

The Dress Code

I should have acted up when I was young.
Who'll call the guidance counselor (she's not there)
if I shave off my hair or pierce my tongue?

Who'll keep me after class to ask what's wrong
(my father pinned my mother to the floor)
if I go goth or grunge? I've read my Jung;

the dream recurs, although the bell has rung
(the more she screamed, the less he seemed to hear)
and everyone's gone home. What good's a tongue

ring when you're old enough to know Freud hung
(she screamed until she couldn't anymore)
his hat on cases like yours? *The patient's young*

beyond her years. School's been out for so long
there's nothing where the building was but air
(Freud knew I'd see it all but hold my tongue).

Who'll put me in detention, where I belong,
or send a note home with me (no one's there)
if I shave off my hair or pierce my tongue?
I should have acted up when I was young.

- Caitlin Doyle