

BODYPICKING AND BAD POSTURE

BY ASHLEY HOWARD

I could have been so beautiful

But I'm not.

Instead I hunch on and over bathroom counters listening to avoid getting caught.

Under clinical LED slabs, lightbulbs in knots, or just any that provide a clear view of my skin.

Not smooth like porcelain or pristine like fair maidens

Instead I madden over every bump, rise, and discoloration.

In a trance without a trace of what's to be done and waiting on my to do list bar none

I dig, scratch, rupture, all I see fit.

Where I could have stood like the enchanting Greek statue

I slouched and slagged any assests that could've properly grown into their size.

Instead I am the envious Medusa

Grotesque and experiment-esque as an unfinished sketch

with face, arm, legs and breast wrought with pencil strokes curved as nail imprints,

splayed out on crumpled sand-toned paper

Regretful I never straightened myself out.