Time

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By: Ruby Truscott

Past...

Short hair in my face,

Running fast through the hallway,

Embraced by big arms,

Sneaking down stairs on Christmas,

Becoming stronger each day.



Present...

Monotone days pass,

Patiently waiting for more,

Days become anxious,

I understand better now,

When I can leave I will run.



Future...

The future looks bright,

There will be a warm closeness,

I think for my own,

I will be out exploring,

For the first time I am free.

