

Blue Girl

You raise your hand
only once in middle school
because it was the first time you've ever bled
on those stackable plastic chairs.
Their full moon screws digging
against the belt loops at your lower back,
white pants from elementary walking
themselves to the podium unable to resist
turning maroon.
When fluid cools, its viscosity rises
and the air is much colder than the inside
of your confused body.
Does syrup drip, or does it ooze
from the bottle?

Blue girls don't know anything
unless they're told.
And your mother's sealed lips
haunts you more than the sneer
of the balding man
whose wrinkles you've already tallied,
hoping for an answer in the final count.

Gladly take the nurse's note and run away
blue girl, maybe they'll tell you if you ask.
They won't see the hurt in your bottom cavities,
open your mouth.