

Body Art

Kim Kile

I have no need for tattoos
for my belly's stretch marks grew stronger
and bolder with each baby. Dots
of chicken pox scars mark my cheek
and jaw. A thin white line
on my left pinkie the remnant of my sister's
anger and a slamming door.
A perfect line the width of a razor
up my right shin, a shadow
of my mother's BIC Lady Razor.
Incision marks on both shoulders,
battle wounds of motherhood.
A canvas of scar tissue,
created over time
and catching the fade.