

It's Magic

Poetry — Alice Tyszka

Under dozens of hanging red and green lights,
I hear my seven-year-old self speak.
She is finally found once again
and ready for play.

I missed this, she says. I missed you.

I try to sit still on a cream-colored bench
as we both wait for the ride to start.
*It's been a while since we've felt this
wild and free,* she tells me. I agree.
I ask her if she's always been here,
just waiting for me to stop worrying.

Life is just as we remember it.
Everything is brighter, she tells me,
and some things never change.

Together, we prepare to grab the golden wheel
that will soon let us move,
and I clap and cheer.
We could never keep all this joy locked
in our heart. I know much of that joy is her.

She tells my body to loosen up,
and I feel at ease in perfect chaos.
I know my laughter lines are showing
as my eyes squint and my face
takes the time to smile.

Children are still running, ready to find their seats.
They disappear behind massive teacups for a moment,
and I can recall when that was us.

We were that small too once, and everything was so big.
I couldn't help but wonder if the largeness
of the world scared us back then?

My eyes continue to race around
the room, drawn to magnificent patterns
that look just like artwork from my youth.
Designs that look like nonsense in hues
of pink and blue decorate the teacups'
once plain powder bases.

And color makes everything better,
my younger self would say
with a fist full of crayons.
Remember when we drew on the
white walls of our home?
We never fear a blank canvas.

The wooden floor that carries
our elaborate vessel shines,
and I let myself see through younger eyes.
The floor becomes the table, and on it
lay our circular bowl with stripes.
We are the drink tonight!

Trying to let all the laughter escape my lungs,
I feel I can barely catch my breath.
As we scream and spin together,
I am fully present, then forget where I am.

I close my eyes and continue to let myself twirl
around and around. In the darkness of my eyelids,
I can still see green and red move as one.

The wooden walls that matched the clean floor disappear.
My vision is blurred now, and I cannot tell what I'm near.
I hear children shouting and, above all, there is noise.
I am part of the sounds around me, a kind of inexplicable joy.

We both know this joy
is from spinning together.
We can make anything fun.
I hear her again, speaking our truth.

I holler as my shorts slide on the smooth bench
that seems to sway beneath me, left and right.
It catches all my dizziness while I barely keep
my feet on the floor of the giant cup.

I grab the wheel again and give it a hard twist,
realizing that I have to keep spinning.
*That's it! We must choose to spin
and let the joy in.*

It really is a choice we make
when we make everything fun, I reply.
We both have to be willing to take control
of what's in front of us and what we have been given.

Child and adult in the same mind,
in the same space, we see each other.
We need each other to enjoy and live
purposefully in this love and light.

Younger and older Alice in their happiness.
I see each moment is what we've both made it.
Endlessly embracing harmony and spinning,
moving with twists and turns
in our own way, at our own pace.

Can we spin forever?