

Elisabeth Murawski

Twelve, Awkward, with Shame

Through weeds and grass
father and uncle
walk behind her on the path

to the make-shift beach.
Such straight legs.
Her uncle says it

as if she couldn't hear.
Yesterday, she was happy
with her legs. She feels

the naked weight
of a man's eyes, clings,
unfinished,

to the child she was.
The day is hot and bright.
She dives into the lake,

kicks and kicks.
She'll not forget.
Betrayed

by a swimsuit.
It's her annunciation.
Ducks are drowning everywhere.