

Growing Up

The pungently nostalgic scent
of old newspapers
spring flowers
dusty carpet
and dirt roads

The sun fed warm days
leading into cool calm nights
where the salty ocean breeze
lulled our careless heads to sleep.

In fields of untamed grass
we were wild beasts;
flirting with danger,
frolicking in packs,
leaving no stone unturned
and no bug untouched.

With scrapped elbows
and grass-stained knees,
adventure never seemed to be far behind

Soggy, humid pavement
and moss covered underbrush
were the limits of our kingdom.
We reigned on rusty bikes and flat tires,
wearing crowns of messy hair and
hand-me-down helmets.

These were the times when simplicity prevailed.
When the smallest things were the most beautiful
and the world seemed so new.

Ambition and dreams
were all abundant
the future was so bright
and anything was possible

Now,

the world is smaller
nothing seems so magnificent
life has become monotonous, dull
we forgot the simpler times

and yet, the world is the same
that is the one constant

it is our aging eyes that forever change.