

The side walks
By Kaden Cheung

Imagination was the sidewalk of my childhood
When I was 4, I was a superhero.
When I was 6, I was a pirate discovering the One Piece.

But it all changed horrifically
when I turned 10. Thousands of people screamed my name,
They told me not to do this
and to do that. To grow up, make better decisions.
I thought that turning ten was great
because I unlocked a new stage in life,
but I realize now that I had to face the dark forces of reality.
Now, my parents expect more from me.

Dark forces surround me with rattling chains. Education
slowly restricting my sidewalk of imagination
until it's treacherous. Arrows of depression pierce,
tipped with heartbreaking words,
the most painful things you can feel,
the bumps of mood swings and the cracks slither on.

One by one, my childhood towers of dreams,
the ones supporting my life, fall until nothing is left.

My tears burned my face as I wept in the depths of reality.
One person
One wise stranger saw me weeping on the side of the street.
He came up to me and told me this.

*There are many who suffer from the world of
reality, but it is up to us as humans to bear that
torment and go forward. Don't throw away
everything you dream of. Harness it, make it your
own, rebuild your towers and become one again.*

Then he left with a peaceful smile on his face.
To this day, I still follow his life-changing words:
he made me realize that.
Life can be a broken sidewalk,
But it is up to you to fix it.