

My mother's mother's daughter

Upon first sight
it's easy to mistake me
for other than I am.

I get Discovery
I watch the lazy cats
Hard at work looking sleepy
on the plains and in the mountains
and I am not so dense
that I can't pick up
a trick or two.

I don't wear any
Abercrombie or Hollister
though I confess to
occasional Gap.

I also don't wear the
Black Flag or Mountain Justice
outside the house
mainly because they're a bit too small.

I carry my laptop in
respectable faux snakeskin
marketed for those
Grrrls Gone Corporate
who never sold out
but instead bought in.

The only indicators
to my constant state of
inner rebellion
are perhaps
the particular books
nestled like packing foam
on either side of my digital urn.

The songlists on my iPod
the tattoo on my shoulder
and the white hairs on
my mother's head.

But I may be wrong.

Maybe it's hard to see me
For what I am
Not for the cunning disguise
But maybe because
I feel
In no small way
a reflection of my mother.

She who was cursed
by her mother
my grandmother
at the apex of her own
adventurous girlhood
by intonation of these mystic syllables:

"I hope you have a daughter just like you some day
So you can understand what this is like."