

*...june 07, 2016...*

*remember when – remember when  
we were princesses and kings  
building castles out of sand  
and racing grasses of pretend –*

*thistle weapons between toes –  
pavement burns on war-torn knees –  
we were magic fairy folk  
governing enchanted seas –*

*now we think we've grown old  
wrapped in adult businesses  
of should and should not regiments  
reducing us to emptiness –*

*now we think that magic is  
a fantasy for child eyes  
wondering why our all dreams  
have shrunk and grown fragile –*

*yet – somewhere between the pause  
of who we are and once upon  
kaleidoscopic midnight stars  
reawaken worlds to be explored.*

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