Voices

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In the winter
It's harder to hold on
To the boy inside me
Things hurt more
Voices in my head talk louder
Act your age
You're not as young as you used to be
I try not to listen

Before my father died
We talked man to man
About getting older
I asked him how he felt
On the inside
"Oh, I feel like
I'm still eighteen inside" he said

It was an odd thing
I felt that way too
And for a moment
The boy in me
Peered past tired eyes
At the boy in my father

In winter I feel older
But in summer
The boy still has sway
This young man still
Likes to run off the path
Through taller grasses
Likes to ride his bike and
Dare to win
Wants to explore the mysteries
At the edge of the horizon