

She Looked In the Mirror And Saw Something Different

by Robert Crisman

Roanne! Good goddamn... Even raw as she looked coming out of the jail, the woman left echoes. Her skin, a soft olive sheen, richly buttered, though paler now than God had intended--it *glowed*. You wanted to nuzzle it, taste it. Her eyes were black pools; they'd size you up, drink you...

That smile on her face at age 29 on those days that she smiled, the play of emotions, mischevious, secret... You wanted to see through her eyes.

You know what, though? She had no clue about any of this, the impact she carried. She knew she gave the boys woodies but, hey. Who knew where that came from? She got her notions of female beauty from rock vids and that shit, then looked in the mirror and saw something different.

Her legs were too short...

The idea of beauty as fashion according to corporate dictate--good dopefiend thinking.

