Sometimes

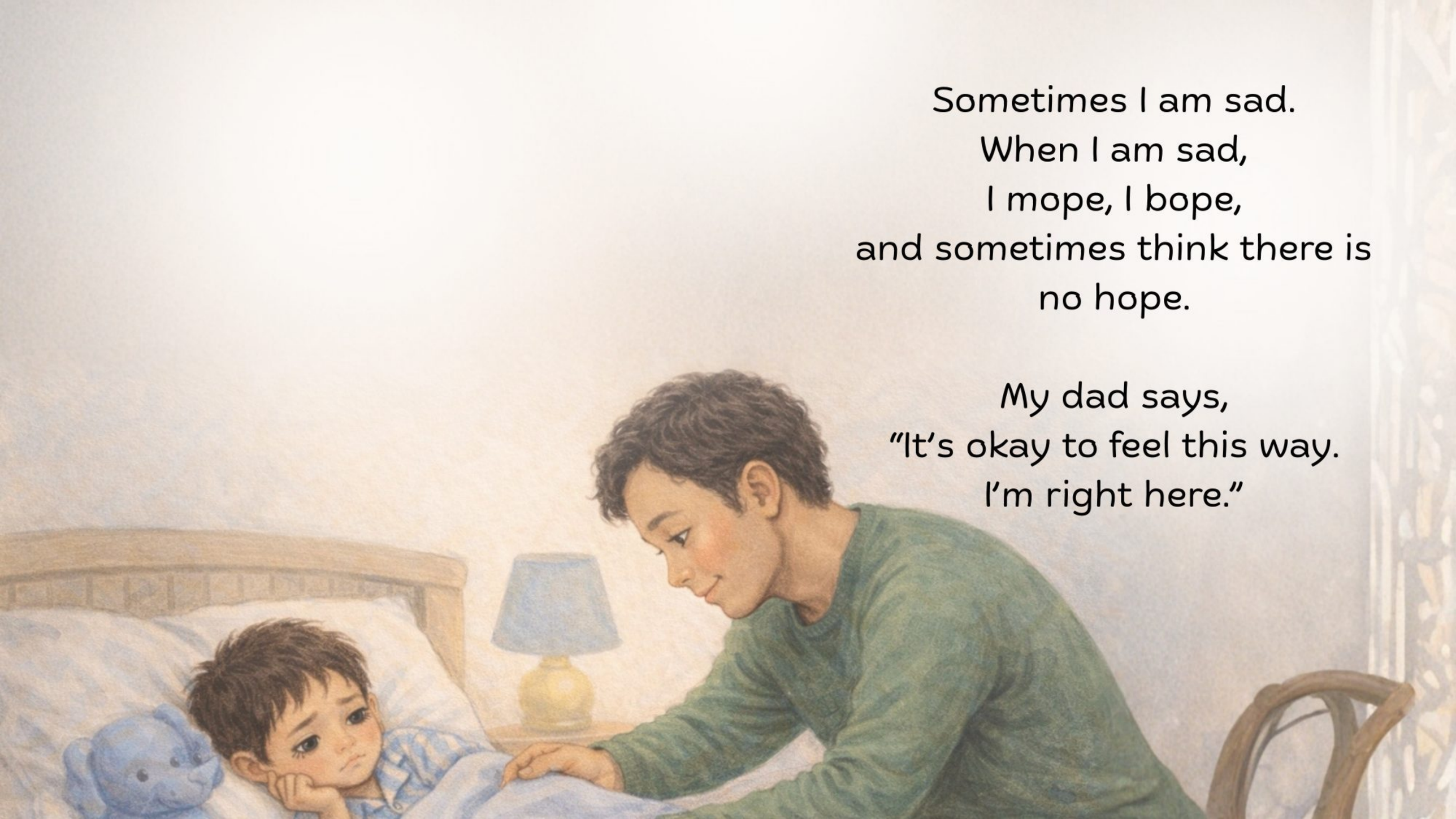


Written by Khadijah Fair

Sometimes I am mad.
When I am mad,
I stomp, I thump, I bump.

My teacher says,
“Pause.
Breathe.
Let’s Count to three.”





Sometimes I am sad.
When I am sad,
I mope, I bope,
and sometimes think there is
no hope.

My dad says,
“It’s okay to feel this way.
I’m right here.”



