

Impulse

By [Madison Godfrey](#) | 15 September 2022

Months later, I am still thinking about the two teen girls who saw me and knew I wouldn't tell. Everyone else in the supermarket was their mother. Every other mouth had a muscle memory snarl. Two girls huddled together like baby geese, that ran away the same season they learnt the softness of feathers. Whispering. Selecting. Spraying. Artificial flowers bloomed like factory fumes. Rotating. Sniffing. Too grown for giggling. Draped over spaghetti shoulders, the fragrance smelt like a sarcastic *sorry*. Maybe they used half the tin. Maybe I shouldn't have smiled. Standing in the same aisle, I felt precisely halfway between the girl with cigarette sleeves and the mother who grips the hoodie.

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<http://cordite.org.au/poetry/open/impulse/>

This poem also appears in:

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