Skin

David Sapp
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I was smooth, white, warm milk, thick, heady cream decantation, poured into this skin of mine, unchipped, florid, howling pitcher.

I was a downy, baby bunny pelt, but this pink hide never fit, a husk wriggling and fidgeting with every skulking breath; no respite.

I was a young, hairy beau, a skin stretched tautly over itching muscle and bone, steel epidermis, polished auto body, a waxed metal rind wrapped around revving, puerile motor gears, peeling across an asphalt thigh.

I was a plastic scabbard sheath, ribbed and lubricated bark dissuading me from intimate lapses and too eloquent caresses.

I was a Greek hero in lustrous bronze patina, then a tarnished, hollow warrior collecting bleeding cuts, pithy scars; hard, callused dents and rust, dead crust; and bruises, brilliant pupura, in the gleaming, blue, indigo, violet, aquamarine.

All became archaic myths worn, old yarns scratched in calfskin parchment codex, ponderously heavy in museum dust.

And now this skin hangs about me, a battered remnant, lanky, passé shirt, threadbare, baggy trousers, frayed at the cuffs.

-David Sapp
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