

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/4

Mignon Ariel King

Acting My Age

Yesterday should be here any minute, dropping
her pink- and yellow- ribboned tricycle on the curb,
running muddy footsteps through the back door

to tell me Wait, don't grow old yet. She will snuff
forty spiral candles to keep me from blowing them out.
We'll jump rope, hopscotch, roll in rainbow piles.

When January arrives, I'll be five and proud again,
unwrapping striped wool tights and bright rubber boots.
Crunch. Crunch. Whee! Sledding snowgirls for life.