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My Life

Michael Lee Johnson Poet Itasca, Illinois USA

My life began with a skeleton with a smile and bubbling eyes in my garden of dandelions. Everything else fell off the edge, a jigsaw puzzle piece cut in half. When young, I pressed against my mother's breast, but youthful memories fell short. I tried at 8 to kiss my father, but he was a welder, fox hunter, coon hunter, and voyeuristic man. My young life was a mixture of black, white, dark dreams, and mellow yellow sun bright hopes. Rewind, sunshine was a stranger in dandelion fields, shadows in my eyes. I grabbed my injured legs leap forward into the future. I'm now a vitamin C boy it keeps me immured from catching colds or Covid-19. Everything now still leaks, in parts, but I press forward.