

Suncatcher Spirit

Yaya Starchild

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By Yaya Starchild

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Illustrations by Jala McClain

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-Yaya

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Candy Land

I woke up awfully tired today:
I couldn't really sleep,
'cause all I did last night
was dream about my anxieties.

Spent eight hours fighting
these demons that live inside of me,
'cause my body has some issues
with resting without clarity.

It's embarrassing;
I know that you're not scared of me,
'cause I walked in this dark space
before clipping off my fairy wings.

When I left Candy Land,
they told me to take everything,
and I've been in this black licorice
forest just wandering.

For so long, life in this kingdom
was a piece of cake,
until I was awakened this morning
by a tummy ache.

I knew right away
something had to change,
so I packed my bags
and rolled them down
Lollipop Lane.

I walked through the halls
of the Lollipop Palace,
up to the throne, where the king
sipped wine from his chalice.

I expressed I wasn't trying
to complain,
but I thought these sugar highs
were causing some pain.

He waved me away
with an expression of disdain,
and his guards gave me a ticket
to leave on the next train.

I left the palace
feeling quite disenchanted,
though, in some strange way,
I felt my wish had been granted.

I sat with my bags
on the steps of the kingdom,
and pondered to myself
if it was worth it to bring them.

I'd been weighed down
by constant ruminations
and the fear of my own greatness
keeping me ever-so complacent.

All of this baggage,
but was all of it mine?
I decided it was best
to leave it behind.

I boarded the train
in the middle of the night,
with a moon pie in the sky
as my only source of light.

Four hours later,
I reached my destination,
and that's when I found myself
in quite a sticky situation.