

# Poetry

On a pink piece of paper with blue lines

I wrote a poem. I called it Gucci, because that was the name of my dog, and that's what it was all about. My teacher gave me an A and a gold star. And my mother hung it on the kitchen door and read it to my aunts. And that was the year my sister was born with tiny toenails and red curly hair. Mother and Father kissed a lot. And then the girl around the corner sent Maria a Valentine's card with a row of X's at the bottom and she had to ask Mommy what it meant. And Mommy was always there to tuck Maria in bed at night and was always home to do it.

On a pink piece of paper with blue lines, I wrote a poem called "Autumn" because that was the name of the season. And my teacher gave me an A and asked me to write it more clearly and Mommy never hung it on the kitchen door because it was new paint.

That was the year I got my new glasses with thick lenses and black frames and the kids told me why Mommy and Daddy didn't kiss anymore. And Mother didn't tuck Maria in bed anymore and got mad when she cried for her to do it.

On a shitty piece of paper from my notebook I wrote a poem called "A Question" because that was the question about my girl. And my 7th grade teacher gave me an A and a strange look. And Mother never hung it on the door because I was afraid and I knew she would judge me for my sexuality.

That was the year Maria died, and I forgot how the ending of Step Up went. And mother and father didn't kiss anymore or even talked. That's why on the back of a brown paper bag I tried another poem, and I called it "Nothing." And I gave myself an A and hung it on the bathroom door because this time I didn't think I could reach the kitchen.

- ME