**Ellie: An Inventory of Being**

I am Ellie.  
I am twenty years old.  
I am a student, but never a co-ed.  
A girl, afraid to be a woman.

If I stand very tall I am 65 inches high.  
I have blue eyes streaked with gray  
And tarnished brown hair  
That gets in them.

Sometimes I wear it in a bun  
And I am Emily Dickinson or Louisa Alcott  
Or in pigtails and play hopscotch  
In front of Mellon Institute.  
Or let it just hang,  
And run down Chapel Hill anyway.

I am a student, and a lady, and a child;  
Almost a woman, but always a girl.

I love rare steak and burnt potato chips.

I am older than Neenie,  
Younger than Lea’  
I love the smell of Arpege and mud flats.  
I drink tea with lemon and sugar with coffee.  
Daffodils laugh, but blue-bells depress me.  
I’m afraid of trolls.

I like raisins with oatmeal, and in the sun.  
I work the best under pressure.  
I like shiny fingernails and jazz, but  
I hate Altman’s and mini-skirts.  
I like small rooms lined with book, and braided rugs, and  
Pillows, because I like to sit on the floor.

I like fountain pens and brown notebooks and blue ink and  
I don’t believe in god, but I don’t tell  
Anyone anymore,  
And my children will go to church,  
Because I love Christmas.

I love pearls.  
I like garnets better than rubies,  
And topaz more than diamonds.  
But someday I want a diamond,  
And a gold band  
Forever.

But not just now.

Someday I want a girl named Jeannie and a  
Boy named Mike –  
But they’ll have to wait,  
Because I want to be a person first.

Subject to change.

I believe that women are more than equal,  
But keep quiet about it.  
I know that there are 435 members of the House of Representatives  
But I don’t understand why more of them  
Aren’t Negroes and women.

Rachel Carson and Margaret Chase Smith  
Were my high school ideals.  
Now I’d add (quietly) Jean Kerr.

I’m an anti-feminist.  
I love to travel alone.

I’m crazy about noodles and tuna fish  
And pizza with pepperoni and Jello.  
I hate clutter unless it’s books.

I love cozy slippers and lacy underwear  
And going barefoot in the mud.  
I make spaghetti in a popcorn popper, and  
Always add paprika.  
I am in love with chipmunks, pigeons, and  
4 x 6 envelopes.  
I read Dickens and Ferlinghetti.

I love wind and rain and snowmen,  
And Baroque music and Barbara Streisand,  
Even if she’s trite.  
And I don’t like earrings or hairspray  
Or soap operas and I adore commercials.

I love fireplaces with real fires,  
And front porches with creaky swings  
And noisy typewriters.

I like strawberry milkshakes and frosted lipsticks.  
I’d like to be cultured, but love WABC  
And I daydream at the symphony.

I love to get dressed up,  
But I don’t waste time doing it.  
I hate alarm clocks and television sets  
But I couldn’t live without them.

I’d rather walk than ride  
But I’ll drive anywhere.  
I’m honest to a proudly-self conscious fault,  
And I’m corrupt to a deeper meaning.  
I wish sex were leagal –  
But I went through a phase  
Of wishing human sacrifice were too.

I don’t want to grow up  
But I’m scared to stay young.

I eat too much, sometimes,  
And talk too much, often,  
And wish I could sleep too much, always.

If the world were a stage  
I’d feel more comfortable in it.

I’m a loner, but I love being lonely.  
I’m a conformist, except when I think.  
I have horrible nightmares, and wild daydreams,  
And I couldn’t live without either.

I spend too much money on velvet hair ribbons  
And funny cards and books of plays.  
Hamlet and Antigone are my ideals, but  
Creon and I are one.

I think too fast.  
I hate grease paint, but I love crowds.

I love Degas, but I don’t think I like  
Horses or ballet.  
I’ve always wanted to be the first woman president,  
And a marine biologist,  
And literary lioness,  
And an archaeologist  
But I’m allergic to dust.

I don’t want anyone to understand me,  
But people think they do  
And they’re probably right.

If I were rich the first place I’d go  
Would be Scotland.  
The second would be Stratford  
And the third would be Disneyland.

I need someone to need me  
Because then I need them too.  
I’m a deadly realist,  
But I pretend to be idealistic.  
I used to think there was no such thing as love,  
Now I’m not so sure.

I never want to go to the moon,  
But I’d love to see penguins.  
I’ve always felt that horses  
Were incomplete zebras.

I’m funny  
But most of the time it’s intentional.

I get migraine headaches.

I either love or hate October and March;  
I haven’t decided yet.  
I like men who know that  
Women are people too,  
And I hate crew cuts and red hair.

I’m a drama major because there are only five of us.  
I support the minority, but  
If I were Jewish, I’d be a conservative.  
If I were a Democrat, I’d be liberal.  
I’m in favour of staying in Viet Nam  
But I hate war.

I may be in love  
And it scares me,  
But he doesn’t.

I love to see the sunrise,  
But I hate to get up in the morning.  
I’m perennially frustrated  
Because I can’t know everything,  
And I’m annually concerned about self.

My name is Ellie  
And this is 1967.

-Eleanor Wait