

## **Made It**

Spots and pimples, hair and oil, a blossoming microbia  
Thirteen is a high pitched child,  
Soft and small and infant wild,  
All triskaidekaphobia.

Bring on fourteen, hot and cross, get off my case, I hate you  
You don't know what my life's like,  
And I don't need your stress and psyche,  
When all I know is fake true.

Easy fifteen, check me out, can't lie, I got it sorted  
I'll never use this blade until  
The others start to slash and kill  
And still I'll not report it.

And now I'm crazy, sick with love, I've learned life's deepest meaning  
There's nothing matters, nothing's real,  
Except this love, the way I feel  
Forever sixteen dreaming.

Then seventeen and all my life is crashing, broken, burning  
I'm ghosted, cancelled, tossed aside,  
My life is over, future fried  
True love is not returning.

The keys at last, the right to vote, I'm standing tall and choosing  
Your power over me is gone,  
I'm eighteen, adult, moving on  
I'm winning now, not losing.

This grown-up game is tougher than I thought, all slog and study  
Anxiety torments my soul,

The stress of nineteen, what's my role?

I'm lonely, need a buddy.

The teens recede, I'm through the worst, my life's no longer empty

No home, no cash, but with a friend

I'll navigate each switch and bend

I've made it through to twenty.