

## We Are Children

Growing up has been a peculiar experience for me. I often think about what will come next and will I ever be able to have the freedom I had as a child. I still have all my Barbies and Legos, and I'm a teenager. I think society makes kids grow up faster than needed. I wish I could go back and relive my childhood, but wouldn't that affect how I see the world? Would I be who I am today because of those experiences?

We are children,  
you may look at yourself and say 'I don't think so  
We are old and slow.'  
But we are children,  
I believe.  
'How?'  
Internally.  
Do you still hide when thunder crashes?  
Do you still eat the marshmallow as it turns to ashes?  
I know you go back and watch those old shows.  
I know that just the other day, you were playing with Legos.  
You still know the dance to that one song.  
And you like pointing out when people are wrong.  
You wish you were youthful. But you are in the soul.  
I see the way you light up when you get home.  
Because you couldn't bear to spend the rest of the day alone.  
You are a child in play,  
But sometimes, you are only filled with glee when you get paid.  
When you see an old friend, you decide to be timid and not say hello.  
You still like the strawberry jello.  
You buy the single servings when you know it's more convenient to make yourself.  
You still find yourself struggling with the fact that you need help.  
You used to want a matchbox car from the store,  
Now you're stuck in your head wanting a car they don't make anymore.  
You hated nap time  
Now you wish you had one when the sun doesn't shine.  
You've gone through these changes and learned to adapt,  
But you are still a child, and your youthfulness will continue to last.