

Childhood

Maggie Phillips

The clock ticks and the wind chimes sing
The breeze sweeps away old versions of me
Little fingers dance along the grass
Arms reach out to the sky, the past they try to grasp.
Somehow, somewhere the minute hand climbed
Innocence escaped from the little hands of mine!
Eyes fixed on flowers blowing in the breeze
Now examine every inch of the reflection staring back at me.
Oh when did the weight of the firefly become the weight of their praise?
Oh when did the curly playtime hair become neat and tucked away?
Drawers filled with grass - stained jeans
Nightlights on to reveal the monsters unseen.
Memories once consumed by imagination and childish things,
Now housing formal and daunting scenes.
These transitions can be viewed as stars burning out in the sky
But with wisdom, a caterpillar becoming a butterfly comes to mind.
Hours become days, with your younger self you will part ways
But in every second, lies a person who changed.
A life of transformation marked by your surrender
Some flowers grow tall, while others simply wither.
In every one of us the choice to find joy remains --
Will you see the future still untouched, or only the days that slipped away?