

Child of My Culture

Cheap brick-red cardboard
held together by worn tabs,
with a light bulb and fan
so the flames would “flicker”
A cardboard fireplace
put up every December
for Santa to find a way in
The four-year-old me
wanted to believe it,
and so I did

But I’ve grown up.
Today I sit by a fireplace
of wood and stone
The electric insert
(high tech bulb and fan),
displays a realistic flame
if you don’t look too close,
and actually puts out heat
I can sit content by
its flickering warmth

The older we get, the more
sophisticated our fantasies
They don’t have to be real
if they make us happy
No wood or dirty ash
Just a remote control
and a comfortable chair
A true child of my culture,
I settle for easy
instead of real

