



Butterfly Girl
Aja Cenon



Why Then...

POEM BY ANTONIA FLORENCE

Charleston, South Carolina

Summer

Mud pies, rabbit tracking and other such fun.

I won't play with girls
because their dolls are stupid!

This weekend,
when dad came home,
he had to retrieve dolly from the storm drain,
thrice!

Why didn't he just bring me back a monkey, live?

Why

do you make me come in at the end of day?

I want to sleep under the stars,
swing on the up-curved tail of the moon,
dance, with the fire flies.

The one which maddens me the most,
clothes.

Kevin nor Peter have to wear shirts,

Why then do I?

I'll fit right in with the boys!

I have on two pair of shorts,
see? One with flowers;
these I wear for you.

Doesn't that count?

Fine!

If I walk s-l-o-w-l-y around the yard,
then... run behind the bush,
I can make a soft fluffy nest for the birds,

They asked me to,
out of my shirt!

You see, I am not a bad child,
just independent, strong and different.

Why then do I have to wear this dress
for this stupid picture?