

## Becoming

*"It's such a big, big world out there, girls."*

I am writing this for you.

I am writing this with bubblegum pink sidewalk chalk  
on the burning pavement outside of our childhood home  
in July. The breeze comes easy, carrying Monarchs along  
as they whisper sweet nothings in our young ears.

I am writing this on candy wrappers, fortune cookie papers,  
and five dollar matinee ticket stubs.

All of which hide in pockets and purses  
after afternoon adventures, as if they were fireflies, hiding by daylight,  
chartreuse flashes of remembrance by moonlight.

I am writing this on the paper backs of plane tickets  
and magazines as we fly from Boston to Buffalo.

The world is an etch- a-sketch and we are  
rotating the dial, carving our way across the Eastern seaboard,  
finding our own flight paths.