

Did Anything Change at All?

I was five. I lay on my bed, curiously gazed into the empty darkness,
reassured by my older brother's presence in our shared bedroom.
Tried to surrender to the soft tendrils of sleep,
stray from the shadowy monsters below my bed.

Now eight, I stared out the window into the clear sky.
I wondered if people like me lived so far up there.
I wanted to meet the man in the Moon who sometimes stared back
I learned it was normal to not share rooms with siblings anymore.

After a long day, I flopped onto my bed with a deep sigh.
Ahead of that day, so many tests, papers, homework, waited: an endless cycle.
Before this, I never saw numbers as a deciding factor in my life.
I realized living in ignorant bliss was no longer an option. I was twelve.

Where did the time go when we chased fireflies after dusk?
What happened to all the time I spent with my older brother?
Why did I abandon the teddy bear on the dusty shelf?
When will we meet again? Sometimes I lose count, but I think I'm fifteen now.