Stainless Steel Suit

I awake again. The previous awakening at 2:30 a.m., not so distant in the past. I stand naked in front of my most flattering mirror and take inventory. Yes- fuck- wrinkles still there. I can see those two new pounds as if they are flares on my hips.

I am trained to see this part of me, not by society, but by the man considered by my people, to be outright ugly, yet with an old rocker, druggie vibe. I mean hair down his back. It's so long, it's always in a ponytail, with a greaser's mustache covering *his* smile lines to his chin. I used to like it shoulder length and it would graze my nipples as he athletically pounded into me. He, the last farm-animal-strong man I fear I'll ever fuck.

I smile at this me in the mirror. Make a silent deal to be a true self-friend, and slip on my stainless steel suit.

I look again and I am still naked, but brush finished. My eyes beseech me to be me, to fly with the birds, regardless of this ensconcement.

I think nothing gets past this supposed imperviousness. I must have wanted it to happen as I still blush in memory. Some visceral imperative, or-oh shut up- horniness- oozed out from under the stainless steel suit that day at the pool.

The mean ugly one's judgement envelopes my towel wrapped, one- piece-swimsuit clad body. Protected by steel, though, I stand to drop my towel and slip on a Tee. The man I had been toying with that day, sitting on the bottom of the chaise beside me, turns to talk. The opinion on his face slams me. I purr.

Was there arching on my part? Did he lean into my sex? Did we collide or meet? Slow motion heads turned eyes to look. And I still don't know.



BEAUTY IS IN THE BROKEN

The tides come in affirming life Fierce high waves deposit treasures tossed and turned within their surroundings

Low tide's gifts, exposed, sparkle And cry out, "Pick me, I'm pretty!" But every thing I see, I touch, has beauty Especially the little pieces

The broken ones give hints as to what they once were and now are something new It's all part of the whole

Life is lived in the ebb and flow

I Will Stay As Long As I Can Or As Long As I May

At this moment I am vulnerable, reveling in the depth of this feeling.

Listening to romantic Italian songs

Cleaning my room of his skin cells left behind.

Swaying to the tunes my inside seventeen-year-old girl sings. Free

both salvaged and vanquished

All doors open to every color

Sometimes I can't breathe surrounded as I am with hue.

Throw myself on the bed laughing like I've been tickled. Happy today, alone now, positively beautifully grateful. It's on it's way.

More than a shift, a profound turn in Reality

But, because of you I remember my open, juicy, starved, giving-soul, and mind-loving mentality.

I share this. I give this. I am to be replenished. I have been waiting. I ask for that. I do not get it—at all

so I'm going somewhere else.

Else.

Let go of me. I'm going. I am.

The grief is inky tar, stuck in when I roll back. Like fear. But it happened. I have to visit it. I won't shine it up or change the dialogue. There is no wrong, just

No.

Tuck this great memory

deeply away, knowing

One always remembers their first love of any age. Especially if he is strong and aloof, bristling and separate in his own atmosphere. A bad boy.

Not to be shared.

I did not pierce.

I can't.

I may not.