

3a - Mature

Mature

My mother calls me mature for my age
She says I have an old soul
One I took the chance to cage
Seeing age
Not as a concept but as a goal

My mother used to call me mature
She would say be a child while you can
I did not listen
The recognition being enough allure
Exchanging my youth for a short-term plan

I wonder what my mother will call me now
Seeing that age is no longer a goal but an expectation
A choice no one will allow
Wondering
What will become my next fixation