

Meg Smith

Once, at Midnight

How girls steal their moments --
we did the worst thing ever,
stumbling over the shore of pebbles
in our prom dresses.
So dark, so caught in the planet of night --
just the skin of the shining moon,
with no one to steal our bodies. No whistles.
No bonfire of strangers, no sinister crackle.
If only it were thus in the daylight
on any street.
If only it were thus.

Meg Smith is a writer, journalist, dancer and events producer, living in Lowell, Mass. Her poetry has appeared in *The Cafe Review*, *Poetry Bay*, *Pudding*, *Beliveau Review*, and many others. She is the author of five poetry books. Her short fiction collection, *The Plague Confessor*, is due out in fall 2020 from Emu Books. She welcomes visits to megsmithwriter.com.