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.