

**Georgia Stricklin, 4<sup>th</sup> grade, The Classical Academy Central**

**“The Four Elements” by Georgia Stricklin**

Through the waves of glory,  
Through the tides of triumph,  
There lays a spot of weakness,  
For you are vulnerable.  
Sometimes you feel alone,  
Lost in your own land,  
Afraid of what would happen,  
If you don't complete your task.  
For some it is a quiet place,  
For others a fiery pit  
That will than soon transform into something unfamiliar.  
The ashes of faith rise with commitment,  
The soil that homed you is strong,  
You are secure, safe, grounded.  
Around your aroura,  
Something lays,  
Beneath layers of fear,  
A tiny strand of something new,  
Unexpected...Empowering.  
It's called bravery.