

When the World Was Bigger

By Darren Shell 6/19/07
...for Checker

I remember reaching high as I could...
almost to the sky...
just to grab the cookie jar
way on countertop high.

And the road to Grandma's house,
just ten miles away,
seemed almost unending
and way-far out of way.

The enormous, knarled, twisted roots
of that huge oak tree
just don't seem so giant now
near my full-grown feet.

I climbed those many, many steps
of the playground slide.
But I could jump the whole thing now,
if I took a mind to try.

How about those ice cream cones
They served back in the day?
You could eat and eat and eat
And still throw some away.

I remember stretching extra hard
to hug grandmother's neck.
Now I could reach around it twice
And still have some arms left.

Somehow every single thing
has gotten smaller over the years,
as I've attained adulthood
and shaken childhood fears.

But I guess I've finally aged enough
to assess the things I've known.
And I realize more than ever now...
how many ways I've grown.

This little poem is for my sister, Marla, who still maintains that everything from her childhood is now smaller than it once was. Her spirit lightens my heart and warms my soul. I hope her world keeps growing smaller.~~~~~D.