

Head

At the high school, one girl
says to another, *Dude*,
which is a problem of gender,
I only give head to get head,
which is a problem of justice,
a song and a dance sung and danced
by women I'm sure they never saw
in the Virginia Slims ads from the 70s
who had me fooled that *We've come*
a long way, baby, as long as
the answer I got about sex
from my mother, her potato slicer
stunned into a stillness so terrifying
I gave up and walked out
and into a time two decades later
when my friend said, With your hand
make the sign for "okay"
and into the hole slide his shaft
and with the fingers
nestle his balls, and I said,
Who's going to nestle my balls,
who's going to make a hole
where my frailty can hide,
which is the song and dance
of both justice and gender
I'm noticing more girls perform
with their bracelets, you know,
the ones twelve year-olds wear,

the pink and orange ones
like candy around their little wrists
saying how far they'll go
so everyone knows in advance,
so it's clear, where everyone stands
when we're singing and where
when we're dancing
so we don't mix up
who's doing who
and for what.