

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Skipping Childhood

Innocence lost, like a fleeting dream,  
A rush to grow up, or so it may seem,  
Childhood slipping through fingers so fast,  
In this poem, the tale of youth's hasty past.

Skipping rope, playing games in the park,  
Now replaced by schedules, an endless embark,  
Homework, responsibilities, and stress,  
In this verse, we'll address the process.

Teenage years beckon with urgency,  
No time to savor life's simple currency,  
Adulthood knocking, a relentless call,  
In this journey, we'll face it all.

But hold on tight to laughter and play,  
For they'll brighten even the darkest day,  
In the race of life, don't forget to savor,  
The joys of youth, a precious flavor.

Growing up too fast, a common plight,  
In the quest for dreams, we take flight,  
But remember the child within your soul,  
In this story, we find our role.

