**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.