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