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Teeter-Totter

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Teeter-Totter

Pushing up and falling down.

At age five, falling is the best part.
Butterflies tickle your tummy,
and pilot the shared streams of laughter.

So desperate to reach the top.

Just to fall again, but always
bouncing back.

Repeat with glee.

Pushing up and falling down.

At age twelve, four feet
turn into a ravine.
And I need to stay at the top.
I cannot risk slipping over the edge.

It takes strength to push up,
and only release to fall.

Pushing up and falling down.

At age fifteen, the image of death
stains my brain in dark red ink.
Closing my eyes, I know I am falling,

Plummeting,
and I don't have the strength to push back up.

I only lay at the bottom, immovable,
broken from impact.

Pushing up and falling down.

At age seventeen,
I teach myself to get back up.
But it's dangerous.

You don't think about how you got there,
or when you will crash again.

You only think about the views you see,
and forget the ground at the bottom.

Pushing up and falling down.

At age nineteen,
I still don't know how to stop

spilling out to the bottom,
and springing up every three months.

At the top,
the air is lighter,
and so is the weight on the other side.

Yet, 100 pounds of feathers are just as heavy
as 100 pounds of brick.

Until the wind blows,
and the feathers leave.

Down with brick and chains I go
as the balance ends in release.
Too big to push the other side down.
Too heavy to move from my place on the floor.

Wishing and pleading to go back to the day
of laughter and butterflies
and the joy of

pushing up and falling down.

Written By:
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