

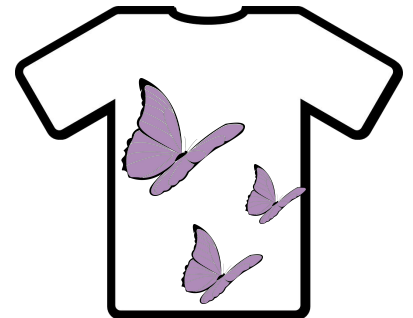
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English Period 3

Powerful Light up Shoes

I'll never forget the day I ran around the Kindergarten playground,
running from the boys with "cooties",
laughing and screaming with all my friends,
being the happiest kids in the whole universe.
We had no care in the world,
no worries about attacks in other countries near us,
no anxiety of the Chapter 5 math test the next day, but to be happy,
and run from the gross boys that were not giving up on chasing after us.



It used to be that no one cared what we looked like,
what we wore to school that day,
or how crazily messy my hair was.
We all remember that jean skirt with attached shorts underneath,
or the light up shoes that would carry me farther across the green field.
The sleepovers you went to with the pajamas that you could draw on,
trying to show off to your friends that night.
I miss these days of appreciating the little things in life,
and not sweating the small things.



Nowadays, I get judged if I don't have vans or converse.
If I could go back to the beginning days,
the days when nothing mattered,
trust me, I'd do it in an instant.
I'd love to walk around in a butterfly t-shirt and jeans,
with shoes that lit up every bouncy step,
and not be judged for having sparkly shirts from Justice.

We used to sit around the ABC's rug and talk about our weekend.
Back then I didn't have any responsibilities,
responsibilities of school work, and responsibilities of caring for myself.
Now, I have to deal with my emotions and anxiety,
controlling and stopping myself from crying over the stupid things.
Now I can't laugh at things I'm not supposed to,
or I get told to act like the teenager I am.
I have come to the realization that year by year, every single day,
I get a little bit older, and more and more responsibilities,
are handed to me every morning.



