

Memo to Mean Girls Everywhere

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After you sign-on to U-Stream, and watch the backs of classmates
whose fronts you no longer recognize

You sense again you are missing the space, the spot, where,
if you finally stood, all the dots would light up, on the flick of the
master switch
and hook up the lines—like an old fashioned telephone operator—
in bright festoons on some ultimate social game board

You remember that feeling—
Being slightly off-center, outside ‘the group’—
A feeling you thought you’d forgotten, but realize
You’ve been carrying it in your pocket all this time, like a small, sharp
Stone whose edges kept fraying your clothes

You think that you are the one missing—

The right step

The magic spot

In the IM box, as we watch—from Provence, France, and Coasts East and West—
the shadowy backs and fronts,
the chat turns to how awkward we
were—the braces, the pimples, the dorky glasses—
and how we say we like ourselves now.

That space you have been missing—
by a silly centimeter or less
Was really them missing you
in their bumbling stretch for their own ‘right spot’:
The Girls
and their frenemies
were just looking for their own incandescence.