Wrinkles, Men and Shades of Gray

by Tiffany R. White

You stand in the mirror. You see yourself. You stand sideways; your profile is always your best. You tuck in your stomach, you stick out your ass but it's the same. You stand face front. You shiver. The mirror adds weight to your already sagging breasts, the wrinkles shrivel your forehead; you wipe your brow. There are little brown speckles peppering your cheeks. Some protrude. You scratch at them, picking away the years.

You lean in close to yourself and trace the fullness of your face with a finger. You never meant to get fat. You never meant to get old. The mirror spits the image back in into its place. In your mind where your old limbs outstretch to receive him. Where he kisses your lips, parted slightly. Back in your mind where he awaits before she took him, with her brown hair, smooth face, naïve eyes.

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