

Girlhood

I come from the heart of a flyover state.
I always know I'm close to home
when I can faintly smell a stockyard.
I think about how my upbringing
left a mark on me,
making me feel shame for wanting more,
for loving who I love,
for being materialistic instead of maternal,
for not feeling like home was right in front of me.
I didn't know how I was back then.
I didn't know what it felt like to love a friend like a sister,
to be vulnerable,
to hold someone's hand
while a buzzing needle
etched a flower into their elbow.