

GUESS I WAS JUST ONE OF THE GIRLS

Michael Estabrook

I'm thinking
about how it was 30 years ago
 we'd drive up to Nanuet
to visit Aunt Jean and Uncle Bobby.
Along car ride but worth it.
 I got to spend the day
with Cousin Sandy and her
girlfriends. They let me
hang out with them. They'd try
to teach me the latest dances
 and cool phrases,
tell me about their boyfriends, about kissing
 and petting in the woods,
about smoking and drinking beer.
And sometimes I'd walk along
behind them staring at their legs
 and cute bottoms
moving like rivers through the hills.
 And I'd fantasize
about them kissing me and letting me pet
them, but of course that never happened.