Sex

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/7
Think of it as a mirror,
not that kind attached to the ceiling of a cheap motel,
but the kind that looks beyond the image
and makes you feel every inch of your body with your eyes.
The kind of mirror that’s in a dressing room:
360 degrees of pure truth that you wish wasn’t so honest.
You blame the cellulite on the lighting,
and the stretch marks on the funny angle.
The course grey carpeting under your feet
seems to be moving—spinning around and around,
making sure every inch of your naked body is exposed.
This mirror, that supposedly shows your reflection,
is nothing more than another way to keep you down;
Lay you down on the ground
as that grey carpeting scratches your back
and leaves marks that last for eternity.
Passion takes over as your stare into the glass.
Your heart beats faster and faster,
pounding inside your exposed chest.
You hate what you’re seeing, staring back at you;
But you never turn away from the mirror.