

hunched at the foot of her naked bed
with arms embracing the final suitcase
erica wishes the room and the house with the yard
would fold into her pocketbook
she'd punch them in the trunk of the station wagon
complete with dog and debit card
far away from home she will be
by the weekend's end
lost without her mental map
or couch, or car, or friend
erica
moving out of home
and living on your own
moving out of home
and living all alone
erica
eighteen now
and weakly armed with a high school diploma
off to the quad all grass and brick and shady
erica
grown-up now
and purchasing clothes with her own goddamn money
aren't you big enough to be a lady
plastic dresser packed with ragged
socks and underwear
bumps against the window as they
speed to get to there
erica
moving out of home
and living on your own
moving out of home
and living all alone