

The Same Cloth

(content warning for self-harm scars/fideation, body image issues)

My likeness stares into me	Devastation behind her irises
The stomach creases where my fat folds	I had torn holes in her painting
Stands its ground as I	Ripped the portrait
Bend	Like it was mine
Twist	Like I was the one who spent nine months
Thrash	Smearing oil on blank canvas
Begging the layer of blubber to dissipate	Making it my own
My bikini line is red, indented	She never got any say in what hues stained my cloth
Hairs peak out of their follicles	Once I was freed from her womb
I attack with tweezers	I smattered myself with any paint I liked
My skin's in the way	a belligerent child with no knowledge of color theory
Hemline cuts the crease of my leg	Father called it a mistake the first time
Fingers graze raised stripes	He rarely says things so foolish
Decorating the length of my thighs	My fingers, numb as he spoke
I asked Mother if I could swim in leggings	We talked outside
Said I didn't want Brother to see scars she knew about	It wasn't on my terms
Suspicion in her eyes	Conversations for him
She let the pants slide	To feel he's doing something
Leggings absorb water	To feel he has control
Limbs bulky	Control over me
A skinsuit	My being
Crafted with nylon and plastics	
fish catch in their gills	Speaking in new territory
 	Full of piss that isn't mine
She made me show her the next day	Predators lurking in the foliage
Barcodes stretching across cellulite	With expectations of
Raised, rosy gashes like I fell in a thornbush	Excellence
I remember it was April	Stability
The rest fades	Over-achievement
Tears melting into face lotion	
A sensation that refuses to leave my mind	Waiting to claw fresh marks into
Salt down my cheeks	Empty canvas arms
Dissolving cream into pores	
	They look so bare