

Rebel Girls – May 2020

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May 2020

They raised a rebel girl--

She was loud,

And fierce,

And farted openly.

She loved her friends,

And wrote them letters

Telling them so.

She was a good judge of character,

But always kind

(And you'd never know it).

Boys were madly in love with her,
And her friends couldn't stop laughing
Because we had so much fun.

That's what it is to be a girl--
A good friend,
And wingman--
Dancing and laughing
Through adolescence;
A time
So perfect,
We wish it would never end.

You copied my homework,
And we became friends--
I don't think we knew why.

I don't remember the boys who hurt me;
I remember my friends
Who told me I was beautiful,
I was smart,
And they loved being my friend.

It seems so often these days,
Women are set in their own ways--
And merely jealous of

(Or hate)

Other women.

Was my school special?

Was there something in the water

That made us love each other?

I guess I'll never know--

Maybe people change as they get old,

(Or maybe they forget

What it was like

To feel alive.)

Rescuing me from my dad's house,

Running through the park,

Playing with the boys,

Watching them skate,

And letting them chase after us.

We were rebel girls--

Glorious,

Pretty,

Happy.

The boys loved us,

And we loved them.

We talked about them in letters,

About how much we liked them

(But we liked the bad boys better).

That's how you do it--

That's how you go to school;

We were no fools.

When it comes to other women,

Maybe we remind them

Of what it was like

To feel alive.

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