

Chelsea Jaimes

A perfect place for my past self

I wish you could see past the trailer park Driveway
Past the cemented lawn in the front yard
Past the city lights that blind you from seeing the stars in all their glory

I wished to see past all of it for 18 years
Here I am,
The grass is physically greener on the other side
No restriction in sight, only crispy leaves that look like
They could taste the way they sound
The bald trees stretch beyond the skies and kiss the stars
We were unable to see it together

I'll be here for the both of us
I'll find the perfect place to tell you about
And I'll make sure you feel like
Like you saw and heard everything
more than I did
Like you've been there before
and realize you have