

Learning from Her

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A lot you could learn from her,
you thought.

Her coy method of copying answers,
charming the plagiarized
with her lopsided smile.

How she drove with a casual foot up on the dash,
while drinking a Coke & polishing a toe
in hot pink.

Her technique of cinching thrift-store clothes to fit,
& how she did as she wanted
not one step more—
with boys.

And the casual way she had of walking in chunky heels,
gesticulating broadly while blowing her loose hair
up from her face as she talked
about painters & poets, casseroles & profiteroles,
Led Zep, Lester Bangs, Leonard Cohen, the 27 Club—
about worlds that could open up
if only you knew—

Yes, that was the main thing you wanted
to learn.