

Childhood's Yellow Summers
By Finley M

I am lying face-up on the lawn.

I wonder what my neighbours think.

Spiky grasses tickle the back of my neck

just like they used to when my brother pretended they were caterpillars

come to nibble at my baby hairs while I would run

screaming.

Now I know they're just seeds with casings.

Scratchy protection from the harsh world.

But the sun warms my own outside casing,

turning it to mush,

and my horrid sense of reality melts away with time and yellow sunlight.

I am a kid again.

Seeing things for what they really are

not what they appear to be.

There is a wasp crawling up my leg. I have to flick it away myself.

Where's a mother when you need one.