

**Dabi Chang, 4<sup>th</sup> Grade, Woodmen Roberts Elementary School**

**“These Places, These People” by Dabi Chang**

I am from Virginia, my first breaths,  
A birthplace where memories are faded,  
Too young to remember, too young for my first’s”,  
The roots of my grand adventure, the start of my trek.

I am from England’s grey embrace,  
Fish and chips salty, savory, mouthwatering,  
Moss-covered, fenced-in garden with a bird feeder,  
Attended a primary school in a small village.

I am from South Korea’s vibrant streets,  
Buses buzzing, people bustling,  
Shiny glass buildings stretching to the sky,  
Convenience stores a kaleidoscope of snacks,  
Lights everywhere, always on,  
Grandparents and me sharing, frosty, silky smooth ice cream,  
And family vacations etched every summer.

I am from Colorado, clear, sunny skies,  
Fresh air weaves through pine trees, animals rustling through brambles,  
Whoosh, whoosh as I glide past, powder snow swept into the cold, crisp air,  
Mountains stand tall, their purple silhouette against the deep blue,  
Rafting in the fierce, raging river makes my heart pound faster.

Wherever I roam, these places, these people,  
Home is more than a place, it's a feeling,  
A tapestry woven with love and belonging,  
Family and friends, furry companions too,  
You all lift me, carrying, guiding me through.