

TRINITY BELLWOODS PARK: GIRL

*“Rachel! Your bush is showing!
You’re not wearing any underwear!”*

Her body leans into the grass
with its bright legs

and high-waisted floral jumper comeback.
She spreads her fingers around a Pabst Blue Ribbon

and lifts her face.
She doesn’t know if she’s an American Apparel

mannequin or a woman with
a body she’s learning.

She wants every boy in the park, and none.
Yesterday she sat in front of the mirror

brushing her hair,
wondering what belongs to her.

She presents herself to the world
like an art show, different concepts

behind each look, hoping
the critics will elaborate.

Her last boyfriend
wanted it bare.