

Poem

The Monster Under My Bed

I miss when the scariest thing in life was the monster under my bed
When my days were long and ended with my moms kiss upon my head
I miss when no one cared about who you were just if you could throw a ball
I miss when it didn't matter whether you gave or gave up your all
I miss the feeling of hope like anything could be
Exactly how I planned it: perfect exact to me
I miss going to bed early enough to hear the birds go to sleep
And waking up to their chirps outside my bedroom tree
It seems they moved on with their life
They know I no longer care
Whether they flew away
Or faithfully stayed there
I miss when it all mattered, the little things in life
Cause all the big things eclipse those now and I guess that that's all fine
I miss when turning my age seemed so out of reach
And every day was an adventure cause now all I've done is reached the peak
I miss the days my future wasn't hanging by a thread
I miss when the scariest thing in life was the monster under my bed