

Wanting to Be Lovely

Category: Poems

written by Kenneth P. Gurney | July 24, 2009

Breast budding, spring leaves,
twelve, too young for babies,
she grasps her pillow to her belly,
the smell of the first crocuses,
the last cardinal's song
echoes from the hawthorn.
The lemons whisper in her ear
before she squeezes, rubs
the rinds on her damp skin,
her hand touches nylon,
lace, a mirror image river,
a windowless desire:
the first stirring of her fingers
between her thighs, the robins'
annual return becomes monthly.

About the poet:

Kenneth P. Gurney lives in Albuquerque, NM. His poetry mostly appears on the Web, and his two self-published poetry books, [Writers' Block](#) and [Greeting Card](#), are available online. Gurney has participated in the University of New Mexico's [Arts-in-Medicine](#) program and hosts a poetry salon at his home twice a month. Other pleasures he enjoys: baseball, bicycling, hiking the desert and foothills trails, Scrabble and good conversation. Gurney's Website is www.kpgurney.me.

About the poem:

The image of a girl wanting to be adult came to me nearly fully formed out of the artistic ether, and I painted what I saw with words.

Poetry editors:

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