**Grown Up**

I used to be a superhero,

Soaring high from tree to tree.

With a cape around my shoulders,

I was as happy as could be.

“Grow up,” my brother said.

By four, I’d made a rocket ship.

It took me all the way to Mars.

It started out as a cardboard box,

Before I steered it to the stars.

“Grow up,” my sister said.

At five, I could read and write

in every language ever heard.

The pictures gave me all I needed.

And crayon scrawls stood in for words.

“Grow up,” my best friend said.

At six, I put my cape away.

At seven, a box was just a box.

By eight, I read and wrote with ease.

I could tell the time on clocks.



“You’re growing up,” my mother said.

I miss my cape. Sometimes I think

that boxes still could make cool forts.

But I have no time for make believe

I’m busy writing school reports.

I don’t always like being grown up.