

Fly Peter Pan

by Dilan Amaguana

Fly Peter Pan, who?
I woke up from that dream, I think?
I first got up from my bed,
I scratch and sniff around a bit,
I couldn't catch a whiff.
Who cares?
Besides, my sight is getting worse, everything around me seems blurred.
And my skin is starting to ripple away,
My ears won't hear like it did back then,
And some kids might say that I have lost sight of that star.
I remember a friend that made me come here, my old friend Wendy.
I don't remember well, but I saw something from Wendy that changed something in me
Like a thing that used to be inside of me that made me have fun. That smile that faded
away
Like the magical place I seemed to forget.
Neverland?
It was a new day
I scratch and sniff around a bit
And again I am here all alone
No, no, no I am not alone