

Vinegar Girls

Poetry — Macy Petty

“Sweet girl” is what boys call me
Because I don’t know
How to play games
I can’t measure up to the subtle bite
Of wormwood
The raised brow
The cold rolling of an eye
I took sweetness and stillness
Dew on the grass on a cool Sunday morning
And distilled them into a perfume
That I could wear
But Granny was wrong
About flies and
Honey, thick like tears
And new pressed powder
And “too hefty” laughter
Vinegar girls do so much better