

**Hadley**

**My eyes open,  
to see the peaceful birds  
sleeping on the phone wire,  
the sun yet to shine through  
their translucent wings.  
I slowly push myself up  
to lie my back on the  
fluffy cloud like pillows.  
I try to hold on to my dreams of  
rooms full of candy,  
flying over New York City,  
and cruises in warm places.  
I try to hold on to the time where I  
sit,  
observe,  
and think,  
“me time.”  
Then,  
I hear sleepy voices  
drifting from my parents’ room,  
I smell pancakes frying,  
I slowly let my feet hit the hard floor,  
my curtain is still,  
and I know  
a new day  
has  
begun.**

*Hadley's poem.*