

When I Was Young...

When I was young I used to believe
That every thought or idea I had was worth preserving.
That somehow if I wrote it all down
That it meant something,
Or made me mean something.
I had this convoluted idea that someday,
After I was dead and gone,
Someone would read my thoughts, words, poems and memories
And proclaim me posthumously an undiscovered genius
Or at least an underappreciated artist.

As age has made me wiser,
I now almost fear writing my thoughts down
Because then they can't be erased
And somehow that makes them more real, more tangible.

Yet the desire still burns
To leave behind even just a single phrase
That someone will remember long after I'm gone.
To touch someone with words the way words have touched me.

—Mandy K. Lucero