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## From Anonymous to Identifiable

Alicia Tosca

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## From Anonymous to Identifiable

*Alicia Tosca*

Knees scraped along bark as the lion tree  
sucked me into its embrace.

My mother hated that I climbed trees.

My mother hated that I climbed trees  
with the neighborhood boys.

The sun stirred in the sky,  
clouds melted apart,  
and there was fishing  
there was biking  
there was climbing—and lots of it  
there was fighting  
and, of course, too much pretending.

The sun followed me,  
spinning webs of time  
that clung to my bones and to my skin.

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Puberty crept in  
and with it came my curls—my genetically re-enforced  
femininity.  
A new wardrobe, a new set of friends, refined behaviors.  
Goodbye, hats.

Hello, headbands!  
No longer looking but looked at,  
baptized in my own hormones,  
I stand now on the roots of the trees  
that no longer suck me in.