

The Art of Childhood

Wrapped in innocence, I was born to this world,
years invisible beneath the murky depths of memory.
The beautiful period of emotion and instinct.
A life-time moment, blissful ignorance of knowledge,
too soon stagnant.

Childhood years sectioned by seasons of weather,
the calendar, alien and unknown.

Springs spent squelching through mud,
collecting sticks and bluets for sun-baked pies,
finding salamanders and frogs to name and call our own.

Summer blossomed as one long day -
We ascend trees with the sun's rise,
and descend to beds of grass with its wane.
Pinpricks of star and firefly light dotting infinite skies.

Autumnal days of dances with nature.
Classical melodies of rain,
cicada jazz numbers, mourning dove waltzes.

Winters burried beneath hours of forts,
couch cushion, blanket, snow.
The criminal indulgence of hot chocolate and whipped cream mustaches.

Whispering goodbye to chapters read,
days are soon filled with desks, bells, and linoleum.
Omnipotent inquiries; mac and cheese or pigs in a blanket,
swings or monkey bars, cops or robbers.
Silent soliloquies of school day routine.

So quick to begin, childhood breaks away.
The ever-important answers to that for which we search,
Fade, giving way to their accompanying questions.
More and more moments do pass enveloped in doubt and fact.
Intertwined in a passionate dance of opposition, do these foes meet.

The end, decided at humanity's beginning,
Competes with yesterday in a kismet collision,
choreographed at the foot of oblivious self-deprivation.

We descend from childhood, forever yearning.