**Gurl** by Mary Blalock

From Adam’s rib
it’s prophesied
I came,
but that’s his story

I’m walking on my own
down these streets
with a stop sign on every corner, takin’ my time.
I’ve got no place to go ’cept forward.

Down these highways without a road map,
down these sidewalks,
where the cracks want to
break my mother’s back,
where the city is crowded.
I’m walking on my own.

I’m not on a Stairmaster,
and I won’t wait for an elevator.
I’m taking the fire escape
to the top floor.

If I want to,
I’ll walk all around the world,
taking the long way
or the shortcuts,
’cross countries and through
oceans.
I won’t be swimming.
I’ll walk
on my own.