**Call the 800 number**

I dial the number

for missing and exploited children

to report myself

they send me

an age enhanced portrait

to show me what I might

look like

now

but I don’t recognize

anything about my bone structure

I don’t see any trace

of that girl who

promised she would

jump off that rickety bridge someday

I turn the photo sideways

then walk outside

to study it in the porch light

all through dinner

everyone asks me why I’m so quiet

later at night

I study the cold case

open the forensic self

I’ve kept under the bed

I read notes

about the closed mouth

of survival

I cancel all the interviews

that demand to know

if there are any new leads

I burn the only map

back to myself

I take out an old photo album

place it on my lap

and tell my grandson

“yes, that was me, when I was a girl”