

Why do I feel so old now that I'm 22? I always get weird and sad around this time and refuse to believe I'm getting older. Maybe I am getting wiser? I think I am. But I don't want to, I don't want to be an adult. I still feel like a kid biking down the dirt roads, past the dome house, where the cliff meets the ocean, the end of the world. I sit there for a long time, sometimes I cry. Most of the time I find myself reflecting on the 22 years I've sat at this exact spot watching the sun dip below the ocean. I've seen a lot of sunsets and sunrises and moonrises and moonsets and I never get tired of it. I can't stop coming back, chasing the feeling of my childhood. Sometimes it feels like a distant dream, but I always come running back.

Today I walked down Elm, onto Overlook and down Terrace, and then back up and onto Poplar. The same roads I find myself going down everyday. Omar stops and tells me he loves me, classic. I know he means it. The April winds make my allergies so bad, but I don't even care, it's my favorite time of year. The cherry blossoms are blooming, I remind myself of my favorite apple trees, I can't wait. Sometimes I get mad at myself for thinking that far ahead, because what about now? I want summer but I don't. Because then that means winter is right around the corner. Sometimes I like winter, it's quiet here. We go over to Willie's and make dinner together. Kitty lays on my lap and Willie and Nardo joke about something funny. I think about how much I love them. I don't say it, but I think they know it. I should tell them more, they mean so much to me.

The 5 o'clock Stinson horn blares in the distance. It's cold outside, but the sun's peaking through the clouds, it feels warm on my face. My yard is filled with bright yellow dandelions. I tried making dye for yarn with them the other day but I didn't let them sit in the water for long enough. It's okay, I'll try again some other time. Maybe I'll go for a walk on the beach, let the wind knot my hair up, watch another golden sunset, pick the same rocks and shells, the ones with holes in them. Say hi to the same people I've seen my whole life, take my jacket off because I always get so hot even when it's foggy and cold. Sometimes i think people think i'm crazy for wearing a short sleeve shirt in 55 degree weather, my sister tells me i am. I've always been like that, i've always been the same.