

**Life's masterpieces**

I like to think of my life as a masterpiece  
Each paint stroke like the one that was held by my mother  
The days back when I was considered a baby  
She'd hold to my curl to straighten in eventually  
I'd ask her, "Would I grow up like you?" and she'd say, "Maybe."  
Because she knew her past mistakes  
Grudges she had strongly held onto  
Like lover way too fond to  
Truly say what they feel inside  
Would I grow up like her?  
Back when elementary was everyone's finger painting  
Everyone's friends without listening to what the other is really saying  
Until we get to junior high and we end up paying  
For all the things we said back then  
We take our time forming our shapes and our colors  
Finding which to use and which to share with others  
Each step holding and clinging to our mothers  
Because she knows what we're going through  
Would I grow up to be like you?  
High school training makes our strokes refined  
All those plastic swords and dolls we left behind  
But photos taken as if to remind  
Us of all of our memories passed  
And as I look back on those photographs  
I realize, I would not grow up like her  
Each person with their own work of art  
Displaying the true desires of their heart  
In a frame of gold, silver, or wood  
We there display our masterpieces