**Today I’m Something I Have Never Been Before**

Carol Sadtler

I peel down blacktop back roads, fly by July-high cornstalks

and hayfields, away from my boring little town. Today

I am not my brother’s keeper, not my mother’s daughter, not

the one who does all the dishes. I turn on a dirt path, speed

up, hit teeth-rattling ruts. I look at my tanned, strong forearms.

I’m a pilot, adventurer, explorer. I run the whole show. I talk

back to the chirr of a red-winged blackbird. I pause to pick

black-eyed susans and Queen Anne’s lace. I’m 10 years old. I

have a watch and a new bike. I am master of time and space.