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To My Childhood Friend

Nicole Hussey

I remember when we were five,
I would go to your house or you would come to mine,
And we would play whatever came to our minds.
We would play for hours,
Let our imaginations run wild,
Visit make-believe worlds.

I remember our favorite pastime was those dolls
We would brush their hair,
Dress them in clothes that didn't match,
And take them everywhere.
Those dolls took us wherever we wanted.
We traveled around the world without leaving the room.
Our other favorite game was using that contraption
That printed pictures of models with different clothes.
We would make up ridiculous outfits,
Then laugh at the stupid mismatched models.
We had fun with anything that came to our hands.
Anything was fun.
Everything was a party.

But today things aren't that simple.
We can't play with dolls anymore.
We don't find those mismatched models funny any longer
We lost the talent of imagination.
Our childhood is over,
But it will never be gone.