

The Depot of Possibility

by Karen Sponaugle

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can be a ballerina twirling in pink with hard-toed shoes.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can be a doctor curing all disease with one little pill.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can put out a fire with a water gun and an old shoe.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can stop wars and make all the soldiers go home and take a nap.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can pitch a no-hitter and be home before dark.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can create a culinary masterpiece and put it back in the hole in momma's
flower garden.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can be a mommy even if my little brother says no.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can be a rock star with a hairbrush and an air guitar.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can dream and imagine anything I want.

At the Depot of Possibility,

I can be me.