

Real

I am my cascading curls,  
The moles beneath my eyes.  
I am the acquired bruises,  
The existence of my thighs.

I am the beating of my heart,  
The emotions that I feel.  
I am the lone eyelash on my cheek;  
I am fathomless, I am real.

I am the tears that stain my face,  
The wrinkles by my lips.  
I am the unevenness of my skin,  
And the width of my hips.

I am the weight that I carry,  
The crevices in my heels,  
And the crooked teeth in my mouth;  
I am fathomless, I am real.

I am the cracking of my ankles,  
I am the knots in my hair,  
The thoughts in my mind,  
And the clothes that I wear.

I am the person I am,  
And I am nothing to conceal.  
I am me top to bottom;  
I am fathomless, I am real.