Pockabook

We made 2nd base out of
oak tree catkins.
        Mound of tumbleweed
        centered.

We made witch's brew out of
a hollow stump.
        Cauldron of acorns
        stirred with twigs.

We made microphones out of
Goody hairbrushes.
        Paddles of glittered plastic
        and shed hair.

We made pockabooks out of
mom's pockabook.
        Pouch of Binaca
        and Jackie O sunglasses.

We made cigarettes out of
candy cigarettes.
        Tuiles of cellulose
        and powdered tapioca.

We made adultness out of
pretense.
        We made it up until
        we believed it. We made

them buy it. We made work fun and
fun work and
        life work and work
        life and work work—

carrying our stirring twigs
like medieval torches,
        brandishing hairbrush microphones
        like ambitious witches, gripping candy cigarettes

like grown women, clutching dusk
like its acquiescence to night was our skilled negotiation—.
        Red rover, red rover,
        send her over—

to swim in an estuary
the size of
        our street corner.
        Fish swimming

like loose Velamints—
aspartame-speckled
        in the muddy shoals
        of mom's pockabook—

on its banks, shadows played
our game.
        Feints and steals formed a ceremony
        made up of sisters

and pretense
that time made
        real.