

Rhinoplasty

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I've considered getting a nose job
Apply metaphorical balm to sore thumb
Hooked and sloping like parabola
Graphed on grid lines etched into asymmetrical face

I realize my nose resembles that
Of Aesopian crow, straining to drink
Last of water at pitcher bottom and
Resorting to dumping glabrous pebbles instead

But will mirrors, once unforgiving,
Forgive once protruding organ protrudes
Less, pebble-smooth dorsum stands slender,
And nostrils lift like wings in flight?

While my bird beak breathes
In jet streams through altered nostrils, slit
To appease, air echoes in hollow chambers
With bone and cartilage walls now unrecognizable

Amidst bloody gauzes and puffy eyes
I question my motivation to morph
One part of this beautiful Brown body,
Gifted to me and regifted to oblivion

Is this connected to my yearning to pluck each
Fiber off my body (*trichotillomania*)
To beat tint into stubborn skin darkened
By ancestral labor under white fist?

I presume *yes* but still fall in love
With (never myself) someone who I
Yearn to see when looking into unforgiving mirrors
That forgive white men, always white men

Passersby lay prostrate and huddle together, a makeshift dais
For this marmoreal beauty, this handsome man.
I eavesdrop on conversations about his pearly whites
(Teeth and skin), his piercing blue eyes, his bare and chiseled arms

And I bite into him out of necessity, not hunger
Gnaw on the hard marble, despite my shattered teeth, despite
My bloody gums, till I make gargoyle out of statue,
Red paint dripping from where his nose once was