

## Don't Ask Where I've Been

The best part of being bad was knowing  
I'd do it again.  
Come home late,  
creep up the stairs in stocking  
feet, sweater sleeves flapping  
like wings. Scarlet lipstick hidden  
in my pocket.

Darkness softens sins when you're sixteen. Slipping  
away like a rudder broken loose. Running  
past playgrounds, crossing  
bridges of childhood.

While at the corner of midnight,  
a mother waits to press  
her hands to a daughter's face,  
sweet, full of light.  
Brush the cloud of hair falling  
wild on her shoulders.