

☒ High School (Grades 9-12)

I understand that THIS FORM IS FOR the Literature Arts Category (Check ONE only) *

☒ Literature

Title of Artwork (REQUIRED) *

I Miss a Childhood That Was Never Mine

DETAILS Include word count for literature. Describe technology/platforms used in the creation process, including any generative elements. *

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Artist Statement (REQUIRED) In 10 to 100 words, describe your work and how it relates to the theme. (Please DO NOT exceed 100 words.) *

I dreamed of a different childhood, one more perfect than mine. The imperfections in my real life shaped my perceptions, made me more sensitive to my surroundings and helped me just appreciate life in general.

I Miss a Childhood That Was Never Mine

the older you get,
the more you miss your childhood
the older i get,
the more i miss a childhood
that was never mine

i always wanted to be a princess
i had the cinderella dresses,
the heels,
the wands,
and tiaras.
but at 7, it was never about the jewels and pearls
i wanted to be a princess for the love and adoration
i wish i was loved and adored.

at 7, i took care of a drunk who fought anger
i missed my dad whenever he was drunk
but i never met him sober
i grew up scared
but i guess i always forgave him
because he missed his father too

now at 17, i love men who cry
and who love purple and pastels
men who love women for women
who use their masculinity as identity
rather than power
i never knew a true man
until now

don't laugh at me when i write like this
im still a little girl who needs her mother
god, i wish i knew her too.

i only loved her beauty
that she trimmed or sucked in
the beauty she starved
the beauty she hated.
if beauty hated herself,
maybe i should starve and hate myself too

i'm a little sensitive girl
i cry for my stuffed animals
and my barbies

whenever i neglect them for too long

i'll kiss their heads

and fill that empty love again

i'm a little sensitive girl

don't hit or steal from me

you would get away with it

because i never knew forgiveness

just consequences

at 12, i questioned death

and thought it was the only way

to get out of things.

i wrote my way out of life

i died at 12 and didn't come back

until 16

16 i was renewed.

now at 17,

i figure my life all out again

and the answer to all my questions is

“dad was the reason”

and i miss God for what he's known for

not what he's created for me
if God was perfect
why did he throw his imperfections
on me
at 17, Dad is the reason.

at 7, i wanted to grow up
and leave the wired fences
kiss a prince or go to a ball in a gown one day

at 17, i wish to lay in the beer stained carpet
and get my new piercings tangled
in that fluffy purple pillow again
because i loved that little girl
who could've been loved and adored

she was just a little girl then,
and she lives within me.
i'm still that little girl now