

Nostalgic at Twenty  
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Remember those games us creative kids played  
Before cardboard boxes became too clichéd?  
The white trees, the white rooms, the white snow in the air  
Were canvases, not the middle of nowhere.  
We drew what seemed good at the time from the ether  
And drawings and stories, songs all ran together,  
The walls and floor filled with chaotic designs  
On construction paper, in bold marker lines –  
A decor like a speed-addled artist's apartment  
Though it wasn't art, nor did we care what art meant.

But we came to fear being misunderstood.  
We began to imagine what people would conclude  
If they saw us content in our cold, blank town.  
As idealists turn business, inventors sell out  
So our fortresses rotted away into tables  
And our handwriting became a little more stable  
To show our ideas were worthy and refined.  
We became too grown up for our poems to rhyme.

Now I remember my friends  
are going happily off to war while  
I am staring at a white dorm wall  
and I feel like I did  
when I was a kid  
begging for two more years before bedtime.