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It Doesn't Really Change, Does It

Debra Galliher

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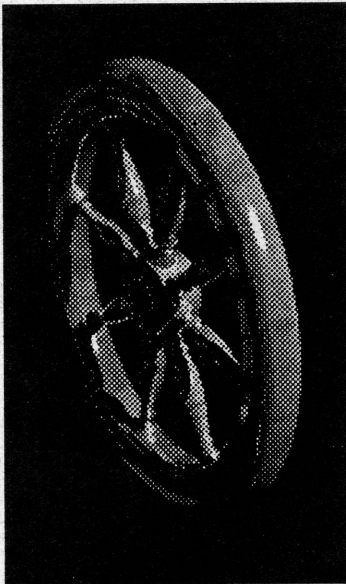
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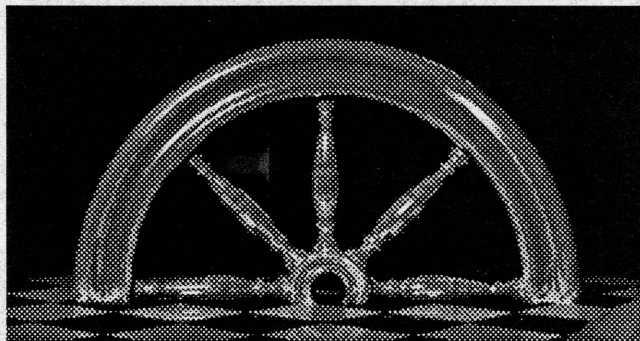
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It Doesn't Really Change, Does It.

Debra Galliher

You were just a girl then.
At seventeen you owned
your own football field,
a couple of hearts,
a bus-full of kids,
and an electric beauty kit
you put in your hair
every morning.
I barely know you
but proudly told anyone
of our sisterhood.
No one gave me their heart
in trade for my information.





Twelve years later
you shrunk your field
to two bedrooms
and a microwave;
you own outright two
fresh little hearts
who fill your car
with confined commotion;
you've loaned, and borrowed back,
your electric beauty kit to me,
who has burgled
a couple of hearts
a couple of times.