

# The Whimsical World of Chalk

## The Whimsical World of Chalk

Chalk.

Chalk to some people,  
only serves the purpose  
of being used in schools,  
but not for me.

It is my key to many strange  
and odd new places.

I feel the dusty, dry piece  
of rock in my hand  
and the chalk seems to  
take a mind of its own.

I begin to draw,

with the chalk just flowing  
in my hand,  
drawing whatever comes to mind.

My hand swirls and turns  
to create pictures of things  
that only the chalk and I understand.  
Once the chalk comes to a stop  
it seems that I have created

a Whimsical World,

full of things that seem out  
of place to others, but in  
some odd way seem to make  
me smile.

Sadly my smile does not last long  
because down comes the rain.

DRIP.

DROP.

DRIP.

Washing my new world down  
the driveway.

I watch as all the colors,

the reds,

the blues,

and the greens

sliding slowly down  
meeting and joining the other,  
only to make a colorful mess.

When they reach the bottom  
I notice they have created

something new,  
a puddle full of colors,  
and wonders too.