

The Echo

Volume 2015

Article 11

2015

Taming My Childhood

Mary Shelton Hornsby

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Fine Arts Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), and the [Photography Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hornsby, Mary Shelton (2015) "Taming My Childhood," *The Echo*: Vol. 2015, Article 11.
Available at: <http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo/vol2015/iss2015/11>

This Poetry is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in The Echo by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the [FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines](#). For more information, please contact scholarexchange@furman.edu.

Taming my Childhood

Mary Shelton Hornsby

I walked in my polka-dot shorts down
The best part of town:
The street beside Mr. Farmer's house,
And I watched as the shadows shifted
Under my laced-up feet and
I saw golden sunshine filtering through
The white picket fence like a kaleidoscope,
Creating patterns on the street that wound spirals
Around the curving cul-de-sac.
And I thought of neon pink and yellow stamps
And getting a splinter in my foot on the gray-painted porch
That got sticky because my lemon popsicle melted down the stairs.
And of course I remember my little brother sticking his green
Paintbrush in his mouth because he mistook it for his own
Popsicle sitting there on the hot stone terrace.
And I knew that only a Master of the Seasons
Could comprehend so much in one short hour.
And as I kept walking, I passed Mr. Farmer's
Screened porch and Mr. Farmer on his screened
Porch, and, as I waved, I also glimpsed him
Reading something by Mark Twain who
I knew would understand how I felt
Which is how I knew that, even
Though summer was so short,
And it was hard to pack in
Everything I wanted
To do before the
End, I had still
Taken over
The world.