

Flight

there is a dress the color of Mangos.
as frail as a Butterfly's wings
it flutters softly on the mannequin
as though to fly away but resisting
-it'll suffocate loose arms around me,
-a cocoon
Mama-
i tug on her Starched sleeves,
can we-
she frowns, wrinkles hollow
she fills her purse with pebbles
to make it sound louder when she walks
-not today my darling-
i smile brightly as white Pebbles flash
with no trace of disappointment
i know Mama is counting
-she'd would have to put in her purse...-
the amount of Pebbles
to buy my Flight
i tug once more on her starched sleeves-
Main St caramels we can afford
three for a pebble
five for my siblings
she follows with a wary eye
still counting on her fingers
i know,
freedom is not cheap these days,
i'll settle for a caramel.