

ear Future" reminds us of one of our favorite poems of all time.
Read it below and see why we love it so much!

On Turning 10

BY BILLY COLLINS

The whole idea of it makes me feel
like I'm coming down with something,
something worse than any stomach ache
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light—
a kind of measles of the spirit,
a mumps of the psyche,
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,
but that is because you have forgotten
the perfect simplicity of being one
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.
But I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.
At four I was an Arabian wizard.
I could make myself invisible
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way.
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.

But now I am mostly at the window
watching the late afternoon light.
Back then it never fell so solemnly
against the side of my tree house,
and my bicycle never leaned against the garage
as it does today,
all the dark blue speed drained out of it.

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers.
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary friends,
time to turn the first big number.

It seems only yesterday I used to believe
there was nothing under my skin but light.
If you cut me I could shine.
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life,
I skin my knees, I bleed.

INFERENCE.....

What has changed
about how the
speaker thinks
about life?

POEM

Freddie's story reminds us of this beautiful poem.
It also happens to be one of our faves!

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf,
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day
Nothing gold can stay.

—Robert Frost

After Watching Peter Pan Again

I return to my room with tears in my eyes.
When I was little, this was pure adventure.

Now

I stare out the open window
and begin to imagine.
The unreasonable part of me—
the part that
once upon a time
let me be a princess,
let me sail with pirates,
the part that believes good
always
triumphs over evil—
hopes that Pan himself
will come swooping to my window
and take me away,
take me,
so I will never, ever become a grown-up.

But the reasonable part of me—
the part that concedes
it's just a movie,
that shouts everyone must grow up,
the part that helps me with math—
that side states in a calm voice:
You need to get over it.

Tonight I ignore the voice of reason.
I continue to gaze out my window.
Warm summer air drifts in.
I can smell the night on it
and the subtle scent of fresh cut grass.
Thin clouds stretch over stars,
ghostly and pale.
I strain my neck till I'm dangling out the window,
searching for some sign of a flying boy.
Of course, there is none,
just as there never was.

Still, I stay like this
until my mother yells to me to get ready for bed.
I replace the screen,
step away,
and, earthbound,
move on.

—Marley Witham