

Elsie Byrne, 5th Grade, Homeschool

“Overlooked” by Elsie Byrne

I, the marker cap, was popped off the marker,
and held tight in a hot sweaty hand.

The marker was used,
and I was lost,
though I was still in her hand.

She looked all around,
but her eyes were bound,
from seeing me at all.

I don't understand why it happens so often...

But then I was found.
Astounded she was,
that she'd overlooked me the whole time.

I, the new kid in the class,
did not have a single friend.
I tried to make one several times,
but was looked past by everyone,
because they had friends of their own.
I felt very alone.

I don't understand why it happens so often...

But then I was found.
Astounded she was,

that she'd overlooked me the whole time.