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Off the Cliff

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off the cliff.

by anna weishaar

Eyes first opened to a blinding light.

Endless in all it has to offer.

The whole world is ours.

We can be anything,
we can do anything.

Playing from dusk till dawn,
golden rays shining
as our little feet run, run, run...

Step harder, kid.

Then awaken to August dew,
dandelion rays reminding us
that after math books and lunch lines
and rules forgotten tomorrow,
there's still daylight's burn.

We run, run, run
through autumn's golden harvests.

We feast upon our nothingness,
we love our youthful carelessness.

Until we sprout up like trees
and brag about accomplishments,
travelling from well-worn backyards
in shoes white and undirtied
to be force-fed numbers and words.

We fell off that cliff of rye.
We all fall off that cliff of rye.

All we can do is keep moving-
March, march, march
through winter's harsh midnight,
old bones and grey-haired life lacking empathy

till we reach that dreamy golden sunset on the horizon and
our never-ending pretend.