

# Taming my Childhood

Mary Shelton Hornsby

I walked in my polka-dot shorts down  
The best part of town:  
The street beside Mr. Farmer's house,  
And I watched as the shadows shifted  
Under my laced-up feet and  
I saw golden sunshine filtering through  
The white picket fence like a kaleidoscope,  
Creating patterns on the street that wound spirals  
Around the curving cul-de-sac.  
And I thought of neon pink and yellow stamps  
And getting a splinter in my foot on the gray-painted porch  
That got sticky because my lemon popsicle melted down the stairs.  
And of course I remember my little brother sticking his green  
Paintbrush in his mouth because he mistook it for his own  
Popsicle sitting there on the hot stone terrace.  
And I knew that only a Master of the Seasons  
Could comprehend so much in one short hour.  
And as I kept walking, I passed Mr. Farmer's  
Screened porch and Mr. Farmer on his screened  
Porch, and, as I waved, I also glimpsed him  
Reading something by Mark Twain who  
I knew would understand how I felt  
Which is how I knew that, even  
Though summer was so short,  
And it was hard to pack in  
Everything I wanted  
To do before the  
End, I had still  
Taken over  
The world.