

*'69 Mustang*

Standing in a semi-circle,  
They watch Mr. Stevens turn the ignition,  
Rev the engine.  
These men,  
They comment on the purr of the motor,  
    The cherry paint,  
        The polished chrome,  
But I can't see the beauty they see,  
So instead I look at the sky and the trees,  
    Or from a hairy forearm to  
        Oil- and grease-stained fingers.  
These markings of men.  
I shrink,  
Looking at my own hairless arms –  
    Stick arms,  
        Like a girl's arms –  
He wraps his hand around my shoulder,  
Asks what I think.  
I hesitate,  
Frightened that my delicate voice,  
    -- Fragile  
        Shrill voice –  
Will cut through their conversation,  
And reveal to them  
In sound and in word that  
I am an imposter here.