WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS
There is a place where the sidewalk ends and before the street begins, and there the grass grows soft and white, and there the sun burns crimson bright, and there the moon-bird rests from his flight to cool in the peppermint wind. Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black and the dark street winds and bends. Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow we shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow and watch where the chalk-white arrows go to the place where the sidewalk ends. Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow, and we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go, for the children, they mark, and the children, they know, the place where the sidewalk ends.

By Shel Silverstein
"Where the sidewalk ends" is a poem and a book by Shel Silverstein. He was an American writer, poet, cartoonist, songwriter, and playwright. He was well known for his children’s books. Shel Silverstein lived from September 25, 1930, to May 10, 1999. His books have sold in over 47 different languages, and he has sold over 20 million copies. He wrote the book “Where the sidewalk ends” that had its first publish in 1974. It contained a poem about when the grass grows soft and white turns into a black smoke city. It talked about when the sidewalk ends the sky turns blue. That’s why I chose a dark city sidewalk with smoke and graffiti and then a bright summer day with bright grass growing. I made the dark city street turn into bright summer grass as you walk along the sidewalk. You can easily see the difference between these two settings, and you can also see a man walking in the direction of the bright clear sky day. These images connected to the poem well because the poem describes the two places just like the ones in the double exposure. The theme of this poem is regret. As we grow up, we will regret turning the grass into smoke, he will regret turning the trees into factories, we will regret growing up. We will want to find the time and the place where the sidewalk ends. When you grow up, you will want to go back in time. “Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black /and the dark street winds and bends.” (Silverstein line 7/8). That’s why I made a man walking on the sidewalk wanting to go to the bright summer day. Never regret because at one point in time this was what you wanted for yourself.