

Girl

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.

