

The Airport  
By Amy S.

I stepped into the airport,  
People rushing like at a mall on Christmas Eve.  
Security is a thick fog,  
People yelling into their phones.

Am I going to make it?  
I think I will be late,  
I need to get there in time.  
I am extremely worried.

Hurrying past a big food court;  
People chewing, chomping, and chatting.  
Everybody wolfing down their food,  
I wish I had time to eat.

Rushing through the security booth,  
Take everything out of your pockets.  
Beep! As you walk through,  
Grabbing my bags and running.

Hurrying, hurrying to the boarding line,  
Hurrying, hurrying, so I can be there when they call my section.  
Hurrying, hurrying, hearing babies cry.  
Hurrying, hurrying, finally it's over.

Finally I made it,  
I can't believe I'm on time.  
Now I can take a breather,  
And take my spot in the line.

On the plane taking off,  
Pop! Go my ears like bubble wrap  
Looking out the window,  
Flying above the clouds.