

Seventeen

Do not ever forget what it is to be seventeen
With your hair done up and a jazz swing in your step.
The sky smelled oh so much like pink flowers
And a boy had his eyes on you in secret
(Only you knew, of course he couldn't hide it).
The way your heart used to lift off like a plane
And fly for so long, as if your engine
Was running on laughter, as if you were eternal.
There were too many people around
But never enough—always room for one more.
The future was a magic word, full of promise
And power, something to make you buzz.
But the past—that was treasure, that was gold.
Do not every forget what it is to be seventeen
And in love, your heart the bravest acrobat
Rising to new challenges every single day.
You were always singing, remember?
Music was the pulse that kept you alive
Long after your bones and heart were broken.
Music was the air that you sucked through
Your lungs each time you dove into the deep.