

“Hawk Island Girl”

After Eve L. Ewing’s “to the notebook kid”

By Aliya Hall

*Quick change Girl
one hand out of your shirt
one leg out of your shorts
pulling the water suit over your neck Girl.
Ssssliding the rusted white van door open
Hot sss Hot Hot Girl
bouncing from foot to foot like a pogo stick Girl.
Laughter on the playground
smiles arriving on faces,
running to the worn-out tire,
dragging momma by the fingers Girl.
Chills going down your back swimming like a fish Girl.
Free Girl.
Underwater with silence
it brings you peace Girl.
Ropes trying to stop you
green water grass slime all over you
gets scared of every moment Girl.
Volley ball pit stings with hit,
thumps on the water pad,
bikes swooshing past
the wind whistles in your ears Girl.
Girl surrounded by so much but yet is so little
so amazed Girl.
Lunch under the roof at the holey tables
dropping chips for the birds to snack
Girl.
Fingers get stuck in the crack Girl
running to be back in the water
back to the green grass slime
back to dragging momma by the fingertips.
It’s time to leave Girl.
We will be back again
but we have to let the hawk
sleep on its island.*

