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Volume 19  
Issue 2 *Forbidden* (2010-2011 Issue)

Article 2

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5-1-2011

## Still Perfection

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### Recommended Citation

Tucker, Micaela (2011) "Still Perfection," *The Promethean*: Vol. 19 : Iss. 2 , Article 2.  
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol19/iss2/2>

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# Still Perfection

Micaela Tucker

If you want to be her  
Stop breathing  
Exhale until flat

In the beginning  
Two women were formed  
From a rib and from mud

Woman of rib was cursed  
To never be satisfied  
With every breath

Desiring transparency  
She stopped feeding  
Her boned soul

Woman of mud  
Burned into delicate  
Glass

Breathless  
Beautiful  
Flat

All women were  
Not  
Created equal

Her boned soul  
Needed  
Needed breath and blood and flesh

Glass frame  
Lived without want  
Breathless

Futile attempts  
To be perfect  
Thinned the skin

Bones protruded  
Every fucking bone  
Bovine

Curse the day  
Blood entered my veins  
Preventing porcelain perfection

Women equal when broken  
Glass shattered  
Ribs still