 MY FIRST CONFESSION

Stephen Pfohl

I recall a time in which I wanted a baby sister but would settle for a doll, a simulacrum of a girl to play boy with. It was my third birthday and I insisted. My parents bought me the doll, a cute girl doll, frilled and feminine. At first I was gift, a delight to hear the sound moving about in become the subjection: worried and troubled asked, "Well have a doll to really sure that's want?" Eyes ing my desire, signs of a normal unease overtook myself, trans- other me ex- made abject. fessed, "the doll what girls want. longer." Smiles and ease re- body of a young adults. It was early nineteen-fifties and it was no time to play boy with a cute girl doll. There were imaginary Indians on television, snakes in the jungle electric and communists behind the curtain. Back to the toy store went my baby sister, an uncertain double replaced by a six shooting gun. Many wild sav- ages did I slay, each recording a continuous count notched upon the handle of my weapon; and each day felt better, the further I progressed from the shame of my first confession.

pleased with this my eyes. Then I of my parents the garden. I had ject of inquisi- eyes wondering voices that now that you play with are you what you truly upon me, judg- they waited for self. A strange me, I hid within formed. Some cluded, silenced, "No," I con- I had desired, it's This I want no burst the tension turned to the boy, hugged by America in the