

Wendy Barry

Bless the Girls

Girls will let you in and out of the house.
Girls will roll.
Girls will bounce.

Girls will jump the fence.
Girls jump back.
Girls will chase down anything that moves.

Girls will charge the limits, break through,
tumble sprawling, rampage through the
neighborhood, looking for what's happening.

Girls will work together, and tear things up.

Girls will talk to you for hours, and not
say a thing and say it all, all that needs
to be said.

Girls will sing to the moon with you,
or along with the sirens speeding past your window.

Girls will keep the world
safe from trash cans and people with
umbrellas, vacuum cleaners, or
other foreign accoutrements,
whoever is at the door selling
tires or solar, or leaving packages,
maybe pizza, but maybe
robbers!

Girls hoard their bones away where
other Girls can't get at them.
Piles of little bones, arranged on
their beds or under the furniture.

Girls will remove the squeaker
with surgical precision from
each stuffed animal, and pile them

up together, in little
impromptu altars to the
spirit of destruction.

Girls will show you their teeth.
They are good teeth. They are for
smiling and biting.

Girls will help you move.
Real Girls will help you move bodies.

Girls will do what you want
if you can tell them plainly.

Girls will run up the trail with you,
ride in the car with you, go where you go.
Your people will be their people.

Girls will curl up in the bend of your knees
at naptime, hang their head over your hip,
and rest their chins on your thigh.

Bless the Girls.
Girls will give you their entire lives.

