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When I Grow Up

When I was in Elementary
With butterflies dancing around my head,
Stuffed animals placed at the end of my bed,
No more than four foot tall;
I wanted to be *just* like The Big Kids.
I wanted to grow up.

When I was in Middle School
With my long arms and legs unproportional to my torso
And my cracking voice escaping through my braced teeth
I had my first relationship
And shared my first kiss
And I could not wait to be a teenager.
I wanted to grow up.

When I was in High School
When I was finally blossomed to my full potential
I always gave my parents trouble;
Running amok and not having a care in the world
All I wanted was to have fun
I wanted to grow up.

When I was in College
Finally an adult and taking care of myself
I felt as though I was on the road to growing up.
Though frustrated still, as I had to sit in class with teachers and students
I was ready for the future;
To start a career and a family.
I wanted to grow up.

Today I lay on my deathbed
Feeling nostalgic over the past:

Elementary, Middle School, High School, and College.
And I realize how much I wish
That I never wished that
I wanted to grow up.