A poem for my upcoming 25th birthday:

25

teeth  
skin

hearing  
hair growing  
walk, dreaming

+  
arms, two hands, all fingers and toes  
mind is (mostly) sound, lovely, when it is  
live in a peaceful place  
wear pants and vote  
wear skirt and cook  
raw-  
can see.  
grateful, self-reflecting

I can make.  
I can create a home (big open sky, it can be repotted)

+  
friends and family.  
successfully help  
keep alive  
plants