

# SEVENTEEN

*By Barbara Ann Reed*

1961

When enchantment blows in with every breeze,  
When childhood days are but memories;  
Life lies far ahead, yet is so near;  
We may be grown up in another year.

Always finding a brand new friend,  
Searching for friendship that will not end;  
When troubles are few and far between,  
It's the magic age of seventeen.

We cannot wait till we grow old,  
Yet childhood days we'd like to hold;  
Sometimes we're happy, sometimes blue,  
Wondering what we're going to do.

When we're happy, we want the moments to last,  
So we can forget both the future and past;  
But at the close of every day,  
Our fondest moments fade away.

To our children we'll say, "When we were young..."  
Then look back on youth and hold our tongue,  
"We didn't stay out late" (yet we did it);  
"If you're not in by twelve, you're gonna git it!"

Our eyes will glow just like a star,  
Life seems so wonderful when we are  
Older than sixteen – younger than eighteen,  
The happy age that lies between.