

I used to wish I could fly
Building, carving clouds with white chalk on sun warm pavement
The smell of soft dark mulch so earthy so
Full of ideas
If I could fly they'd all be amazed
And see how far I've come.

Crinkled paper and the scratch of graphite
Cats and horses circle unanswered equations
With fingers stained silver black, I think,
If only I had superpowers
Lightning would be flashy
I like when the wind whips through branches and the air is damp
Charged with anticipation
If I could shoot lightning from my hands everyone would notice me
And see how far I've come.

Sometimes I feel like the dark powder that crumbles from charcoal
When you press a mark upon stiff dry paper.
It collects and drips to the floor and leaves little grey streaks
Unplanned with no strict purpose
A byproduct

But then I look at what these hands have made,
Textures and layers and practiced attention to detail
Dreams turned to colors to shapes to forms
Maybe I don't need to be so special
To see how far I've come.

