

My Sunshine

By Greydyn Gildroy

One day, this will only be a sun-drenched dream.

Your mother will laugh at dinner about memories you don't remember making.

The late summers will blend into one amalgamation of sticky hands and bike rides.

You'll wonder where that old diary is, while living a hundred miles away from its resting place.

And, if someone were to ask, you wouldn't be able to tell them the last time you skinned your knee.