

# *To the First Lover Who Saw My Scars*

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You enveloped me in nights of silky sheets, naked,  
hungry hands on every inch of smooth real estate.  
The room was midnight, so dark you might forget my body  
is marked by stories I am forced to wear tattooed on my skin.

You held me, but you did not touch my scars.  
You loved me, but you did not favor my scars.  
Imperfections you painted into glittering, godly stars,  
like I am blank canvas meant to be layered in art that's not mine.

You covered them with your eyes squeezed shut,  
as if their ugly were contagious, unworthy of your lusty lips  
to bestow their wet kisses. My scars are deeper than raw flesh,  
settled within the marrow of these crumbling bones.

In the shower, I can't decide what's water or tears, feel foreign skin  
pulse under the heat of hands that once tried to scratch the scars off.  
In the mirror, I search for your label sexy, inspect each of your masterpieces,  
my skin now a sky chart of empty space and your impressive constellations.

But my scars are not yours to disguise  
because I can redress my own wounds.  
My scars are not yours to vanquish  
because I am a map of the uneven road I followed here.