

It Goes by Quick

By Caitlynn Therrien

"It goes by quick"

is what I heard from my teacher's mouth
as I was only ten years of age.

Before I knew, time flew by like a street parade
I was standing receiving my diploma. Completing the fourth
grade.

Days felt bright.

My innocence like a sturdy post.

The thought of life did not give me fright,
and I still had all those that I loved the most

Feeling so little in such a big world,

It somehow gave me comfort

But now it was time to go to middle school

And I felt outnumbered.

I stood

The dark towering halls of middle school,
seeing new but familiar faces through the crowd

"These four years will go by quick"

is what our principal said quite proud

I did not believe her until I stood in the once dark hallways
that now felt like walking through the clouds.

Eighth grade was just like a dream.

"This year will go by quick, so cherish
and make the best of it" my teacher exclaimed.

"The days move slow and the years go fast" is what my
mother explained.

So I kept my aspiration

Before I knew it I was sitting before my own eighth grade
continuation.

I no longer dreamt of things like I once did,
all my siblings grew and left me be.

Life now felt like a bid.

responsibility consuming me like a wave,
life was filled with crazy thoughts.

therefore happiness I desperately sought.

Once again I stood,

a brand new school before me.

Although I'm still in denial of how long, really is a while
because everytime I feel the day will never end I look as the
clock ticks,

reminding myself, "It goes by quick".