Girls' Club

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Bill Elgersma

They come,
in their ponys and tans
sleep-lined faces on some,
an afternoon nap
before this.

This . . . a gathering of stew
A team in a crockpot resembling a uniform.
Only in their similarities
are they different.
Here a left foot, there a brace,
black hair from blondes
and volume from quietude.

Oh, this is not the making of a team,
that would be a task too great to be expected.
No, this is just a group—a club
—the girls—they like to call themselves
as they lace up their boots to play.

For 90 minutes they escape the pressures of the day,
they shed the tests and papers, cheating boyfriends and lousy roommates.
The labs fade away, the job is not important.
Right now they return to their childhood,
where possessing a ball and beating an opponent
are the only skills worth knowing.

But there are no game faces here,
the girls are about giggling and laughing,
not so much performing as escaping.

As quickly as it starts, it is over.
The boots come off,
sweatshirts go on,
a few piggyback rides across the field,
while wrestling matches erupt sporadically.
The giggles, the laughter are tucked away
as they disappear over the hill,
preparing to go back to the world.

The girls’ club only holds session for 90 minutes
on the field.