

*(20) 8 years old*

You called me a child,  
as if the word itself  
could shrink me down  
into a Polly Pocket,  
easy to lose in the clutter.

You dismiss me—  
my voice unheard  
from the batteries  
taken out of me,  
silenced like a doll.

When your voice raises,  
I fold into myself,  
the little 8-year-old girl;  
a broken slinky,  
tangled in on itself.

I'm not just 8 anymore,  
not the child you  
were embarrassed by,  
I'm an echo of her,  
a voice you are now scared of.