

At 18, Your Life Opens Up

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Sometimes, just
out of high school,
you hitchhiked to
your first boyfriend's,
sometimes didn't
bother with a bra.

A man once
offered a ride.
As you went to
open the car door,
he asked to touch
your breasts.

You said sure.

It's not as if
you were careless,
just curious as to
the next stop
on the roadmap
to all desires.

Back then, you
never realized there's
so little just
around the corner,
perfect life farther
out on the star
at the far edge
of the Pleiades,
light years behind,
not a chance
to catch up
to you now.