

Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities

Volume 5

Article 21

2023

The End of Childhood

Bella Tarlton

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/rwc>

Recommended Citation

Tarlton, Bella (2023) "The End of Childhood," *Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities*: Vol. 5, Article 21.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/rwc/vol5/iss1/21>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

The End of Childhood

by Bella Tarlton

You notice someday
That you're not the same
That the frame
Has been expanded
And changed.
No longer little and brittle of troubles
No longer unknowing and growing in bubbles.

Now we think of
The loomings of life
Such dullness of the knife
Cutting through the meat of the day
Every day, every moment.
It's tough and infectious
As it slices so reckless
Through something so precious
What do they expect of us?
It catches my mind
As I race through time
Like a roller coaster
That I beg to go slower
But it just won't stop...

Do you ever think about
The end of your childhood?
Like adulthood withstood

me, as it feels misunderstood
As the magic and good
Of the life I ever knew
Disappears under the shadow of what peers
From just around the corner...

I'm afraid of this shade
Of where the blade of life may cut and change
The shape of my world.
Like the blink of an eye
You suddenly realize
That your childhood is over,
and nothing will ever be the same.
You never remember when adulthood came
To claim you, throw your across the board
Of the game.
Has the best part of being
Already been?
Decisions for the future rest
On the head of a pin.
How can you win?
It feels like a fateful spin
Of luck, hoping you'll turn out alright
Despite how much you have had to fight
To get here.

So there it is...
Here we are.
So close to childhood's end
But it feels so far.
All of a sudden

I can drive a car
I can touch the stars
If I wanted, but now
We have to work for it.
Every waking hour
I devour with a sour
doing, finding some power
Outside the protective tower.
Touch your feet on the grass
At last
It's all we ever wanted-
But now that we're here,
Those blades of grass are sharper
Then you thought they'd be.
It's too late, you can't go back
To the time when you enjoyed such slack.
Time to pack, move away
Get a job, get a place
Go to school, study all day
Have a job, you need to pay
And very day is washed away-

Dear life, I promise you
I won't live that way.
No matter what
it takes.