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## To Be Other Than Me

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# To Be Other Than Me

*Julia Guzman*

I'd love to be the arteries  
That flow through lungs.  
I'd stretch to the beat of breath,  
And swell with the crimson tide.

I'd admire being a rare bush,  
With the sweetest of berries.  
I'd grow my tempting treats,  
And make my young friends smile.

I'd prefer to be the rarest of flashes,  
That escape with the sunset.  
I'd spark up the sky with green,  
And grant a new wish each day's death.

I'd enjoy being the ocean's current,  
Forever a playful fiend.  
I'd taunt gravity, my greatest foe,  
And dance with the smiling moon.

I'd like to be the color of rose petals,  
The darkest pink along the edges.  
I'd tint the velvet unexpectedly,  
And tempt all to brave the thorns.

I'd find it interesting to grow on a tree,  
Cringing at the thought of being plucked.  
I'd happily grow a ripe, rounded red,  
And enjoy the adventure of my fall.

