

Growing Up

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Apple sauce, finger paint and brightly coloured building blocks
Hair ribbons, fruit lunchboxes and blisters from the blue monkey bars
Pastel highlighters, plastic play phones and sleepovers with scarcely any sleeping
Do you remember?

Chewing gum, shopping sprees and stacks of stapled worksheets
Lip gloss, heavy books and cold plastic classroom chairs
Dirty carpet, broken pens and late night thoughts swirling in a lethargic brain
That's what you know now.

But you still have those plush toys
You still have those hair ribbons
You still have those scars from every time you scraped your knees on the pavement
Don't you?

You have that nagging feeling that you're not meant to be here already
"How old are you sweetie?"
You don't think you're quite sure anymore
Are you missing a chunk of memory mass or is your mind just maligning you?

Is that finger paint or lipstick on your clothes?
Is that a colouring sheet or a test paper on your desk?
What year were you born again?
"Sweetie? Did you hear me? How old are you?"
Too old
Not old enough.

It's a strange thing, growing up.