1999, What I Wanted

by Mary Lane

That next thing in life. I just wasn't exactly sure what it would be.

To be grown. Even though I still acted like a child.

To keep up with the boys. I always had. I was proud of that. But breasts change things.

To drink these boys under the table. And I was a quick study.

My naiveté invisible to others. But that's like pointing to my nose (which is massive) and saying, “I don't have a nose.”

Just to be a normal, American girl. Or woman. Whatever that meant.

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