Birth

half over

yesterday, my life was half over

I could be off by a bit

but I know when I’ll die.

I was born out of fire

my birth lasted 43 years

do I have time to paint a house purple?

my pants are getting shorter already

I don’t understand slang

the tick of the clock is getting louder  
I notice it more often  
  
yet I would trade nothing to be a child again

this strange road

has led me to the only place

I am and

you are