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Birthday

May Lonergan Gettysburg College, lonema01@gettysburg.edu Class of 2021

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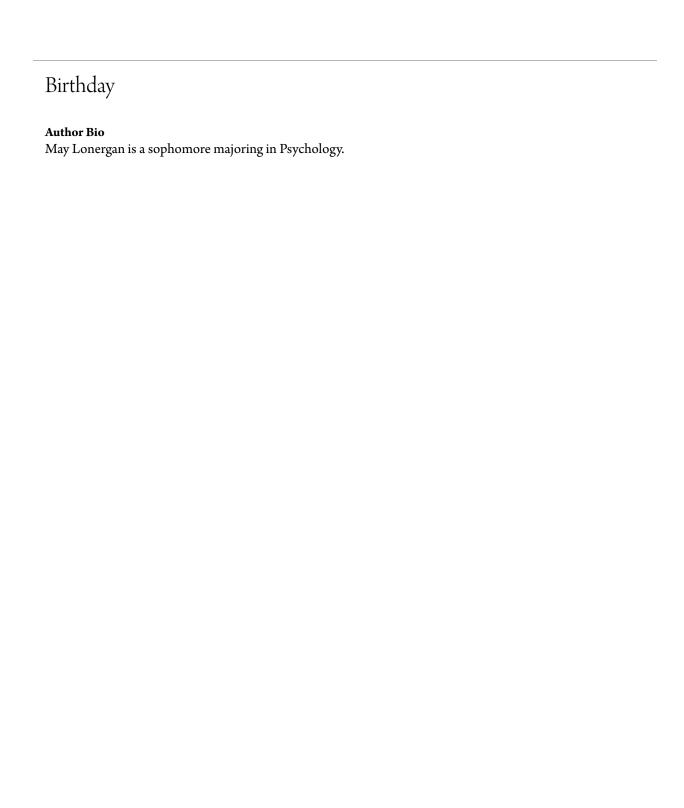


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Birthday MAY LONERGAN

Congratulations, It's the day you've been waiting for. All 365 days have led to this, A celebration Of you.

As a naive child, You eagerly counted the days Until your very own Special day.

Back then,
You reminded all your classmates
When your special day would arrive.
It would be your time.
A day dedicated to you.
The teacher would sing
And a bowling birthday party
Would bring you
New presents and giggles and
The respect
Of being another year
Older.

With the cheers and claps of
Those you love,
You would proudly
Puff your cheeks
With all your might,
To blow out the dancing flames,
Magical wishes,
That you actually believed
Could come true.

You would stuff your mouth

With squishy chocolate cake
Layered with extra creamy frosting.
Ignoring the sticky sweetness that
Clung to your wiggling little fingers.
It was always just the way you liked it.
Delicious.

You would greedily rip
Open the pile of presents
Your mother spent hours wrapping.
Tearing into the packaging,
As if passing time would steal
The gifts from your eager grasp.

When did the excitement end?
Today is the day.
Your day has finally come.
Yet
You told not a single soul at work.
No one sang, or hugged, or laughed.
And that present your mother sent you
Sits unopened in the console of your car.
And apparently, your favorite chocolate cake
Has too many calories in it anyway.

When did becoming older lose its fun? When did you stop being a kid?

No matter what you do,
Time will fly by
And you will age.
All you can do,
And must do,
Is accept the change
And welcome the new memories.
It's a birthday,
Not a funeral.
Act like it.