

I Am a Blank Space

By Brenna Bringhurst

I've never noticed how observant I was. It's just always been there. Floorboards that creak like a tree in the wind, the faces that scream out their inner thoughts as they greet their peers. This was my first day at a new school.

My family switched me from a charter school to a public one downtown because it was closer to home. I slowly enter the classroom as a prey watches closely for the predator. I'm immediately greeted with joy and laughter. This does not sound like a normal classroom, silent, with the teacher's voice booming bland words off the walls. But I see here children's artwork and instruments are splattered across the walls filled with ideas and imagination.

The class I was used to only held words and instructions, like an unopened canvas, still with the label on it. This class was most definitely not like the copy-and-paste schools filled with white I was used to.

I greet my new teacher, a whole colorful rainbow. She puts her hand on my shoulder, guiding me where to go to my seat. I sit down in my seat and I analyze the different colors I see. There in the corner, I spot a group of dark brown girls with a thick city accent. They had loosely fitted perfect, pink, peony dresses, and some matching beads on their dark beautiful braids that danced and clinked with orange as they talked with animated faces. On my right, I see some boys with braids in rows on their scalps. They hum and beatbox in their low voices to the strumming of their fingers on some old, used books. The vibrant strumming painted blue and indigo in my head.

I look down at my hands. White and plain like a blank piece of paper. White, the absence of color. I feel small in this creatively chaotic room. I feel nothing special about me. Like a copy-and-paste that can't fit in. I dip my head in my colorless arms, plugging my ears and closing my eyes. All I see is the recognizable absence of color.

