Extra(ordinary) Skin

Elizabeth Campbell

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Extra(ordinary) Skin
by Elizabeth Campbell

The world
 taught me how to
look at my reflection
 and feel

distressed
 by the dimpling
 of the skin
 lining my thighs,

apologetic
 for the curves of
my baby-bearing hips,

ashamed
 of the flesh
 bulging
 above my blue jeans,

 and
 weary
 of the stretch marks
 adorning
 my moody breasts.

God forbid
if the right one matures
 before the left,
if it sags from the weight
 of gravity,
and swells from the bites
 of my baby’s teeth.

God forbid
if instead of cringing
 when the scale
 refuses to
 light
 up
 skin and bones,

I choose to
 exalt
 the
 (thick)
 skin
 I’m in.