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Utopia

Mary Sikorski
College of DuPage

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Sikorski: Utopia

I couldn't be delicate or demur, just too loud, drawing attention to myself that only embarrassed adult friends and family at gatherings, who would roll their eyes, whispering that I must get it from my mother's people.

And I did try to do better. I tried to stretch my hair at night so that it would grow and hang down my back. I tried not to eat so many sweets, so I could lose the weight now because it would only get harder as I got older, or so cousin Lilly would say, every, single, time, she saw me. I wish I had known the word "bitch," not that I would ever use it, but so I could think it. I tried to at least be quiet and sit still, so I could be seen and not heard, and stay out of grown folks conversations. I failed of course, miserably, and I was smart enough to know it.

RONDA CRAWFORD

