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My Body

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Childhood
Casey Kerns

I sit on the table
my dad fashioned—my old bedroom door
soaking in still silence of the back pasture.
Remembering youthful days.

Red and blue paint
covers green house siding
hammered to tree trunks
  A makeshift paintball course.

Empty cans hang from branches
by bright orange twine
  secretly cut from hay bales.

Childhood laughter haunts the clearing
where we built our saloon.
Old milk jugs filled with water,
nails driven through lids
form water-taps.

We trade monopoly money
for Safeway bags of pinecones:
  ammunition for the coming war.
We crawl through mud, Camo-clad, armed with BB guns
Preparing for battle.

The crackling of burning needles awakens me.
I hear my dad call out.
The last of my memories is thrown
onto the trailer and driven
to the burn pile.
The childhood that I once knew,
slowly turns to ash.

My Body
Anonymous

Ross and Nordstrom have two attributes that are very different, their shoppers. Walking into Nordstrom I was immediately aware of my faded, baggy ten-dollar jeans, gray high school sweatshirt, mud stained Payless shoes, and high messy bun. Maybe it was that sexy Vince Camuto dress or those Gucci pumps that drew me into the world of high fashion. The employees didn’t even bother with talking to me, one look at the pull string backpack I converted into my purse and they knew I wouldn’t be buying anything. I would never spend over two hundred dollars on an article of clothing, much less two thousand on a pair of shoes. At any rate I have some weight to lose before I buy any overpriced sexy dresses!

My legs are too fat. There in Nordstrom I decided to stop being a waste of space among my glamorous dreams and start working on my body. I am in no way fat; I want to be fit and not have huge hips! I did think I was fat in middle school. But that is where a lot of my idiosyncrasies come from. As I push myself to be able to do a pull-up my mind wonders if I will ever completely rid myself of my fear of popular girls or at least fit in with them. They are that small group of the prettiest girls that wouldn’t be caught wearing anything but a brand name, never have bad hair days, and daintily carry their Coach purses. I of course have never been in this tight group. Most of my life I wore hand-me-downs or anything that was on a “50% off” rack. Even if I managed to find something slightly trendy, my hair was a disaster. Normal people can brush their hair and it will turn out at least presentable. If I do, my small head could be three times as wide and my hair would still cover it.

Sometimes I wonder why I work so hard to fit in. Then I remember I have one main goal, to be the best! I am not sure if that is a good goal or not. I simply have to be good at something or why would anyone like me or want to be my friend? Though I can’t afford expensive clothes, I am always on the lookout for a good deal. There are two other girls on the ellipticals. One wearing lime green Under Armor workout shorts, a matching top, and custom made Nike Frees. Her friend shows off her toned legs with yoga pants, a pink Juicy
Couture hoody, and bright pink and black Nike Shox Turbo+ running shoes. They are out of my league, so I don't talk to anyone. I only check to make sure I have a higher resistance or run faster and longer than them. I usually can't; I just cover the numbers with my towel.

If I start a conversation, someone might get annoyed and notice how slow I run. How do people run and have conversations? It is hard enough just to run! I get scared I might say something to bore or bother them. That night in their dorms they would laugh about that crazy girl in the workout room, “That lazy girl was so annoying, didn't she get the hint to shut up?”

“Yeah! Did you see her shoes??” The other girl would say as her group of plastics let out high shrieking sounds that resemble laughter.

I don't talk. They might actually be nice girls, but I start lifting and try to go unnoticed. Just one more set! You can do it! You will be mad at yourself if you give up now! I work my hardest when I am in a group. I don't want the others to beat me. I have to stand out as being better, or at least not being the slacker. My body is in no way large or flabby, but I am never content with the work I put in. I must make it better! I will be able to run five miles without getting tired. My legs will be normal sized.

Five years from now I plan on being two sizes smaller. I will be looked at as a potential buyer when I shop at Nordstrom wearing their latest Prada Heels and beautiful Coach purse. But today I wish and work to reach my goals.

Beauty Queen

Monica Logan

Her smooth, shiny skin is perfect.
No blemishes
no stretch marks
no wrinkles
no scars.

Beautiful.

Her hands are open and slightly curved, waiting for something to fill them.
The tall silhouette stands upright, creating a shadow of flawless poise.
Without any shoes, her feet point expectantly for the frame of a high heel.
Beautiful.

Her face is fair and pristine, always wearing a smile.
Even if her clothes mis-match or hang open, she still smiles.
Even if her arms break or head falls off, she stills smiles.

Beautiful.

Her lips never part to object.
Her eyes never seek the sun.
Her body never twists or twirls on her own.
Still beautiful?