“Same Song”
Pat Mora (1942- )

While my sixteen-year-old son sleeps,
my twelve-year-old daughter
stumbles into the bathroom at six a.m.
plugs in the curling iron
squeezes into faded jeans
curls her hair carefully
strokes Aztec Blue shadow on her eyelids
smoothes frosted Mauve blusher on her cheeks
outlines her mouth in Neon Pink
Peers into the mirror, mirror on the wall
frowns at her face, her eyes, her skin,
not fair.

At night this daughter
stumbles off to bed at nine
eyes half-shut while my son
jogs a mile in the cold dark
then lifts weights in the garage
curls and bench presses
Expanding biceps, triceps, pectorals,
one-handed push-ups, one hundred sit ups
peers into that mirror, mirror and frowns too.

for Libby