

by Ingrid M. Calderon-Collins

Tell me I'll be beautiful when I'm 93? / that I'll burn with a knowing /
that my bones will stop hurting / tell me I'll finally be beautiful when I go
blind / don't fret / stay beautifully blue, she says, from across the ocean

no smooth young thing, I was born old / no breasts declaring Heaven /
they know of their demise, and descend to Hell / it's better there / it
imitates my furnace / my uterus / the one that'll never fill / the one that
bleeds on thighs / leaves trails behind

She tells me I belong next to her / I tell her I belong topless in a jungle /
that time is an illusion and timelines don't exist / that serenity is loud /
that love is a choice and I choose to hate myself / that I want to get gone /
get lost / come back / and do this thing all over again / only this time /
make me beautiful / make me a Los Angeles sunset / take your time /
give me wings / an array of things / make me infinite / a sight from eyes
to toes / make me, me / only this time / get it right