

T H E D R E S S C O D E



C A I T L I N D O Y L E

I should have acted up when I was young.
Who'll call the guidance counselor (she's not there)
if I shave off my hair or pierce my tongue?

Who'll keep me after class to ask what's wrong
(my father pinned my mother to the floor)
if I go goth or grunge? I've read my Jung;

the dream recurs, although the bell has rung
(the more she screamed, the less he seemed to hear)
and everyone's gone home. What good's a tongue

ring when it's not against the rules? Freud hung
(she screamed until she couldn't anymore)
his hat on cases like mine. *The patient's young*

beyond her years. School's been out for so long
there's nothing where the building was but air –
(Freud knew I'd see it all but hold my tongue)

Who'll put me in detention, where I belong,
or send a note home with me (no one's there)
if I shave off my hair or pierce my tongue?
I should have acted up when I was young.