

My body is not my best friend.

We fight about food

and whether boys will like it.

We argue about how my hair falls – straight, curly (up or down).

She doesn't listen to me (I don't speak to her sometimes).

Lumps and bumps and curves.

18 -

Technically old enough but stuck between adult and child.

Of freckles and a reminder of grade 5 camp.

Re: the pink/purple/orange/green/silver nail polish (I think you should stop).

A scar on the inside of my left knee,

nothing sinister

Dry lips, an innie bellybutton.

Laughing until crying, cooking and complaining:

That's What Friends Are For

Like a piece of leftover clay or hot wax – put in the bucket to be used another time (when I've been sufficiently softened).

Mostly scared of mouldy fruit and mechanical pencils. *Where does all that led go?*

But I put on a Brave Face for the audience.

Ears for music and for being The Listener.

(please sing out of tune and seduce me.)

Picking my way through the debris of life: tossing aside old microwaves and toasters and friends and the salad spoons I received as a present.

It's been a pleasure, and here's to more *me*.