It was a peaceful day,
in grade two,
learning how to multiply
then we heard our teacher cry,
"Hurry under the desk kids!"
It struck fear into our hearts as we
heard the screams,
followed by the sound of a bang,
then a second,
and a third,
followed by moaning,
the teacher was crying, we didn't understand,
then the door slammed open,
Seconds later I was looking down from
a cloud,
watching my mom cry,
with my wings like a
bird in the sky.