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# Technicolor Days

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## Technicolor Days

#### BY DENNIS TRUDELL

Age ten, in close boy-dream communion with destiny,
Knew for sure I'd be different when I grew up—

(no everyday nine-to-five indoors and dull.)

Different and somehow great, with:

Barefeet and summer vacation and adventure and explore, Raft on the river, Huck Finn around the bend and beyond,

upstream sky high and far.

Along the sidewalk, through the backyards, over fences,

and in the classroom-"deportment unsatisfactory."

Fast, running and calling, laughing and running,

to the ballfield Saturday mornings,

Somewhere to go, running and shouting and two on a bike,

nine on a side.

Popsicle sunshine and hurryup and running,

and all the time boy-dream knowing-

So easy adventure and greatness, just take it;

and why can't grownups see how easy, I must be special.

And golly, hurryup you slowpokes, gonna be famous,

Huck Finn and write a book.

And oh, boy, so much, so much . . .

And played the boy-games and wore out bluejeans,

and thought I'd be different when I grew up.