

Kingwood Drive

My little hands make wavelike motions as I hold them outside the window of our old, red jeep on the way out to the beach.

Blasting Shania Twain, we all sing together as loud as we can to every song, whether we know the words or not.

At home, my little sister changes outfits every five seconds; the floor turns into piles of color.

Appearing in the hallway, wearing a pink tutu, pink cowgirl boots, and a princess pajama shirt, she giggles.

Dad pushes me around the yard in the wheelbarrow, making Nascar sounds as we round the curves near the bushes.

In the winter, we make snowman caterpillars out of snow and food coloring.

In my room, mom and I sit on the floor with our dog, spreading butter onto graham crackers for a snack.

Every so often, I break off a corner so the dog doesn't feel left out.

Crumbs sink into my green shag carpet that holds stains from Crayola markers that were supposed to be washable.

Doodling words with crayons, I try to create new adventures on paper.

Cinnamon gum in my mouth, because it's what my big sisters chew.

It's 'spicy' though, and when no one is looking, I take a sip of milk to cool down the spiciness.

I rock to LeAnn Rimes, Aerosmith, and the Dixie Chicks in our soft, green LazBoy rocking chair, the feet of it lifting off the ground every time I lean backward.

At night, I throw stuffed animals into the hallway, stalling my bedtime because I know dad will ask me to come put them where they belong.

My big sisters braid my hair with mismatched flower clips and tell me funny stories about their days; I want to grow up to be just like them.

Going to Target just to buy white cherry Slurpees, and a new stuffed animal if I'm really lucky.

When the hardest decisions I ever had to make were choosing to watch Lizzie McGuire or Air Bud, or getting my Captain Sundae ice cream in a cup or cone.

I spent 9 of my almost 23 years of life on Kingwood Drive.

9/23 is roughly 0.391, and as I grow older, that ratio of years will continue to diminish until the number is so small that it wouldn't carry much weight in the world.

But my love for those 9 years will never diminish.

All that I am are those 9 years.

I am Kingwood Drive.

Night Lights

Picture frames in dark corners on the shelves;
I look around and can hear the silence's yells.

There is only the darkness that surrounds me in this place;
it is something I wish I did not have to face.

Yet, here I am, alone in the night;
tiny creaks in the house have been giving me a fright.

I remember back to when I was a little girl;
the scariness of the dark: my greatest fear in the world.

Back then, a night light was able to make things alright,
as long as there was light and a stuffed animal in sight.

But night lights only save you when you can't see;
in the daytime, they have no use, they just be.

As we get older, we don't use night lights as much;
we're too old; they're for little kids and such.

But now and then, even us "big kids" need a night light or two;
the fact that we're not scared of anything isn't true.

But I'm not sure that night lights come in big enough sizes for the fears some of us carry around;
we can go all our lives, holding onto them, never making a sound.

Keeping things inside of us only breeds the fear, though;
it continues haunting us, gearing up for a devastating blow.

If we could open up and let things out,
like we used to be able to after being tickled out of a pout,
then, maybe we wouldn't be so afraid to let our fears out and let others in,
and we'd take our night lights back and erase our sins.

The Writing Insomniac

It's 4:03 and I should be in bed;
I stay up too late, writing stories in my head.

Being sleepy does not matter;
my ideas only get fatter.

The nights go on,
and I try my hand at writing songs.

I'm not too bad at it,
as long as I don't have to sit.

I've found I can't write in a chair;
I have to constantly move around everywhere.

I don't mind being awake so late;
I guess all my ideas use the daytime to bake.

At night, they're ready to be jotted down;
I write them in scribbles with colored pencils I found.

I wonder sometimes who else in the world is up;
maybe someone getting a drink to cure a bad case of the hiccups.

My dog follows me when I go downstairs to write.

Snoring and sprawled out on the floor,
she's quite a sight.

I read my writings to her aloud;
she snores in approval, and I feel proud.

I think someday I'll share my writing with the world;
maybe I'll become famous, and get my hair curled.

What It Must Be Like

I wonder what it must be like to sit atop the handlebars of your best friend's bike.
I wonder what it's like to drive a car, and to stand, looking at the stars.
I wonder how it feels to swim in a pool;
the blue water, oh so cool.
I wonder what it's like to kick a soccer ball into a goal;
or to even dig a hole.
These must all be normal activities for you;
but none of which to me, are true.
I cannot stand; I cannot walk;
people look at me strangely just when I talk.
My mind works fine; I'm the same as you;
still, people think I don't have a clue.
I see them staring; their eyes stuck on me like glue;
they're glad they're not me, I can see.
They say they can relate, but I know it's all fake.
Nobody understands without living it;
my life has to be planned out, bit by bit.
Just once, I'd like to do something spontaneous,
but being carefree is something I am not allowed to be.
Yes, it's true, I don't have the same abilities as many of you,
and some of the things you are, I can never be.
I watch in my wheelchair from far away, and I look to the sky, and say,
Why me?