

“Catrina”

Catrina, what have you been through?

I can see your skin, sliced and bruised.

Your smile is a sunset, faded

Your eyes are the eclipse, dilated

You’ve been misjudged,

underrated;

Still standing and posing,

though your ribs are serrated.

Catrina, your suffering’s been more than a lot,

In countless wars your body has fought

And now you’re holding your stomach in taut,

Just in case anyone’s forgot.

I can see myself

Standing in the mirrors

Eyes searching for flaws.

Sight graspers,

Bloodshot with fears,

Salted with shark infested oceans of sadness.

Compulsive and materialistic,

silicone,

Plastic,

My insides twist, stretching like elastic, a contortionists fantasy.

I am empty.

I am sore.

I want attention, ya know,

Just a little more.

Catrina, your bones are the purest white,
Even if your smile is no longer.
Catrina, if there's one thing I see,
It is me.

Catrina, can you hear me?
We're scratched, burned, charred, and then some.

Manipulated, broken, and beaten like a drum.
Catrina, we've been through it all, but still we stand tall.

Catrina, we're not going to fall.

Abigail Siminski

Inspiration: *Catrina I* by Sirena Sanchez