

## 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.