

Recollections

I should be fat
With the amount of consumed birthday cake
I should be carrying a fire extinguisher
With the number of candles my age now denominates
I waited an age to turn 10
An eternity to turn 13
But as I grew
changed my view
I saw my mind
Was quite askew
Time is burning up exponentially
Each year another bead on Death's weatherbeaten abacus
no matter how wide I spread my fingers
They're always too small
to catch all the time I continue losing

What happened?
What happened to
going to Disneyland?
What happened to sleepovers?
What happened to the light in our eyes?
The sincerity in our smiles?
What happened to
having no regrets?
Ignorance is bliss.
The very region heaven failed to imitate

When you're a child
you're the center of everything.
Everything happens for you.
Other people?
only ghosts furnished for your pleasure
But when you grow up
you take your place
You're your own size and shape
Things emerging from you to others
Coming in from other people.
It is a growing kind of ache
Overcoming me and snuffing out my spirit
Losing my creativity and wildness to a desolate plain of deadness
I became an automaton
While my inner child hung from the rafters dripping blood

We, as Aeneas
Did from the flames of Troy
upon his shoulders
the old Anchises bear
so from the river of time
Do we our future generations
We must fight for the kid inside
It breaks rules
It angers the norm
It enrages the people telling you to
"Just grow up already!"
And it hurts
It hurts to tear apart the wall and
Feel
It hurts to grieve

to rage
to confront
to break the denial.
It hurts to shed the mask
the mask of perpetuity
counterfeit happiness of ambiguity
To shed the mask of comfort and
walk into despair.
It hurts to reject the fantasy of
one day being loved by those
who never really loved you
and instead
drank your spiritual blood.
It hurts to stand on your own.
Yet
this process of waking up,
is the pathway back to life
This is the cure for inner child mortality