

# Anthology of the easy philosopher

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## **summary**

Growing Up

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it feels estranged now that  
i am taller than you, a head bigger  
our eyes do not meet  
when we speak, unless seated across  
each other at a table do we look into  
those mutual eyes. Now that we're away  
in different flocks of amazing colours, just not the same  
wavelength, I can no longer touch or pat  
your silky brown hair, the one that shines golden in warm sunlight  
of the far horizon when I see your photos  
through the cracked screen of my phone,  
just shattered, like our words we do not speak,  
like our messages unheard, the new faces we forget  
the skies are shaken, let it rain and grow the rampant grass.