1972

Noon

Jane Shore
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.