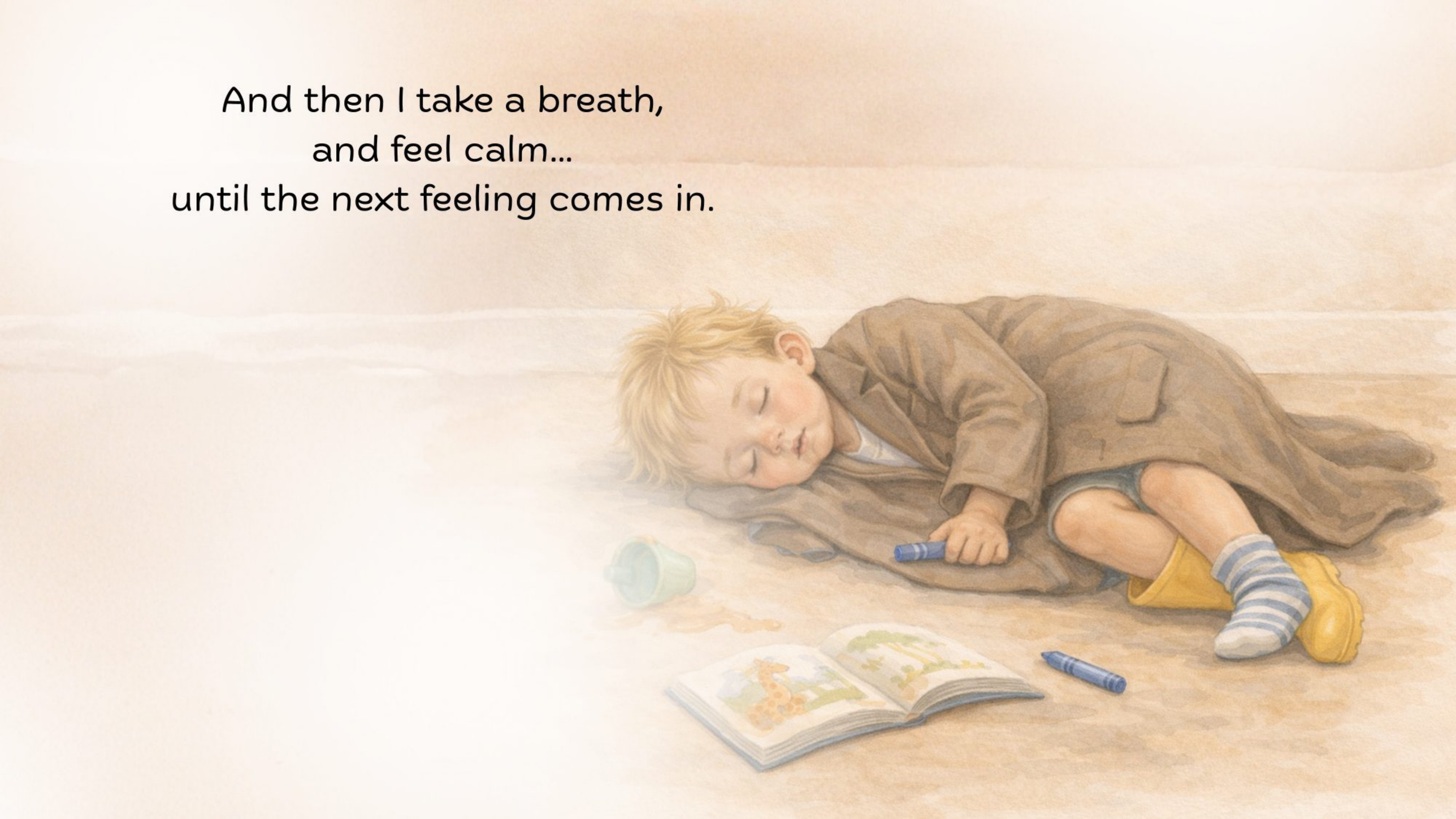
Sometimes I am happy.
When I am happy,
I smile so wide.

My sister comes in,
laughing,
standing right by my side.



Sometimes I feel silly.
When I feel silly,
I wiggle, I jiggle,
I giggle and jiggle again.

And then I take a breath,
and feel calm...
until the next feeling comes in.



Feelings come and feelings go, big ones, small ones, fast and slow.









Every feeling helps me learn more about me, and how I grow.

The End.