

## Lucky

Eight years old in a grueling recital; three hours long or more.  
Shiny new tap shoes create an offbeat rhythm with the wooden floor  
You'd rather see me on a court wearing a ponytail than on a stage with my hair curled.  
And even still; you wouldn't have missed my tiny little dance routine if it cost you the entire world.

Eleven years old and the middle school doors are anxiously awaiting my arrival  
Others fight for popularity and compete for friends, while I focus merely on survival.  
I clutch my lunchbox as you wave through the window and watch me walk away.  
The letter you slipped next to my sandwich is my best friend for the day.

Thirteen years old playing basketball; sharing with you my newfound passion.  
I don't care about boys or my hair or anything that has to do with fashion.  
And you cheer me on with painted orange faces, screaming when I score a point.  
I might have played the worst game of my life, but you are impossible to disappoint.

I'm insecure at seventeen with an incredibly wide book full of far-away dreams  
Stress and anxiety has me bursting at the seams.  
You sit down and listen while I talk and cry for hours  
I come home from school and on my bedroom dresser is a note next to a bouquet of flowers.

And I don't really know what I did to deserve this; your love and my love for you.  
Either I wished upon a shooting star or God's greatest promises came true.  
I close my eyes and go back to when I was eight; twelve; fourteen; seventeen; a little school girl full of laughter.  
Those childhood memories give me a beautiful future to chase after.

And I know that no matter my age; no matter my mistakes; regardless if my hair is pulled back or curled.  
Because of your painted faces and sideline cheers, I will always be the luckiest girl in the world.