



Chanbomey Sun

Big Picture Middle School | 8th Grade

I Write Because I Can

A golden yellow in the sky
Talking
Just for a second, he forgets his name
“Does one need a reason to write?”
Quiet hands, falling.

I write because I can.

Flowers shake in the wind.
He walks away.



This broadside was created in celebration of Seattle Arts & Lectures' 2024-25 Writers in the Schools Year End Reading.
Putsata Reang was the supporting WITS writer in residence.