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Everyone asks,

“What do you want to be when you grow up?”

Completely ignoring who we already are,

As if we are not vibrantly burning stars,

Fiery infernos, trying not to burn out,

Put under so much stress and with so much doubt,

But we radiate hope and heat and creation

Because we are the future of our nation,

And we know that the future starts today,

Yet they still look at us and say,

“What do you want to be when you grow up?”

But I've already grown up, into the sky,

A sparkling star, and there I fly.

I've flown up, and to the world, I say goodbye.

Still, they try trapping me in their prison of questions and answers

Until the worry, stress, and fear engulf me like a cancer.

They use a rope and try to lasso me back to earth

For my ultimate becoming, my second birth,

So that into my older, wiser being I will bloom like a flower,

But I have already lived that moment, that hour.

I have bloomed in the sky, in oranges and reds,

A beautiful act of creation, designed to turn heads,

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And with every second, minute, hour, day,
I burn brighter and brighter, pushing the darkness away
Because this light is my life, already shining bright.
They do not try telling the sun to stop radiating its light,
So why do they scoff at me and say my flames are foolish like a child,
That I need to come down and stop being so wild?
In their world, my light has been exiled;
They only want bland young adults, perfect and mild,

But I cannot help but wear my heart on my sleeve.
I will continue burning until they decide to leave.
I am not an adult or a child but something more.
I am a unique, passionate star still growing and slightly unsure,
Though I know for certain that my life is not a race
With the finish line a job and my mind not in outer space,
But all they want to know and ask is

“What do you want to be when you grow up?”

As if I'm a hopelessly helpless, little pup
With confusion in my eyes and not freedom in my heart
Because they want to see me explode and blow apart
Into millions of star dust atoms, floating through the sky
Back to earth, they want my hope and light to die,

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But I will not; I will never let them win

What do *I* want to be when *I* grow up?

I don't know, but today is where I will begin

Because I don't want to be a what

With my identity based on what I will do.

I want to be myself.

I want to be a who.