

## **Oh, The Places You'll Go [What Has Been Told And Retold**

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Everyone is different,  
Each story is differently told,  
You must know,  
Though that even if they're differ,  
They are very much alike,  
Because in each story you find there is a problem that must be solved.  
The beginning and ending are different in every way,  
Some go and some stay,  
But some just give-up on their way.  
I know that my story has no same,  
And that with every problem,  
There is no one but myself to blame.  
I know I will go through my obstacles and problem with pain,  
And see what I gained,  
Maybe gold,  
Maybe silver,  
Maybe bronze,  
Or just some fancy place,  
Where I'll live the rest of my days.  
On the way rocks would make me trip,  
Fog would make me blind,  
The darkness would not help see the light,  
Then there would be the water,  
Asking if I want to sink or swim.  
Then there would be people,

Teaching me,

Helping me,

Learn,

How to swim,

Those people that I've helped on my journey,

Those people that care for me,

Even more than I thought,

Maybe care even more than I care myself,

Those that are my family,

Those that I barely just met from across the street,

That thought I had pretty hair,

Or just wanted to know where a direction is located at.

Though I know sometimes that help can disappear when I most need it,

Sometimes of what I've been taught has been lost,

Or Sometimes of the things I've thought right would be wrong,

And some of that trust would become betrayed and never seen again,

Like the doctor not giving you medicine because he is too busy with something else,

Then is when I learn to not depend on others,

But then some others might still depend on me,

And then again I would be asked,

By water if I would let them sink alone,

Or swim with me.

The choices that I make will take me where I shall go,

And the advice that I give,

Will make others make their choices,

Like those advice that helped me make my choices,

That with my conscience I choose to listen and see,

I will hear the wisdom that the world teaches me,

So I can survive,

And see my children grow.

When they arrive start and start to grow,

Then I will hear and see,

Sad tears rolling down their cheeks,

Yells that make the neighbors knock the door,

And messes that take all night to clean-up to see it back in the morning,

Then I would remember why am here,

I'm here to hear and see,

See their smiles shine every time I play with them,

Hear their laughter every day when they are tickled,

And watch them grow and have a family of their own.

And then the cycle begins again.

They would learn and know,

That every story is the different,

But that the obstacles are in every story similar,

And they will teach their children that.