**Scooter**

Under the guise of a bright thrift store lamp, I believe I can still see it.

The rugged scarlet chin I adopted the day that I fell.

It’s faded after years of close thought eroding its existence away from sight

It’s my brother’s tenth birthday, boys fill the house with screams about video games and anticipation about vanilla sheet cake. I am keeping myself distracted, I am the younger sister.

I am riding my pink razor scooter down the hill of the neighborhood, imagining.

Carrying my scooter bashfully across the cul de sac, within that night I was mature enough to buy a house of my own. I tell my dog Delilah that I’m so happy Nicholas is having a good birthday as she grazes the front yard like a mountain goat. I climb the hill once again, it feels like a trek through Everest , my baby lungs begin to feel the lack of oxygen, my only sunlight a flickering street lamp above.

I am smacking the gritty asphalt with a clenched jaw and an anxiety ridden face

I am in my parents bed.

Blow out your candles, please.

They’ll melt down into the overly sweet frosting and become covered in vanilla wax

If you don’t leave me here

Being ten will melt away

And I’ll be a bandaged seven forever.