

Girls who fade

when the clocks change from girl to woman;
whose days scorch beneath the glare of imperatives:
grown up, now. Whose nights shrivel.

Moons bathe their dreams, reminding them
of their fox-faces, teeth and double tongues,
their clawed feet to race around the earth

before morning throttles their blaze.

Girls who rage in darkness, battling the gravity
wrenching them into pretty. Girls who howl.