

Late To Find Me

MARGE PIERCY

In my adolescence, high school
and through college, I was amorphous.
I had not located my boundaries
or built them. If someone looked

into my eyes for long, I fell in love.
I cried at any sad story. Every time
I was moved by a novel or film,
I became one of the characters.

My body was a changing room
where I tried on heroines, villains,
victims. I was Romeo and then
Mercutio, but never Juliet. I knew

even then balconies were not my
forte. Every month a new role
to overplay. Mirrors told me nothing
useful. Lovers gave me scripts

I threw away soon enough. Then
I married a French physicist: between
those steel walls of tradition, I banged
my head and ouch knew myself.