we set limits of who can, what can, and why can't we

We take it upon ourselves as students to find that moment where we feel light and guided into
the bliss of the sun

Should we get set back from where our schools draw a new line

A new line of hope as for the students we are one soul expanded into the rivers that pour down
right back to where we started

Should us as people take that leap over the line to where a school can be called our bliss and
as one soul we spread

If so, what are schools doing to flow our creativity to guide us up just to lower us back down

Should we jump over the lines

Let us be in a limit of no goodbye and soar through our school and it's limits to take it upon
ourselves

Let us make a school a body in which our souls come together

Let us be racially just

Let us write the haikus of time to only grow more after one another

In what era will we be held back and in what era will we be the change the world needs

Let the school be our body, as our soul finds the heart across the line that's drawn

When the line disappears and the haikus are written let us be the callers of time and let our
school be the ticking clock

How far shall we go with this ticking clock until it breaks and the Resistance is all we hold

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