

To a Girl

Once you found your mother in the kitchen, staring at gas flowers
blue and flickering. You her only son, with opal eyes.

Once you fell asleep beneath the windows
in a blue dress, and your father came home early
in his trucker hat and stiff gloves.

Once, more than once, we danced in silk
and you wore rhinestones under moonlight in a garden,
stole some roses from the plenty. Once, more than once,
we sat on our steep rooftop and made plans to run away.
We stayed because the car died. We didn't last much longer.

I hope you saw yourself then, in the mirror or the moonlight.
I hope I gave you once or twice a single perfect rose,
when I bought you pretty things to wear and loved your silver eyelids
and pink lip gloss. Dance in starry rhinestones, girl I loved.
I wish that you were once, more than once,
a happy woman.

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