

reflection.

Michaela White

I'm just sitting.

I'm sitting in the bathtub. My knees are up against my chest and I can see the scrapes on them,

My arms are wound around them, my veins showing through, my knuckles scarred, and

I can feel my ribs through skin though I am not touching them.

A few feet away my phone goes off, again and again,

People asking questions, looking for solutions I can't even find for myself--

For once I ignore it.

Water drips down my face, moving around the hollows of my eyes,

My freckles are stark on my paper-white skin, and I know that I look strange,

That I am a strange creature here and now and always,

Sitting in this bathtub with water running down my body, hair in my face,

Trying desperately not to think of anything.

I stare at the tiles of the wall, but they don't stop it.

The only color left is my bruises.

I wish I was not in love with color.

I am a strange creature. Believe me, I know.