

**When I Grow Old- Susan K. Seidl- Michigan**

I want to be a child  
humming every minute  
bubbling full-in attitude.  
Yes, natural, simple sincere,  
life a trifle: an inner ear.  
To hold suspension in surprise  
hopeful, anticipating  
tomorrow's jump rope  
as nothing is too much.  
Discerning no end—  
beginnings bend.

To be a child  
all heart and give  
of airless laughter  
creatively unafraid  
to step...  
to be 8.

A child doesn't  
need money  
for she can see the stars  
and find treasures in the sand.  
Humble  
to not know and want to know  
what one lacks:  
life confidence  
with marbles, balls and jacks.  
Naturally a little one  
knows when a bird is nestless  
to lift it up.

A child  
doesn't recognize age-lines,  
deformities, limitations,  
style or status  
nor desire,  
hate.  
She plays with others,  
eyes the dance.  
I, as child,  
awake or asleep  
shall endlessly radiate sunshine. Susan K. Seidl