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Poem Written on Becoming 17

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Poem Written on Becoming 17

Anonymous

i am only 17
that seems wrong somehow
it is so young
a time of wonder and daisies
wild abandon
dizzy stars and faded jeans

i left that behind years ago
youth for survival
it seemed a fair trade
but many things seem fair
if you don't know any better

i have walked the earth
for just 17 years
how is it that i know so much
i know
helpless cries
fall on deaf ears
cities function
on automatic pilot
jackals
devour the useless
and hypocrites smile very convincingly