

Skinburn

by Andrle Pence

I wrinkled my face up
in the glare and the warmth of the sun.
I baked easy in the hovering heat
and my spot-speckled skin ate
up the rays and swallowed deeply.
It held its red-glow indigestion in
until the end of the day, when I thought
I'd escaped the whip of my foolish lack of sunscreen.
Then, taking its time all like a Polaroid,
where my sleeves had been peeled up and tucked,
where my neckline ducked flirtatiously,
where my rolled jeans had abandoned the pale
and protected winter-youth flesh of my legs,
the burn set in and saturated like a spill on a paper towel.
Spots crispy and uncomfortable to move,
too hot to touch, too sensitive to rub against.
I wrinkled my face up
and smiled, living in the burn.

