

Pam, I am
by
Pam Garrett

I am Pam
short, simple and to the point
Not fancy like the other women
in my family-
Agnes, Barbara, Maxine

My father named me Pamela Gail
but no one knows why.
I think he pictured me a Southern Belle
all decked out and headed for
a debutante ball
I would never have

Instead, I became Pam
rough and tumble
who got just as dirty as the boys and
was the first one on my block
to bust open my head and get stitches.

In high school, they called me Pambo,
a senior who strutted around my tiny school
getting into everything,
including smoking in the girls' room.

In college, I became Pamikins,
some version of Archikins
that my 'Veronica-style' college roommate
thought was just adorable.
Her name was Susan
but we always called her Missy.

After college, I became Pammers,
an outgoing, give-it-all-ya-got kinda girl
not afraid to stay out late
on a Friday night

Now, I am Pam again
Zesty as the cilantro
that grows in my backyard
yet plain as salt and pepper