Small Town Girl

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Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol8/iss1/24

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SMALL TOWN GIRL
Meridith Brand

I awake to the warm touch of the summer sun on my face.
The grass smells sweet and new in the bright light
And I join the uneven line being silently digested
By a yellow bus.

In the halls, amidst laughter and jokes
I smile a smile that does not reach my eyes
And hope that friends do not see through me.
See me wish myself away from this place.

Long evenings with sticky ice cream and popcorn at the movies,
Watching the picture over again and again.
Pretending not to care that this is the only place to go on a
Friday (Saturday, Sunday, Monday . . .)
The days go on.

Under the secure sounds of Mother in the kitchen I watch, from
the window.
The divided highway snaking over hills to the metropolitan
beyond.
I picture myself solely following its path away. Cars flash by —
Red (Blue, Green, Yellow . . .)
The days go on.

Around me the town remains as unchanging as its people.
Only I, alone in my thoughts, am known to hate its security.
As suffocating days signal the end of Summer (Fall, Winter,
Spring . . .)
My mind teeters uncertainly — leave/stay/leave/stay/leave/stay
And the days go on.