

## COMING OF AGE

Returned from winter's dawning touch  
I'm here—waiting  
ready to leap at shadows  
that haven't yet decided to move,  
but this (this night) it's mine—

for now

—so I kick back another  
shot of caffeine,  
wishing for something stronger  
to kill of my doubt and tell me  
whether love or desire, sex or  
friendship  
wins out.

If there's a [G]od,  
tell him I like tits, thick thighs,  
and soft hair—folded over softer words.

If there's a goddess, I'll ask her why—  
—why she would make me this way?  
In her image, but so uncertain, maiden  
touching maiden, mother  
touching mother, and when I'm old,  
and when my teeth are all withered,  
and my skin sags,

I'll ask:  
why can I only picture  
long white hair twining,  
dancing, caressing my fingers?  
Crone to crone, witch with witch,  
girl inside girl.

Why can't I walk the straight and narrow path,  
and dance for fertility  
in the cold winter dawn?