

## 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.