

To Leave/Everything I'll Know

To Leave

All my friends and I do now is reminisce.
Because there is something so comforting,
and abundantly bittersweet,
in realizing we're all scared to grow up.
We're all scared to leave.
But at least we aren't doing it alone,
at least this is a collective sadness,
one that will soon be outgrown.
As we find ourselves making more history,
and seeing things we have yet to see,
I wonder if it ever gets any easier to leave.

Everything I'll Know

I always feel bad for the elderly when I see them out alone.
I feel guilty for possessing youth, and maybe guilt isn't the right word,
but it's the one I've used.
When I think about it more, that guilt tends to fade,
because they were once like me
and I'll be like them one day.
I don't think the old deserve pity.
If anything, I think from them we should garner envy.
Because they've had the opportunity to live,
and they know everything there is to know.
I can't wait one day to be old.
I can't wait to know everything I'll know.