a bubble bath

Lydia Cowan

Western Michigan University, lydia.g.cowan@wmich.edu

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LYDIA COWAN

a bubble bath

small popping against your skin
the water now clear
the
drip
drip
drip
of the faucet
ice cold
against your toes
you see your body in the water
a light blue tint of flesh
you see your:
stretch marks
scars
freckles
cellulite
rolls
greasy hair
wrinkles
body hair
bruises
pimples
and unpainted nails
all cocooned in the lukewarm water
you don’t hate what you see
you don’t love it
you accept it.

you emerge from the cocoon
the diamond rivulets
running down your flushed skin

you unplug the drain
a tornado of water
released in the pipes
the
drip
drip
drip
silenced.
you pick up the now empty plastic bottle
from its place on the shelf
the label worn from over-usage

the soapy liquid
for sensitive skin
has finally run out

you aren’t happy
you aren’t sad

you accept it.

because you can take a bath without bubbles now.

Lydia Lower