

I want to be six again!

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I want to go to McDonald's and think it's the best place in the world.
I want to sail sticks across a fresh mud puddle and make waves with rocks.
I want to think M&Ms are better than money, because you can eat them.
I want to play kickball during recess, and stay up on Christmas Eve
waiting to hear Santa and Rudolph on the roof.

I long for the days when life was simple.
When all you knew were your colors, the addition tables,
and simple nursery rhymes, but it didn't bother you,
because you didn't know what you didn't know, and you didn't care.

I want to go to school and have snack time, recess, gym and field trips.
I want to be happy, because I don't know what should make me upset.
I want to think the world is fair and everyone in it is honest and good.
I want to believe that anything is possible.

Sometime, while I was maturing, I learned too much.
I learned of nuclear weapons, prejudice, starving and abused kids,
and lies, unhappy marriages, illness, pain, and mortality.

I want to be six again. I want to think that everyone, including myself,
will live forever, because I don't know the concept of death.
I want to be oblivious to the complexity of life
and be overly excited by the little things again.
I want to live knowing the little things that I find exciting will
always make me as happy as when I first learned them.

I want to be six again. I remember not seeing the world as a whole,
but rather being aware of only the things that directly concerned me.
I want to be naive enough to think that if I'm happy, so is everyone else.
I want to walk down the beach and think only of the sand beneath my feet
and the possibility of finding that blue piece of sea glass I'm looking for.

I want to spend my afternoons climbing trees and riding my bike,
not worrying about time, the dentist, and how to find the money to fix the car.

I want to wonder what I'll do when I grow up and what I'll be, who I'll be,
and not worry about what I'll do if this doesn't work out.
I want that time back.

I want to use it now as an escape, so that when my computer crashes,
or I have a mountain of paperwork, or two depressed friends, or a fight with
my spouse, or bittersweet memories of times gone by, or second thoughts
about so many things, I can travel back and build a snowman, without
thinking about anything except whether the snow sticks together
and what I can possibly use for the snowman's mouth.

I want to be six again!

Compliments of . . .

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