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Childhood

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Childhood
Rylee Betchkal

We used to go strawberry picking at my last home.
It was almost a half-decade ago
but it feels like only last summer.
We would squeeze into our red sedan
and make the windy drive down hot pavement to the farm.
We'd unload and overflow our wicker baskets.
My sister and I would grab chubby handfuls,
which we would crush between our palms on the patio
so we could play make-believe.
Like the juice staining our fingertips cherry-pink
was a magic potion
Which ran down to our elbows
grazed from climbing the big oak in our backyard.
We would wave around lilac branches
like our very own fairy wands.
We'd come back inside laughing
but pink and messy.
And I'd tell my mother about our fantasy adventure
as she made us help with the laundry
my mother would smile
and I could feel the summer heat licking over my skin.