

Franklin Regional Heritage Elementary

I shout "**Heritage**" with great pride from the front
of my building face.

At Heritage, we are always living, **laughing**, loving,
learning.

Heritage is **active**, like the branches of a tree in early spring,
Or **comforting**, like a blanket on a cold winter's night.

I stand sentinel, **watching**, welcoming, the subjects
as they enter their kingdom.

My **columns** are strong and get joy when my children
walk by.

My lines seem to be **running** down the street like school
children running to school on the first day!

With my **window**-eyes I can watch children walk off the bus,
distract them during class as they long for down time,
and see them listening, learning, and laughing.

Look through my **glass** to see a whole new place to be.

Open the **entrance** to learning.

My **doorway** is open, welcoming learners.

Open for decades, my doors have been **welcoming** all
who wish to learn when they enter here.

I welcome **teachers** into my rooms to help children grow
everyday.

Every year teachers and students dress up my **walls** with
new clothes.

I bustle and thrive on the people who **live** here at day,
and I sleep in the empty night,

Wondering if anyone knows, but me, how many minds
have entered my doors.

Walking with strength, I am a silent witness to the students growing up within my walls.

I stand strong as my students grow and build **memories** around me.

Like wisps, like wraiths, like vapors . . . days,

I see **generations** arise, then fade like shadows in the spring.

In a world of free thinkers and creativity,

I am the constant rock. I am the steps on which you climb to success, yet the **foundation** that catches you when you fall.

I am a **landmark**, providing directions and a road map for all to follow.

I have been here from the start, nearly unchanged from inception. I am **brick** strong. I am Heritage.

*Franklin Regional Heritage teachers in Grades 3 through 5 composed this poem on **November 5, 2014** during a workshop with the Pittsburgh History & Landmarks Foundation. They were asked to use personification and pretend they were the school. Each teacher was given a word (highlighted in bold) and was asked to use that word in a sentence of poetry. Then, the individual sentences were arranged to create this group poem.*