

Rebel

Once my mother stepped out
of her cotton swirl day dress
and turned into James Dean's girlfriend
in a baggy cashmere sweater
and tight denim jeans
rolled halfway up her calves.

Nelda's dishwater blond mother
arrived at our front door
wearing someone's Sunday shirt,
tails tied at the waist of her
rolled up dungarees,
carrying a cardboard pumpkin.

Our two masked mothers ventured
in the dark, ringing doorbells,
fooling friends who thought
they were a couple
of tough high school girls
making the rounds.

I stayed home eating Milky Ways,
Jujubes and Butter Fingers,
watching *I Love Lucy* with my dad
on our Bird of Paradise sofa
against the dark green wall
mother painted that morning.