

1972

Noon

Jane Shore

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NOON

Along the creek girls are lifting
their thin skirts and as they bend
low, under their loose scoop-neck
blouses the pale flesh shows.
They notice you and wave, turn back
again laughing, dipping their feet
into the cool water. Now scarves go;
they unpin their hair. On the banks
the grass turns down like sheets
and the sun is big and close.
You can barely see them through
the heat as they peel and peel away
their clothes. And when they open
their slender arms to you thinking
they are doing this because they
want to, thinking there is a choice,
who can blame them for giving in
this easily, or you, nearer now
to yourself than ever as they pull
you with them, Sister, down.

DOORS

Not ornate mahogany or quarter inch
plywood, not Ghiberti's doors, not
stenciled 'LADIES' or 'GENTLEMEN'
doors. Our doors reach their full height
when we are 21, have you ever noticed
them? Light as our shadows or bathtub
rings or the nice smells our bodies have.