

AT 13, WHAT GIRLS DO WHEN THEIR MOTHERS DON'T TELL THEM NOT TO

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It's true they learn voodoo so they might bind
a vagina quicker—with questions or spirits, spells
to conjure anything past lust—to a boy.

Their Ouija askings of last year: group hands on
the occult eye, strength in numbers. No pushing.

It's a portal, they've heard, like sex, straight soul
and body interactions on the board. They're ready. Their transitioning
Yes No and back again to *Is that you?* That had to be
a spiritual doorway stashed away. They knew too much. This board
left reading: try again another time. It's a summer
trip south to New Orleans—the girl, her friend, a back seat
Cosmo read. Contortions played out through the bumps
and pages of what sex positions get men going

best. In Madam Laveau's House of Haunts they choose to buy bone
from the inside of a witch's ear. Carved from Salem, Mass.

Use to *string around the neck*. It's guaranteed
the darkest of magic able to hear their skin-deep desires. Purpled
oils and salts mixed with blood pricked straight from a virgin
sheep's knee. *Savor these needs*. The girls want it all and hope
and secretly return with bone tucked between
breasts. It listens inside the shirt even when one of the girls

shouts from the top of a boy *I can have your babies now* and *Oh God Oh God* he thinks because she came home from vacation and sped up the process one night by shoving a broom between her legs and believing this is how to bleed before her time. The black magic market

of girls swapping what they know, handing out strokes of knowledge on how to do it best. Another girl swears the spread for the stranger is easy *Just open on command* but warns the pierce from the needle hurts worse. Torn with penetration. She faked her age to get it done. Probably illegal and still proud but this first part she doesn't mention. Same as when the last girl from the group swallowed needle after pinpointed needle trying to stitch her baby back to before creation. Her every teenage wish came true and she bled though no other girls spent time explaining to her where these other needles would go. Voodoo doll minus the ill-will. To be unprotected. An un-mother again. Unsuccessfully weaving this generation's virgin thread straight out of her body.