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Vanessa DeSoto

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COMING OF AGE

Vanessa DeSoto

We get high next to a construction site.
Everyone that drives past knows our secret
but prefer to keep it locked in their glove boxes,
to be forgotten with the freshly opened packs of wintermint 5 gum.
Smoke covers our eyes to bend and twists into a new scene,
removing time and creating slow motion scenes that skip
to sitting on squeaky swing sets at an elementary school.
Rusted and creaking they live in someone else's dreams.
Purple dusted skies distract from the sound
of wind whistling into soft pink painted ears
creating a real life score to the movie playing out in our eyes.
I settle into the scene, as though it's supposed to mean something,
and wonder if they feel the same or if it's just my imagination spinning.
Is this the movie scene that we're supposed to constantly chase, that romanticizes
feeling rocks cut into your throat and biting your tongue? Swaying
and looking into the sky, wondering if I could ever replay these scenes or if
they will be frozen in time like the tip of my nose, blushed red, raw to the touch.
You stick out your foot, offsetting the swing: skip to the end credits.
I am reminded that this is not for me.
I don't get a coming of age story.