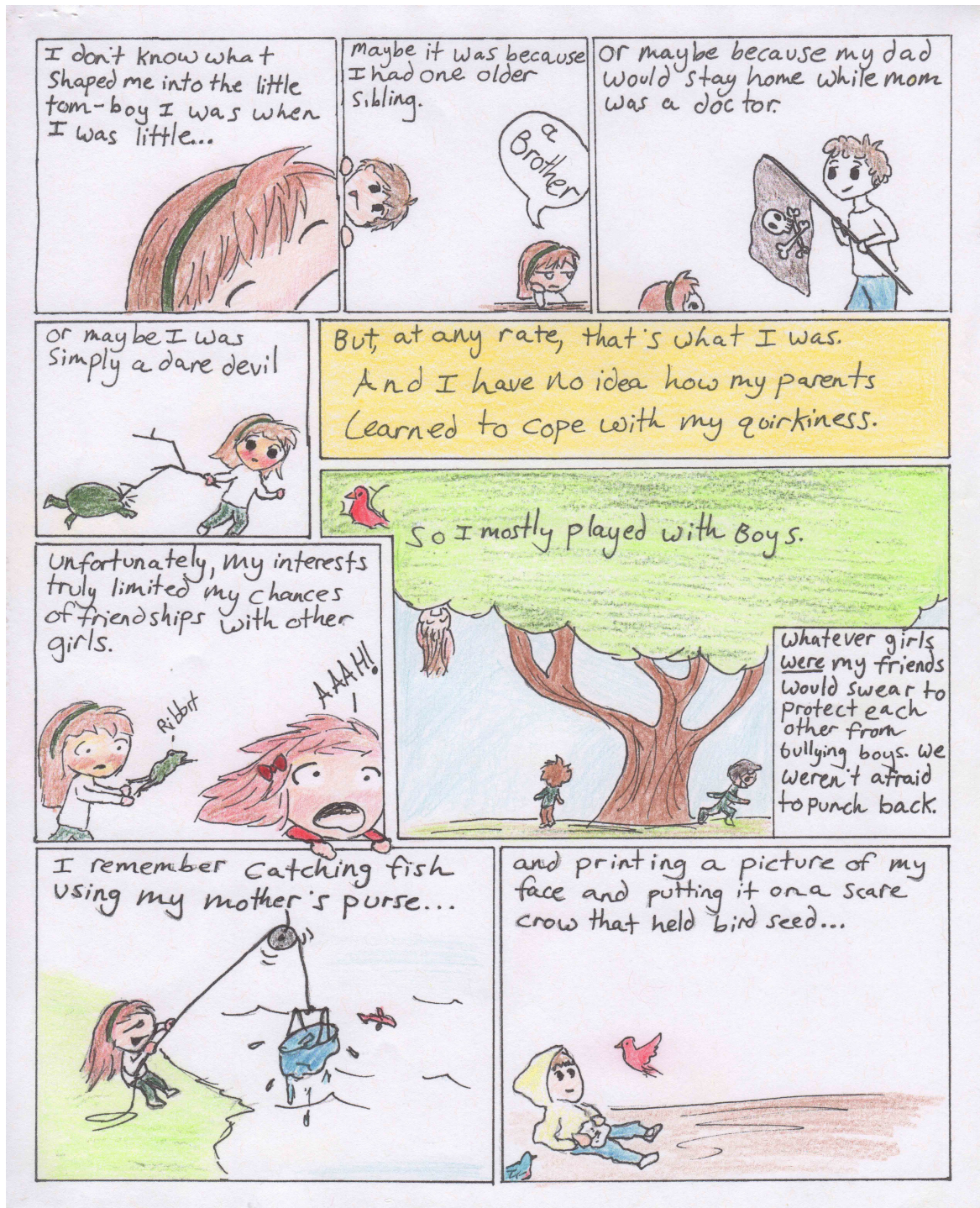# I'M THAT GIRL

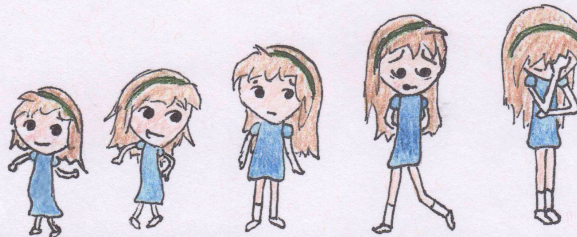and eventually trading places with the scare crow for hours, Watching birds eat from my hands.

I would wear boy's Sailor Shirts and skirt hybrids, So with a little unfolding I could reveal beautiful pants underneath.
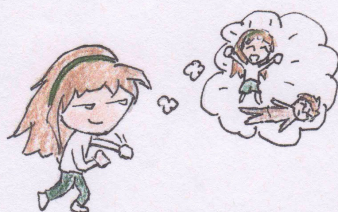
I remember only wearing a dress on Sunday morning and even then I would only consent to my blue, simple dress.

I wore that dress for years. and years.

By the end, it could have passed as a blouse.

Yep. That's who I was.

The girl who dreamed of winning street fights,

Preferred walking on her hands to her feet,

and couldn't be bribed to wear a dress more than once a week...

But also the girl who had a "wobbly-baby"

and thought butterflies were the best animals on earth

and I was proud of who I was. as a person. as a child. as a girl.

Eileen Wilcox