

Adolescence in Suburbia
by Melinda Burns

This is a poem for you
in your unhatched egg
your suburban quarantine
trapped in amber
aimless time
waiting out your teenage sentence

walking to the mall
to buy the frosted pink
lipstick you thought
might make the transformation
glasses in your pocket
preferring to squint

nothing to see but
look-alike houses and
rivers of cars
Poking at your hair
in the bathroom mirror
after tossing all night

on prickly brush rollers
and still
it goes up when you
want it to go down
and down
when you want it to go up