

## Real Adventures

On Mondays they trek through the jungles  
creating a path to make their way  
lost in swaths of green  
sunscreen in their eyes through the day

On Tuesdays they brace the cold  
empty hills of white  
snow falls in the Arctic  
their eyes blinded by reflected light

Wednesdays and Thursdays are for outer space  
they fly in ships made of metal  
only the sound of lasers speak in silence  
protecting from aliens that attack their vessels

On Fridays they explore the oceans  
following a map they inspect  
swirling waves of shades of blue  
they glide above aging shipwrecks

but it isn't until they step off  
    of their spot of pretend  
    their playground stands in its place  
Their adventure comes to an end.