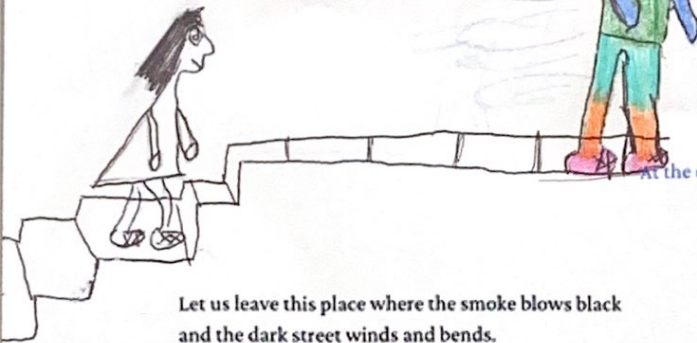


Where the Sidewalk Ends, Begins, and Begins Before the End:—

“Where the Sidewalk Ends” by Shel Silverstein Through the Lens of Gender Identity and Discovery

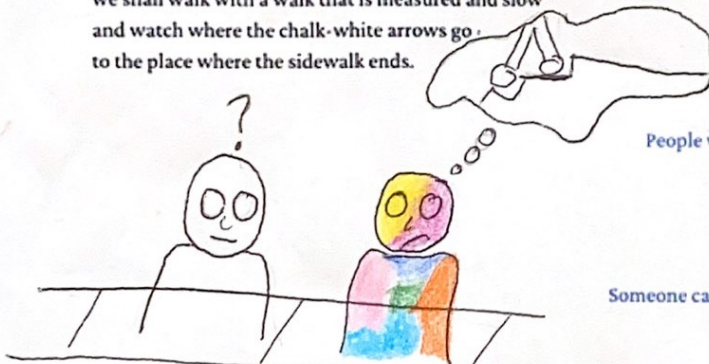
There is a place where the sidewalk ends
and before the street begins,
and there the grass grows soft and white,
and there the sun burns crimson bright,
and there the moon-bird rests from his flight
to cool in the peppermint wind.



The sidewalk is long, the end beyond my sight.
You say there's an end?
I leave a version of myself, a part that once was,
And it keeps my attention back where the sidewalk begins.

I've heard stories of the end.
At the end of the sidewalk, there's a world that will forget the me I left.
They will lose her name, they will forget her smile.
When the sidewalk ends, I will begin.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
and the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
we shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow
and watch where the chalk-white arrows go
to the place where the sidewalk ends.



I walk with my walk along the sidewalk.
My gait is slow, but faster still than some.
People who I've known all my life fade into the background.
My mind is stuck where the sidewalk begins.

I trip at points, where the sidewalk is cracked.
With scraped knees, I keep walking.
Someone catches up with me. They ask why I keep looking back.
I look to either side. They're talking to me.
With them by my side, I finally turn my eyes ahead,
wondering if a beginning can come before the end.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
and we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,
for the children, they mark, and the children, they
know,
the place where the sidewalk ends.

We walk with a walk that is slower than before
And enjoy the sights.
The sidewalk will end, that we've known
Since the sidewalk began.

There is a place where the sidewalk ends,
And before the street begins,
But I began before the end, and the sidewalk still looms ahead.
My mind is turned neither towards the end or beginning,
But rather towards the sidewalk beneath my feet.

