

ALLURE OF HEALING

I don't know this body
its curves alarm and mystify me
I no longer speak its language
or comprehend its direction
how can it be mine?

I used to understand it
it was meant for movement
and children
my body grew and nurtured them
but now they have grown up
and away

my memories
are an overgrown garden
my body tells a story
of a life well lived
a map of injuries, tears
joy and healing
but you are the only one
who reads it

you see allure where I only
see scars

Jennifer Lynn Dunlop
Ontario, Canada