

She knew me when she made my body

Ten toes, ten fingers clasped hers
His bright eyes on my face, etched,
Bloomed and branded,
It's a boy.

Her gentle whispers stitch his name
Around my body, tugging
Seeping sounds surround my breath
Stretches still, clenched to tiptoe in between

Pink and pretty is for girls, only
Her words grinding me to sharp and cut
This bodice bursting at his bulky seams
But what to do with his eyes

She said her heels couldn't fit
I wore them cradled loosely, tiny timid feet free to move and shift
My rough, clanking march around his pyre summons her
Wailing knocks her to her knees

She held us then, together, until
The fuzz on my cheeks turned rough, sweeping him over
This face that is his, and mine under his eyes I simmer and swell
Then sputter and beg but she says men don't cry

I surged and seized his ten fingers and toes,
Blazed our nails acrylic red
My body breathing bare release, she blinks
She knew me when she made me