

## *Late To Find Me*

MARGE PIERCY

In my adolescence, high school  
and through college, I was amorphous.  
I had not located my boundaries  
or built them. If someone looked

into my eyes for long, I fell in love.  
I cried at any sad story. Every time  
I was moved by a novel or film,  
I became one of the characters.

My body was a changing room  
where I tried on heroines, villains,  
victims. I was Romeo and then  
Mercutio, but never Juliet. I knew

even then balconies were not my  
forte. Every month a new role  
to overplay. Mirrors told me nothing  
useful. Lovers gave me scripts

I threw away soon enough. Then  
I married a French physicist: between  
those steel walls of tradition, I banged  
my head and ouch knew myself.