

GROWN UP



someday we'll be big and grown-up
and we'll put the good times, the days of search and discovery,
into cold-storage-memory boxes stuffed with
ticket stubs,
black and white photos,
and wilted flowers that used to be SO REAL, so alive, so important.
NO! NO!

I refuse to file these feelings and these times away
under some meaningless file title.

Relish every precious second clear through,
have them at the fingertips of my heart,
each one as alive as the first moment.

NO! NO!

I refuse to be big and grown-up someday
if it means discussing our status stiffly over a drink, laughing nervously at
"childhood adventures,"
"silly escapades,"
and tee-hee-hee "misguided search for self."

When we are big and grown-up, I want to reach out and hug you inside
and out,
share heart secrets,
re-live that dreams that we made come true,
share why some of those list items never got done,
relish moments of comfortable silence,
just like right now---only maybe little better,
a lot better for the wear...

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