Cursed Curves
By: Katie Garza

Empty and Alone a woman stands
Her mirror sits on a wall colored bland
Afraid to look, fear of what she may see
The reflection portrays who she doesn’t want to be

Ghostly pale skin on a lumpy frame
Her heart is tired of playing this game
Her mind highlights the imperfections
As her eyes work on the body inspection

Beauty is an abstract ideal
To the woman whose curves are far too real
The lumps and bumps and marks and scars
Show the monster she is, up close and afar

Women envy her curves, yet they don’t know
What it feels like to have every curve be a show
No one understands her wretched hate
Of the lumps and curves she received from fate

The reason of despair cannot be simplified
To one explanation, although she’s tried
In her mind, she knows that she is sick
To base her appearance on the critiques of her rapist

He loved her curves all too much
He showed that with his perverse touch
She will forever hate anything he loved
Believing it’s the only way to rise above

At times, she restrains from eating food
Like he did to her wrists when rape was his mood
Other times, she eats and eats and eats
To drown the pain of being his meat

Externally, nothing seems to change
Her body not showing her mind is deranged
Winning at this point is quite futile
So in the mirror she shows her self-betraying smile