

Streets of Sugar by Camilla, 7TH grade

tell me, what's a Neighbor without the will to lend a cup of
sugar: sweet and lovely, like auntie su across the street.
or, maybe a heart to give a bit of
honey: sharing a pot of stew with the others.
y'know mama always said
we could bake a cake with all that
love: what fed our starving kids, what warmed our tiny homes.
that's why i'll never trust an empty pantry, like the ones over there.
i know, over there, they don't bake cakes.
their kitchens—a spotless stove, beautiful marbled countertops,
empty pantries.
bo, tina, and i used to look over the wall,
the wall that separated our neighborhood
from their
perfect kitchens and empty pantries.
when we looked, we saw two, three story high houses that stared down at us, mocked
our patched clothes and holed shoes.
million dollar swimming pools and fake grass,
fences.
yet, after we got a good long look, bo, tina, and i knew something.
we knew those kids grew up in a house. not a home.
yes, our roofs are rusted,
yes, our doors graffitied,
and yes, we do not own expensive cars.
but i will promise you this: our streets were salted with cinnamon and sugar
and i know that mama, papa, auntie su, my Neighbors, and i,
we baked a community,
we baked it together,
we baked it with love.