

## **White Walls**

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When my legs were shorter and  
my feet 5 sizes smaller,  
I lived in  
The four walls white walls of my room.

When my smile was toothless and  
Bows laced my braided hair,  
These white walls were my  
Blank canvases.

Some days,  
These canvases were lit gold.  
Other days, they were full of the  
Bustling night life of a made up city.

In the winter,  
I painted  
The sun's warmth.  
In the summer,  
I drew  
Christmas trees to dance with.

In times when the vastness  
Of what laid outside the room  
Threatened to confine my senses,  
My walls stood steady,  
Waiting to be filled  
with stories.

When my legs were shorter  
And my feet 5 sizes smaller,  
I was content  
Living in my white walls,  
For they were my small universe  
Bigger than the world outside.