

In the Mirror

When I wake in the morning
I drag my body to the bathroom and
Watch my double in the small rectangle mirror.
My eyes travel down their draw line to their neck
Eventually landing on their chest.
I unclasp the back of my bra and watch as
Both breasts fall from the pockets they laid in
Hitting the skin underneath and drooping towards
The floor. I stare at my uncolored stretch marks
Jaggedly running down each breast starting below
My collar bone and ending near my areola.
It's weird to see something attached to your body
That doesn't feel like it should be there. Heavy sagging
Sacks hanging by my elastic but breaking skin.
But worst of all
They make me feel
Feminine.