

Exuberance, that's what your teacher said you had.
I can't think of a better word to describe the way you
Every stone unearthed held the possibility of
You have always been like this—exuberant
My little ragamuffin who used to care so little about what people think—there was just too
much to do—too much to explore!

You would run out of class with new things to share!
You would knock me over with your hugs!
You would ask question after question!

Now

you're seeing that the world isn't as easy as all that.
How I want to keep you in that place where you could
learn,
love,
and explore anything!

But
the "real" world
doesn't work like that.

The real world tells you what you have to wear,
how to do your hair
that exuberance is unacceptable.

That you're "too much."

How could you ever be too much, when all I want is more of you.

What the "real" world needs is more of you.

More exuberance.