

torn canvas

hands resting on my hips from behind / a foot grazing against my calf underneath
a table / fingers brushing over my breast when i look away / resting / grazing /
brushing / water runs down my body but the marks / they never fade from
my skin / my hips are a vibrant red / i avoid white shirts in fear of the red staining /
and turning my laundry pink / my calf shines a sky blue / forever feeling a cold
that will never thaw / while my breast turned a blinding white / that no one but me /
will ever see / as i avoid every mirror / when i slip off my shirt / and keep my gaze
trained away from the reflection / to save my eyes from the painful sight / of innocence lost