

Girl

by Sarah Mahan

She likes four a.m. skinny dipping in September— when the sky is just as bleary
as she is, but the waves don't sleep.

She used to squeeze her eyes tight and jump off the swing suddenly praying
She'd take flight. Wings, Wings!

She likes the taste of Saturday—
with its graffiti dares,
potent sweet inhales,
and rum lips.
Now in his car, her care
whose car?

It's the part of the road just out of sight she wants to drive to,
She ignores 'no trespassing' signs.

One day she'll scale,
out of tune music,
and the cliffs of the Marginal Way.

But for now she wanders.