

You're Going to be a Ballerina

Krista Baker

Her body was cold,
bitter like the winter wind,
or the bile she could always taste.
She looked into the mirror every day
waiting for a swan to stare back.
For hours she would strain her body
trying to mimic a fish in water,
trying to form and contort to please,
to show her mother she's floating.
But any naked eye could see her drowning
in the ocean her mother threw her in.