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Upon the Burning of My House

By Miranda Aranda

Orangish Yellow

The flickering flames from my house
Making me feel it's trapped
And I can't do anything about it.
The crackling flames in my room making
me so frustrated that my sister
Jackie could have been dead,
because she was so content on sleep and
didn't know it.

The misting water on my lips putting
tears in my eyes.

The tears in my family's eyes
putting fear in our hearts.

The sniffly noses and the noises
you make when you cry.

The scents of the matches and the
candles just like I was home again
as if nothing happened.

The black, orange, smoky basketball
I throw angrily to the ash covered ground.

My feeling, my emotion, it is nothing compared
to a bad grade or your boyfriend breaking up with you.

Why? To think it happened to us,
a large family and we lost it all.

Orangish Yellow