

Robb Elementary School  
by Lena Paslov

“When I grow up...”  
Was what they’d say  
On the playground  
That late spring day

All seems normal  
Back in their room  
Who knew that day  
Would end in doom?

An email sent  
A message got  
A teacher walks  
The teacher’s shot

Chaos engulfs  
The fourth-grade class  
Screaming, crying  
As minutes pass

Rushing to phones  
The children cry  
For outside help  
As their friends die

Some are now gone  
And some are grown  
Covered in blood  
But not their own

“When I grow up...”  
Cannot be said  
Because childhood  
For them is dead.