Things we didn’t do

Because of our ages when we met,
we never staged a play in my back garden,
ever made a theatre of cardboard and dust sheets
or costumes from discarded net curtains.

We have never raced each other on roller skates
practised cartwheels,
shared a secret cigarette.
Now, I will never record you a mix tape,
show you the way to the den by the beck.

Instead, you have led me
into whole worlds built of words
scented, more often than not, with the sea’s salt breath.

We might never have shared a school desk,
or been paired together in Miss Tudor’s ballet classes,
but over time you have passed me so many right answers,
helped me to jump higher than I’d have ever thought I could.

Emily Midorikawa