Some days, it can be nice to forget that I am here, 
Too. 
To mistake myself for what can be changed.

Girl is  
powdered sugar,  
 pixie sticks without tang, or,  
even slight unpleasantness  
of paper packaging left to dissolve on the tongue.

I am told:  
Girl sheds. Shedding, peeling, sticky  
paper layer,  

Nuisance.  

Wonder why  
I have never really been able to get rid of the tang,  
or the paper, or whatever turns mouths blue.

I imagine this  
longing of girl lingering. And the music—  
Kim Deal’s voice like smoke on lemon,  
dancing, rosy cheeked,  
sunlight humming on skin.  
These things are loyal--

Never to let hair fall loose out of pig tails, even  
when skin folds into prune.

This, I forget, is also the skin of a girl.  
An extension.

It can be nice to remember  
that I am there,  
Too.