

Dusting Off the Plank

I don't like getting old
and that's strange when it's
all I've ever wanted to be

Now I'm an elder of eighteen
and I want to go play pirates
in the basement of my
grandparents house

Even if the costume won't fit
we'd still have the eyepatches
I'd still have my ship

My stuffed parrot awaits me
And that captain hat has
Ripped at the seams again
Skulls and crossbones have left me
but I hope I'm not too old
To find a way to play pretend